



ELEGANT EXTRACTS
Knox - Percival

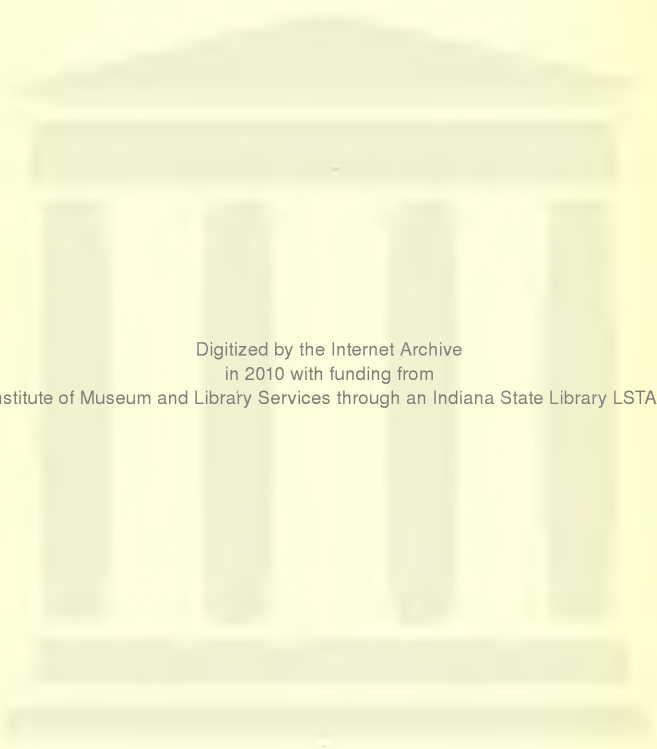
Lincoln, with his family, spent three weeks of the year 1847 visiting his wife's people in Lexington, Ky. Here was a period of leisure which he employed in browsing among the books in the Todd library.

"Poking about in these well-stocked bookcases was one of his chief diversions. Absorbed in some interesting volume, he would sit for hours in the rear parlor or in the passageway up-stairs where some of the books were kept, wholly oblivious of the romping and chatter of Bob and Emilie and the other little Todds.

"But the book that Lincoln read more than all the rest was a volume of verse entitled 'Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translations,' and he marked or underscored heavily with a lead pencil such of these poems, or excerpts therefrom, as particularly struck his fancy. He committed Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' to memory and repeated it to members of the Todd household."

(See Townsend's "Lincoln and His Wife's Home Town", page 156).

H. E. Barker



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Elegant Extracts:

OR,

useful and entertaining

PASSAGES in PROSE,

Selected for the Improvement

of Young Persons:

being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS in POETRY.

Shepherd Gulp.



E. T. Duncy del.

J. Heath sculps. London fec.

Studio fallente Laborem.

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. DILLY,

T. Longman B. Low & Son, J. Johnson, G. G. & J. Robinson, T. Cadell, & the rest of the Proprietors.— 1794.

Published as the Act directs: 24 Sep. 1790.

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

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THERE cannot be a doubt but that a Book, like this, purposely adapted to the use of young persons of both sexes, copious beyond former examples, singularly various in its contents, selected from writers whose characters are established without controversy, abounding with entertainment and useful information, inculcating the purest principles of morality and religion, and displaying excellent models of style and language, must contribute most effectually to the improvement of the **RISING GENERATION** in knowledge, taste, and virtue. It must form at once the elegant scholar and the enlightened member of civil society. The public have indeed already felt and acknowledged by the least fallible proof, their general reception of it, its great utility. It has been diffused throughout all the most respectable places of education in the kingdom, and doubtless sown the seeds of excellence, which may one day arrive at maturity, and add to the happiness of the community and of human nature. Infusing virtuous and liberal ideas at the most susceptible age into the minds of a whole nation, its effect must be in the highest degree salutary, on the rising race, and on late posterity.

What **ENGLISH** book similar to this volume, calculated entirely for the use of young students at schools, and under private tuition, was to be found in the days of our fathers? None certainly. The consequence was, that the **ENGLISH PART** of education (to many the most important part) was defective even in places most celebrated for classic discipline; and boys were often enabled to read Latin perfectly, and write it tolerably, who, from disuse of the want of models for practice, were wretchedly qualified to do either in their native language. From this unhappy circumstance, classical education was brought into some degree of disgrace; and it was certainly preposterous, to study during many of the best years of life, foreign and dead languages, with the most scrupulous accuracy, and at the same time entirely to neglect that mother tongue, which is in daily and hourly requisition; to be well read in Cicero, and a total stranger to Addison; to have Homer and Horace by heart, and to know little more than the names of **MILTON** and **POPE**.

Learning, thus defective in a point so obvious to detection, incurred the imputation of pedantry. It was observed to assume great pride, the important air of superiority, without displaying to the common observer any just pretensions to it. It even appeared with marks of inferiority when brought into occasional collision

with well-informed understandings cultivated by English literature alone, but improved in the school of experience. Persons who had never drunk at the classic fountains, but had been confined in their education to English, triumphed over the scholar; and learning often hid her head in confusion, when pointed at as pedantry by the finger of a DUNCE.

It became highly expedient therefore to introduce more of English reading into our classical schools; that those who went out into the world with their coffers richly stored with the golden medals of antiquity, might at the same time be furnished with a sufficiency of current coin from the modern mint, for the commerce of daily use: but there was no school book, copious and various enough, calculated entirely for this purpose. The Grecian and Roman History, the Spectators, and Plutarch's Lives, were indeed sometimes introduced, and certainly with great advantage. But still, an uniformity of English books in schools, was a desideratum. It was desirable that all the students of the same class, provided with the same book, containing the proper variety, might be enabled to read it together, and thus benefit each other by the emulous study of the same subject or composition, at the same time, under the eye of their common master.

For this important purpose, the large collections entitled "ELEGANT EXTRACTS," both in Prose and Verse, were projected and completed by the present Editor. Their reception is the fullest testimony in favour both of the design and its execution. Several editions, consisting of very numerous impressions, have been rapidly circulated, and a new one is now demanded. Public encouragement has not operated on the Editor as a seduction to indolence, but as a spur to fresh exertion; and as the press proceeded, great additions, alterations, and improvements, have been made in every Edition, without regard to increasing expence or trouble. The advantage has hitherto chiefly redounded to the public; for those who are able to estimate the expence of such works as these, and are acquainted with the embarrassments that sometimes impede their progress, or render them unproductive, will readily believe it may happen, that the reward of the Projector, Editor, and Establisher, shall be little more than the amusement arising from his invention and superintendance.

The labour of a Compiler of a book like this is indeed humble; but its utility is extensive; and he feels a pride and pleasure in the reflection that he has been serving his country most effectually, in serving the rising generation by such books as this, without sacrificing either to avarice or to vanity. The renown attending a public work, is indeed seldom proportioned to its utility. Glitter is not always the most brilliant on the surface of the most valuable substance. The loadstone is plain and unattractive in its appearance, while the paste on the finger of the beau sparkles with envied lustre. The spade, the plough, the shuttle, have no ornament bestowed on them, while the sword is decorated with ribbands, gold, and ivory. Yet REASON, undazzled in her decisions, dares to pronounce, while she holds the scales, that the USEFUL, though little praised, preponderates, and that the showy and unsubstantial kicks the beam of the balance, while it attracts the eye of inconsiderate admiration.

Things

Things intrinsically good and valuable have however the advantage of securing permanent esteem, though they may lose the eclat of temporary applause. They carry with them to the closet their own letters of recommendation. This volume confidently claims the character of good and valuable, and therefore wants not the passport of praise. Every page speaks in its own favour, in the modest language of merit, which has no occasion to boast, though it cannot renounce its right to just esteem. The most valuable woods used in the fine cabinet work of the artisan, require neither paint nor varnish, but appear beautiful by their own variegated veins and colours.

As it is likely that the student who reads this volume of Prose with pleasure, may also possess a taste for POETRY, it is right to mention in this place, that there is published by the same Proprietors, a volume of Poetry, similar in size and form; and as he may also wish to improve himself in the very useful art of Letter-Writing, that there is provided a most copious volume of Letters from the best authors, under the title of ELEGANT EPISTLES.

This whole Set of Collections, more copious, convenient, and valuable, than any which have preceded it, certainly conduces in a very high degree, to that great national object, the PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

SEPTEMBER, 1794.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS book derives its origin from a wish expressed by persons who have the conduct of schools, that such a compilation might be published, as by means of a full page, and a small, yet very legible type, might contain, in one volume, a little English library for young people who are in the course of their education. A common-sized volume, it was found, was soon perused, and laid aside for want of novelty; but to supply a large school with a great variety, and constant succession of English books, is too expensive and inconvenient to be generally practicable; such a quantity of matter is therefore collected in this volume as must of necessity fill up a good deal of time, and furnish a great number of new ideas before it can be read to satiety, or entirely exhausted. It may therefore very properly constitute, what it was intended to be, a Library for Learners, from the age of nine or ten to the age at which they leave their school: at the same time it is evident, upon inspection, that it abounds with such extracts as may be read by them at any age with pleasure and improvement. Though it is chiefly and primarily adapted to scholars at school; yet it is certain, that all readers may find it an agreeable companion, and particularly proper to fill up short intervals of accidental leisure.

As to the Authors from whom the extracts are made, they are those whose characters want no recommendation. The Spectators, Guardians, and Tatlers, have been often gleaned for the purpose of selections; but to have omitted them, in a work like this, for that reason, would have been like rejecting the purest coin of the fullest weight, because it is not quite fresh from the mint, but has been long in circulation. It ought to be remembered, that though the writings of Addison and his coadjutors may no longer have the grace of novelty in the eyes of veteran readers, yet they will always be new to a rising generation.

The greater part of this book, however, consists of extracts from more modern books, and from some which have not yet been used for the purpose of selections. It is to be presumed that living authors will not be displeas'd that useful and elegant passages have been borrowed of them for this book; since if they sincerely meant, as they profess, to reform and improve the age, they must be convinc'd, that to place their most salutary admonitions and sentences in the hands of young persons, is to contribute most effectually to the accomplishment of their benevolent design. The books themselves at large do not in general fall into the hands of school-boys; they are often too voluminous, too large, and too expensive for general adoption; they are soon torn and disfigur'd by the rough treatment which they usually meet with in a great school; and indeed, whatever be the cause of it, they seldom are, or can be conveniently introduced: and therefore EXTRACTS are highly expedient, or rather absolutely necessary.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE approbation with which the first edition of this book has been received by the Public, has operated as an encouragement to improve it. It has been judged proper to change the form and size from a *duodecimo* to an *octavo*; not only for the sake of giving it a more agreeable appearance, but also of adding to the quantity and variety of the contents. Some extracts have indeed been omitted, to make room for new matter; but the additions, upon the whole, are very considerable.

The utility of the collection is obvious. It is calculated for classical schools, and for those in which English only is taught. Young persons cannot read a book, containing so much matter, without acquiring a great improvement in the English Language; together with ideas on many pleasing subjects of Taste and Literature; and, which is of much higher importance, they will imbibe with an increase of knowledge, the purest principles of Virtue and Religion.

The book may be employed in various methods for the use of learners, according to the judgment of various instructors. The pupils may not only read it in private, or in the school at stated times, but write out paragraphs in their copy books; commit passages to memory, and endeavour to recite them with the proper action and pronunciation, for the improvement of their powers of utterance. With respect to the Art of speaking, an excellence in it certainly depends more on practice, under the superintendance of a master, than on written precepts; and this book professes to offer *matter for practice*, rather than systematic instructions, which may be more advantageously given in a rhetorical treatise or *vivâ voce*. To learn the practical part of speaking, or the art of managing the voice and gesture, by written rules alone, is like learning to play upon a musical instrument, with the bare assistance of a book of directions without a master.

The books from which these Extracts are taken, are fit for the young readers libraries, and may be made the companions of their lives; while the present compilation offers itself only as an humble companion at school. In the character of a companion, it has a great deal to say to them; and will probably improve in the power of affording pleasure and instruction, the more its acquaintance is cultivated.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH EDITIONS.

A DESIRE to render this Book singularly useful, and to deserve a continuance of that approbation with which it has been already received, has induced the Editor to enlarge and improve it in the present, as well as in every preceding edition.

To the first book a great variety of moral and religious extracts has been added, with a design to furnish a salutary employment for schools and families on a day which affords peculiar leisure. In the subsequent books have been inserted Oration, Characters, entertaining Essays on men and manners, pleasing passages on Natural History, a collection of old Proverbs, and other pieces, conducive to the prime purpose of uniting the useful with the agreeable.

The volume thus improved, together with the enlarged edition of ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN VERSE, will, it is hoped, be highly agreeable to young persons in their vacant hours, as well as useful to them in the classes of a school, and under the tuition of a preceptor.

As the book unavoidably became large by successive additions, it was judged proper to insert a Title Page and ornamental Design, nearly in the middle, that it may be optional to the purchaser to bind the Collection either in one, or in two volumes, as may best correspond with his own ideas of convenience.

INTRODUCTION.

ON

PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.

I.

HOW much stress was laid upon Pronunciation, or Delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he should have rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the Ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking, Persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others, is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expres-

sive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery, and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such, as to give the lye to all that he asserts. When Marcus Callidius accused one of an attempt to poison him, but enforced his accusation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earnestness of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accused person, improved this into an argument of the falsity of the charge, "An tu, M. Callidi nisi fingeres, sic ageres?"

IN

In Shakespear's Richard II. the Dutchess of York thus impeaches the sincerity of her husband :

Pleas he in earnest ?—Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears ; his prayers are jest ;
His words come from his mouth ; ours, from
our breast :
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul.

But, I believe it is needless to say any more, in order to shew the high importance of a good Delivery. I proceed, therefore, to such observations as appear to me most useful to be made on this head.

The great objects which every public speaker will naturally have in his eye in forming his Delivery, are, first, to speak so as to be fully and easily understood by all who hear him ; and next, to speak with grace and force, so as to please and to move his audience. Let us consider what is most important with respect to each of these *.

In order to be fully and easily understood, the four chief requisites are, A due degree of loudness of voice ; Distinctness ; Slowness ; and, Propriety of Pronunciation.

The first attention of every public speaker, doubtless, must be, to make himself be heard by all those to whom he speaks. He must endeavour to fill with his voice the space occupied by the assembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is so in a good measure ; but, however, may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends for this purpose on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice ; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uses in calling aloud to some one at a distance. The low is, when he approaches to a whisper. The middle is, that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in public discourse. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great assembly. This is confounding two things which are different, loudness, or strength of sound, with the key, or note on which we speak. A

speaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key ; and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound, to that pitch of voice, to which in conversation we are accustomed. Whereas, by setting out on our highest pitch or key, we certainly allow ourselves less compass, and are likely to strain our voice before we have done. We shall fatigue ourselves, and speak with pain ; and whenever a man speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice therefore full strength and swell of sound ; but always pitch it on your ordinary speaking key. Make it a constant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourselves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within these bounds, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease ; and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you transgress these bounds, you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is an useful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on some of the most distant persons in the assembly, and to consider ourselves as speaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with such a degree of strength, as to make ourselves be heard by one to whom we address ourselves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the case in common conversation, it will hold also in public speaking. But remember, that in public as well as in conversation, it is possible to offend by speaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indistinct masses ; besides its giving the speaker the disagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel assent, by mere vehemence and force of sound.

In the next place, to being well heard, and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation contributes more, than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound necessary to fill even a large space, is smaller than is commonly imagined ; and with distinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public speaker ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces,

* On this whole subject, Mr. Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution are very worthy of being consulted ; and several hints are here taken from them.

be heard distinctly ; without slurring, whifpering, or fuppreffing any of the proper founds.

In the third place, in order to articulate diftinctly, moderation is requifite with regard to the fpeed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of fpeech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need fcarcely obferve, that there may be alfo an extreme on the oppofite fide. It is obvious, that a lifelefs, drawing pronounciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the fpeaker, muft render every difcourfe infpid and fatiguing. But the extreme of fpeaking too faft is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded againft, becaufe, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of fownefs, and with full and clear articulation, is the firft thing to be ftudied by all who begin to fpeak in public ; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronounciation gives weight and dignity to their difcourfe. It is a great affiftance to the voice, by the pauses and refts which it allows it more eafily to make ; and it enables the fpeaker to fwell all his founds, both with more force and more mufic. It affifts him alfo in preferving a due command of himfelf ; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of fpirits, which is the greateft enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory. “ Promptum fit os,” fays Quindilian, “ non præceps, moderatum, non lentum.”

After thefe fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to diftinct articulation, and to a proper degree of fownefs of fpeech, what a public fpeaker muft, in the fourth place, ftudy, is Propriety of Pronounciation ; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that found, which the moft polite uſage of the language appropriates to it ; in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronounciation. This is requifite, both for fpeaking intelligibly, and for fpeaking with grace or beauty. Inſtructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one obſervation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the Englifh language, every word which confifts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. The accent refts ſometimes on the vowel, ſometimes on the confonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented ſyllable in any Englifh word, how-

ever long ; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that ſyllable by a ſtronger percuffion, and to paſs more ſlightly over the reſt. Now, after we have learned the proper ſeats of theſe accents, it is an important rule, to give every word juſt the ſame accent in public ſpeaking, as in common difcourſe. Many perſons err in this reſpect. When they ſpeak in public, and with ſolemnity, they pronounce the ſyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them ; they multiply accents on the ſame word ; from a miſtaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their difcourſe, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greateſt faults that can be committed in pronounciation ; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner ; and gives an artificial affected air to ſpeech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableneſs, and its impreſſion.

I proceed to treat next of thoſe higher parts of Delivery, by ſtudying which, a ſpeaker has ſomething farther in view than merely to render himſelf intelligible, and ſeeks to give grace and force to what he utters. Theſe may be comprifed under four heads, Emphafiſ, Paufes, Tones, and Geſtures. Let me only promiſe in general, to what I am to ſay concerning them, that attention to theſe articles of Delivery, is by no means to be confined, as ſome might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a difcourſe ; there is, perhaps, as great attention requiſite, and as much ſkill diſplayed, in adapting emphafes, paufes, tones, and geſtures, properly, to calm and plain ſpeaking : and the effect of a juſt and graceful delivery will, in every part of a ſubject, be found of high importance for commanding attention, and enforcing what is ſpoken.

Fiſt, let us conſider Emphafiſ ; by this is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh the accented ſyllable of ſome word, on which we deſign to lay particular ſtreſs, and to ſhow how it affects the reſt of the ſentence. Sometimes the emphatic word muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a ſtronger accent. On the right management of the emphafiſ, depends the whole life and ſpirit of every difcourſe. If no emphafiſ be placed on any words, not only is difcourſe rendered heavy and lifeleſs, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphafiſ be placed wrong,

we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common instance; such a simple question as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the answer may naturally be, No; I send *my servant* in my stead. If thus; Do you *ride* to town to-day? Answer, No; I intend to *walk*. Do you ride to *town* to-day? No; I ride out into *the fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day*? No; but I shall *to-morrow*. In like manner, in solemn discourse, the whole force and beauty of an expression often depend on the accented word; and we may present to the hearers quite different views of the same sentiment, by placing the emphasis differently. In the following words of our Saviour, observe in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" *Betrayest* thou—makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery. —*Betrayest thou*—makes it rest, upon Judas's connection with his master. *Betrayest thou the Son of Man*—rests it, upon our Saviour's personal character and eminence. *Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?* turns it upon his prostituting the signal of peace and friendship, to the purpose of a mark of destruction.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule possible to be given, is, that the speaker study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others. There is as great a difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by one who places the several emphases every where with taste and judgment, and by one who neglects or mistakes them, as there is between the same tune played by the most masterly hand, or by the most bungling performer.

In all prepared discourses, it would be of great use, if they were read over or

rehearsed in private, with this particular view, to search for the proper emphases before they were pronounced in public; marking, at the same time, with a pen, the emphatical words in every sentence, or at least the most weighty and affecting parts of the discourse, and fixing them well in memory. Were this attention oftener bestowed, were this part of pronunciation studied with more exactness, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public speakers would find their care abundantly repaid, by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience. Let me caution, at the same time, against one error, that of multiplying emphatical words too much. It is only by a prudent reserve in the use of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a speaker attempts to render every thing which he says of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphases, we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters, which, as to the effect, is just the same with using no such distinctions at all.

Next to emphasis, the Pauses in speaking demand attention. These are of two kinds; first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made, after something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public speaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same

same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is speaking, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

If any one, in public speaking, shall have formed to himself a certain melody or tune, which requires rest and pauses of its own, distinct from those of the sense, he has, undoubtedly, contracted one of the worst habits into which a public speaker can fall. It is the sense which should always rule the pauses of the voice; for wherever there is any sensible suspension of the voice, the hearer is always led to expect something corresponding in the meaning. Pauses in public discourse, must be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation; and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which we acquire from reading books according to the common punctuation. The general run of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and false; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauses, which is extremely disagreeable: for we are to observe, that to render pauses graceful and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can never be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denotes the sentence finished. In all these cases, we are to regulate ourselves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to speak when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others.

When we are reading or reciting verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the

ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the music of verse; one is, the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the *cæsural* pause in the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible, and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In blank verse, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, sometimes without any suspension in the sense, it has been made a question, Whether, in reading such verse with propriety, any regard at all should be paid to the close of a line? On the stage, where the appearance of speaking in verse should always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt, that the close of such lines as make no pause in the sense, should not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on other occasions, this were improper: for what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose? We ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verse so as to make every line sensible to the ear. At the same time, in doing so, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line, where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence, but without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound, as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of musical pause, is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs; a pause, not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the *cæsural* pause, in the French heroic verse falls uniformly in the middle of the line, in the English, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllables in the line, and no other. Where the verse is so constructed that this *cæsural* pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the

the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two first verses of Mr. Pope's *Messiah*,

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes, sublimer strains belong;

But if it shall happen that words, which have such a strict and intimate connection, as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this caesural pause, we then feel a sort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases is, to regard only the pause which the sense forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the caesural pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse, if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following line of Milton,

—————What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

The sense clearly dictates the pause after "illumine," at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the 4th or 6th syllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope's (*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*):

I fit, with sad civility I read:

The ear plainly points out the caesural pause as falling after "sad," the 4th syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate "sad" and "civility." The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable "fit," which therefore must be the only pause made in the reading.

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which we employ in public speaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of discourse, must depend on these, will appear from this single consideration; that to almost every sentiment we utter, more especially to every strong emotion, nature hath adapted some peculiar tone of voice; inasmuch, that he who should tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not suit such emotions, instead of being believed, would

be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the most powerful principles by which persuasive discourse works its effect. The speaker endeavours to transfuse into his hearers his own sentiments and emotions; which he can never be successful in doing, unless he utters them in such a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them*. The proper expression of tones, therefore, deserves to be attentively studied by every one who would be a successful orator.

The greatest and most material instruction which can be given for this purpose is, to form the tones of public speaking upon the tones of sensible and animated conversation. We may observe that every man, when he is much in earnest in common discourse, when he is engaged in speaking on some subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent or persuasive tone and manner. What is the reason of our being often so frigid and unpersuasive in public discourse, but our departing from the natural tone of speaking, and delivering ourselves in an affected, artificial manner? Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine, that as soon as one mounts a pulpit, or rises in a public assembly, he is instantly to lay aside the voice with which he expresses himself in private; to assume a new, studied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given rise to cant and tedious monotony, in the different kinds of modern public speaking, especially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature; and sought to give a beauty or force, as they imagined, to their discourse, by substituting certain studied musical tones, in the room of the genuine expressions of sentiment, which the voice carries in natural discourse. Let every

* "All that passes in the mind of man may be reduced to two classes, which I call, Ideas, and Emotions. By Ideas, I mean all thoughts which rise and pass in succession in the mind: By Emotions, all exertions of the mind in arranging, combining, and separating its ideas; as well as all the effects produced on the mind itself by those ideas, from the more violent agitation of the passions, to the calmer feelings produced by the operation of the intellect and the fancy. In short, thought is the object of the one, internal feeling of the other. That which serves to express the former, I call the Language of Ideas; and the latter, the Language of Emotions. Words are the signs of the one, tones of the other. Without the use of these two sorts of language, it is impossible to communicate through the ear all that passes in the mind of man."

SHERIDAN on the Art of Reading.

public speaker guard against this error. Whether he speak in a private room, or in a great assembly, let him remember that he still speaks. Follow nature: consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart. Imagine a subject of debate started in conversation among grave and wise men, and yourself bearing a share in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on such an occasion express yourself, when you were most in earnest, and sought most to be listened to. Carry these with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public assembly; let these be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there; and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

I have said, Let these conversation tones be the *foundation* of public pronunciation; for, on some occasions, solemn public speaking requires them to be exalted beyond the strain of common discourse. In a formal, studied oration, the elevation of the style, and the harmony of the sentences, prompt, almost necessarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon music, than conversation admits. This gives rise to what is called, the Declaining Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs considerably beyond ordinary discourse, yet still it must have, for its basis, the natural tones of grave and dignified conversation. I must observe, at the same time, that the constant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good composition, or good delivery; and is in hazard of betraying public speakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is so generally complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a speaking manner, is not likely ever to become disagreeable through monotony. He will have the same natural variety in his tones, which a person has in conversation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both these different manners, that of speaking with liveliness and ease, and that of declaiming with stateliness and dignity, to be possessed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his discourse require either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greatest part of public speakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as some turn of voice appears to them most beautiful, or some artificial model has caught their fancy; and

acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expressing every sentiment from those which nature dictates to us, in conversation with others; to speak always with her voice; and not to form to ourselves a fantastic public manner, from an absurd fancy of its being more beautiful than a natural one*.

It now remains to treat of *Gesture*, or what is called *Action* in public discourse. Some nations animate their words in common conversation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and the Italians are, in this respect, much more sprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any person so phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with some actions and gesticulations, on all occasions, when they are much in earnest. It is therefore unnatural in a public speaker, it is inconsistent with that earnestness and seriousness which he ought to shew in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance; and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expression of meaning, or warmth in his gesture.

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the same with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and gestures, in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to most advantage in the common intercourse of men; and let these be your model. Some of these looks and gestures are common to all men; and there are also certain peculiarities of manner which distinguish every individual. A public speaker must take that manner which is most natural to himself. For it is here just as in tones. It is not the business of a speaker to form to himself a certain set of motions and gestures, which he thinks most becoming and agreeable, and to practise

* "Loquere," (says an author of the last century, who has written a Treatise in Verse, de Gestu et Voce Oratoris)

— "Loquere; hoc vitium commune, loquatur
" Ut nemo; at tenſa declamaret omnia voce.

" Tu loquere, ut mos est hominum; Boas & latrat
ille :

" Ille ululat; rudis hic (fari ū talia dignum est);

" Non hominem vox ulla sonat ratione loquentem."

JOANNES LUCAS, de Gestu et Voce,
Lib. II. Paris 1675.

these

these in public, without their having any correspondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His gestures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and, unless this be the case, it is impossible, by means of any study, to avoid their appearing stiff and forced.

However, although nature must be the ground-work, I admit that there is room in this matter for some study and art. For many persons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulness might, in part at least, be reformed by application and care. The study of action in public speaking, consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker, in the most becoming manner. For this end, it has been advised by writers on this subject, to practise before a mirror, where one may see, and judge of his own gestures. But I am afraid, persons are not always the best judges of the gracefulness of their own motions: and one may declaim long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whose good taste they can trust, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can use. With regard to particular rules concerning action and gesticulation, Quintilian has delivered a great many, in the last chapter of the 11th Book of his Institutions; and all the modern writers on this subject have done little else but translate them. I am not of opinion, that such rules, delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much use, unless persons saw them exemplified before their eyes*.

* The few following hints only I shall adventure to throw out, in case they may be of any service. When speaking in public, one should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen: standing firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions; any inclination which is used, should be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse, and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, consists the chief part of gesture in speaking. The Ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not sensible, that these are always offensive, though it is natural for the right hand to

I shall only add further on this head that in order to succeed well in delivery, nothing is more necessary than for a speaker to guard against a certain flutter of spirits, which is peculiarly incident to those who begin to speak in public. He must endeavour above all things to be recollected, and master of himself. For this end, he will find nothing of more use to him, than to study to become wholly engaged in his subject; to be possessed with a sense of its importance or seriousness; to be concerned much more to persuade than to please. He will generally please most, when pleasing is not his sole nor chief aim. This is the only rational and proper method of raising one's self above that timid and bashful regard to an audience, which is so ready to disconcert a speaker, both as to what he is to say, and as to his manner of saying it.

I cannot conclude, without an earnest admonition to guard against all affectation, which is the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own; neither imitated from another, nor assumed upon some imaginary model, which is unnatural to you. Whatever is native, even though accompanied with several defects, yet is likely to please; because it shows us a man; because it has the appearance of coming from the heart. Whereas, a delivery attended with several acquired graces and beauties, if it be not easy and free, if it betray the marks of art and affectation, never fails to disgust. To attain any extremely correct, and perfectly graceful delivery, is what few can expect; so many natural talents being requisite to concur in forming it. But to attain, what as to the effect is very little inferior, a forcible and persuasive manner, is within the

be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together. But whether one gesticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be free and easy. Narrow and straitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in the straight line up and down, which Shakespeare, in Hamlet, calls, "sawing the air with the hand," are seldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the most graceful. Too sudden and nimble motions should be likewise avoided. Earnestness can be fully expressed without them. Shakespeare's directions on this head, are full of good sense; "use all gently," says he, "and in the very torrent and tempest of passion, acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness."

power of most persons; if they will only unlearn false and corrupt habits; if they will allow themselves to follow nature, and will speak in public, as they do in private, when they speak in earnest, and from the heart. If one has naturally any gross defects in his voice or gestures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to speak in public: he should begin with rectifying them in his private manner of speaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a speaker is engaged in a public discourse, he should not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his gestures. If he be to employ, study and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earnest; wholly occupied with his subject and his sentiments; leaving nature, and previously formed habits, to prompt and suggest his manner of delivery.

II.

Means of improving in Eloquence.

I have now treated fully of the different kinds of public speaking, of the composition, and of the delivery of a discourse. Before I finish this subject, it may be of use to suggest some things concerning the properest means of improvement in the art of public speaking, and the most necessary studies for that purpose.

To be an eloquent speaker, in the proper sense of the word, is far from being either a common or an easy attainment. Indeed, to compose a florid harangue on some popular topic, and to deliver it so as to amuse an audience, is a matter not very difficult. But though some praise be due to this, yet the idea, which I have endeavoured to give of eloquence, is much higher. It is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being persuasive and commanding; the art, not of pleasing the fancy merely, but of speaking both to the understanding and to the heart; of interesting the hearers in such a degree, as to seize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and strong impression of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, must concur for carrying this to perfection! A strong, lively, and warm imagination; quick sensibility of heart, joined with solid judgment, good sense, and presence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to style and composition;

and supported also by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a presence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reason to wonder, that a perfect and accomplished orator should be one of the characters that is most rarely to be found!

Let us not despair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate spaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who stand in the highest class is, perhaps, smaller than the number of poets who are foremost in poetic fame; but the study of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one must be an eminently good performer, or he is not supportable;

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columne*.

In Eloquence this does not hold. There one may possess a moderate station with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and simple, as well as high and pathetic; and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may shine with much reputation and usefulness in the former.

Whether nature or art contribute most to form an orator, is a trifling enquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature must be the prime agent. She must bestow the original talents. She must sow the seeds; but culture is requisite for bringing those seeds to perfection. Nature must always have done somewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that study and discipline are more necessary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving assistance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can rise higher than a public speaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of style, composition, and delivery. Homer formed himself; Demosthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many assistances derived from the labour of others.

* For God and man, and lettered post denies,
That poets ever are of middling size.

FRANCIS.

After

After these preliminary observations, let us proceed to the main design of this lecture; to treat of the means to be used for improvement in eloquence.

In the first place, what stands highest in the order of means, is personal character and disposition. In order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man. This was a favourite position among the ancient rhetoricians: "Non posse oratorem esse nisi virum bonum." To find any such connection between virtue and one of the highest liberal arts, must give pleasure; and it can, I think, be clearly shewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged, is undoubtedly founded in truth and reason.

For, consider first, Whether any thing contributes more to persuasion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, disinterestedness, candour, and other good moral qualities of the person who endeavours to persuade? These give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they dispose us to listen with attention and pleasure; and create a secret partiality in favour of that side which he espouses. Whereas, if we entertain a suspicion of craft and dissingenuity, of a corrupt, or a base mind, in the speaker, his eloquence loses all its real effect. It may entertain and amuse; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of speech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it persuade? We even read a book with more pleasure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living speaker before our eyes, addressing us personally on some subject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character must have a much more powerful effect.

But, lest it should be said, that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may maintain, without being at bottom a truly worthy man, I must observe farther, that, besides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates also in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

First, Nothing is so favourable as virtue to the prosecution of honourable studies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency. Quintilian has touched this consideration very properly: "Quod si

" agrorum nimia cura, et sollicitior rei familiaris diligentia, et vehandi voluptas, et dati spectaculis dies, multum studii auferunt, quid putamus facturas cupiditatem, avaritiam, invidiam? Nihil enim est tam occupatum, tam multiforme, tot ac tam variis affectibus concisum, atque laceratum, quam mala ac improba mens. Quis inter hæc, literis, aut ulli bonæ arti, locus? Non hercle magis quam frugibus, in terra sentibus ac rubis occupata*."

But, besides this consideration, there is another of still higher importance, though I am not sure of its being attended to as much as it deserves; namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue, are drawn those sentiments which will ever be most powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing has so great and universal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is so generally understood, and so powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who possesses these full and strong, can speak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great subjects and occasions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble sentiments, which is overcoming and irresistible. They give an ardour and a flame to one's discourse, which seldom fails to kindle a like flame in those who hear; and which, more than any other cause, bestows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of seizing and transporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An assumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can transmit the emotion to others. Hence the most renowned orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, were no less distinguished for some of the high virtues, as public spirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence.

* " If the management of an estate, if anxious attention to domestic æconomy, a passion for hunting, or whole days given up to public places and amusements, consume so much time that is due to study, how much greater waste must be occasioned by licentious desires, avarice, or envy! Nothing is so much hurried and agitated, so contradictory to itself, or so violently torn and shattered by conflicting passions, as a bad heart. Amidst the distractions which it produces, what room is left for the cultivation of letters, or the pursuit of any honourable art? No more, assuredly, than there is for the growth of corn in a field that is over-run with thorns and brambles."

Beyond doubt, to these virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and those orations of theirs, in which there breathes most of the virtuous and magnanimous spirit, are those which have most attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more necessary for those who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead, or callous, they may be assured, that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power, and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence; and no less so, is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired.

Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should, at the same time, possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modesty, must also be studied by every public speaker. Modesty is essential; it is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing. But modesty ought not to run into excessive timidity. Every public speaker should be able to rest somewhat on himself; and to assume that air, not of self-complacency, but of firmness, which bespeaks a consciousness of his being thoroughly persuaded of the truth or justice, of what he delivers; a circumstance of no small consequence for making impression on those who hear.

C O N T E N T S.

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Beyond doubt, to these virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and those orations of theirs, in which there breathes most of the virtuous and magnanimous spirit, are those which have most attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more necessary for those who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead, or callous, they may be assured, that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power, and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence; and no less so, is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired.

Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should, at the same time, possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modesty, must also be studied by every public speaker. Modesty is essential; it is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing. But modesty ought not to run into excessive timidity. Every public speaker should be able to rest somewhat on himself; and to assume that air, not of self-complacency, but of firmness, which bespeaks a consciousness of his being thoroughly persuaded of the truth or justice, of what he delivers; a circumstance of no small consequence for making impression on those who hear.

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A P P E N D I X.

<p>THE Calendar of Flora — <i>Stillingfleet.</i> 1048</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NATURAL HISTORY.</p> <p>1 The Horse <i>Pennant.</i> 1060</p> <p>2 — Ox — 1063</p> <p>3 — Sheep — 1065</p> <p>4 — Dog — 1067</p> <p>5 — Wild Cat — 1071</p> <p>6 — Domestic Cat — 1071</p> <p>7 Explanation of Terms in Ornithology — 1072</p> <p>8 The Pigeon — 1073</p> <p>9 — Blackbird — 1074</p> <p>10 — Bullfinch — 1074</p> <p>11 — Goldfinch — 1075</p> <p>12 — Linnet — 1075</p> <p>13 — Canary Bird — 1076</p>	<p>14 The Sky Lark <i>Pennant.</i> 1076</p> <p>15 — Nightingale — 1077</p> <p>16 — Red Breast — 1078</p> <p>17 — Wren — 1079</p> <p>18 — Swift — 1079</p> <p>19 Of the Disappearance of Swallows — 1080</p> <p>20 Of Small Birds of Flight <i>Barrington.</i> 1082</p> <p>21 — Singing Birds — 1085</p> <p>22 The Eel — <i>Pennant.</i> 1090</p> <p>23 — Perch — 1092</p> <p>24 — Trout — 1092</p> <p>25 — Pike or Jack — 1094</p> <p>26 — Carp — 1094</p> <p>27 — Barbel — 1095</p> <p>28 — Tench — 1096</p>	<p>29 The Gudgeon <i>Pennant.</i> 1096</p> <p>30 — Bream — 1097</p> <p>31 — Crucian — 1097</p> <p>32 — Roach — 1097</p> <p>33 — Dace — 1097</p> <p>34 — Chub — 1097</p> <p>35 — Bleak — 1098</p> <p>36 — White Bait — 1098</p> <p>37 — Minnow — 1098</p> <p>38 — Gold Fish — 1099</p> <hr/> <p>Chronological Table of re- markable Events, Dis- coveries, and Inven- tions — <i>Gutbrie.</i> 1099</p> <p>Men of Learning and Ge- nius — 1115</p>
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS
IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 1. *The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which

he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely sur-

vey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie

so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the reliques and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

Spectator.

§ 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

‘Life,’ says Seneca, ‘is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.’—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed

my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the streights of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued

performed with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him: and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she

redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of Life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from

sinking,

sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overfet by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awoke.

Rambler.

§ 3. *The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of Obidah.*

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravanera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as

a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his arduous, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overpread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the

unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the strait road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we

remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconsistency, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.' *Rambler.*

§ 4. *The present Life to be considered only as it may conduce to the Happiness of a future one.*

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world." "True, son,"

son," said the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second, permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of those two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that, in practice, we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life, as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set

of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years: Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be

happy for the space of only threescore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say, of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice!

I here put the case, even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice!

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity. *Speſtator.*

§ 5. *The Advantages of a good Education.*

I consider an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until 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, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating these

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, though 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, that 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!

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 rough-hewn, 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 great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings. *Speſtator.*

§ 6. *The Disadvantages of a bad Education.*

Sir, I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows

lows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered, in my first cries, such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the encrease of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and, except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a super-numerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china-dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendance of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer a fine child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school, that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiff-

ness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthen some an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself, have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive

expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique solicitations, my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these witlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate

my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. Florentulus.

Rambler.

§ 7. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, together with the Immensity of his Works.*

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 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 arose in

in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflexion, '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 re-
'gardest him!' In the same manner, when I consider 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 amidst 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, 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 are, 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 is 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 superinten-

dency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst 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

fection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, 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 *sensoria*, 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 observation 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 separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should 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. 'Oh 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, assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God 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 unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them. *Spectator.*

§ 8. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle

principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of these advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet

the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that exposition of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! 'Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?' But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else

can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him.' But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation; 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' *Speſator.*

§9. On the Immortality of the Soul.

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eter-

nity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda superuenit undam.

HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.

—Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances,

and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

Spectator.

§ 10. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biases of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger

younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as

his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

Spectator.

§ 11. *The Strength of parental Affection.*

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifier. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old batchelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children,

children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surpris'd at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt

souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one, whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

“ I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

“ My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

“The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

“I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

“They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of

my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, ‘Ah, my dear child,’ said I, ‘yes, I am your father!’ I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.” *Spectator.*

§ 12. *Remarks on the Swiftness of Time.*

The natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation

tentation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade

ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember, that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and 'the night cometh, when no man can work.'

Idler.

§ 13. *The Folly of mis-spending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments, many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our

existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rock and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, tho' much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualifications, to

look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss their business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days or nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the Praise of Folly, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which we were obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that time was his estate*; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. *Rambler.*

§ 14. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it.*

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 doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would 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 in 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 be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain 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 the 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 nor 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 these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the 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 business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve

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 suitable 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 communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his 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 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 consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds 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 further, 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 our 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 fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore 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 black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself 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 thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, 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 capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

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 that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, 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,

SpeEtator.

§ 15. *Mis-spent Time, how punished.*

I was yesterday comparing the industry
of

of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themselves," that "They are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surpris'd to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they

had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he; what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he; but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, said she, I lived threescore-and-ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts,

that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays.—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her

off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surpris'd with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

Guardian.

§ 16. *A Knowledge of the Use and Value of Time very important to Youth.*

There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatters away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason

son to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints, with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 17. *On a lazy and trifling Disposition.*

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with some) stops short, contents itself with easy, and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance, to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent, most things as

impossible; whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion.

Do not then be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito*: and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things, which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences, which are peculiar to certain professions, need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As, for instance, fortification and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little enquiry on your part, will give you, is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversations; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille, in Moliere's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie Lune*: *Ma foi, c'étoit bien une Lune toute entiere*. But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly, the constitutions, and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble, which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid.

The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c. are the objects of their most serious researches.

They

They contemplate the dress, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the sense of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it. *Lord Chesterfield's Letters.*

§ 18. *The bad Effects of Indolence.*

No other disposition, or turn of mind, so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising seats of activity there exhibited; and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must

have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. 'But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at best, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man

of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had led a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost! and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Æta. 80*, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

Connaisseur.

§ 19. *The innocent Pleasures of Childhood,*

As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite stile, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infect the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating

minating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geni that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities; so it cannot be

denied, that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Guardian.

§ 20. On *Chearfulness.*

I have always preferred *chearfulness* to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, *chearfulness* 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, *chearfulness*, 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; *chearfulness* keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it 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

If we consider chearfulness 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 the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or 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 chearful 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 chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine, that awakens a secret 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 chearful 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 chearfulness 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.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impentence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of tem-

per. 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 own 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 in 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?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old-age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. 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 dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but 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 infinity of 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 that 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 are made to please.

Spezator.

§ 21. *On the Advantages of a cheerful Temper.*

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions, which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not

a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion,

that

that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several en-

tertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with a flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might
' be

‘ be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him,
 ‘ with whom there is fulness of joy, and
 ‘ at whose right hand are pleasures for
 ‘ evermore.’

Spectator.

§ 22. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew 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 for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence 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. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself,

and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falshood and dissimulation, it 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 perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falshood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity; and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty

honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Speculator.

§ 23. *Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self.*

Hypocrisy, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from that in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of; the latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious department.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in these words, "Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from my secret faults."

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay

a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall therefore endeavour to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to shew my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors."

In order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which

the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues, which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution, for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party to just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish

our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me and examine my thoughts: look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." *Spectator.*

§ 24. *No Life pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Mankind. An Eastern Story.*

It pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Caracian, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given

“ given me the dominion of a country,
 “ fruitful as the gardens of Damascus;
 “ and a city glorious above all others, ex-
 “ cept that only which reflects the splen-
 “ dour of thy presence. But the longest
 “ life is a period scarce sufficient to pre-
 “ pare for death: all other business is vain
 “ and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the
 “ path of the traveller, under whose foot
 “ they perish for ever; and all enjoyment
 “ is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the
 “ colours of the bow that appears in the
 “ interval of a storm. Suffer me, there-
 “ fore, to prepare for the approach of
 “ eternity; let me give up my soul to
 “ meditation; let solitude and silence ac-
 “ quaint me with the mysteries of devo-
 “ tion; let me forget the world, and by
 “ the world be forgotten, till the moment
 “ arrives in which the veil of eternity shall
 “ fall, and I shall be found at the bar of
 “ the Almighty.” Mirza then bowed
 himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is record-
 ed, that at these words he trembled upon
 the throne, at the footstool of which the
 world pays homage; he looked round
 upon his nobles; but every countenance
 was pale, and every eye was upon the earth.
 No man opened his mouth; and the king
 first broke silence, after it had continued
 near an hour.

“ Mirza, terror and doubt are come
 “ upon me. I am alarmed as a man who
 “ suddenly perceives that he is near the
 “ brink of a precipice, and is urged for-
 “ ward by an irresistible force: but yet I
 “ know not whether my danger is a rea-
 “ lity or a dream. I am as thou art, a
 “ reptile of the earth: my life is a mo-
 “ ment, and eternity, in which days, and
 “ years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is
 “ before me, for which I also should pre-
 “ pare: but by whom then must the Faith-
 “ ful be governed? by those only, who
 “ have no fear of judgment? by those
 “ only, whose life is brutal, because like
 “ brutes they do not consider that they
 “ shall die? Or who, indeed, are the
 “ Faithful? Are the busy multitudes that
 “ crowd the city, in a state of perdition?
 “ and is the cell of the Dervise alone the
 “ gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a
 “ Dervise is not possible: to all, there-
 “ fore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to
 “ the house which has in this city been
 “ prepared for thy residence; I will me-
 “ ditate the reason of thy request; and
 “ may He who illuminates the mind of the

“ humble, enable me to determine with
 “ wisdom.”

Mirza departed; and on the third day,
 having received no command, he again
 requested an audience, and it was granted.
 When he entered the royal presence, his
 countenance appeared more cheerful; he
 drew a letter from his bosom, and having
 kissed it, he presented it with his right-
 hand. “ My Lord!” said he, “ I have
 “ learned by this letter, which I received
 “ from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now
 “ before thee, in what manner life may
 “ be best improved. I am enabled to
 “ look back with pleasure, and forward
 “ with hope; and I shall now rejoice still
 “ to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris,
 “ and to keep those honours which I so
 “ lately wished to resign.” The king,
 who had listened to Mirza with a mixture
 of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave
 the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that
 it should be read. The eyes of the court
 were at once turned upon the hoary sage,
 whose countenance was suffused with an
 honest blush; and it was not without some
 hesitation that he read these words.

“ To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Ab-
 “ bas our mighty Lord has honoured with
 “ dominion, be everlasting health! When
 “ I heard thy purpose to withdraw the
 “ blessings of thy government from the
 “ thousands of Tauris, my heart was
 “ wounded with the arrow of affliction,
 “ and my eyes became dim with sorrow.
 “ But who shall speak before the king
 “ when he is troubled; and who shall boast
 “ of knowledge, when he is distressed by
 “ doubt? To thee will I relate the events
 “ of my youth, which thou hast renewed
 “ before me; and those truths which they
 “ taught me, may the Prophet multiply to
 “ thee!

“ Under the instruction of the physician
 “ Alazar, I obtained an early knowledge
 “ of his art. To those who were smitten
 “ with disease, I could administer plants,
 “ which the sun has impregnated with the
 “ spirit of health. But the scenes of pain,
 “ languor, and mortality, which were per-
 “ petually rising before me, made me of-
 “ ten tremble for myself. I saw the grave
 “ open at my feet: I determined, there-
 “ fore, to contemplate only the regions
 “ beyond it, and to despise every acqui-
 “ sition which I could not keep. I con-
 “ ceived an opinion; that as there was no
 “ merit but in voluntary poverty, and
 “ silent meditation, those who desired mo-
 “ ney

"ney were not proper objects of bounty ;
 "and that by all who were proper objects
 "of bounty money was despised. I,
 "therefore, buried mine in the earth ;
 "and renouncing society, I wandered
 "into a wild and sequestered part of the
 "country : my dwelling was a cave by
 "the side of a hill ; I drank the running
 "water from the spring, and ate such
 "fruits and herbs as I could find. To
 "increase the austerity of my life, I fre-
 "quently watched all night, sitting at the
 "entrance of the cave with my face to
 "the east, resigning myself to the secret
 "influences of the Prophet, and expecting
 "illuminations from above. One morn-
 "ing after my nocturnal vigil, just as I
 "perceived the horizon glow at the ap-
 "proach of the sun, the power of sleep
 "became irresistible, and I sunk under it.
 "I imagined myself still sitting at the
 "entrance of my cell ; that the dawn in-
 "creased ; and that as I looked earnestly
 "for the first beam of day, a dark spot
 "appeared to intercept it. I perceived
 "that it was in motion ; it increased in
 "size as it drew near, and at length I dis-
 "covered it to be an eagle. I still kept
 "my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw
 "it alight at a small distance, where I now
 "descried a fox whose two fore-legs ap-
 "peared to be broken. Before this fox
 "the eagle laid part of a kid, which she
 "had brought in her talons, and then dis-
 "appeared. When I awaked, I laid my
 "forehead upon the ground, and blessed
 "the Prophet for the instruction of the
 "morning. I reviewed my dream, and
 "said thus to myself : Cofrou, thou hast
 "done well to renounce the tumult, the
 "business, and vanities of life : but thou
 "hast as yet only done it in part ; thou
 "art still every day busied in the search
 "of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest,
 "neither is thy trust in Providence com-
 "plete. What art thou taught by this
 "vision ? If thou hast seen an eagle com-
 "missioned by Heaven to feed a fox that
 "is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven
 "also supply thee with food ; when that
 "which prevents thee from procuring it
 "for thyself, is not necessity but devotion ?
 "I was now so confident of a miraculous
 "supply, that I neglected to walk out for
 "my repast, which, after the first day, I
 "expected with an impatience that left
 "me little power of attending to any other
 "object : this impatience, however, I la-
 "boured to suppress, and persisted in my

"resolution ; but my eyes at length began
 "to fail me, and my knees smote each
 "other ; I threw myself backward, and
 "hoped my weakness would soon increase
 "to insensibility. But I was suddenly
 "roufed by the voice of an invisible being,
 "who pronounced these words : ' Cof-
 "rou, I am the angel, who by the command
 "of the Almighty, have registered the
 "thoughts of thy heart, which I am now
 "commissioned to reprove. While thou
 "wast attempting to become wise above that
 "which is revealed, thy folly has perverted
 "the instruction which was vouchsafed thee.
 "Art thou disabled as the Fox ? hast thou
 "not rather the powers of the Eagle ? Arise,
 "let the Eagle be the object of thy emula-
 "tion. To pain and sickness, be thou again
 "the messenger of ease and health. Virtue
 "is not rest, but action. If thou dost good
 "to man as an evidence of thy love to God,
 "thy virtue will be exalted from moral to
 "divine ; and that happiness which is the
 "pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward
 "upon earth.'

"At these words I was not less asto-
 "nished than if a mountain had been
 "overturned at my feet. I humbled my-
 "self in the dust ; I returned to the city ;
 "I dug up my treasure ; I was liberal, yet I
 "became rich. My skill in restoring health
 "to the body gave me frequent opportu-
 "nities of curing the diseases of the soul.
 "I put on the sacred vestments ; I grew
 "eminent beyond my merit ; and it was
 "the pleasure of the king that I should
 "stand before him. Now, therefore, be
 "not offended ; I boast of no knowledge
 "that I have not received : As the sands
 "of the desert drink up the drops of rain,
 "or the dew of the morning, so do I
 "also, who am but dust, imbibe the in-
 "structions of the prophet. Believe then
 "that it is he who tells thee, all know-
 "ledge is prophane, which terminates in
 "thyself ; and by a life wasted in specu-
 "lation, little even of this can be gained.
 "When the gates of Paradise are thrown
 "open before thee, thy mind shall be irra-
 "diated in a moment ; here thou canst
 "little more than pile error upon error ;
 "there thou shalt build truth upon truth.
 "Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ;
 "and in the mean time emulate the Ea-
 "gle. Much is in thy power ; and, there-
 "fore, much is expected of thee. Though
 "the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue,
 "yet, as a prince, thou mayst stimulate
 "those to beneficence, who act from no
 "higher

“ higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but may’st enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation, or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens be upon thee! and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may Happiness be written!”

The King, whose doubts like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know “that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to Man-kind.”

Adventurer.

§ 25. *Providence proved from Animal Instinct.*

“ 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 very much lain 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 of them would 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 of 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 kind 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, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different 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 the 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 conveniencies 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 support and 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 shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. “ A person, who was well skilled in dissections, opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite torture, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her 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 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 remarkable

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 may 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 shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but 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 the 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 that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned 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 never 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 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 divine energy acting in the creatures.

Spectator.

§ 26. *The Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in be-

ing a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

Blair.

§ 27. *The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every charac-

ter, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Ibid.

§ 28. *The Happiness and Dignity of Mankind depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the season of youth be barren or improvements, so essential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in some measure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous; disembarrassed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to

run; nay, it may determine an everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. *Blair.*

§ 29. *Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals.*

What I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; and now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all

his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 30. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. *Ibid.*

§ 31. *Modesty and Docility to be joined to Piety.*

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of
life,

life, it is your part, not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity: and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds.

Blair.

§ 32. *Sincerity and Truth recommended.*

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Disimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing

maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness, which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the prefaces of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him

Ibid.

§ 33. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present

present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Blair.

§ 34. *Courtesy and engaging Manners.*

In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural; and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

Ibid.

§ 35. *Temperance in Pleasure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with

respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration.

Ibid.

§ 36. *Whatever violates Nature, cannot afford true Pleasure.*

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system, can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves, and your own experience. We ask, whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate.

Ibid.

§ 37. *Irregular Pleasures.*

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with

with

with such untimely darkness; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt!—These, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blashest the opening prospects of human felicity!

Blair.

§ 38. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects, which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of

ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

Ibid.

§ 39. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continues to be thus conducted,

ducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

Blair.

§ 40. *The Necessity of depending for Success on the Blessing of Heaven.*

Let me finish the subject, with recalling your attention to that dependance on the blessing of Heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal for the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! Destitute of the favour of God, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of Heaven.

Ibid.

§ 41. *The Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom.*

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements: and, if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spi-

rits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flatter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem.

See.

§ 42. *The Unhappiness consequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is slipped away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past: The enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given,

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all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite itagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy increases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse: Because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those, who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there re-

sults that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for, in literature as in war, each new conquest which he gains, impowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquisitions, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

See d.

§ 43. *Great Talents not requisite for the common Duties of Life.*

Some may alledge, in bar to what I have said, as an excuse for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progress in learning. To which I answer, that few situations require uncommon abilities to discharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that share of apprehension which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will serve well enough. Bright and sparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not necessary for the good of the world: whereas common sense is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occasion for it; and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we seem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they please, fine, exalted, and superior sense; yet common sense, if attended with humility and industry, is the best guide to beneficial truth, and the best preservative against any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious misconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than those who have a distaste for plain sober sense and dry reasoning; which yet is the case of those whose warm and elevated imagination, whose uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is striking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere esteem as a flat insipid thing; nothing less than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being useful to them, is in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim; their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and surprizing them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and consequently subjects them to gross mistakes: for they will not love truth as such; they will love

it only when it happens to be surprizing and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant passion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing sooner misleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and spirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a subject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious process, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a swift and speedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, step by step, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by industry and caution what they want in quickness of apprehension. Be not discouraged, if you do not meet with success at first. Observe, (for it lies within the compass of any man's observation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loss in another, to which he is unaccustomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progressive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be so long in finding out a connection of ideas, which, to a practised understanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to use your faculties, you will, in time, lose the very power of using them.

Secd.

§ 44. *Riches or Fortune no Excuse to exempt
any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from study, because their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, because their situation in life exempts them from the necessity of spending their time in servile offices and hardships, therefore they may dispose of it just as they please. It is to imagine, because God has empowered them to single out the best means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation: in the highest instances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apostle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither should he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of

work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any share in the common stock of happiness, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happiness being nothing but the sum total of each individual's contribution to it. An easy fortune does not set men free from labour and industry in general; it only exempts them from some particular kinds of labour: it is not a blessing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wisely to chuse, and steadily to prosecute, the most ennobling exercises, and the most improving employments, the pursuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the service of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in short, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others must employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the sweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a soil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The sum of what I would say, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourself master of all those accomplishments—an enlarged compass of thought, that flowing humanity and generosity, which are necessary to become a great fortune; and of all those perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are necessary to bear a small one patiently; but especially it is your duty to acquire a taste for those pleasures, which, after they are tasted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind.

Ibid.

§ 45. *The Pleasures resulting from a prudent Use of our Faculties.*

Happy that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched

riched with every virtue: who has furnished himself with all the advantages to elish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not fullen; and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a false glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart.

Seed.

§ 46. *The justly valuing and duly using the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One considerable advantage is, that regular method of study, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elsewhere, than for persons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of science, (far beyond their own) without having learned the first rudiments: nothing more common, than for some to pass themselves upon the world for great scholars, by the help of universal Dictionaries, Abridgements, and Indexes; by which means they gain an useless smattering in every branch of literature, just enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon most subjects; but not to think justly and deeply upon any: like those who have a general superficial acquaintance with almost every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendship with one or two worthy persons, would be of more service to them. The true genuine way to make a substantial scholar, is what takes place here,—to begin with those general principles of reasoning, upon which all science depends, and which give a light to every part of literature; to make gradual advances, a slow but sure process; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourselves in, and confine ourselves to any particular province of it; it being the great secret of education, not to

make a man a complete master of any branch of science, but to give his mind that freedom, openness, and extent, which shall empower him to master it, or indeed any other, whenever he shall turn the bent of his studies that way; which is best done, by setting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can scarce think out of that track to which he is accustomed.

The next advantage I shall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the most material subjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compass, if one were to read none but original authors, those who write chiefly from their own fund of sense, without treading servilely in the steps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the scholar. The tediousness of the way to truth is insensibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us: each light dispenses a brighter flame, by mixing its social rays with those of others. Here we live sequestered from noise and hurry, far from the great scene of business, vanity, and idleness; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a series of men have successively transmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge; and no sooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to dispense light to all within its sphere*. *Ibid.*

§ 47. *Discipline of the Place of Education not to be relaxed.*

May none of us complain, that the discipline of the place is too strict: may we rather reflect, that there needs nothing else to make a man completely miserable, but to let him, in the most dangerous stage of life, carve out an happiness for himself, without any check upon the fallies of youth! Those to whom you have been over indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwise, without proceeding to extremities, never to be used but in desperate cases, those have been always the most liberal of their censures and invectives against you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion against David his father;

* —Quasi cursores, vita lampada tradunt.

Lucretius.

because

because his father had not displeased him at any time, in saying, Why hast thou done so?—It is a certain sign men want restraints, when they are impatient under any; too headstrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reason. *Seed.*

§ 48. *Irregularities of a Few bring Censure on the Whole.*

It were to be wished, that they who claim greater indulgences, would seriously reflect, that the glaring irregularities of two or three members bring an undistinguishing censure upon a whole body; make a noise in, and alarm the world, as if all flesh had here corrupted their ways: whereas the sober, modest worth of a much greater number, who here in private attend the duties of the wise and good, must, in the nature of the thing, escape the notice of the world. Notorious disorders, how few soever are concerned, strike upon the senses of some, and affect the passions of many more; by which (their senses and passions) the gross of mankind generally judge of things; but it requires some experience of reflection, to which the bulk of mankind will never put themselves to consider, that great numbers must have spent their time profitably, formed habits of just thinking here, and laid in that stock of knowledge which they have produced into view in a more public sphere; that those vices, which they complain of, may not be the native growth of the place, but imported from irregular and undisciplined families, from schools, and from the worst of schools, the world at large, when youth are entered into it too soon. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Diffidence of one's Abilities, an Indication of good Sense.*

Consider, that it is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and

display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

We are some of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourselves upon any proficiency in the sciences; one science, however, there is, worth more than all the rest, and that is, the science of living well; which shall remain, when, 'Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.' As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we shall have no pleasure in them: nay, the time shall come, when they shall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preserved in those excellent books, which contain a confutation of them; like insects preserved for ages in amber, which otherwise would soon have returned to the common mass of things. But a firm belief of Christianity, and a practice suitable to it, will support and invigorate the mind to the last, and most of all at last, at that important hour, which must decide our hopes and apprehensions: and the wisdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. And indeed, all our other studies and pursuits, however different, ought to be subservient to, and center in this grand point, the pursuit of eternal happiness, by being good in ourselves, and useful to the world. *Ibid.*

§ 50. *The Necessity of peculiar Temperance in Places of Education.*

From a thorough insight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed measures for the advancement of all useful literature, and the continual support and increase of virtue and piety, have the wise and religious institutors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could do, to promote the most excellent and beneficial design, by the most rational and well-concerted means. They first laid the foundation well, in the discipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the restraint of wholesome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an excess that would serve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with simplicity yet sufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the seeds of vice are stifled in their birth; young persons

persons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a less happy situation, are too frequently exposed; and by an early habit of temperance and self-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular solicitations, or with ease to controul them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of these advantages, and a willing compliance with these rules, lay up in store for the rest of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progress in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in strict regularity and temperance; were the sensual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taste of sensual pleasures must be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a relish of the more sublime pleasures that result from reason and religion; that they may pursue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, assistance, and encouragement, to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of useful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in supplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every station of life be equally serviceable and ornamental to themselves, and beneficial to mankind? And shall any one dare to convert a house of discipline and learning into a house of dissoluteness, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themselves, who at the same time that they are pursuing their own unhappiness, sacrilegiously break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, seducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into these schools of frugality, sobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age! What have they to answer for, who, while they profligately squander away that most precious part of time, which is the only season of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loss, encourage one another in an idle and sensual course of life, and by spreading wide the contagion, reflect a scandal upon, and strive to bring into public disesteem, the place of their edu-

cation, where industry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever else is praise-worthy, did for ages flourish and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our ancestors, for the security and propagation of religion and good-manners, to the latest posterity? Is this at last the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correspond with their views, or with the just expectations and demands of your friends and your country?

Tottie.

§ 51. *Valuable Opportunities once lost cannot be recalled.*

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgences, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge so totally immerse in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and conscience: they promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed say that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful lusts may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a presumption that he shall add to the number. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have

either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who allowing themselves in greater indulgences than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that though they are awhile carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven.

Tottie.

§ 52. *The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent steps, the destruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itself at the beginning; did the storm which is to overthrow our peace, discover, as it rose, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken against it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one

licentious attachment, one criminal passion, are, by a train of consequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably lost. The enticing and the odious passions are, in this respect, similar in their process; and, though by different roads, conduct at last to the same issue.

Blair.

§ 53. *Order to be observed in Amusements.*

Observe order in your amusements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; study to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate succession with serious duties, and the higher business of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without some measure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual stretch of serious thought. By too intense and continued application, our feeble powers would soon be worn out. At the same time, from our propensity to ease and pleasure, amusement proves, among all ranks of men, the most dangerous foe to order: for it tends incessantly to usurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thrust itself into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to disturb and counteract the natural course of things. One frivolous amusement indulged out of season, will often carry perplexity and confusion thro' a long succession of affairs.

Amusements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require steady government, to keep them within a due and limited province. But such as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be banished from every orderly society. As soon as a man seeks his happiness from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiousness, confusion seizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The most important concerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by such persons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honour, and interest itself, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognosticate the ruin of these men to be just at hand. Disorder, arisen to its height, has nearly accomplished its work. The spots of death are upon them. Let every one who would escape the pestilential contagion,

tagion, fly with haste from their company.

Blair.

§ 54. *Order to be preserved in your Society.*

Preserve order in the arrangement of your society; that is, entangle not yourselves in a perpetual and promiscuous crowd; select with prudence and propriety, those with whom you chuse to associate; let company and retreat succeed each other at measured intervals. There can be no order in his life, who allots not a due share of his time to retirement and reflection. He can neither prudently arrange his temporal affairs, nor properly attend to his spiritual interests. He lives not to himself, but to the world. By continual dissipation, he is rendered giddy and thoughtless. He contracts unavoidably from the world that spirit of disorder and confusion which is so prevalent in it.

It is not a sufficient preservation against this evil, that the circles of society in which you are engaged are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourselves, and your domestic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are subversive of order, and inconsistent with your duty. What is innocent in itself, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to excess; and idle, trifling society, is nearly a-kin to such as is corrupting. One of the first principles of order is, to learn to be happy at home. It is in domestic retreat that every wise man finds his chief satisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himself when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himself, he will be so much more oppressed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the snares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage.

Ibid.

§ 55. *A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expence, and Amusements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expence, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you pur-

pose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expence, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, 'let all things be done in order.'

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom: but I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable beginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it; and it is only by frequent exercise that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed.

Ibid.

§ 56. *Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order stands in the middle between these two extremes, and suffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppressed. Whereas the disorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with business, and at another either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Those seasons of indolence and idleness, which recur so often in their life, are their most dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its situation, and clinging to every object which can occupy

amuse it, is then aptest to throw itself into the arms of every vice and folly.

Further; by the preservation of order, we check inconstancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to start aside from the straight line of conduct. Hence arises the propriety of bringing ourselves under subjection to method and rule; which, though at first it may prove constringing, yet by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies those irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are distinguished characteristics of a disorderly mind. It is the parent of steadiness of conduct. It forms consistency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repose in one another. For, the disorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any trust, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by desultory motions.

Blair.

§ 57. *Order essential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity.*

Consider also how important it is to your self-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the source of peace; and peace is the highest of all temporal blessings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquillity dwells. The very mention of confusion imports disturbance and vexation. Is it possible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the state of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without discerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midst of remorse for what he has neglected to do, or in the midst of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was necessary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celestial bodies, which move in regular courses, and by stated laws; whose influence is beneficent; whose operations are quiet and tranquil. The disorderly, resemble those tumultuous elements on earth, which, by sudden and violent irruptions, disturb the course of nature. By mismanagement of affairs, by excess in expence, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amusement, they are perpetually creating molestation both to themselves and others. They depart from their road to seek pleasure; and instead of it, they every where raise up sorrows. Being

always found out of their proper place, they of course interfere and jar with others. The disorders which they raise never fail to spread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confusion and distress; whence they necessarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of discord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without disturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the societies of men in friendship and peace.

Ibid.

§ 58. *Care to be taken in suppressing criminal Thoughts.*

When criminal thoughts arise, attend to all the proper methods of speedily suppressing them. Take example from the unhappy industry which sinners discover in banishing good ones, when a natural sense of religion forces them on their conscience. How anxiously do they fly from themselves! How studiously do they drown the voice which upbraids them, in the noise of company or diversions! What numerous artifices do they employ, to evade the uneasiness which returns of reflection would produce!—Were we to use equal diligence in preventing the entrance of vicious suggestions, or in repelling them when entered, why should we not be equally successful in a much better cause?—As soon as you are sensible that any dangerous passion begins to ferment, instantly call in other passions, and other ideas, to your aid. Hasten to turn your thoughts into a different direction. Summon up whatever you have found to be of power, for composing and harmonizing your mind. Fly for assistance to serious studies, to prayer and devotion; or even fly to business or innocent society, if solitude be in hazard of favouring the seduction. By such means you may stop the progress of the growing evil: you may apply an antidote, before the poison has had time to work its full effect. *Ibid.*

§ 59. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.*

It is observed, that the young and the ignorant are always the most violent in pursuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuosity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchases

chafes at too dear a price. Inure yourselves to frequent consideration of the emptiness of those pleasures which excite so much strife and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is lost by the violence of passion, than by the want of those things which give occasion to that passion. Persuade yourselves, that the favour of God, and the possession of virtue, form the chief happiness of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your estimation. These are the conclusions which the wise and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To these conclusions, after having run the race of passion, you will probably come at the last. By forming them betimes, you would make a seasonable escape from that tempestuous region, through which none can pass without suffering misery, contracting guilt, and undergoing severe remorse.

Blair.

§ 60. *The Beginnings of Passion to be opposed.*

Oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predominate within you. As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of less dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at the first. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart: but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amusement, will shortly become a serious business, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Most of our passions flatter us in their rise: but their beginnings are treacherous; their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is established. What Solomon says of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginning is as when one letteth out water.' It issues from a small chink, which once might have been easily stopped; but being neglected, it is soon widened

by the stream, till the bank is at last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Ibid.*

§ 61. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees subside. Temper is the disposition which remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propensity of the soul. The one are like the stream when it is swollen by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other resembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more silent and imperceptible than that of passion; it operates with less violence; but as its operation is constant, it produces effects no less considerable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deserves to be considered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averse to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the same footing with a healthy constitution of body. They consider it as a natural felicity which some enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has sometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be consistent with a state of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the gospel is so full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the essential characteristic of a Christian.' It would suppose, that grace might dwell amidst malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by such as are strangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that some, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good dispositions and habits. But this affords no justification to those who neglect to oppose the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a soil altogether unsusceptible of culture! or that the worst temper may not, through the assistance of grace, be reformed by attention and discipline. Settled depravity of temper is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nourish that malignity of disposition to which we are inclined, all the consequences will be placed to our account, and every excuse, from natural constitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven.

Ibid.

§ 62. *A peaceable Temper and condescending Manners recommended.*

What first presents itself to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a disposition averse to give offence, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This supposes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trifles, and, in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment; it is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarrelsome, are the bane of society; they seem destined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempest which they raise, they are always lost; and frequently it is their lot to perish.

A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and suspicious temper; which ascribes every action to the worst motive, and throws a black shade over every character. As you would be happy in yourselves, or in your connections with others, guard against this malignant spirit. Study that charity which thinketh no evil; that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will dispose you to be just; and which can allow you to observe an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus you will be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast; and will walk among men as your brethren, not your enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distresses wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition, when contrasted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interests, looks with an evil eye on the success of others, and with an unnatural satisfaction feeds on their dis-

appointments or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart!

Blair.

§ 63. *Numerous Occasions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper.*

You are not to imagine that a benevolent temper finds no exercise, unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generosity, or of extensive utility: these may seldom occur: the condition of the greater part of mankind in a good measure precludes them. But in the ordinary round of human affairs, a thousand occasions daily present themselves of mitigating the vexations which others suffer, of soothing their minds, of aiding their interest, of promoting their cheerfulness, or ease. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life: But let us remember that of small incidents, the system of human life is chiefly composed. The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly in the course of that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There the real character displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad; but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all our intercourse, then, with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion seeks to form us. This

was the temper of Christ. This is the temper of Heaven.

Blair.

§ 64. *A contented Temper the greatest Blessing, and most material Requisite to the proper Discharge of our Duties.*

A contented temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the most material requisites to the proper discharge of the duties of every station. For a fretful and discontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjust. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole constitution with disease and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the most effectual method of eradicating this distemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the blessings which Providence is pleased to bestow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are disposed to grant you. Viewing yourselves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a just light, you will rather be surpris'd at your enjoying so many good things, than discontented because there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed. Piety and goodness ought never to be marked with that dejection which sometimes takes rise from superstition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the same time, the cheerfulness belonging to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from that light and giddy temper which characterises folly, and is so often found among the dissipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the usual consequences of an unthinking habit, shame, remorse, and heaviness of heart, in the end. The cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

Ibid.

§ 65. *The Desire of Praise subservient to many valuable Purposes.*

To a variety of good purposes it is subservient, and on many occasions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from sloth, invigorates activity, and stimulates our efforts to excel. It has given rise to most of the splendid, and to many of the useful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generosity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, such as were actuated by the desire of extensive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated of the spirit, or at least carried the appearance, of distinguished virtue. The desire of praise is generally connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counsel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impression is easily made. Where there is no desire of praise, there will be also no sense of reproach; and if that be extinguished, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious pursuits. He whose countenance never glowed with shame, and whose heart never beat at the sound of praise, is not destined for any honourable distinction; is likely to grovel in the sordid quest of gain; or to slumber life away in the indolence of selfish pleasures.

Abstracted from the sentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the esteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully pursued. It is necessary to our success, in every fair and honest undertaking. Not only our private interest, but our public usefulness, depends, in a great measure, upon it. The sphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men listen with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a respected character adds weight to example, and authority to counsel. To desire the esteem of others for the sake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many cases is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praise or censure, is so far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character.

Ibid.

§ 66. *Excessive Desire of Praise tends to corrupt the Heart, and to disregard the Admonitions of Conscience.*

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterises true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within, is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

Blair.

§ 67. *That Discipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerness of worldly Passions, and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happiness than the Possession of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provision which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, see-

ing out of it are the issues of life. Let us account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves. Let us propose for our object, not worldly success, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that, which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others.

Ibid.

§ 68. *Religious Knowledge of great Consolation and Relief amidst the Distresses of Life.*

Consider it in the light of consolation; as bringing aid and relief to us, amidst the distresses of life. Here religion incontestably triumphs; and its happy effects in this respect furnish a strong argument to every benevolent mind, for wishing them to be farther diffused throughout the world. For, without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumstances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness; where he is unable to discover with any certainty, whence he sprung, or for what purpose he was brought into this state of existence; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what constitution he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious, enquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to banish all uneasy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement; life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble; he sees himself beset with various dangers, and is exposed to many a melancholy

lancholy apprehension, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the Christian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate. He who was before a destitute orphan, wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gained a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to trust; where to unbosom his sorrows; and from what hand to look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkest hour, and to assuage the severest woe, by the belief of divine favour, and the prospect of a blessed immortality. In such hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself with the thoughts of one friend who will never forsake it. Refined reasonings, concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philosophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at ease; may, perhaps, contribute to sooth it, when slightly touched with sorrow; but when it is torn with any sore distress, they are cold and feeble, compared with a direct promise from the word of God. This is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. This has given consolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the most cogent reasonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death especially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future interests must naturally increase, the power of religious consolation is sensibly felt. Then appears, in the most striking light, the high value of the discoveries made by the Gospel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God discovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his presence promised to be with them when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in order to bring them safe into unseen habitations of rest and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this severe and trying period, this labouring hour

of nature, how shall the unhappy man support himself, who knows not, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conscious to himself, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the sins of his past life arise before him in sad remembrance. He wishes to exist after death, and yet dreads that existence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obscurity around him; and in the midst of endless doubts and perplexities, the trembling reluctant soul is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life must, to such a man, have been most oppressive; so its end is bitter: his sun sets in a dark cloud; and the night of death closes over his head, full of misery.

Blair.

§ 69. *Sense of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion.*

Mankind certainly have a sense of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience shews, that the allurements of present pleasure, and the impetuosity of passion, are sufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral sense, unless it be supported by religion, the influence of which upon the imagination and passions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We shall readily acknowledge that many of the greatest enemies of religion have been distinguished for their honour, probity, and good-nature. But it is to be considered, that many virtues, as well as vices, are constitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, ensure the possession of many virtues, or rather, are a security against many vices. They may produce temperance, chastity, honesty, prudence, and a harmless, inoffensive behaviour. Whereas keen passions, a warm imagination, and great sensibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the seeds of all the social and most heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its constitutional vices, by rendering those possessed of it peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. They often appear indeed to be the greatest enemies to religion, but that is entirely owing to their impatience of its restraints. Its most dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaste philosophers,
void

void of passion and sensibility, who had no vicious appetites to be restrained by its influence, and who were unsusceptible of its terrors or its pleasures.

Gregory.

§ 70. *Infidelity owing to Insensibility of Heart.*

Absolute infidelity, or settled scepticism in religion, we acknowledge, is no proof of want of understanding, or a vicious disposition, but is certainly a very strong presumption of the want of imagination and sensibility of heart, and of a perverted understanding. Some philosophers have been infidels; few, men of taste and sentiment. Yet the examples of Lord Bacon, Mr. Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton, among many other first names in philosophy, are a sufficient evidence, that religious belief is perfectly compatible with the clearest and most enlarged understanding.

Ibid.

§ 71. *Religion not founded on Weakness of Mind.*

Several of those who have surmounted what they call religious prejudices themselves, affect to treat such as are not ashamed to avow their regard to religion, as men of weak understandings and feeble minds: but this shews either want of candour, or great ignorance of human nature. The fundamental articles of religion have been very generally believed by men the most distinguished for acuteness and accuracy of judgment. Nay, it is unjust to infer the weakness of a person's head on other subjects, from his attachment even to the fooleries of superstition. Experience shews, that when the imagination is heated, and the affections deeply interested, they level all distinctions of understanding; yet this affords no presumption of a shallow judgment in subjects where the imagination and passions have no influence.

Ibid.

§ 72. *Effects of Religion, Scepticism, and Infidelity.*

Feebleness of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon such as have a sense of religion, but upon all who possess warm, open, chearful tempers, and hearts peculiarly disposed to love and friendship. But the reproach is ill founded. Strength of mind does not consist in a peevish temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in bid-

ding defiance to God Almighty: it consists in an active, resolute spirit; in a spirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a strength of mind, which neither atheism nor universal scepticism will ever be able to inspire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depress spirit as well as genius; to sour the temper and contract the heart. The highest religious spirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient stoics; a sect distinguished for producing the most active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheism or universal scepticism have any tendency to form such characters? Do they tend to inspire that magnanimity and elevation of mind, that superiority to selfish and sensual gratifications, that contempt of danger and of death, when the cause of virtue, of liberty, or their country, required it, which distinguish the characters of patriots and heroes? Or is their influence more favourable on the humbler and gentler virtues of private and domestic life? Do they soften the heart, and render it more delicately sensible of the thousand nameless duties and endearments of a husband, a father, or a friend? Do they produce that habitual serenity and chearfulness of temper, that gaiety of heart, which makes a man beloved as a companion? or do they dilate the heart with the liberal and generous sentiments, and that love of human kind, which would render him revered and blessed as the patron of depressed merit, the friend of the widow and orphan, the refuge and support of the poor and the unhappy?

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a strong connection between a religious disposition and a feeling heart, appears from the universal dislike which all men have to infidelity in the fair sex. We not only look on it as removing the principal security we have for their virtue, but as the strongest proof of their want of that softness and delicate sensibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually secures their empire over us, than any quality they can possess.

There are, indeed, some men who can persuade themselves, that there is no supreme intelligence who directs the course

of nature; who can see those they have been connected with by the strongest bonds of nature and friendship gradually disappearing; who are persuaded, that this separation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themselves shall soon sink down after them into nothing; and yet such men appear easy and contented. But to a sensible heart, and particularly to a heart softened by past endearments of love or friendship, such opinions are attended with gloom inexpressible; they strike a damp into all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and cut off those prospects which alone can comfort the soul under certain distresses, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticism, or suspense of judgment, as to the truth of the great articles of religion, is attended with the same fatal effects. Wherever the affections are deeply interested, a state of suspense is more intolerable, and more distracting to the mind, than the sad assurance of the evil which is most dreaded.

Gregory.

§ 73. *Comforts of Religion.*

There are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connections. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly decant of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labour are cut off from us, those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It should therefore be expected that those philosophers, who stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals, and to their happiness.—It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

Ibid.

§ 74. *Cause of Zeal to propagate Infidelity.*

To support openly and avowedly the cause of infidelity, may be owing, in some, to the vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind; to vanity, that amphibious passion that seeks for food, not only in the affectation of every beauty and every virtue that adorn humanity, but of every vice and perversion of the understanding that disgrace it. The zeal of making proselytes to it, may often be attributed to a like vanity of possessing a direction and ascendancy over the minds of men; which is a very flattering species of superiority. But there seems to be some other cause that secretly influences the conduct of some that reject all religion, who, from the rest of their character, cannot be suspected of vanity, in any ambition of such superiority. This we shall attempt to explain.

The very differing in opinion, upon any interesting subject, from all around us, gives a disagreeable sensation. This must be greatly increased in the present case, as the feeling which attends infidelity or scepticism in religion is certainly a comfortless one, where there is the least degree of sensibility.—Sympathy is much more sought after by an unhappy mind, than by one cheerful and at ease. We require a support in the one case, which in the other is not necessary. A person, therefore, void of religion, feels himself as it were alone

in the midst of society; and though, for prudential reasons, he chooses, on some occasions, to disguise his sentiments, and join in some form of religious worship, yet this, to a candid and ingenuous mind, must always be very painful; nor does it abate the disagreeable feeling which a social spirit has in finding itself alone, and without any friend to sooth and participate its uneasiness. This seems to have a considerable share in that anxiety which Free-Thinkers generally discover to make profelytes to their opinions; an anxiety much greater than what is shewn by those whose minds are at ease in the enjoyment of happier prospects.

Gregory.

§ 75. *Zeal in the Propagation of Infidelity inexcusable.*

The excuse which infidel writers plead for their conduct, is a regard for the cause of truth. But this is a very insufficient one. None of them act upon this principle, in its largest extent and application, in common life; nor could any man live in the world, and pretend so to do. In the pursuit of happiness, 'our being's end and aim*,' the discovery of truth is far from being the most important object. It is true, the mind receives a high pleasure from the investigation and discovery of truth, in the abstract sciences, in the works of nature and art; but in all subjects, where the imagination and affections are deeply concerned, we regard it only so far as it is subservient to them.—One of the first principles of society, of decency, and of good manners, is, that no man is entitled to say every thing he thinks true, when it would be injurious or offensive to his neighbour. If it was not for this principle, all mankind would be in a state of hostility.

Suppose a person to lose an only child, the sole comfort and happiness of his life: When the first overflowings of nature are past, he recollects the infinite goodness and impenetrable wisdom of the Disposer of all events; he is persuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be separated. With these sentiments he acquiesces, with a melancholy yet pleasing resignation, to the Divine will. Now, supposing all this to be a deception, a pleasing dream, would not the general sense of mankind condemn the philosopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who should attempt to wake him out

* Pope.

of it?—Yet so far does vanity prevail over good-nature, that we frequently see men, on other occasions of the most benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can alone cheer the heart under all the pressures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to resign it with cheerfulness and dignity!

Religion may be considered in three different views. First, As containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral administration of the world, a future state of existence, and particular communications to mankind, by an immediate supernatural revelation.—Secondly, As a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, As the source of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleasure or pain, according to the particular genius and spirit of the religion that inspires them. *Ibid.*

§ 76. *Religion considered as a Science.*

In the first of these views, which gives a foundation to all religious belief, and on which the other two depend, Reason is principally concerned. On this subject, the greatest efforts of human genius and application have been exerted, and with the most desirable success, in those great and important articles that seem most immediately to affect the interest and happiness of mankind. But when our enquiries here are pushed to a certain length, we find that Providence has set bounds to our reason, and even to our capacities of apprehension. This is particularly the case with respect to infinity and the moral æconomy of the Deity. The objects are here, in a great measure, beyond the reach of our conception; and induction, from experience, on which all our other reasonings are founded, cannot be applied to a subject altogether dissimilar to any thing we are acquainted with.—Many of the fundamental articles of religion are such, that the mind may have the fullest conviction of their truth, but they must be viewed at a distance, and are rather the objects of silent and religious veneration, than of metaphysical disquisition. If the mind attempts to bring them to a nearer view, it is confounded with their strangeness and immensity.

When we pursue our enquiries into any part of nature beyond certain bounds, we find ourselves involved in perplexity and darkness. But there is this remarkable difference between these and religious enquiries:

quiries; in the investigation of nature, we can always make a progress in knowledge, and approximate to the truth by the proper exertion of genius and observation. But our enquiries into religious subjects are confined within very narrow bounds; nor can any force of reason or application lead the mind one step beyond that impenetrable gulf, which separates the visible and invisible world.

Though the articles of religious belief, which fall within the comprehension of mankind, and seem essential to their happiness, are few and simple, yet ingenious men have contrived to erect them into most tremendous systems of metaphysical subtlety, which will long remain monuments both of the extent and the weakness of human understanding. The pernicious consequences of such systems, have been various. By attempting to establish too much, they have hurt the foundation of the most interesting principles of religion.—Most men are educated in a belief of the peculiar and distinguishing opinions of some one religious sect or other. They are taught, that all these are equally founded on Divine authority, or the clearest deductions of reason; by which means their system of religion hangs so much together, that one part cannot be shaken without endangering the whole. But wherever any freedom of enquiry is allowed, the absurdity of some of these opinions, and the uncertain foundation of others, cannot be concealed. This naturally begets a general distrust of the whole, with that fatal lukewarmness in religion, which is its necessary consequence.

The very habit of frequent reasoning and disputing upon religious subjects, diminishes that reverence with which the mind would otherwise consider them. This seems particularly to be the case, when men presume to enter into a minute scrutiny of the views and œconomy of Providence, in the administration of the world; why the Supreme Being made it as it is; the freedom of his actions; and many other such questions, infinitely beyond our reach. The natural tendency of this, is to lessen that awful veneration with which we ought always to contemplate the Divinity, but which can never be preserved, when men canvass his ways with such unwarrantable freedom. Accordingly we find, amongst those sectaries where such disquisitions have principally prevailed, that he has been mentioned and even addressed

with the most indecent and shocking familiarity. The truly devotional spirit, whose chief foundation and characteristic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among such persons.

Another bad effect of this speculative theology has been to withdraw people's attention from its practical duties.—We usually find, that those who are most distinguished by their excessive zeal for opinions in religion shew great moderation and coolness as to its precepts; and their great severity in this respect, is commonly exerted against a few vices where the heart is but little concerned, and to which their own dispositions preserved them from any temptations.

But the worst effects of speculative and controversial theology, are those which it produces on the temper and affections.—When the mind is kept constantly embarrassed in a perplexed and thorny path, where it can find no steady light to shew the way, nor foundation to rest on, the temper loses its native cheerfulness, and contracts a gloom and severity, partly from the chagrin of disappointment, and partly from the social and kind affections being extinguished for want of exercise. When this evil is exasperated by opposition and dispute, the consequences prove very fatal to the peace of society; especially when men are persuaded, that their holding certain opinions entitles them to the divine favour; and that those who differ from them, are devoted to eternal destruction. This persuasion breaks at once all the ties of society. The toleration of men who hold erroneous opinions, is considered as conniving at their destroying not only themselves, but all others who come within the reach of their influence. This produces that cruel and implacable spirit, which has so often disgraced the cause of religion, and dishonoured humanity.

Yet the effects of religious controversy have sometimes proved beneficial to mankind. That spirit of free enquiry, which incited the first Reformers to shake off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny, naturally begot just sentiments of civil liberty, especially when irritated by persecution. When such sentiments came to be united with that bold enthusiasm, that severity of temper and manners that distinguished some of the reformed sects, they produced those recluse and inflexible men, who alone were able to assert the cause of liberty, in an age when the Christian world was ener-

vated by luxury or superstition; and to such men we owe that freedom and happy constitution which we at present enjoy.—But these advantages of religious enthusiasm have been but accidental.

In general it would appear, that religion, considered as a science, in the manner it has been usually treated, is but little beneficial to mankind, neither tending to enlarge the understanding, sweeten the temper, or mend the heart. At the same time, the labours of ingenious men, in explaining obscure and difficult passages of sacred writ, have been highly useful and necessary. And though it is natural for men to carry their speculations, on a subject that so nearly concerns their present and eternal happiness, farther than reason extends, or than is clearly and expressly revealed; yet these can be followed by no bad consequences, if they are carried on with that modesty and reverence which the subject requires. They become pernicious only when they are formed into systems, to which the same credit and submission is required as to Holy Writ itself.

Gregory.

§ 77. *Religion considered as a Rule of Life and Manners.*

We shall now proceed to consider religion as a rule of life and manners. In this respect, its influence is very extensive and beneficial, even when disfigured by the wildest superstition; as it is able to check and conquer those passions, which reason and philosophy are too weak to encounter. But it is much to be regretted, that the application of religion to this end, hath not been attended to with that care which the importance of the subject required.—The speculative part of religion seems generally to have engrossed the attention of men of genius. This has been the fate of all the useful and practical arts of life; and the application of religion, to the regulation of life and manners, must be considered entirely as a practical art.—The causes of this neglect, seem to be these: Men of a philosophical genius have an aversion to all application, where the active powers of their own minds are not immediately employed. But in acquiring any practical art, a philosopher is obliged to spend most of his time in employments where his genius and understanding have no exercise. The fate of the practical arts of medicine and religion have been pretty similar: the object of the one is, to cure the diseases of the body; of the other, to

cure the diseases of the mind. The progress and degrees of perfection of both these arts ought to be estimated by no other standard, than their success in the cure of the diseases to which they are severally applied. In medicine, the facts on which the art depends, are so numerous and complicated, so misrepresented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philosophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many obstacles of different kinds, which occur to render any improvement in the practice of physic a matter of the utmost difficulty, at least whilst the profession rests on its present narrow foundation. Almost all physicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amused themselves in forming theories, which gave exercise to their invention, and at the same time contributed to their reputation. Instead of being at the trouble of making observations themselves, they culled, out of the promiscuous multitude already made, such as best suited their purpose, and dressed them up in the way their system required. In consequence of this, the history of medicine does not so much exhibit the history of a progressive art, as a history of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then sunk into contempt and oblivion. The case has been nearly similar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this last, nothing is required but assiduous and accurate observation, and a good understanding to direct the proper application of such observation.

Ibid.

§ 78. *How Religion is to be applied to cure the Diseases of the Mind.*

To cure the diseases of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which must be drawn from life itself, and which books can never teach; of the various disguises under which vice recommends herself to the imagination; of the artful association of ideas which she forms there; and of the many nameless circumstances that soften the heart and render it accessible. It is likewise necessary to have a knowledge of the arts of insinuation and persuasion, of the art of breaking false and unnatural associations of ideas, or inducing counter-associations, and opposing one passion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired,

quired, the successful application of it to practice depends, in a considerable degree, on powers, which no extent of understanding can confer.

Vice does not depend so much on a perversion of the understanding, as of the imagination and passions, and on habits originally founded on these. A vicious man is generally sensible enough that his conduct is wrong; he knows that vice is contrary both to his duty and to his interest; and therefore, all laboured reasoning, to satisfy his understanding of these truths, is useless, because the disease does not lie in the understanding. The evil is seated in the heart. The imaginations and passions are engaged on its side; and to them the cure must be applied. Here has been the general defect of writings and sermons, intended to reform mankind. Many ingenious and sensible remarks are made on the several duties of religion, and very judicious arguments are brought to enforce them. Such performances may be attended to with pleasure, by pious and well-disposed persons, who likewise may derive from thence useful instruction for their conduct in life. The wicked and profligate, if ever books of this sort fall in their way, very readily allow, that what they contain are great and eternal truths; but they leave no lasting impression. If any thing can rouse, it is the power of lively and pathetic description, which traces and lays open their hearts through all their windings and disguises, makes them see and confess their own characters in all their deformity and horror, impresses their hearts, and interests their passions by all the motives of love, gratitude, and fear, the prospect of rewards and punishments, and whatever other motives religion or nature may dictate. But to do this effectually, requires very different powers from those of the understanding: a lively and well regulated imagination is essentially requisite.

Gregory.

§ 79. *On Public Preaching.*

In public addresses to an audience, the great end of reformation is most effectually promoted; because all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their assistance. But some of those arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any strength of genius or understanding; even where nature has been liberal of those necessary requisites, they must be cultivated

by much practice, before the proper exercise of them can be acquired. Thus, a public speaker may have a voice that is musical and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour to attain its just modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone, which a pathetic discourse requires. The same difficulty attends the acquisition of that propriety of action, that power over the expressive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, so necessary to command the hearts and passions of an audience.

It is usually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is saying himself, will naturally speak with that tone of voice and expression in his countenance, that best suits the subject, and which cannot fail to move his audience: thus it is said, a person under the influence of fear, anger, or sorrow, looks and speaks in the manner naturally expressive of these emotions. This is true in some measure; but it can never be supposed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his subject with such real warmth upon every occasion. Besides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himself so entirely to any impression, as he must do to produce this effect. Most men, when strongly affected by any passion or emotion, have some peculiarity in their appearance, which does not belong to the natural expression of such an emotion. If this be not properly corrected, a public speaker, who is really warm and animated with his subject, may nevertheless make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the business of art, to shew nature in her most amiable and graceful forms, and not with those peculiarities in which she appears in particular instances; and it is this difficulty of properly representing nature, that renders the eloquence and action, both of the pulpit and the stage, acquisitions of such difficult attainment.

But, besides those talents inherent in the preacher himself, an intimate knowledge of nature will suggest the necessity of attending to certain external circumstances, which operate powerfully on the mind, and prepare it for receiving the designed impressions. Such, in particular, is the proper regulation of church-music, and the solemnity and pomp of public worship. Independent of the effect that these particulars have on the imagination, it might be expected, that a just taste, a sense of decency and propriety, would make them more attended to than we find they

they are. We acknowledge that they have been abused, and have occasioned the grossest superstition; but this universal propensity to carry them to excess, is the strongest proof that the attachment to them is deeply rooted in human nature, and consequently that it is the business of good sense to regulate, and not vainly to attempt to extinguish it. Many religious sects, in their infancy, have supported themselves without any of these external assistances; but when time has abated the fervor of their first zeal, we always find that their public worship has been conducted with the most remarkable coldness and inattention, unless supported by well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that those sects who at their commencement have been most distinguished for a religious enthusiasm that despised all forms, and the genius of whose tenets could not admit the use of any, have either been of short duration, or ended in infidelity.

The many difficulties that attend the practical art of making religion influence the manners and lives of mankind, by acquiring a command over the imagination and passions, have made it too generally neglected, even by the most eminent of the clergy for learning and good sense. These have rather chosen to confine themselves to a track, where they were sure to excel by the force of their own genius, than to attempt a road where their success was doubtful, and where they might be outshone by men greatly their inferiors. It has therefore been principally cultivated by men of lively imaginations, possessed of some natural advantages of voice and manner. But as no art can ever become very beneficial to mankind, unless it be under the direction of genius and good sense, it has too often happened, that the art we are now speaking of has become subservient to the wildest fanaticism, sometimes to the gratification of vanity, and sometimes to still more unworthy purposes.

Gregory.

§ 80. *Religion considered as exciting Devotion.*

The third view of religion considers it as engaging and interesting the affections, and comprehends the devotional or sentimental part of it.—The devotional spirit is in some measure constitutional, depending on liveliness of imagination and sensibility of heart, and, like these qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it

does in ours. What shews its great dependence on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and music, which Shakspeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Music enters into the future paradise of the devout of every sect and of every country. The Deity, viewed by the eye of cool reason, may be said, with great propriety, to dwell in light inaccessible. The mind, struck with the immensity of his being, and with a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, admires with that distant awe and veneration that almost excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmest affection, and even passion.—The philosopher contemplates the Deity in all those marks of wisdom and benignity diffused through the various works of nature. The devout man confines his views rather to his own particular connection with the Deity, the many instances of his goodness he himself has experienced, and the many greater he still hopes for. This establishes a kind of intercourse, which often interests the heart and passions in the deepest manner.

The devotional taste, like all other tastes, has had the hard fate to be condemned as a weakness, by all who are strangers to its joys and its influence. Too much and too frequent occasion has been given, to turn this subject into ridicule.—A heated and devout imagination, when not under the direction of a very sound understanding, is apt to run very wild, and is at the same time impatient to publish all its follies to the world.—The feelings of a devout heart should be mentioned with great reserve and delicacy, as they depend upon private experience, and certain circumstances of mind and situation, which the world can neither know nor judge of. But devotional writings, executed with judgment and taste, are not only highly useful, but to all, who have a true sense of religion, peculiarly engaging. *Ibid.*

§ 81. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional spirit, united to good sense and a cheerful temper, gives that steadiness to virtue, which it always wants when produced and supported by good natural dispositions only. It corrects and humanizes those constitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to subdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preserves them from becoming

becoming utterly abandoned. It has, besides, the most favourable influence on all the passive virtues; it gives a softness and sensibility to the heart, and a mildness and gentleness to the manners; but above all, it produces an universal charity and love to mankind, however different in station, country, or religion. There is a sublime yet tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to soothe this disposition, by insensibly leading the mind, while it seems to indulge it, to those prospects which calm every murmur of discontent, and diffuse a cheerfulness over the darkest hours of human life.—Persons in the pride of high health and spirits, who are keen in the pursuits of pleasure, interest, or ambition, have either no ideas on this subject, or treat it as the enthusiasm of a weak mind. But this really shews great narrowness of understanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boasted independence on religion is built; the thousand nameless accidents that may destroy it; and that though for some years they should escape these, yet that time must impair the greatest vigour of health and spirits, and deprive them of all those objects for which, at present, they think life only worth enjoying. It should seem, therefore, very necessary to secure some permanent object, some real support to the mind, to cheer the soul, when all others shall have lost their influence.—The greatest inconvenience, indeed; that attends devotion, is its taking such a fast hold of the affections, as sometimes threatens the extinguishing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional spirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depress the mind entirely, to sink it to the weakest superstition, and to produce a total retirement and abstraction from the world, and all the duties of life.

Gregory.

§ 82. *The Difference between true and false Politeness.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty, of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits

the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to soothe every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by this assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the

favour and consideration of our neighbour.

2. Again; the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself: in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate* ends for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; *because* he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his neighbour.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices: in a word, *because* they love themselves.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counter-

feit solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest end.

Hurd.

§ 83. *On religious Principles and Behaviour.*

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.

I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place.—In your behaviour at public worship;

ship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual.

Gregory's Advice.

§ 84. *On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the inquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers; wither in our hands, and lose their fragrantcy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again: and he

who tastes them ofteneft, will relish them best.—And now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Zion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.

Horne.

§ 85. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates

were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of finite and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been two well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale; her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular disemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Tatler.

§ 86. *The Temple of Lust.*

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats,

sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half men, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs, before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice must be the subject of another paper.

Ibid.

§ 87. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts

were

were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road, were several paths that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it: these were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were so contrived, that we could not see the temple of Honour, by reason of the temple of Virtue, which stood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe, in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Tatler.

§ 88. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having seen all that happened to the band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that stood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the tem-

ple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths, which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom, by the inscription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

Ibid.

§ 89. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days, with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after

the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony; the first was his collector, and the other his cashier. There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them: some of these I enquired into: at the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion: behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money: he gave out little purses to several, who, after a short tear, brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw, at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind the counter, with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth: it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple: there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on

bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee thy

thy two sisters, in whose company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence."

Tatler.

§ 90. *The Virtue of Gentleness not to be confounded with artificial and insincere Politeness.*

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies: but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wisdom which is from above, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments, the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare: too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance: Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting; the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity; but that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

Blair.

§ 91. *Opportunities for great Acts of Beneficence rare, for Gentleness continual.*

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by some,

That this gentleness on which we now insist, regards only those smaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not essential to religion and goodness. Negligent, they confess, on slight occasions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity presents, to perform important services to their fellow-creatures. But let such persons reflect, that the occasions of performing those important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their situation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great measure, exclude them from such opportunities. Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of the day; not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the sense; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility. Whereas, not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves, the habit of virtue. Nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are seemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the most bountiful gift: While, on the other side, when the hand of liberality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is sufficient to frustrate the intention of the benefactor; we sour those whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition, then

be held to possess a low place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world.

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of a man, a refreshment to a man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl; would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.—Strange! that where men have all one common interest, they should so often absurdly concur in defeating it! Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of unavoidable evils for the state of man? As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another? *Blair.*

§ 92. *Gentleness recommended on Considerations of our own Interest.*

But if the sense of duty, and of common happiness, be insufficient to recommend the virtue of gentleness, then let me desire you to consider your own interest. Whatever ends a good man can be supposed to pursue, gentleness will be found to favour them; it prepossesses and wins every heart; it persuades, when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn. Whereas, harshness confirms the opposition it would subdue; and, of an indifferent person, creates an enemy. He who could overlook an injury committed in the collision of interests, will long and severely resent the slights of a contemptuous behaviour. To the man of gentleness, the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a distance, and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like some of the distant stars, whose beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the in-

fluence of gentleness, all in some degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character rises in the world without struggle, and flourishes without envy. His misfortunes are universally lamented; and his failings are easily forgiven.

But whatever may be the effect of this virtue on our external condition, its influence on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without; every person, and every occurrence, are beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds of disgust and ill-humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes: Nature seems transformed; and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken; and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation. *Ibid.*

§ 93. *The Man of gentle Manners is superior to frivolous Offences and slight Provocations.*

As soon may the waves of the sea cease to roll, as provocations to arise from human corruption and frailty. Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to those slight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the most frequent causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenor than those of others; exempted from the numberless discomposures which agitate vulgar minds. Inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard, with indulgent eye, the frailties of men, the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the fickle, he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary; and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course. *Ibid.*

§ 94. *Pride fills the World with Harshness and Severity.*

Let me advise you to view your character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-estimation, we forget what we are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least consider what we are in the sight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from Heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to shew it to our own brethren? *Blair.*

§ 95. *Violence and Contention often caused by Trifles and imaginary Mischiefs.*

Accustom yourselves, also, to reflect on the small moment of those things which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconsiderable point of interest, or honour, swells into a momentous object; and the slightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after passion or pride has subsided, we look round in vain for the mighty mischiefs we dreaded; the fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have sown the seeds of future suspicion, malevolence, or disgust.—Suspend your violence, I beseech you, for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Anticipate that period of coolness, which, of itself, will soon arrive. Allow yourselves to think, how little you have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life you are certain of throwing away. Easily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter

waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from the poisonous effect, who first allowed them to flow.

Ibid.

§ 96. *Gentleness best promoted by religious Views.*

But gentleness will, most of all, be promoted by frequent views of those great objects which our holy religion presents. Let the prospects of immortality fill your minds. Look upon this world as a state of passage. Consider yourselves as engaged in the pursuit of higher interests; as acting now, under the eye of God, an introductory part to a more important scene. Elevated by such sentiments, your minds will become calm and sedate. You will look down, as from a superior station, on the petty disturbances of the world. They are the selfish, the sensual, and the vain, who are most subject to the impotence of passion. They are linked so closely to the world; by so many sides they touch every object, and every person around them, that they are perpetually hurt, and perpetually hurting others. But the spirit of true religion removes us to a proper distance from the grating objects of worldly contentions. It leaves us sufficiently connected with the world, for acting our part in it with propriety; but disengages us from it so far, as to weaken its power of disturbing our tranquillity. It inspires magnanimity; and magnanimity always breathes gentleness. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildness of a superior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterness of passion. *Ibid.*

§ 97. *Gentleness to be assumed, as the Ornament of every Age and Station; but to be distinguished from polished or affected Manners.*

Aided by such considerations, let us cultivate that gentle wisdom which is, in so many respects, important both to our duty and our happiness. Let us assume it as the ornament of every age, and of every station. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and soften the moroseness of old age. Let it mitigate authority in those who rule, and promote deference among those who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to mistake for true gentleness, that flimsy imitation of it, called polished manners, which often, among the

the men of the world, under a smooth appearance, conceals much asperity. Let yours be native gentleness of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of man. Unite this amiable spirit, with a proper zeal for all that is right, and just, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breast. A character thus supported, will command more real respect than can be procured by the most shining accomplishments, when separated from virtue.

Blair.

§ 98. *The Stings of Poverty, Disease, and Violence, less pungent than those of guilty Passions.*

Assemble all the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found, by far, less pungent than those which guilty passions dart into the heart. Amidst the ordinary calamities of the world, the mind can exert its powers, and suggest relief: and the mind is properly the man; the sufferer, and his sufferings, can be distinguished. But those disorders of passion, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They penetrate to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture.

Ibid.

§ 99. *The Balance of Happiness equal.*

An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found

to be the most genuine and true.—In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

Ibid.

§ 100. *The truest Misery arises from the Passions of Man in his present fallen and disturbed Condition.*

From this train of observation, can one avoid reflecting upon the disorder in which human nature plainly appears at present to lie? We behold, in Haman, the picture of that misery, which arises from evil passions; of that unhappiness, which is incident to the highest prosperity; of that discontent, which is common to every state. Whether we consider him as a bad man, a prosperous man, or simply as a man, in every light we behold reason too weak for passion. This is the source of the reigning evil; this is the root of the universal disease. The story of Haman only shews us, what human nature has too generally appeared to be in every age. Hence, when we read the history of nations, what do we read but the history of the follies and crimes of men? We may dignify those recorded transactions, by calling them the intrigues of statesmen, and the exploits of conquerors; but they are, in truth, no other than the efforts of discontent to escape from its misery, and the struggles of contending passions among untappy men. The history of mankind has ever been a continued tragedy; the world, a great theatre, exhibiting the same repeated scene, of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting, by a quick process, into misery.

Ibid.

§ 101. *Our Nature to be restored by using the Assistance of Revelation.*

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this state from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and store it with inhabitants, solely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes?—In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly discern the signs of some violent confusion, which has shattered the original

original workmanship of the Almighty. Amidst this wreck of human nature, traces still remain which indicate its author. Those high powers of conscience and reason, that capacity for happiness, that ardour of enterprize, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the scattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced sculptures of some fallen temple, whose ancient splendour appears amidst its ruins. So conspicuous in human nature are those characters, both of a high origin and of a degraded state, that, by many religious sects throughout the earth, they have been seen and confessed. A tradition seems to have pervaded almost all nations, that the human race had either, through some offence, forfeited, or through some misfortune, lost, that station of primaval honour, which they once possessed. But while, from this doctrine, ill understood, and involved in many fabulous tales, the nations wandering in Pagan darkness could draw no consequences that were just; while, totally ignorant of the nature of the disease, they sought in vain for the remedy; the same divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apostacy arose, from the abuse of our rational powers, has instructed us also how we may be restored to virtue and to happiness.

Let us, therefore, study to improve the assistance which this revelation affords, for the restoration of our nature and the recovery of our felicity. With humble and grateful minds, let us apply to those medicinal springs which it hath opened, for curing the disorders of our heart and passions. In this view, let us, with reverence, look up to that Divine Personage, who descended into this world, on purpose to be the light and the life of men: who came, in the fulness of grace and truth, to repair the desolations of many generations, to restore order among the works of God, and to raise up a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteousness should dwell for ever. Under his tuition let us put ourselves; and amidst the storms of passion to which we are here exposed, and the slippery paths which we are left to tread, never trust presumptuously to our own understanding. Thankful that a heavenly conductor vouchsafes his aid, let us earnestly pray, that from him may descend divine light to guide our steps, and divine strength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all

intemperate passions, and mistaken pursuits of pleasure; that whether it shall be his will, to give or to deny us earthly prosperity, he may bless us with a calm, a sound, and well-regulated mind; may give us moderation in success, and fortitude under disappointment; and may enable us so to take warning from the crimes and miseries of others, as to escape the snares of guilt.

Blair.

§ 102. *The Happiness of every Man depends more upon the State of his own Mind, than upon any external Circumstance whatever.*

While we thus maintain a due dependence on God, let us also exert ourselves with care, in acting our own part. From the whole of what has been said, this important instruction arises, that the happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together. We have seen, that inordinate passions are the great disturbers of life; and that unless we possess a good conscience, and a well-governed mind, discontent will blast every enjoyment, and the highest prosperity will prove only disguised misery. Fix then this conclusion in your minds, that the destruction of your virtue is the destruction of your peace. Keep thy heart with all diligence; govern it with the greatest care; for out of it are the issues of life. In no station, in no period, think yourselves secure from the dangers which spring from your passions. Every age, and every station, they beset; from youth to grey hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.

Ibid.

§ 103. *At first setting out in Life, beware of seducing Appearances.*

At your first setting out in life especially, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; beware of the seducing appearances which surround you, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If you allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early possession of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity.—Nor

with

with the season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous, attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interit and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their malignant influence, even over those periods of life which ought to be most tranquil. From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed, of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions, and violent desires, were not made for man. They exceed his sphere: they find no adequate objects on earth; and of course can be productive of nothing but misery. The certain consequence of indulging them is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall drive us to acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

Blair,

§ 104. *Enthusiasm less pernicious to the Mind than Coldness and Indifference in Religion.*

But whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardours of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endowed.

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," say they, "I am guilty of no great crimes; but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either

"to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. But I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my way of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style:—"I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties? —You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas! I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me, I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of

"that

“ that fort for them, or even be able to
 “ guess what they do with themselves the
 “ greateit part of the twenty-four hours.
 “ I go to church, if possible, once on a
 “ Sunday, and then some of my servants
 “ attend me; and if they will not mind
 “ what the preacher says, how can I help
 “ it?—The management of our fortune,
 “ as far as I am concerned, I must leave
 “ to the steward and housekeeper; for I
 “ find I can barely snatch a quarter of an
 “ hour just to look over the bill of fare
 “ when I am to have company, that they
 “ may not send up any thing frightful or
 “ old-fashioned—As to the Christian duty
 “ of charity, I assure you I am not ill-
 “ natured; and (considering that the great
 “ expence of being always dress’d for com-
 “ pany, with losses at cards, subscriptions,
 “ and public spectacles, leave me very
 “ little to dispose of) I am ready enough
 “ to give my money when I meet with a
 “ miserable object. You say I should en-
 “ quire out such, inform myself thoroughly
 “ of their cases, make an acquaintance
 “ with the poor of my neighbourhood in
 “ the country, and plan out the best
 “ methods of relieving the unfortunate
 “ and assisting the industrious. But this
 “ supposes much more time, and much
 “ more money, than I have to bestow.—I
 “ have had hopes indeed that my summers
 “ would have afforded me more leisure;
 “ but we stay pretty late in town; then
 “ we generally pass several weeks at one
 “ or other of the water-drinking places,
 “ where every moment is spent in public;
 “ and, for the few months in which we
 “ reside at our own seat, our house is
 “ always full, with a succession of com-
 “ pany, to whose amusement one is oblig’d
 “ to dedicate every hour of the day.”

So here ends the account of that time
 which was given you to prepare and edu-
 cate yourself for eternity?—Yet you be-
 lieve the immortality of the soul, and a
 future state of rewards and punishments.
 Ask your own heart what rewards you de-
 serve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted
 to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or
 affections, which heaven can be supposed
 to gratify, have you cultivated and im-
 proved?—If, in that eternal world, the
 stores of knowledge should be laid open
 before you, have you preserved that thirst
 of knowledge, or that taste for truth,
 which is now to be indulg’d with endless
 information?—If, in the society of saints
 and angels, the purest benevolence and

most cordial love is to constitute your hap-
 piness, where is the heart that should en-
 joy this delightful intercourse of affection?
 —Has your’s been exercised and refined
 to a proper capacity of it during your
 state of discipline, by the energies of
 generous friendship, by the meltings of
 parental fondness, or by that union of heart
 and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect
 friendship and ineffable tenderness, which
 approaches nearest to the full satisfaction
 of our nature, in the bands of conjugal
 love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a
 heart, except when you felt it swell with
 pride, or flutter with vanity!—Has your
 piety and gratitude to the Source of all
 Good, been exercised and strengthened by
 constant acts of praise and thanksgiving?
 Was it nourish’d by frequent meditation,
 and silent recollection of all the wonders
 he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fer-
 vent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency
 than devotion, that carried you once a
 week to the place of public worship—and
 for the rest of the week, your thoughts and
 time were so very differently fill’d up,
 that the idea of a Ruler of the universe
 could occur but seldom, and then, rather
 as an object of terror, than of hope and
 joy. How then shall a soul so dead to
 divine love, so lost to all but the most
 childish pursuits, be able to exalt and en-
 large itself to a capacity of that bliss which
 we are allowed to hope for, in a more in-
 timate perception of the divine presence,
 in contemplating more nearly the per-
 fections of our Creator, and in pouring
 out before his throne our ardent gratitude,
 love, and adoration?—What kind of train-
 ing is the life you have pass’d through,
 for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt
 on those whom strong temptation from na-
 tural passions, or a train of unfortunate
 circumstances, have sunk into the com-
 mission of what you call great crimes?—
 Dare you speak peace to your own heart,
 because by different circumstances you
 have been preserved from them?—Far be
 it from me to wish to lessen the horror of
 crimes; but yet, as the temptations to
 these occur but seldom, whereas the tempta-
 tions to neglect, and indifference towards
 our duty, for ever surround us, it may be
 necessary to awaken ourselves to some
 calculation of the proportions between such
 habitual omission of all that is good, and
 the commission of more heinous acts of sin;
 between wasting our own life in what is
 falsely

falsely called innocent amusement, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm society more, though possibly they might injure it less.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 105. *Of the difference between the Extreme of Negligence and Rigour in Religion.*

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in such nominal Christians, and the opposite excess of rigour which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who think life lent them only to be squandered in senseless diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—
or widely mistaking the means that lead to it.

If it were indeed true that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happiness, that we should spend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary suffering and mortification, and a continual opposition to every inclination of nature, it would surely be worth while to conform even to these conditions, however rigorous: and we see, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully persuaded that their eternal interests demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our existence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither punishment nor constraint unnecessarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we should perversely go on in constant and acknowledged neglect of those injunctions.

Is there a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue?—And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the same which are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves, or others?—It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us:

it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy ascetics, nor frantic enthusiasts; they married from affection on long acquaintance, and perfect esteem; they therefore enjoy the best pleasures of the heart in the highest degree. They concur in a rational scheme of life, which, whilst it makes them always cheerful and happy, renders them the friends of human-kind, and the blessing of all around them. They do not desert their station in the world, nor deny themselves the proper and moderate use of their large fortune; though that portion of it, which is appropriated to the use of others, is that from which they derive their highest gratifications. They spend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourse of hospitality and civility with many of the most respectable persons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a select than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more easily succeeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourse with what may be called the world. Three more are spent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whose tastes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or sometimes music, supply the intervals of useful and agreeable conversation. In these parties their children are always present, and partake of the improvement that arises from such society, or from the well-chosen pieces which are read aloud. The seventh day is always spent at home, after the due attendance on public worship; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious instruction of their children and servants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and rise early, and as Lady Worthy never pays or admits morning visits, they have seven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to œconomy, and to the poor, are carried on in the most regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive, without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of shutting themselves up from it, to pass the greatest part of their
time

time in a reasonable and useful, as well as an agreeable manner. The rest of the year they spend at their family seat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their assiduous attention to the good of all around them, are still more observable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a sure resource and comfort in calamity, and a ready assistance to every scheme of honest industry. The young are instructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered useful at the earliest period possible; the aged and the sick have every comfort administered that their state requires; the idle and dissolute are kept in awe by vigilant inspection; the quarrelsome are brought, by a sense of their own interest, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their disputes to Sir Charles's decision.

This amiable pair are not less highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are sure of finding in their house the most polite and cheerful hospitality, and in them a fund of good sense and good humour, with a constant disposition to promote every innocent pleasure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who consider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and assistance in any kind of distress, or in any scheme of amusement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are seldom without some friends in the house with them during their stay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their guests, who do not expect to see them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfast. In their private walks or rides, they usually visit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are personally acquainted; and by the sweetness and friendliness of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they so entirely possess the hearts of these people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the casuists to settle all their scruples of conscience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of conversing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often discover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the person they distin-

guish, talents, which would otherwise have been for ever lost to the public.

From this slight sketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue costs them any great sacrifices? Do they appear to be the servants of a hard master?—It is true, they have not the amusement of gaming, nor do they curse themselves in bitterness of soul, for losing the fortune Providence had bestowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor stilled in crowded assemblies; nor are their hours consumed in an insipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they serve indulges them in the best pleasures of love, of friendship, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly consists in joyful acts of love and praise!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taste uncorrupted and still alive to natural pleasures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating those beauties joined with utility in the scenes, around them; and above all, from that flow of spirits, which a life of activity, and the constant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with those of the wretched slaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of listlessness, distaste, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn out constitutions, still continue to haunt the scenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and disgust; then tell me, which has chosen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Listen to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his Lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favourable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of imitating such patterns, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a “warning voice” as should make itself heard amidst all the

gay bustle that furrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and, not to fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time uselefs.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 106. *Virtue Man's true Interest.*

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible—What consequence then follows? or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house; and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are now to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the

mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing.—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent.

Harris.

§ 107. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their

their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated.—It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.

Speſtator.

§ 108. *Religion the Foundation of Content : an Allegory.*

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aukubabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar;

but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina,

dina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Haslan," said he, "forbear: thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Haslan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at

length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and, throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Haslan," said he, "what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. "Haslan," said he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, left

thy heart accuse me of injustice. and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Aububekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was

past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

Adventurer.

§ 109. *Bad company*—meaning of the phrase—different classes of bad company—ill chosen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of custom—from our bad inclinations.

"Evil communication," says the text, "corrupts good manners." The assertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication; but above all, the minds of youth will suffer; which

are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurnished; and ready to receive any impression.

But before we consider the danger of keeping bad company, let us first see the meaning of the phrase.

In the phrase of the world, good company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals, are considered: and he, who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company.—I should wish you to fix another meaning to the expression; and to consider vice in the same detestable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will, as bad company.

The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of those, who deserve this appellation.

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of Christianity—who jest upon Scripture—talk blasphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class of bad company are those, who have a tendency to destroy in us the principles of common honesty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gamblers of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profession.

A third class of bad company, and such as are commonly most dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleasure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Besides these three classes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill-chosen company: trifling, insipid characters of every kind; who follow no business—are led by no ideas of improvement—but spend their time in dissipation and folly—whose highest praise it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of these, a serious man would wish his son to keep company.

It may be asked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid keeping company with such persons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must, as the apostle remarks, “altogether go out of the world.” By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a casual intercourse with them, on occasion of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to consort with them—complying with that inclination—seeking their company, when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occasionally, cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others—from the power of custom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us*.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing instilled into him, we easily discover from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilized education, or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant, and the man of education; the difference is striking. And yet God hath bestowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different scenes of life; and have had commerce with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions, and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves? How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second hand?

The great power and force of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However seriously disposed we may be; and however shocked at the first approaches of vice; this shocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgusting thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw

* See this subject treated more at large in an anonymous pamphlet, on the employment of time.

foldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of course indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he hears, and what he sees. The good principles, which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But, alas! this sensibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule; the gospel, an inconvenient restraint: a few pang of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasures; and whisper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even these by degrees die away; and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin! so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument against bad company. We have so many passions and appetites to govern; so many bad propensities of different kinds to watch, that, amidst such a variety of enemies within, we ought at least to be on our guard against those without. The breast even of a good man is represented in scripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a state of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the scriptures represent this as the case even of a good man, whose passions, it may be imagined, are become in some degree cool, and temperate, and who has made some progress in a virtuous course; what may we suppose to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whose passions and appetites are violent and seducing, and whose mind is in a still less confirmed state? It is his part surely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as possible to acquire new strength.

Gilpin.

§ 110. *Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters, as well as manner:—presumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good*

company equal to the disadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.

These arguments against keeping bad company, will still receive additional strength, if we consider farther, the great pains taken by the bad to corrupt others. It is a very true, but lamentable fact, in the history of human nature, that bad men take more pains to corrupt their own species, than virtuous men do to reform them. Hence those specious arts, that show of friendship, that appearance of disinterestedness, with which the profligate seducer endeavours to lure the unwary youth; and at the same time, yielding to his inclinations, seems to follow rather than to lead him. Many are the arts of these corrupters; but their principal art is ridicule. By this they endeavour to laugh out of countenance all the better principles of their wavering proselyte; and make him think contemptibly of those, whom he formerly respected; by this they stifle the ingenuous blush, and finally destroy all sense of shame. Their cause is below argument. They aim not therefore at reasoning. Raillery is the weapon they employ; and who is there, that hath the steadiness to hear persons and things, whatever reverence he may have had for them, the subject of continual ridicule, without losing that reverence by degrees?

Having thus considered what principally makes bad company dangerous, I shall just add, that even were your morals in no danger from such intercourse, your characters would infallibly suffer. The world will always judge of you by your companions: and nobody will suppose, that a youth of virtuous principles himself, can possibly form a connection with a profligate.

In reply to the danger supposed to arise from bad company, perhaps the youth may say, he is so firm in his own opinions, so steady in his principles, that he thinks himself secure; and need not restrain himself from the most unreserved conversation.

Alas! this security is the very brink of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than presumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard against it. But security lays every guard asleep. "Let him who thinketh he standeth," saith the apostle, "take heed, lest he fall." Even an apostle himself did fall, by thinking that he stood secure. "Though I should die with thee,"

thee," said St. Peter to his master, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithstanding this boasted security, he repeated the crime three several times. And can we suppose, that presumption, which occasioned an apostle's fall, shall not ruin an unexperienced youth? The story is recorded for our instruction: and should be a standing lesson against presuming upon our own strength.

In conclusion, such as the dangers are, which arise from bad company, such are the advantages which accrue from good. We imitate, and catch the manners and sentiments of good men, as we do of bad. Custom, which renders vice less a deformity, renders virtue more lovely. Good examples have a force beyond instruction, and warm us into emulation beyond precept; while the countenance and conversation of virtuous men encourage, and draw out into action every kindred disposition of our hearts.

Besides, as a sense of shame often prevents our doing a right thing in bad company; it operates in the same way in preventing our doing a wrong one in good. Our character becomes a pledge; and we cannot, without a kind of dishonour, draw back.

It is not possible, indeed, for a youth, yet unfurnished with knowledge (which fits him for good company) to chuse his companions as he pleases. A youth must have something peculiarly attractive, to qualify him for the acquaintance of men of established reputation. What he has to do, is, at all events, to avoid bad company; and to endeavour, by improving his mind and morals, to qualify himself for the best.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can chuse his company with discretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreserve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at sight to engage the unwary: while virtue, on the other hand, is often modest, reserved, diffident, backward, and easily disconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart: and this awkwardness, however unpleasing, may veil a thousand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be easily either engaged, or disgusted at first sight. Form your intimacies with reserve: and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you disapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profession of friendship. They, whose friendship is worth accepting; are, as

you ought to be, reserved in offering it. Chuse your companions, not merely for the sake of a few outward accomplishments—for the idle pleasure of spending an agreeable hour; but mark their disposition to virtue or vice; and, as much as possible, chuse those for your companions, whom you see others respect: always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends in a great measure the success of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts.

Gilpin.

§ 111. *Religion the best and only Support in Cases of real Strefs.*

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real strefs; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Consider then what virtue the very first principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wise and good Being, who first made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whose goodness all things are designed—and by whose providence all things are conducted to bring about the greatest and best ends. The sorrowful and pensive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully sinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, hushes all his complaints—and thus speaks comfort to his soul,—“It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.—Without his direction. I know that no evil can befall me,—without his permission, that no power can hurt me;—it is impossible a Being so wise should mistake my happiness—or that a Being so good should contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foresees the gratifying my wishes would undo me, and by my own abuse of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the request of children—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I say whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foresaw would embitter and shorten my days?—It does so to thousands, where the disobedience of a thankful child has brought down the parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Has he visited me with sickness, poverty, or other

other disappointments?—can I say, but these are blessings in disguise?—so many different expressions of his care and concern to disentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!”—This thought opens a new face of hope and consolation to the unfortunate:—and as the persuasion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has suffered,—this prospect of a future life gives him strength to despise them, and esteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reserved for him hereafter.

Things are great or small by comparison—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and sufferings from that consideration, finds all his sorrows enlarged, and at the close of them will be apt to look back, and cast the same sad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharaoh, “That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage.” But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and stedfastly behold the life and immortality of a future state,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fled before.

These are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our spirit under the evils of life,—but like-great cordials, they are seldom used but on great occurrences.—In the lesser evils of life, we seem to stand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happiness broke in upon, by a little impatience of spirit, under the cross and untoward accidents we meet with. These stand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the slighter indispositions of the body—which we think not worth treating seriously, and so leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are such good habits of the temper, such a complexional ease and health of heart, as may often save the patient much medicine.—We are still to consider, that however such good frames of mind are got, they are worth preserving by all rules:—Patience and contentment,—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—

is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchase; since without it, the best condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 112. *Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.*

The unbounded freedom and licentiousness of raillery and ridicule, is become of late years so fashionable among us, and hath already been attended with such fatal and destructive consequences, as to give a reasonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have rose up within this last century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almost universally sought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reason but because Lord Shaftesbury told us so) the test of truth, and, as such, has been applied indiscriminately to every subject.

But in opposition to all the puny followers of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, all the laughing moralists of the last age, and all the sneering satyrists of this, I shall not scruple to declare, that I look on ridicule as an oppressive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all distinction; blind to the charms of virtue, and deaf to the complaints of truth; a bloody Moloch, who delights in human sacrifice; who loves to feed on the flesh of the poor, and to drink the tear of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by scorn and laughter, and throws the poison of contempt into the cup of distress to embitter the draught.

Truth, say the Shaftesburians, cannot possibly be an object of ridicule, and therefore cannot suffer by it:—to which the answer is extremely obvious: Truth, naked, undisguised, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but Truth, like every thing else, may be misrepresented: it is the business of ridicule therefore to disguise her; to dress her up in a strange and fantastic habit; and when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the crowd should smile at her deformity.

The noblest philosopher and the best moralist

moralist in the heathen world, the great and immortal Socrates, fill a sacrifice to this pernicious talent: ridicule first misrepresented, and afterwards destroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he was, but for what he appeared to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furnish out a sufficient fund for ridicule; and when we consider how vast and spacious a field the little scene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we shall not so much wonder to see the lover of ridicule rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and satiating his malevolence: from the frailties and absurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together, with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a sacrifice to self-love. The lowest and most abandoned of mankind can ridicule the most exalted beings; those who never could boast of their own perfection,

Nor raise their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,

Even these can censure, those can dare deride
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

It were well indeed for mankind, if ridicule would confine itself to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its hateful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is seen, be dissented into a vice. The glass of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falsely also; it always discolours the objects before it ventures to represent them to us. The purest metal, by the mixture of a base alloy, shall seem changed to the meanest. Ridicule, in the same manner, will cloath prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage rashness, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compassionate man for his weakness, the serious man for his preciseness, and the pious man for his hypocrisy.

Modesty is one of virtue's best supports; and it is observable, that wherever this amiable quality is most eminently conspicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never so happy as when he can raise the blush of ingenuous merit, or stamp

the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conspire to render us both unhappy and contemptible!

The lover of ridicule will, no doubt, plead in the defence of it, that his design is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is listed in the service of Virtue, and engaged in the cause of Truth;—but I will venture to assure him, that the allies he boasts of disclaim his friendship and despise his assistance. Truth desires no such soldier to fight under his banner; Virtue wants no such advocate to plead for her. As it is generally understood, it is too great a punishment for small faults, too light and inconsiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemishes of a character deserve rather pity than contempt; the more atrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus, we see, that in one case the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and destroying the works of man, but boldly and impudently attacks those of God; enters even into the sanctuary, and prophanes the temple of the Most High. A late noble writer has made use of it to asperse the characters and destroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Testament; and to change the solemn truths of Christianity into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of Moses are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amusement of children: and St. Paul is treated by him as an enthusiast, an idiot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he professed. One would not surely think that there was any thing in Christianity so ludicrous as to raise laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinsic excellence, would at least have secured it from such indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of those ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are so apt to despise, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of absurdities and inconsistencies, which the more refined spirits among their poets and philosophers must have doubtless despised, rejected, and condemned; such was their respect and veneration for the established religion of their country, such their regard to decency and seriousness,

seriousness, such their modesty and diffidence in affairs of so much weight and importance, that we very seldom meet with jest or ridicule on subjects which they held thus sacred and respectable.

The privilege of publicly laughing at religion, and the profession of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the objects of mirth and ridicule, was reserved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious heathens, to reflect disgrace and ignominy on the Christian era.

It hath indeed been the fate of the best and purest religion in the world, to become the jest of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be scourged and persecuted, but with him to be mocked and spit at, trampled on and despised. But to consider the dreadful consequences of ridicule on this occasion, will better become the divine than essayist; to him therefore I shall refer it, and conclude this essay by observing, that after all the undeserved encomiums so lavishly bestowed on this child of wit and malice, so universally approved and admired, I knew of no service the pernicious talent of ridicule can be of, unless it be to raise the blush of modesty, and put virtue out of countenance; to enhance the miseries of the wretched, and poison the feast of happiness; to insult man, affront God; to make us, in short, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneasy to ourselves, and highly displeasing to the Almighty. *Smollet.*

§ 113. On Prodigality.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and de-

void alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Syrens that entice him to shipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attornies; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbibited. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuseness.

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary

cessary even to compleat the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

Rambler.

§ 114. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those, who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with

regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets
her,
And imitates her actions where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with. *CATO.*

In the second place, we are to consider those, who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lye, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage: by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to so-

ciety;

ciety; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be regarded among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

§ 115. *On Modesty.*

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above
all,

all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim. That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both. *Spectator.*

§ 116. On disinterested Friendship.

I am informed that certain Greek writers (Philosophers, it seems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating superfluous inquietudes to those who engage in them; and, as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his sollicitude in the course of his own affairs, it is a weakness they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also, in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it in one's power to straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily distresses himself with cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

I have been told likewise, that there is another set of pretended philosophers, of the same country, whose tenets, concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungenerous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers: the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are depressed by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging fables, these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural:
each

each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self-love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconsistent with a well-poised and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an essential property of every well-constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

If sensibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not say between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the soul against all the softer impressions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise: a truly good man is, upon many occasions, extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or shrinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the case of virtue, so in that of friendship, those painful sensations, which may sometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally insufficient

grounds for excluding either of them from taking possession of our bosoms.

They who insist that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to divert the association of its most amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly disposed, it is not so much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their best and most valuable recommendation. It is so far indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those whose power and opulence, but, above all, whose superior virtue (a much firmer support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the assistance of others.

The true distinction, then, in this question is, that "although friendship is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendship." Those selfish sensualists, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, presume to maintain the reverse, have surely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the subject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the assistance this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt satisfactions of friendship.

Melmoth's Translation of Cicero's Lælius.

§ 117. *The Art of Happiness.*

Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends.
They

They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts.—If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little chearful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual chearfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her,

though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or, (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and sling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on
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the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happiness.

Harris.

§ 118. *Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

All men pursue Good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good must be transient and uncertain; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking; like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause; and that cause must be either external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cause; by reason, all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the same rule, not from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external will proportionably destroy its essence. What then remains but the cause internal; the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind—in Rectitude of Conduct?

Ibid.

§ 119. *The Choice of Hercules.*

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 favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, 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 she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, 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 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 carriage, 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 thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will 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 either war or 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 who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of 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 this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without

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: in short, 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," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with 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; an household guardian to the fathers 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 chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are 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, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

Taylor.

Letters on the Choice of Company.

§ 120. LETTER I.

SIR,

As you are now no longer under the eye of either a parent, or a governor, but wholly at liberty to act according to your own inclinations; your friends cannot be without their fears, on your account; they cannot but have some uneasy apprehensions, lest the very bad men, with whom you may converse, should be able to efface those principles, which so much care was taken at first to imprint, and has been since to preserve, in you.

The intimacy, in which I have, for many years, lived with your family, suffers me not to be otherwise than a sharer of their concern, on this occasion; and you will permit me, as such, to lay before you those considerations, which, while they shew you your danger, and excite your caution, may not be without their use in promoting your safety.

That it should be the endeavour of our parents, to give us just apprehensions of things, as soon as we are capable of receiving them; and, in our earlier years, to stock our minds with useful truths—to accustom us to the use of our reason, the restraint of our appetites, and the government of our passions, is a point, on which, I believe, all are agreed, whose opinions about it you would think of any consequence.

From a neglect in these particulars, you see so many of one sex, as much Girls at Sixty, as they were at Sixteen—their follies only varied—their pursuits, though differently, yet equally, trifling; and you thence, likewise, find near as many of the other sex, Boys in their advanced years—as fond of feathers and toys in their riper age, as they were in their childhood—living as little to any of the purposes of Reason, when it has gained its full strength, as they did when it was weakest. And, indeed, from the same source all those vices proceed, which most disturb and distress the world.

When no pains are taken to correct our bad *inclinations*, before they become confirmed and fixed in us; they acquire, at length, that power over us, from which we have the worst to fear—we give way to *them* in the instances where we see plainest, how grievously we must suffer by our compliance—

pliance—we know not how to resist *them*, notwithstanding the obvious ruin which will be the consequence of our yielding to them.

I don't say, that a right *education* will be as beneficial, as a wrong one is hurtful: the very best may be disappointed of its proper effects.

Though the tree you set be put into an excellent soil, and trained and pruned by the skilfullest hand; you are not, however, sure of its thriving: vermin may destroy all your hopes from it.

When the utmost care has been taken to send a young man into the world well principled, and fully apprised of the reasonableness of a religious and virtuous life; he is, yet, far from being temptation proof—he even then may fall, may fall into the worst both of principles and practices; and he is very likely to do so, in the place where you are, if he will associate with those who speak as freely as they act; and who seem to think, that their understanding would be less advantageously shewn, were they not to use it in defence of their vices.

That we may be known by our company, is a truth become proverbial. The ends we have to serve may, indeed, occasion us to be often with the persons, whom we by no means resemble; or, the place, in which we are settled, keeping us at a great distance from others, if we will converse at all, it must be with some, whose manners we least approve. But when we have our choice—when no valuable interest is promoted by associating with the corrupt—when, if we like the company of the wise and considerate, we may have it; that we then court the one, and shun the other, seems as full a proof, as we can well give, that, if we avoid vice, it is not from the sense we have of the amiableness of virtue.

Had I a large collection of books, and never looked into any that treated on grave and useful subjects, that would contribute to make me wiser or better; but took those frequently, and those only, into my hands, that would raise my laughter, or that would merely amuse me, or that would give me loose and impure ideas, or that inculcated atheistical or sceptical notions, or that were filled with scurrility and invective, and therefore could only serve to gratify my spleen and ill-nature; they, who knew this to be my practice, must,

certainly, form a very unfavourable opinion of my capacity, or of my morals. If nature had given me a good understanding, and much of my time passed in reading: were I to read nothing but what was trifling, it would spoil that understanding, it would make me a Trifler: and though formed with commendable dispositions, or with none very blameable; yet if my *favourite authors* were—*such* as encouraged me to make the most of the *present hour*; not to look beyond *it*, to taste every pleasure that offered itself, to forego no advantage, that I could obtain—*such* as gave vice nothing to fear, nor virtue any thing to hope, in a future state; you would not, I am sure, pronounce otherwise of those writers, than that they would hurt my natural disposition, and carry me *lengths* of *guilt*, which I should not have gone, without this encouragement to it.

Nor can it be allowed, that *reading* wrong things would thus affect me, but it must be admitted, that *hearing* them would not do it less. *Both* fall under the head of *Conversation*; we fitly apply that term alike to *both*; and we may be said, with equal propriety, to converse with books, and to converse with men. The impression, indeed, made on us by what we hear, is, usually, much stronger than that received by us from what we read. That which passes in our usual intercourse is listened to, without fatiguing us: each, then, taking his turn in speaking, our attention is kept awake: we mind throughout what is said, while we are at liberty to express our own sentiments of it, to confirm it, or to improve upon it, or to object to it, or to hear any part of it repeated, or to ask what questions we please concerning it.

Discourse is an application to our eyes, as well as ears; and the one organ is here so far assistant to the other, that it greatly increases the force of what is transmitted to our minds by it. The air and action of the speaker gives no small importance to his words: the very tone of his voice adds weight to his reasoning; and occasions that to be attended to throughout, which, had it come to us from the pen or the press, we should have been asleep, before we had read half of it.

That bad companions will make us as bad as themselves, I don't affirm. When we are not kept from their vices by our principles, we may be so by our constitution;

tion; we may be less profligate than they are, by being more cowardly: but what I advance as *certain* is, That we cannot be safe among them—that they will, in some degree, and may in a very great one, hurt our morals. You may not, perhaps, be unwilling to have a distinct view of the reasons, upon which I assert this.

I will enter upon them in my next.

I was going to write adieu, when it came into my thoughts, that though you may not be a stranger to the much censured doctrine of our countryman *Pelagius*—a stranger to his having denied *original* sin; you may, perhaps, have never heard how he accounted for the depravity, so manifest in the whole of our race—He ascribed it to *imitation*. Had he said, that imitation makes some of us very bad, and most of us worse than we otherwise should have been; I think he would not have passed for an heretic. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 121. LETTER II.

SIR,

I promised you, that you should have the reasons, why I think that there is great danger of your being hurt by vicious acquaintance. The first thing I have here to propose to your consideration is, what I just mentioned at the close of my last—our aptness to imitate.

For many years of our life we are forming ourselves upon what we observe in those about us. We do not only learn their phrase, but their manners. You perceive among whom we were educated, not more plainly by our idiom, than by our behaviour. The cottage offers you a brood, with all the rascality and savageness of its grown inhabitants. The civility and courtesy, which, in a well-ordered family, are constantly seen by its younger members, fail not to influence their deportment; and will, whatever their natural *brutality* may be, dispose them to check its appearance, and express an averseness from what is rude and disgusting. Let the descendant of the meanest be placed, from his infancy, where he perceives every one mindful of decorum; the marks of his *extraction* are soon obliterated; at least, his carriage does not discover it: and were the heir of his *Grace* to be continually in the kitchen or stables, you would soon only know the young Lord by his cloaths and title: in other respects, you would judge him the son of the groom or the scullion.

Nor is the disposition to imitate confined to our childhood; when this is past, and the man is to shew himself, he takes his colours, if I may so speak, from those he is near—he copies their appearance—he seldom is, what the use of his reason, or what his own inclinations, would make him.

Are the opinions of the generality, in most points, any other, than what they hear advanced by this or that person high in their esteem, and whose judgment they will not allow themselves to question? You well know, that one could not lately go into company, but the first thing said was—You have, undoubtedly, read—What an excellent performance it is! The fine imagination of its noble author discovers itself in every line. As soon as this noble author seriously disowned it, all the admiration of it was at an end. Its merit, with those who had most commended it, appeared to be wholly the name of its supposed writer. Thus we find it throughout. It is not *what* is written, or said, or acted, that we examine; and approve or condemn, as it is, in itself, good or bad: Our concern is, who writes, who says, or does it; and we, accordingly, regard, or disregard it.

Look round the kingdom. There is, perhaps, scarce a village in it, where the seriousness or dissoluteness of the Squire, if not quite a driveller, is not more or less seen in the manners of the rest of its inhabitants. And he, who is thus a pattern, takes his pattern—fashions himself by some or other of a better estate, or higher rank, with whose character he is pleased, or to whom he seeks to recommend himself.

In what a short space is a whole nation metamorphosed! Fancy yourself in the middle of the last century. What grave faces do you every where behold! The most dissolutely inclined suffers not a libertine expression to escape him. He who least regards the practice of virtue, assumes its appearance.

None claim, from their stations, a privilege for their vices. The greatest strangers to the *influence* of religion observe its *form*. The soldier not only forbears an oath, but reproves it; he may possibly make free with your goods, as having more grace than you, and, therefore, a better title to them; but you have nothing to fear from his lewdness, or drunkenness.

The Royal Brothers at length land—

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The monarchy is restored. How soon then is a grave aspect denominated a puritanical; decorum, preciseness; seriousness, fanaticism! He, who cannot *extinguish* in himself *all sense* of religion, is industrious to conceal his having *any*—*appears* worse than he *is*—would be thought to favour the crime, that he dares not commit. The lowliest conversation is the politest. No representation pleases, in which decency is consulted. Every favourite drama has its hero a libertine—introduces the magistrate, only to expose him as a knave, or a cuckold; and the priest, only to describe him a profligate or hypocrite.

How much greater the power of fashion is, than that of any laws, by whatsoever penalties enforced, the experience of all ages and nations concurs in teaching us. We readily imitate, where we cannot be constrained to obey; and become by example, what our rule seeks in vain to make us.

So far we may be all truly styled players, as we all personate—borrow our characters—represent some other—act a part—exhibit those who have been most under our notice, or whom we seek to please, or with whom we are pleased.

As the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male:
So the young Squire, when first he comes
From country school to *Will's* or *Tom's*;
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down;
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him: in among the gang:
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

PRIOR.
Dean Bolton.

§ 122. LETTER III.

SIR,

My last endeavoured to shew you, how apt we are to imitate. Let me now desire you to consider the disposition you will be under to recommend yourself to those, whose company you desire, or would not decline,

Conversation, like marriage, must have consent of parties. There is no being intimate with him, who will not be so with you; and, in order to contract or support an intimacy, you must give the pleasure, which you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience must force him to acknowledge: we are sure to seek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no interest to serve by us, if we disregard their humour.

In courts, indeed, where the art of pleasing is more studied than it is elsewhere, you see people more dexterously accommodating themselves to the turn of those, for whose favour they wish; but, wherever you go, you almost constantly perceive the same *end* pursued by the same *means*, though there may not be the same adroitness in applying them. What a proof have you in your own neighbourhood, how effectual these means are!

Did you ever hear *Charles*—tell a good story—make a shrewd observation—drop an expression, which bordered either on wit or humour? Yet he is welcome to all tables—he is much with those, who have wit, who have humour, who are, really, men of abilities. Whence is this, but from the approbation he shews of whatever passes? A story he cannot *tell*, but he has a laugh in readiness for every one he *bears*: by his admiration of wit, he supplies the want of it; and they, who have *capacity*, find no objection to the meanness of *his*, whilst he appears always to think as they do. Few have their looks and tempers so much at command as this man; and few, therefore, are so happy in recommending themselves; but as in *his way* of doing it, there is, obviously, the greatest likelihood of success, we may be sure that it will be *the way* generally taken.

Some, I grant, you meet with, who by their endeavours, on all occasions, to shew a superior discernment, may seem to think, that to gain the favour of any one, he must be brought to their sentiments, rather than they adopt his; but I fear these persons will be found only giving too clear a proof, either how absurdly self-conceit sometimes operates, or how much knowledge there may be, where there is very little common sense.

Did I, in describing the creature called *MAN*, represent him as having, in proportion to his bulk, more brains than any other animal we know of; I should not think this description false, though it could

be proved that *some* of the species had scarce any brains at all.

Even where favour is not particularly sought, the very civility, in which he, who would be regarded as a well-bred man, is never wanting, must render him unwilling to avow the most just disapprobation of what his companions agree in acting, or commending. He is by no means to give disgust, and, therefore, when he hears the worst principles vindicated, and the best ridiculed; or when he sees what ought to be matter of the *greatest shame*, done without *any*; he is to acquiesce, he is to shew no token, that what passes is at all offensive to him.

Consider yourself then in either of these situations—desirous to engage the favour of the bad man, into whose company you are admitted—or, only unwilling to be thought by him deficient in good manners; and, I think, you will plainly see the danger you should apprehend from him—the likelihood there is, that you should at length lose *the abhorrence* of his crimes, which, when with him, you never express.

Will you ask me, why it is not as *probable*—that you should reform your vicious acquaintance, as that they should corrupt you? Or, why may I not as well suppose—that they will avoid speaking and acting what will give you offence, as that you will be averse from giving them any—that they will consult your inclinations, as that you will theirs?

To avoid the length, which will be equally disagreeable to both of us, I will only answer—Do you know any instance, which can induce you to think this *probable*? Are not you apprised of many instances, that greatly weaken the probability of it?

The vast disproportion, which there is between the numbers of the serious and the dissolute, is so notorious, as to render it unquestionable—that the influence of the latter far exceeds the influence of the former—that a vicious man is much more likely to corrupt a virtuous, than to be reformed by him.

An answer of the same kind I should have judged satisfactory; if, with respect to what I had urged in my former letter, you questioned me—why the readiness to imitate those, with whom we are much conversant, might not as justly encourage you to *rise*, when you associated with the

less sober, that they might be won to your regularity, as occasion you to *fear*, that you should be brought to join in their excesses? The good have been for so long a space losing ground among us, and the bad gaining it; and these are now become such a prodigious multitude; that it is undeniable, how much more apt we are to form ourselves on the manners of those, who disregard their duty, than on theirs, who are attentive to it.

You will here be pleased to remark, that I do not consider you as setting out with any reforming views—as conversing with the *immoral*, in order to dispose them to reasonable pursuits; but that I only apply to you, as induced to associate with them from the easiness of their temper, or the pleasantry of their humour, or your common literary pursuits, or their skill in some of your favourite amusements, or on some such-like account: and then, what I have observed may not appear a weak argument, that they are much more likely to hurt you, than you are to benefit them.

I will close my argument and my letter, with a passage from a very good historian, which will shew you the sense of one of the ablest of the ancient legislators on my present subject.

This writer, mentioning the laws which *Charondas* gave the *Thurians*, says—“ He enacted a law with reference to an *evil*, “ on which former lawgivers had not adverted, that of keeping bad company. “ *ny*. As he conceived that the morals “ of the good were sometimes quite ruined by their dissolute acquaintance—that “ vice was apt, like an infectious disease, “ to spread itself, and to extend its contagion even to the best disposed of our “ species. In order to prevent this mischief, he expressly enjoined, that none “ should engage in any intimacy or familiarity with immoral persons—he appointed that an accusation might be “ exhibited for keeping bad company, “ and laid a heavy fine on such as were “ convicted of it.”

Remember *Charondas*, when you are disposed to censure the caution suggested by,

Dear SIR,

Yours &c.

Dean Bolton.

§ 123. LETTER IV.

SIR,

Sir *Francis Halsingham*, in a letter to Mr.

Mr. *Anthony Bacon*, then a very young man, and on his travels, expresses himself thus—"The danger is great that we are subject to, in lying in the company of the worser sort. In natural *bodies*, evil airs are avoided, and infection shunned of them, that have any regard to their health. There is not so *probable a reason* for the corruptions, that may grow to the *mind* of one, from the *mind* of another; but the *danger* is far *greater*, and the *effects*, we see, more *frequent*: for the number of evil-disposed in mind is greater than the number of sick in body. . . . Though the well-disposed will remain some good space without corruption, yet *time*, I know not how, worketh a wound into him. . . . Which weakness of ours considered, and easiness of nature, apt to be deceived, looked into; they do best provide for themselves, that *separate themselves*, as far as they can, from the bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as *by any possibility* they can attain to."

To what I have already said, in proof that we should thus *separate ourselves*, I shall now add two further reasons for our doing it: 1. The wrong inclinations, the proneness to violate some or other part of our duty, which we all find in ourselves. 2. The power which custom hath, to reconcile us to what we, at first, most dreaded.

Need I tell you, that our natural depravity has not only been the theme of christian writers; but that the most eminent heathen authors, poets, historians, philosophers, join in confessing it?

Where, alas! is the man, who has not his wrong tendencies to lament? Whom do you know able to conceal them, to prevent a clear discovery of them in his practice?

According as we are liable to act amiss, we, certainly, must be in more or less danger from associating with those, who either will seek to draw us into guilt—or will countenance us in it—or will diminish our abhorrence of it. Some danger from such company there must be even to him, whose *inclinations* are least faulty; since they may be made worse—they may produce bad actions, the repetition of which would form bad habits; and nothing could be so likely to heighten any depravity of disposition, and carry it to the most fatal lengths of misconduct, as a familiarity with those, who have no dread of guilt, or none that

restrains them from complying with the temptations they meet with to guilt.

You may, perhaps, think, that you could be in no danger from any companion, to whose excesses you found not in yourself the least propensity: but believe me, my friend, this would by no means warrant your safety.

Though such a companion might not induce you to offend in the very same way, that he doth; he would, probably, make you the offender, that you otherwise never would have been. If he did not bring you to conform to his practice, would he not be likely to insinuate his principles? His disregard to *his duty* would tend to render you indifferent to *yours*: and, while he lessened your general regard to virtue, he might make you a very bad man, though you should continue wholly to avoid his particular crimes.

The unconcernedness, with which he gave his worst inclinations their scope, could hardly be day after day observed, without making you less solicitous to restrain your own wrong tendencies, and strongly urging you to a compliance with them.

2. The danger there is in conversing with the immoral will be yet more apparent; if you will, next, attend to the power of custom in reconciling us to that, which we, at first, most dreaded.

Whence is it, that veteran troops face an enemy, with almost as little concern as they perform their exercise? The man of the greatest courage among them felt, probably, in the first battle wherein he was, a terror that required all his courage to surmount. Nor was this terror, afterwards, overcome by him, but by degrees; every succeeding engagement abated it: the oftener he fought, the less he feared: by being habituated to danger, he learned, at length, to despise it.

An ordinary swell of the ocean alarms the youth who has never before been upon it; but he, whose *fears* are now raised, when there is nothing that ought to excite them, becomes soon without *any*, even when in a situation, that might justly dismay him; he is calm, when the storm is most violent; and discovers no uneasy apprehensions, while the vessel, in which he sails, is barely not sinking.

You cannot, I am persuaded, visit an hospital—survey the variety of distress there—hear the complaints of the sick—

see the fores of the wounded, without being yourself in pain, and a sharer of their sufferings.

The constant attendants on these poor wretches have no such concern: with dispositions not less humane than yours, they do not feel the emotions, that you would be under, at this scene of misery; their frequent view of it has reconciled them to it—has been the cause, that their minds are no otherwise affected by it, than yours is by the objects ordinarily before you.

From how many other instances might it be shewn, that the things, which, at their first appearance, strike us with the greatest terror, no sooner become familiar, than they cease to discompose us? Let, therefore, our education have been the carefullest and wisest; let there have been used therein all the means likeliest to fix in us an abhorrence of vice; we, yet, cannot be frequently among those, who allow themselves in it, and have as few scruples about the concealment of any crime they are disposed to, as about its commission, without beholding it with abundantly less uneasiness than its first view occasioned us.

When it is so beheld; when what is very wrong no more shocks us—is no longer highly offensive to us; the natural and necessary progress is to a still farther abatement of our aversion from it: and what is of force enough to conquer a strong dislike, may be reasonably concluded well able to effect some degree of approbation. How far this shall proceed, will, indeed, depend, in a good measure, upon our temper, upon our constitutional tendencies, upon our circumstances: but surely we are become bad enough, when it is not the consideration of what is amiss in any practice, that withholds us from it—when we only avoid it, because it is not agreeable to our humour; or, because the law punishes it; or because it interferes with some other criminal gratification, which better pleases us.

I begun this with an extract from a letter of *Waltingham*: I will end it with one from a letter of *Grotius*, when ambassador in *France*, to his brother, concerning his son, whom he had recommended to that gentleman's care.

After having expressed his wishes, that the young man might be formed a complete advocate, he concludes thus—“Above all things I intreat you to cultivate those seeds of knowledge, sown by me in him, which are productive of piety; and to recommend to him, for companions,

“such persons as are themselves careful to make a proficiency therein.”

GROT. Ep. 426.
Dean Bolton.

§ 124. LETTER V.

SIR,

When I ended my last, I continued in my chair, thinking of the *objections* which might be made to what I had written to you. The following then occurred to me.

That, when we are in possession of truth, from fair examination and full evidence, there can be very little danger of our being induced to quit it, either by repeatedly hearing the weak objections of any to it, or by remarking them to *an* as wrongly as they *argue*—That, as in *mathematics* the proposition, which we had once demonstrated, would always have our assent, whomsoever we heard cavilling at it, or ridiculing our judgment concerning it: so in *morals*, when once a due consideration of the essential and unchangeable differences of things hath rendered us certain of what is right and our duty; we can never be made less certain thereof, whatever errors, in judgment or practice, we may daily observe in our associates, or daily hear them absurd enough to defend—That, when we not only plainly *perceive* the practice of virtue to be most becoming us—to be what the nature and reason of things require of us; but actually *feel*, likewise, the satisfaction which it affords, the solid pleasure which is its inseparable attendant; there can be *no more ground to suppose*, that our having continually before us the follies and vices of any would lead us to depart from what we know to be fittest, and have experienced to be best for us, than there can be to *believe*, that a man in his wits would leave the food, which his judgment approved and his palate relished, for another sort, which he saw, indeed, pleasing to his companions, but which he was certain would poison them.

How little weight there is in this kind of arguing, I think every one might be convinced, who would attend to his own practice, who would consider the *numerous instances* in which he cannot but condemn it—in which he cannot but acknowledge it contrary to what his present welfare requires it should be.

Let us think the most justly of our duty, and shun, with the greatest care, all who would countenance us in a *departure* from it; we still shall find *that departure too frequent*

quent—we shall experience it so, even when it is truly lamented; and when, to avoid it, is both our wish and our endeavour. And if the influence of truth may receive such hindrance from our *natural depravity*, from this *depravity*, even when we have kept out of the way of all, who would encourage us to favour it, there, surely, must be an high degree of probability, that we shall be less mindful of our obligations, when we are not only prompted by our own appetites to violate them, but moved thereto by the counsel and example of those, whose conversation best pleases us; and whose opinions and actions will, therefore, come with a more than ordinary recommendation to us.

The assent, which we give, upon sufficient evidence, to *moral* truths, could no more be unsettled by ridicule and sophistry, than that which we give to *mathematical* truths, did our minds always retain the same disposition with respect to the one, that they do, as to the other.

With regard to the latter, we are never willing to be deceived—we always stand alike affected towards them: our conviction about them was obtained, *at first*, upon such grounds, as must *always* remain our inducements to preserve it: no lust could be gratified, no interest served, by its acting less forcibly upon us: in its defence the credit of our understanding is greatly concerned. And how vain must ridicule and sophistry be necessarily thought, where their only aim is, that we should acknowledge a superior discernment in those persons, whose opposition increases our contempt of their *ignorance*, by making a plainer discovery of it?

As for *moral* truths, they are often disagreeable to us—When we have had the fullest evidence of them, we want not, occasionally, the inclination to overlook it: If, under *some circumstances*, we are ready to acknowledge *its force*; there are *others*, when we will not give it any attention. Here fancy and hope interpose: a *governing passion* allows us only a faint view of, or wholly diverts our notice from, whatever should be our inducement to restrain it; and suffers us to dwell on nothing but what will justify, or excuse, us in giving way to it. Our reluctance to admit, that we have not *judged* as we ought to have done, is strangely abated, when we thereby are set at liberty to *act* as we please.

When the endeavour is to laugh us, or to argue us, out of those principles that

we, with much *self-denial* adhere to; we shall but feebly oppose its success. He has a strong party on his side within our bosoms, who seeks to make us quit *opinions*, which are still controuling our *affections*. If we are not secure from acting contrary to our *duty*, what cogent proofs soever we have of its being such, and what satisfaction soever we have had in its discharge; we are highly concerned to avoid every *temptation* to offend: and it, undoubtedly, is a very strong one, to *bear* continually what is likeliest to remove the fear of indulging our appetites; and continually to *see*, that they who apply to us *act* as they *advise*—allow themselves in the liberties, they would have us to take; and are under none of the checks, which they prompt us to throw off.

Though what we did not relish, and what we thought would speedily destroy us, we might not eat, when our *companions* shewed themselves fond of it, and pressed us to taste it; yet, if we apprehended *no immediate danger* from their meal—if we were eye-witnesses of its being attended with *none*—if they were continually expressing their high delight in it, and repeating their assurances, that all, either our indifference towards, or dislike of it, was only from prejudice and prepossession; we, very probably, should at length yield, and quit both our disgust of their repast, and our dread of its consequences. And if this might ensue, when we were invited to partake of that, which was less agreeable to our palates, what should be feared, when our company tempted us to *that*, which we could be pleased with, and were only withheld from by such an *apprehension of danger*, as nothing could sooner remove, than our observing those, with whom we most conversed, to be without it?

Reason is, certainly, always on the side of duty. Nor is there, perhaps, any man, who, when he seriously considers what is best for him to do, will not purpose to do that, which is right. But, since we can act without consideration in the most important articles, and nothing is less likely to be considered, than what we find quite customary with others—what we see them act without remorse or scruple; when we are, day after day, eye-witnesses of our associates allowing themselves in a wrong practice, persisting in it without expressing the least dread of its consequences; it is as absurd to think, that our moral feeling should not be injured thereby, as it is to

suppose, that our hands would preserve the same softness, when they had been for years accustomed to the oar, which they had when they first took it up; or, that hard labour would affect us as much when inured to it, as when we entered upon it.

I will, for the present, take my leave of you with an *Italian* proverb, and an *English* one exactly answerable to it——

Dimmi con chi tu vai, sapro chel che fai.

Tell me with whom thou goest, and I'll tell thee what thou doest.

Dean Eclon.

§ 125. LETTER VI.

SIR,

I know not what I can add on the present subject of our correspondence, that may be of greater service to you than the following short relation.—I may not, indeed, be exact in every particular of it, because I was not at all acquainted with the gentleman, whom it concerns; and because many years have passed since I received an account of *him*: but as my information came from persons, on whose veracity I could depend, and as what they told me much affected me when I heard it, and has, since, been very often in my thoughts; I fear that the melancholy description, which you will here have of human frailty, is but too true in every thing material therein.

At the first appearance of —— in town, nothing, perhaps, was more the topic of conversation, than his merit. He had read much: what he had read, as it was on the most useful subjects, so he was thoroughly master of it; gave an exact account of it, and made very wise reflections upon it. During his long residence at a distance from our metropolis, he had met with few, to whom he was not greatly superior, both in capacity and attainments: yet this had not in the least disposed him to dictate, to be positive and assuming, to treat any with contempt or neglect.

He was obliging to all, who came near him; talked on the subjects which they best understood, and which would be likeliest to induce them to take their full share of the conversation.

They, who had spent every winter near the courts, saw nothing in his behaviour, that shew'd how far he had lived from it——nothing which was less suitable to any civility, that could be learned in it.

His manners were only less courtly, in their simplicity and parity. He did not,

often, directly reprove the *libertine discourse* of his equals; but would recommend himself to none, by expressing the slightest approbation of *such discourse*: He shew'd it did not please him, though he declined saying so.

He forbore that invective against the manners of the age, which could only irritate; and thought that, at his years, the fittest censure he could pass on them, would be to avoid them. It seem'd, indeed, his particular care, that he might not be represented either as a bigot, or a cynic; but yet, as he knew how to defend his principles, so he shew'd himself, on every proper occasion, neither afraid nor ashamed to engage in their defence.

His conversation was among persons of his own rank, only so far as decorum required it should be: *their* favourite topics were so little to his taste, that his leisure hours, where he could have his choice, were passed among those, who had the most learning and virtue, and, whether distinguished, or not, by their ancestors worth, would be so by their own.

He had high notions of his duty to his country; but having seen what self-interestedness, at length, shew'd itself, where he had heard the strongest professions of patriotism, it made him very cautious with whom he engaged, and utterly averse from determining of any as friends to the public, merely because they were opposers of the court.

No one judg'd more rightly of the hurt that must ensue, from irreligion spreading itself among the common people; and, therefore, where his example was most remarked, and could be most efficacious, he took particular care, that it should promote a just reverence of the Deity.

Thus did *A. A.* set out in the world, and thus behaved, for some years, notwithstanding the bad examples he had every where before him, among those of his own station. In one of the accomplishments of a gentleman (though, surely, one of the very meanest of them) he was thought to excel; and many fine speeches were made him upon that account. They were but too much regarded by him; and, gradually, drew him often into the company that he would have despised, had he heard less of his own praise in it. The compliments so repeatedly paid him by the frivolous reconciled him, at length, to them. As his attachment to them got ground, his seriousness lost it. The patriot was no

more—The zeal he had for the morals of his countrymen abated.—

The tragical conclusion of his story, let those tell you, who would not feel that concern at the relation of it, which I should do: this you certainly may learn from it—That, as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest stone, so the continual *solicitations* of the vicious are not to be withstood by the firmest mind—All, who are in the way of them, will be hurt by them—Wheresoever they are used, they will make an impression—He only is secure from their force, who will not hazard its being tried upon him.

In what you have hitherto received from me, I have argued wholly from *your own dispositions*, and endeavoured to shew you, from thence, the danger of having bad companions: See now your danger from *their dispositions*. And, first, let these persons be considered, only, in general, as partial to their notions and practices, and eager to defend them.

Whatever our *persuasion* or *conduct* is, we are usually favourable to it; we have our plea for it; very few of us can bear, with any patience, that it should be judged irrational: The approbation of it is a compliment to our understanding, that we receive with pleasure; and to censure it, is such a disparagement of us, as doth not fail to disgust us. I will not say, there are *none* to be found, that give themselves little or no concern who think or acts as they do; but it is certain, that, ordinarily, we are desirous to be joined in the cause we espouse—we are solicitous to vindicate and spread our opinions, and to have others take the same courses with us. Should I allow you to be as intent on this, as any of your acquaintance are; yet, pray, consider what you may expect, when you stand alone, or when a majority is against you—when each of them relieves the other in an attack upon you—when this attack is, day after day, repeated—when your numerous opponents join in applauding, or strengthening, or enlivening their several objections to your sentiments; and in treating whatever you can urge in your defence, as absurd, or weak and impertinent—when your peace can only be purchased by your silence—when you find, that there is no hope of bringing those you delight to be with into your opinions, that they confirm each other in opposition to you, and that you can only be agreeable to them, by adopting their maxims, and conforming to their manners.

It is next to be considered, what you

may fear from an intimacy with the immoral, when they must look upon themselves to be *reproached* by such of their acquaintance, as will not concur with them in their excesses. They cannot but do this; because all who seek either to make them alter their manners, or to weaken their influence upon others, charge them with what is, really, the highest *reproach* to them; and because they are sensible, that the arguments likeliest to be used by any one for his not complying with them, are grounded on the *mischief* of their conduct, or on its *folly*. Regard then yourself, as in their place. Reflect how you would behave towards the man whose opinion of you was, that you acted either a very criminal, or a very imprudent part: reflect, I say, how you would behave towards the person thus judging of you, if you wished to preserve a familiarity with him, but yet was resolved to persist in your notions and practice. You, certainly, would try every method to remove his distaste of them; you would colour them as agreeable as you possibly could: you would spare no pains to weaken every objection, he could have to them—you would, in your turn, attack his maxims and manners; you would seek to convince him upon what slight grounds he preferred them to yours—you would apply to every artifice, that could give them the appearance of being less defensible, or that could incline him to overlook what might be urged in their defence.

And if this might naturally be supposed the part you would act towards others; you ought to expect that they, in the same circumstances, would behave alike towards you. But can you think it prudent to let them try, with what success they may proceed? Would not caution be your most effectual security? Would it not be the wisest method of providing for your safety, to keep out of the way of danger?

You are, further, to look upon those, from associating with whom I would dissuade you, as extremely solicitous to be kept in countenance. The vicious well know, to how many objections their conduct is liable: they are sensible, to what esteem *good morals* are entitled, what *praise* they *claim*, and what they, in the most corrupt times, *receive*.

Virtue is so much for the interest of mankind, that there can never be a general agreement, to deny all manner of applause to the practice of it: such numbers are made sufferers by a departure from its rules,

rules, that there are few crimes, which meet not with an extensive censure.

You have long since learn'd it to be the language of paganism itself, that

“ All, who act contrary to what the reason of things requires—who do what is hurtful to themselves or others, must stand self-condemned:” and you cannot want to be informed, in what light they are seen by those who do not share their guilt. The *endeavour*, therefore, of such men, while they are without any purpose of amendment, will, unquestionably, be, to make their cause as specious as possible, by engaging many in its defence; and to silence censure, by the danger, that would arise from the numbers it would provoke. The motives to this endeavour, when duly reflected on, will fully satisfy us, with what zeal it must be accompanied; and it may well, therefore, alarm all, on whom its power is likely to be tried—may well induce them to consider seriously, what they have to fear from it, how much their virtue may suffer by it.

I will conclude this with a short story of the Poet *Dante*, for which *Bayle* quotes *Petrarch*. Among other visits made by *Dante*, after his banishment from *Florence*, one was to the then much-famed *Can*, Prince of *Verona*.

Can treated him, at first, with great civility; but this did not last: and by the little complaisance at length shewn the Poet, he plainly perceived that he ceased to be an acceptable guest.

Scholars, it seems, were not *Can's* favourites—he liked those much better, who studied to divert him; and ribaldry was by no means the discourse that least pleased him. Suspecting that this did not raise *Dante's* opinion of him, he one day took occasion to single out the most obnoxious of the libertine crew, that he entertained; and, after high praises given the man, turning to *Dante*, he said, I wonder how it is, that this mad fellow is beloved by us all, as giving us the pleasure which, really, we do not find in your company, wise as you are thought to be.

Sir, answered the Poet, you would not wonder at this, if you considered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being suitable, and their dispositions similar, to our own.

Dean Bolton.

§ 126. LETTER VII.

SIR,

I have but one thing more to propose to your consideration, as a dissuative from

associating with the vicious; and it is—The way, in which they, ordinarily, seek to corrupt those, with whom they converse.

The *logic* of the immoral contributes but little to increase their numbers, in comparison of what they effect by *railery* and *ridicule*. This is their *strength*; they are sensible of its being so; and you may be assured that it will be exerted against you. There is nothing that cannot be jested with; and there is nothing that we, universally, bear worse, than to be made the jest of any.

What reasoning on moral subjects may not have its force evaded by a man of wit and humour; and receive a turn, that shall induce the less considerate to slight it, as weak and inconclusive? The most becoming practice—that which is most our duty, and the importance of which to our present welfare is most evident, a lively fancy easily places in a ridiculous view, and thereby brings it into an utter neglect.

That reverence of the Deity, which the best both ancient and modern writers have so strongly recommended—which the worthiest men in every age have so carefully expressed—which any observation of nature, any attention to our own frame, fails not to inculcate, is yet, by being represented under the garb of superstition or fanaticism, seen among us to such disadvantage, that many, our military gentlemen especially, appear to take a pride in shewing themselves divested of it.

Conjugal fidelity, though of such moment to the peace of families—to their interest—to the prosperity of the commonwealth, that, by the laws of the wisest and best regulated states, the severest punishment has been inflicted on the violation of it, is, nevertheless, by the levity, with which some have treated it, so much, at present, slighted, that the *adulterer* is well received: Women, who would think it the grossest affront to have their virtue questioned, who affect the character of the strictest observers of decorum, shun *him* not—shew *him* the utmost complaisance. Whatever dishonour, in this case, falls on any, it accrues wholly to the injured person.

Can you assign a better reason, why the intemperate, among the meaner people, have so prodigiously increased their numbers, than the banter they use towards such as they meet with disposed to sobriety,—the mockery, with which they treat it,—

the

the songs and catches, with which they are so plentifully provided, in derision of it?

I cannot give you the very terms of Lord *Shaftesbury*, as I have not his works; but I think I may be certain that there is an observation in them to this effect—That, “had the enemies to Christianity exposed its first professors, not to wild beasts, but to ridicule, their endeavours to stop its progress might have had very different success from what they experienced.”

Had the wit of man been only concerned in the spreading that religion, I believe the conjecture well founded. But this success could no more have affected the truth of that religion, than it lessens the worth of a public spirit, of honesty, of temperance, that so many have been laughed out of them—that the jest made of them has occasioned their being so rare among us.

The author of the *Beggar's Opera* gives the true character of his *Nerogate* tribe, when he exhibits them ludicrous on all pretences to virtue, and thus hardening each other in their crimes. It was the most effectual means to keep up their spirits under their guilt, and may well be judged the likeliest method of bringing others to share it.

“The Duke of Buckingham,” says a late writer, “had the art of turning persons or things into ridicule, beyond any man of the age. He possessed the young King [*Charles II.*] with very ill principles, both as to religion and morality, and with a very mean opinion of his father, whose stiffness was, with him, a subject of raillery.” It is elsewhere observed, that, to make way for the ruin of the Lord *Clarendon*, “He often acted and mimicked him in the King’s presence, walking stately with a pair of bellows before him, for the purse, and Colonel *Titus* carrying a fire-shovel on his shoulder, for the mace; with which sort of banter and farce the King was too much delighted.”

Such are the impressions, to the disparagement of the best things, and of the best men, that may be made by burlesque and buffoonry: They can destroy the efficacy of the wisest precepts, and the noblest examples.

The Monarch here spoken of may, perhaps, be thought as ill-disposed as the worst of his favourites; and rather humoured, than corrupted, by the sport they made with all that is, ordinarily, held serious. Were this admitted to be true of

him—Were we to suppose his natural depravity not heightened by any thing said or done before him, in derision of virtue or the virtuous; yet the effects of his being accustomed to such representations may be looked upon as extremely mischievous; when we may, so probably, attribute to them the loose he gave to his natural depravity—the little decorum he observed—that utter carelessness to save appearances, whence so much hurt ensued to the morals of his people, and whereby he occasioned such distraction in his affairs, so weakened his authority, so entirely lost the affections of the best of his subjects; and whence that he did not experience still worse consequences, may be ascribed to a concurrence of circumstances, in which his prudence had no share.

The weakness of an argument may be clearly shewn—The arts of the sophister may be detected, and the fallacy of his reasoning demonstrated—To the most subtle objections there may be given satisfactory answers: but there is no confuting raillery—the acutest logician would be silenced by a *Merry Andrew*.

It is to no manner of purpose that we have reason on our side, when the laugh is against us: and how easy is it, by playing with our words—by a quibble—by the lowest jest, to excite that laugh!

When the company is disposed to attack your principles with drollery, no plea for them is attended to; the more serious you shew yourself in their defence, the more scope you give to the mirth of your opponents.

How well soever we have informed ourselves of the motives to a right conduct, these motives are not attended to, as often as we act: our ordinary practice is founded on the impression, that a former consideration of them has made; which impression is very liable to be weakened—wants frequently to be renewed in the same way, that it was at first produced.

When we continually hear our virtue banter’d as mere prejudice, and our notions of honour and decorum treated, as the sole effects of our pride being dexterously flattered—When our piety is frequently subjecting us to be derided as childishly timorous, or absurdly superstitious; we soon know not how to persuade ourselves, that we are not more scrupulous than we need to be; we begin to question, whether, in settling the extent of our obligations, we have sufficiently consulted the
imperfections

imperfections of our nature—whether our judgment is without its bias from our fears.

Let our seriousness be exhibited to us in that odd figure, which wit and humour can easily give it; we shall be insensibly led to judge of it, according to its appearance, as thus overcharged; and under the disadvantage, in which it is shewn us: we shall, first, seem unconcerned at the greater liberties t'at others take, and, by degrees, proceed to take the very same ourselves.

The person, whom we most highly and justly honoured, if the buffoonry of our companions were constantly levelled at him, would soon have his worth overlooked by us; and, though we might not be brought to think of him as contemptibly, as they appeared to do, our reverence of him would certainly, at length abate, and both his advice and example have much less influence upon us.

Of this you shall have an instance in my next.

I will here only add what *Jamblichus* mentions as practised by *Pythagoras*, before he admitted any into his school—He enquired, “Who were their intimates” —justly concluding, that they, who could like bad companions, would not be much profited by his instructions.

Dean Bolton.

§ 127. LETTER VIII.

SIR,

What follows will discharge the promise, which I made you at the conclusion of my last.

S. was the oracle of his county; to whatever point he turned his thoughts, he soon made himself master of it. He entered, indeed, so early upon business, that he had little time for books; but he had read those, which best deserved his perusal, and his memory was the faithful repository of their contents.

The helps, that he had not received from reading, he had abundantly supplied the want of, by observation and conversation.

The compass of his knowledge was amazing. There was scarce any thing, of which one in his station ought to be informed, wherein he appeared to be ignorant. Long experience, great sagacity, a ready apprehension, a retentive memory, the resort to him of all sorts of people, from whom any thing could be learned, and an intimacy with some of the wealthiest persons of every profession, enabled him to

speak on most points with such justness and copiousness, as might induce you to conclude, upon first being with him, that the topic, on which his discourse turned, was what he had particularly and principally attended to. Though he owned himself never to have so much as look'd into the writings of atheists or deists; yet, from the promiscuous company he had been obliged to keep, and the freedom, with which all spoke their sentiments to him, there was not, perhaps, a material objection to the christian religion, of which he was not apprised, and which he had not well considered.

Sensible of his strength, and ever desirous to use it in the best of causes—in the service of that truth, which operates on men's practice, and would, if attended to, rectify it throughout; he did not discourage the most free speakers: he calmly and willingly heard what they could say against his faith, while they used reason and argument; but drollery and jest he failed not, though with great good-humour, to reprove, as a species of misrepresentation—as a sure evidence, that truth was not sought—as an artifice, to which none would apply, who were not conscious of their weakness, who did not despair of supporting their notions by rational proofs.

Virtue and true religion had not, perhaps, an abler advocate than this gentleman; but whatever service his tongue might do them, his manners, certainly, did them far greater: he convinced you of their excellency, by exhibiting to your senses their effects—he left you no room to question how amiable they were, when it was from *their* influence upon him, that *he* so much engaged your esteem and affection; he proved undeniably, how much they should be our care, by being himself an instance, how much they contributed to our happiness.

Never, certainly, did piety sit easier upon any man—Never, perhaps, was any man more esteemed by the very persons, between whose practice and his there was the widest difference.

The superior talents he discover'd, and his readiness to employ them for the benefit of all, who applied to him, engaged alike their admiration and their love.

The obligations, conferred by him, obtained the height of complaisance towards his *son*. Invitations were made the youth from all quarters; and there was not a young man of any figure near him, who

was not introduced to him, and directed to pay him particular civility. They, who sought to attach him closest to them by *consulting* his humour, were never without their arguments for *licensing* it. " True it " was, this or that *pursuit* might not be to " the taste of his *father*; but neither did " it suit his years—When he was a *young* " man, he, undoubtedly, acted as *one*; he " took the diversions, allowed himself in " the gratifications, to which youth in- " clines: no wonder that he should now " censure what he could not relish—that " he should condemn the draught, which " his head could not bear, and be indiffe- " rent to the features, which he could not " distinguish without his spectacles."

When this kind of language had abated the reverence, due to so excellent an instructor, the buffoon interposed still further to weaken his influence; gave an air of affectation to his decorum—of hypocrisy to his seriousness—of timorousness to his prudence—of avarice to his wise economy—burlesqued the *advice*, that he might be supposed to give, the arguments with which he was likely to support *it*, and the reproof he would naturally use, when he did not see a disposition to follow *it*.

Soon as the young man had attained the age, at which the law supposes us *sufficiently discreet*, he expressed a most earnest desire to have an opportunity of appearing *so*. Repeated promises were made, that if a proper allowance was settled on him, and leave given him to chuse a place of abode, there should not be the least mismanagement; the income assigned him should answer every article of expence.

The son's importunity was seconded by the fond mother's, and their joint solicitations prevailed. The youth was now accessible, at all times, to the most profligate of his acquaintance: and one part of their entertainment usually was, to set his excellent father's maxims and manners in the most disadvantageous light. This failed not to bring on a disregard to both—so entire a disregard to them, that the whore and the card-table took up all the hours, which the bottle relieved not.

Thus fell the heir of one of the worthiest of our countrymen!—It was to no purpose, that such an admirable example had been set him by the person, he was most likely to regard—that such particular care had been taken to reason him into a discharge of his duty—that he had been present, when the most subtle advocates for irre-

ligion either were silenced, or induced to acknowledge their principles to be much less defensible, than they had hitherto thought them. None of the impressions of what had been done for him, or said to him, or had passed before him, could hold out against ridicule; it effaced every trace of them, and prepared him to be as bad, as his worst companions could be inclined to make him. How great a neglect of him ensued! They who had laugh'd him out of the reverence due to his parent's worth, rendered him soon despised by all, whose esteem could profit or credit him; and he died in the 70th year of his constitution, when but in the 25th of his age.

Dean Bolton.

§ 123. LETTER IX.

SIR,

My last gave you a melancholy instance of the hurt, done by *ridicule* to the heir of a most worthy man, not many miles from you. What influence it had towards the condemnation of him, to whom the epithet of *divine* might, perhaps, be more properly applied, than to any one, who ever lived under the sole guidance of reason, has long, you know, been matter of dispute. I will only observe, concerning the comic writer's ridicule of *Socrates*—

1. That, when such a representation could be made of so *excellent* a *person*, it demonstrates, that no degree of *worth* can secure *any person* from an attempt to destroy his credit; and that they, whose capacities fully enable them to discern this *worth*, may be its spitefullest enemies, and bend their wits to disparage it—

2. That, when such a representation could be made by a man of good parts, with any confidence of success, it is, further, an evidence of the probability, that the highest and most just reputation may suffer from ridicule, and that it may bring into contempt what is entitled to the greatest esteem and honour—

3. That if the *Athevians* were so well pleased with the means used to lessen the character of this ornament, not only to his country, but his species, as to render the interposition of a powerful party in the state necessary, to prevent the poet's abuse from meeting with all the success, he promised himself in it; we are fully taught, what may be the pernicious effects of ingenious drollery—how much it may weaken the force of any instruction, or any example.

Where

Where violent methods are pursued, in order to withdraw us from any religious *practice* or *opinion*; they who thus oppose it shewing thereby, that *they* look upon it as somewhat of great importance, teach us to do the same; and often increase our attachment to it—render us more earnest about it, than we, otherwise should have been. But where such *practice* or *opinion* is treated as a matter of jest—where it meets with all the slight, that scoffing and laughter can express, we scarcely know how to preserve our regard to it, as a thing of much consequence; and from esteeming it of little moment, we easily proceed to judge it of none at all.

The *force* that is offered us, on account of our persuasion, either occasions such an aversion from him, who applies to it, as prevents his having any influence upon us; or engages us in so careful an attention to the grounds, upon which we formed our judgment, as fixes us in the resolution not to alter it. But when all passes under the appearance of good humour—when only mirth and pleasantry are exerted against us, we neither contract that hatred towards those, by whom we are thus treated, which will be our security from any bad impressions they can make upon us; nor are we excited to any examination of our *principles*, that can confirm us in *them*. The freedom which our companions use, in sporting with what we have hitherto revered, will tempt us to conclude, that its importance is far from being obvious; nor, indeed, can it fail, unless our minds have a more than ordinary firmness, to raise at length some doubt in us, whether we have not been too fanciful or too credulous. And as

“The woman, who deliberates, is lost,”
we may fear the man will be so likewise, who suffers himself to question, how well founded his seriousness is, merely because his associates are continually deriding it.

Would you not, industriously, keep out of the way of those, who had power to torture you, and whom you knew ready to do it; if you would not be guided by them, but was determined to think and act, as your own reason should direct? Believe me, Sir, the scoffer should be as much shunned by the friend to virtue, as the inquisitor by the friend of truth. Whoever would attain or preserve a just sense of his duty, should have as little intercourse as

possible with those who would discourage sincerity—who would oppose it, either by the faggot, or the fair, * of *Smithfield*. A very uncommon resolution is required to be steady to the principles, from avowing which we must expect to be the heroes in a farce; though we need not apprehend that it will make us victims to the flames.

What *your* temper may be, I cannot affirm; but I really think that, with great numbers, drollery is not only a species of persecution, but the most dangerous kind of it: they would as soon be scourged, as mocked; be burthened with the cross, as habited with the purple. You can scarcely be enough aware of the risk you run from being jested with, as a visionary or a bigot—as one of much whim, or very little penetration.

But enough of the inducements, that vicious companions would be under to corrupt you, and the means they would use to do it.

The care you should take, in the choice of your company, will be the subject of but one letter more from *Dean Bolton*.

§ 129. LETTER X.

SIR,

All I have to add, on what has lately been the subject of my correspondence with you, will be contained in this letter. I will not lengthen it, by apologizing for it.

Might I suppose you so fortified by a right disposition, a wise education, good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the reasonableness of the practice enjoined by your religion, that every attempt to corrupt your morals would miscarry; this hurt, however, you would be sure to find from being much in the company of vicious men, that you would be less careful to become *eminently virtuous*—you would be less careful to fulfil your obligations, than you otherwise would be. While you saw *others* so much worse than yourself; you would not consider, how much better you ought to be, than you at present are—While *their* gross faults were avoided, you would not consider, how much there is in *you*, that ought to be amended.

We measure what is, in any way, commendable, by comparing our share of it with that of our neighbour: we do not re-

* *Bartholomew fair*, during which plays and farces were formerly, from morning to night, the entertainment of the populace.

gard in what degree, as to itself, we possess the good, but in how greater a degree it is possessed by us, than by others.

Among a very ignorant people, a scholar of the lowest form will pass, both in their and his own judgment, for an adept.

You would, I am sure, pronounce of any gentleman, who kept mean company, that there was little hope of his ever acting a part, which would greatly credit him: while he loved to be chiefly with those, who would own, and do homage to, his superiority; you would think him by no means likely to cultivate much real worth. And were it to be said, that you should make such a judgment of him, not because of any impression he would receive from his companions, but because of the disposition he shewed in the choice of them; I should be glad to know, how that man must be thought affected towards religion and virtue, who could be willingly present, where he was sure, that they would be grossly depreciated. Whoever could bear a disparagement of them, must have so little sense of their worth, that we must justly conclude him ill prepared for resisting the attempt, to deprive them wholly of their influence upon him. And, therefore, we may as fitly determine, from the disposition evidenced by him who keeps bad company, what his morals will at length be; as we can determine from the turn of mind, discovered by one who keeps mean company, what his figure in the world is likely to be.

Those among us, whose capacities qualify them for the most considerable attainments—who might raise themselves to an equality with the heroes in literature, of the last century, sit down contented with the superiority they have over their contemporaries—acquiesce in furnishing a bare specimen of what they could do, if their genius were roused, if they were to exert their abilities. They regard only the advantage they possess over the idle and illiterate, by whom they are surrounded; and give way to their ease, when they may take it; and yet appear as considerable in their times, as the learned men, we most admire, did in their respective ages.

How many could I mention, to whom nature has been most liberal of her endowments, who are barely in the list of authors, who have only writ enough, to shew how much honour they would have done their country, had their application been called out, and if their names must have

been no better known than those of their acquaintance, unless their diligence had equalled their capacity.

What is thus notoriously true of literary desert, is equally so of moral: the persons, to whom we allot a greater share of it, than has long been found in any in their stations, how have they their sense of right withheld from exerting itself, by the few they meet with disposed to animate them to any endeavour towards correcting the general depravity—by the connections they have with such numbers, whose rule is their inclination—by that utter disregard to duty, which they see in most of those, with whom they have an intercourse.

Alas! in the very best of us, a conviction of what becomes us goes but a little way in exciting us to practice it. Solicitations to be less observant of it are, from some or other quarter, perpetually offering themselves; and are by no means likely to be withstood, if our resolutions are not strengthened by the wise counsels and correspondent examples of our associates.

“Behold! young man—You live in an age, when it is requisite to fortify the mind by examples of constancy.”

This *Tacitus* mentions as the speech of the admirable *Thrasea* to the quæstor, sent to tell him, he must die; and by whom he would have it remarked, with what composure he died.

Nor is it only when our virtue endangers our life, as was then the case, that such examples are wanted. Wherever there is a prevailing corruption of manners; they who would act throughout the becoming part, must be animated to it by what they hear from, and see in, others, by the patterns of integrity, which they have before them.

We are easily induced to judge some deviation from our rule very excusable; and to allow ourselves in it: when our thoughts are not called off from our own weakness and the general guilt: but while we are conversant with those, whose conduct is as unsuitable, as our own, to that of the multitude; we are kept awake to a sense of our obligations—our spirits are supported—we feel the courage that we behold—we see what can be done by such as share our frail nature; and we are ashamed to waver, where they persevere.

Aristotle considers friendship as of three kinds; one arising from virtue, another from pleasure, and another from interest; but justly determines, that there can be no

true friendship, which is not founded in virtue.

The friendship contracted from pleasure, or profit, regards only the pleasure or profit obtained thereby; and ceases, when these precarious motives to it fail: but that, to which virtue gives birth, not having any accidental cause—being without any dependence on humour or interest—arising wholly from intrinsic worth, from what we are in ourselves, never fluctuates, operates steadily and uniformly, remains firm and uninterrupted, is lasting as our lives. That which is the essential qualification of a *friend*, should be the chief recommendation in a *companion*. If, indeed, we have any concern for real worth; with whom should we be more desirous to converse, than with those, who would accompany us, and encourage us, in the pursuit of it.

The same writer, mentioning the use, that friends are of to us in every part of life, remarks the benefit, which young men find from them to be—“That they keep them in their duty.”

Had he thought, that any thing could have been urged more in behalf of friendship; he, undoubtedly, would have observed it. And when such is the language of so able an instructor, and of one who guided himself in his instructions only by the certain, the present advantage, that would attend a conformity to them; the lesson we have here for the choice of company must appear worthy the notice even of those, who will have no other guides, but reason and nature.

If to keep us steady to our duty be the best office, that can be done us—If they, who are our friends, will be thus serviceable to us—If the virtuous alone can be our friends, our conversation should be chiefly with the virtuous; all familiarity with the vicious should be avoided; we should consider those, who would destroy our virtue, as our enemies—our very worst enemies, whilst endeavouring to deprive us of the greatest blessing, that it is in our power to obtain.

Dean Bolton.

§ 130. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

S E C T. I.

This respects the quantity of our food, or the kind of it: if, in either of these, we have no regard to the hurt it may do us, we are guilty of intemperance.

From transgressing in the quantity of our food a speedier mischief ensues, than

from doing so in the quality of it; and therein we never can transgress, without being directly admonished of it, by our very constitution. Our meal is never too large, but heaviness comes on—the load on our stomach is our instant tormentor; and every repetition of our fault a caution to us, that we do not any more thus offend. A caution, alas, how unheeded by us!—*Crammed like an Englishman*, was, I find, a proverbial expression in *Eraſmus's* days—above two hundred years ago.

An error barely in the kind of our aliment gives us, frequently, no present alarm; and, perhaps, but a very slight one, after we have, for some years, continued in it. In the vigour of youth, scarce any thing we eat appears to disagree with us: we gratify our palate with whatever pleases it; feeling no ill consequence, and therefore fearing none. The inconveniences, that we do not yet find, we hope we shall always escape; or we then propose to ourselves a restraint upon our appetite, when we experience the bad effects of indulging it.

With respect to the quantity of our food; that may be no excess in one man, which may be the most blameable in another: what would be the height of gluttony in us, if of a weak and tender frame, may be, to persons of much stronger constitution, a quite temperate meal. The same proportions of food can, likewise, never suit such, as have in them dispositions to particular diseases, and such, as have no evils of that nature to guard against: nor can they, further, suit those, who are employed in hard labour, and those, who live wholly at their ease—those, who are frequently stirring and in action, and those, whose life is sedentary and inactive. The same man may, also, in the very same quantity, be free from, or guilty of, excess, as he is young or old—healthy or diseased—as he accustoms his body to fatigue, or to repose.

The influence that our food has upon our health, its tendency to preserve or to impair our constitution, is the measure of its temperance or excess.

It may, indeed, so happen, that our diet shall be, generally, very sparing, without allowing us any claim to the virtue of temperance; as when we are more desirous to save our money, than to please our palates, and, therefore, deny ourselves at our own table, what we eat with greediness, when we feed at the charge of others, as, like-

likewise, when our circumstances not permitting us, ordinarily, to indulge our appetite, we yet set no bounds to it, when we have an opportunity of gratifying it.

He is the temperate man, whose health directs his appetite—who is best pleased with what best agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taste, but to preserve his life—who is the same at every table, as at his own—who, when he feasts, is not cloyed; and sees all the delicacies, before him, that luxury can accumulate; yet preserves a due abstinence amidst them.

The rules of temperance not only oblige us to abstain from what *now does*, or what we are sure *soon will*, hurt us: we offend against them, when we avoid not whatever has a *probability* of being hurtful to us.—They are, further, transgressed by too great nicety about our food—by much solicitude and eagerness to procure what we most relish—by *frequently* eating to satiety.

We have a letter remaining of an heathen, who was one of the most eminent persons in an age distinguished by the great men it produced, in which he expresses how uneasy it made him, to be among those, who placed no small part of their happiness in an elegant table, and who filled themselves twice a day.

In thus describing temperance, let me not be understood to censure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that best pleases us, when it is equally wholesome with other kinds—when its price is neither unsuitable to our circumstances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently procured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not frequently seek after it—when we are always moderate in its use.

To *govern* our appetite is necessary; but, in order to this, there is no necessity, that we should always *mortify* it—that we should, upon every occasion, consider what is least agreeable to us.

Life is no more to be passed in a constant self-denial, than in a round of sensual enjoyments. We should endeavour, that it may not be, at any time, painful to us to deny ourselves what is improper for us; and, on that as well as other accounts, it is most fitting that we should frequently practice self-denial—that we should often forego what would delight us. But to do this continually, I cannot suppose required of us; because it doth not seem reasonable to think that it should be our duty wholly

to debar ourselves of that food which our palate is *formed* to relish, and which we are sure may be used, without any prejudice to our virtue, or our health.

Thus much may suffice to inform us, when we incur the guilt of eating intemperately.

The dissuasives from it, that appear of greatest weight, are these:

It is the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vilest debasement of ourselves.

Our bodies owe to it the most painful diseases, and, generally, a speedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the use of our nobler faculties, and is sure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The straits to which it often reduces us, occasion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwise, have been our utter abhorrence.

Dean Bolton.

§ 131. On Intemperance in Eating.

SECT. II.

To consider, first, excess in our food as the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

The vast *variety* of creatures, with which God has replenished the earth—the abundant provision, which he has made for many of them—the care, which he has taken that each species of them should be preserved—the numerous conveniencies they administer to us—the pleasing change of food they afford us—the suitable food that we find, among their different kinds, to different climates, to our different ways of life, ages, constitutions, distempers, are, certainly, the most awakening call to the highest admiration, and the gratefullest *sense*, of the divine wisdom and goodness. This sense is properly expressed, by the due application of what is so graciously afforded us—by the application of it to those purposes, for which it was manifestly intended. But how contrary hereto is his practice, who lives as it were but to eat, and considers the liberality of providence only as catering for his luxury! What mischief this luxury doth us will be presently considered; and, in whatsoever degree it hurts us, we to such a degree abuse our Maker's bounty, which *must* design our good—which, certainly, is directed to our welfare. Were we, by indulging our appetites, only to make ourselves less fit for any of the offices of life, only to become less capable of discharging any of the duties of our station, it may be made evident,

that, in this respect likewise, our use of the Divine beneficence is quite contrary to what it requires. He who has appointed us our business here—who, by our peculiar capacities, has signified to us our proper employments, thereby discovers to us how far merely to please ourselves is allowed us; and that, if we do so, to the hindrance of a nobler work, it is opposing his intention; it is defeating the end of life, by those very gifts, which were bestowed to carry us on more cheerfully towards it.

When my palate has a large scope for its innocent choice—when I have at hand what may most agreeably recruit my strength, and what is most effectual to preserve it; how great ingratitude and baseness shew themselves in the excess, which perverts the aim of so much kindness, and makes *that* to be the cause of my forgetting with what view I was created, which ought to keep me ever mindful of it! As the bounty of Heaven is one of the strongest motives to a *reasonable life*, how guilty are we if we abuse it to the purposes of a *sinful*! Our crime must be highly aggravated, when the more conveniences our Maker has provided for us, we are so much the more unmindful of the task he has enjoined us—when by his granting us what may satisfy our appetite, we are induced wholly to consult it, and make ourselves slaves to it.

Let intemperance in our food be next considered, as the shamefullest debasement of ourselves.

Life, as we have been wisely taught to consider it, *is more than meat*. Man could not be sent into the world but for quite different purposes, than merely to indulge his palate. He has an understanding given him, which he may greatly improve; many are the perfections, which he is qualified to attain; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do: and all this may be truly said of all mankind; all of us may improve our reason, may proceed in virtue, may be useful to our fellow-creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not the foulest reproach, that their belly is their God—that they are more solicitous to favour, and thereby to strengthen, the importunity of their appetite, than to weaken and master it, by frequent resistance and restraint. The reasonable being is to be always under the influence of reason; it is his excellence, his prerogative, to be so: whatever is an hindrance to this degrades him, reflects on him disgrace and contempt. And as our

reason and appetite are in a constant opposition to each other, there is no indulging the latter, without lessening the power of the former: If our appetite is not governed by, it will govern, our reason, and make its most prudent suggestions, its wisest counsels, to be unheeded and slighted.

The fewer the wants of any being are, we must consider it as so much the more perfect; since thereby it is less dependent, and has less of its happiness without itself. When we raise our thoughts to the Beings above us, we cannot but attribute to the higher orders of them, still farther removes from our own weakness and indigence, till we reach God himself, and exempt him from wants of every kind.

Knowing thus what must be ascribed to natures superior to ours, we cannot be ignorant, what is our own best recommendation; by what our nature is raised; wherein its worth is distinguished.

To be without any wants is the Divine prerogative; our praise is, that we add not to the number of those, to which we were appointed—that we have none we can avoid—that we have none from our own misconduct. In this we attain the utmost degree of perfection within our reach.

On the other hand, when fancy has multiplied our necessities—when we owe I know not how many to ourselves—when our ease is made dependent on delicacies, to which our Maker never subjected it—when the cravings of our luxury bear no proportion to those of our natural hunger, what a degenerate race do we become! What do we but sink our rank in the creation.

He whose voraciousness prevents his being satisfied, till he is loaded to the full of what he is able to bear, who eats to the utmost extent of what he can eat, is a mere brute, and one of the lowest kind of brutes; the generality of them observing a just moderation in their food—when duly relieved seeking no more, and forbearing even what is before them. But below any brute is he, who, by indulging himself, has contracted wants, from which nature exempted him; who must be made hungry by art, must have his food undergo the most unwholesome preparations, before he can be inclined to taste it; only refusing what is ruinous to his health; his life supported by what necessarily shortens it. A part this, which, when acted by him, who has reason, reflection, foresight given him, wants a name to represent it in the full of its deformity. With privileges so far be-
you.

yond those of the creatures below us, how great is our baseness, our guilt, if those endowments are so far abused, that they serve us but to find out the means of more grossly corrupting ourselves!

I cannot quit this head, without remarking it to be no slight argument of the dishonour we incur by gluttony, that nothing is more carefully avoided in all well-bred company, nothing would be thought by such more brutal and rude, than the discovery of any marks of our having eat intemperately—of our having exceeded that proportion of food, which is proper for our nourishment.

Dean Bolton.

§ 132. On Intemperance in Eating.

SECT. III.

To consider, further, excess in our food as hastening our death, and bringing on us the most painful diseases.

It is evident, that nothing contributes more to the preservation of life, than temperance.

Experience proves it to be actually so; and the structure of the human body shews that it must be so.

They who describe the golden age, or the age of innocence, and near a thousand years of life, represent the customary food of it, as the plainest and most simple.

Whether animal food was at all used before the flood, is questioned: we certainly find, long after it, that *Lot's* making a feast is described by his baking unleavened bread.

Abraham entertained those, whom he considered of such eminence, as that, to use the words of scripture, "he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the ground;" *Abraham's* entertainment, I say, of persons thus honoured by him, was only with a calf, with cakes of meal, with butter and milk.

Gideon's hospitality towards the most illustrious of guests shewed itself in killing a kid of the goats; and we read that *Jesse* looked upon this to be a present, which his prince would not disdain.

Perhaps my reader would rather take a meal with some of the worthies of profane history, than with those, whom the sacred has recorded.

I will be his introducer. He shall be a guest at an entertainment, which was, certainly, designed to be a splendid one; since it was made by *Achilles* for three such considerable persons, as *Phœnix*, *Ajax*, and *Ulysses*; persons, whom he himself repre-

sents as being, of all the *Grecian* chiefs, those whom he most honours.

He will easily be believed herein; for this declaration is scarce sooner out of his mouth, than he and his friends, *Patroclus* and *Automedon*, severally employ themselves in making up the fire—chopping the meat, and putting it into the pot—Or, if *Mr. Pope* be allowed to describe their tasks on this occasion,

—*Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three *Achilles* entire:
The brazen vase *Automedon* sustains,
Which *flesh* of *porkets*, *ficeps*, and *goat* contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze.

But who is dressing the fish and fowls? This feast, alas! furnishes neither. The poet is so very bad a caterer, that he provides nothing of that kind for his heroes on this occasion; or, on another, even for the luxurious *Phœacians*. Such samples these of *Homer's* entertainments, as will gain entire credit to what is said of them in *Plutarch*, "that we must rise almost hungry from them." *Symp.* Lib. II. Qu. 10.

Should the blind bard be considered as a stroller—keeping low company, and therefore, in the feasts he makes for the great, likely more to regard the quantity of the food which he provides for them, than the kind of it: would you rather be one of *Virgil's* guests, as he lived in an age, when good eating was understood—conversed with people of rank—knew what dishes they liked, and would therefore not fail to place such before them?

You shall then be the guest of the *Roman* poet—Do you chuse beef, or mutton—would you be helped to pork, or do you prefer goat's-flesh? You have no stomach for such sort of diet. He has nothing else for you, unless *Polyphemus* will spare you a leg or an arm of one of the poor *Greeks* he is eating; or unless you will join the half-drowned crew, and take a bit of the stags, which are dressed as soon as killed; or unless you are a great lover of bread and apples, and in order to satisfy your hunger, will, in the language of *Aescanius*, eat your table.

Dido, indeed, gives *Eneas* and his companions a most splendid entertainment, as far as numerous attendants constitute one; but the poet mentions nothing, that the heroes had to eat, except bread; whatever else was got for them he includes in the general term *Daps*; which, in other parts

of the *Æneid*, is applied to all the coarse fare already mentioned.

As the luxury of mankind increased, their lives shortened: The half of *Abraham's* age became regarded as a stretch, far beyond the customary period. So in profane history we find, that when the arts of luxury were unknown in *Rome*, its seven kings reigned a longer term, than, afterwards, upon the prevalency of those arts, was completed by its first twenty emperors.

Such persons, indeed, among the ancients, whose precepts and practice most recommended temperance in diet, were eminent instances of the benefit accruing from it, in the health preserved, and long life attained by it.

Gorgias lived 107 years.

Hippocrates reached, according to some writers, his 104th year, according to others his 109th.

Pythagoras, of whom it was observed, that he was never known to eat to satiety, lived to near 100 years; if *Jamblichus* may be credited. *D. Laertius* says, that according to most writers he was, when he lost his life, in his 90th year. Out of his school came *Empedocles*, who lived, as some say, to 109; and *Xenophilus*, who lived to above 105.

Zeno lived to 98: his disciple and successor *Cleantes* to 99.

Diogenes, when he died, was about 90.

Plato reach'd his 81st year; and his follower *Xenocrates* his 84th.

Lycurgus, the lawgiver of the *Lacedæmonians*, who, when they obeyed his laws, were not less distinguished by their abstemiousness than by their fortitude, lived to 85; and their King *Agessilus* took pay of *Tachos* at 80; afterwards assisted *Nectanebus*; and, having established him in his kingdom, died, in his return to *Sparta* at 84.

Cato, the Censor, is introduced by *Tully* representing himself as, when in his 84th year, able to assist in the senate—to speak in the assembly of the people, and to give his friends and dependents the assistance, which they might want from him.

Lucian introduces his account of long-lived persons, with the observation, that it might be of use, as shewing that they, who took the most care of their bodies and minds, lived the longest, and enjoyed the best health.

To come nearer to our own times: the discovery of a new world has confirmed the

observations furnished by the old; that in those countries, where the greatest simplicity of diet has been used, the greatest length of life has been attained.

Of the ancient inhabitants of *Virginia* we are told, “That their chief dish was maiz, and that they drank only water: That their diseases were few, and chiefly proceeded from excessive heats or colds.” *Atl. Geog.* vol. v. p. 711. “Some of them lived to upwards of 200 years.” *PURCHAS*, vol. v. p. 946. “The sobriety of the ancient inhabitants of *Florida* lengthen'd their lives in such sort, that one of their kings, says *Morgues*, told me, he was three hundred years old; and his father, whom he then shewed me alive, was fifty years older than himself.” *PURCHAS*, vol. v. p. 961.

And if we now search after particular instances of persons reaching to extreme old age, it is certain that we must not resort for them to courts and palaces; to the dwellings of the great or the wealthy; but to the cells of the religious, or to cottages; to the habitations of such, whose hunger is their sauce, and to whom a wholesome meal is a sufficiently delicate one.

Martha Waterhouse, of the township of *North Bierley* in *Yorkshire*, died about the year 1711, in the 154th year of her age: her maiden sister, *Hester Jager*, of the same place, died in 1713, in the 107th year of her age. They had both of them relief from the township of *Bierley* nigh fifty years. *Abridgement of Phil. Transf.* by *JONES*, vol. ii. p. 2. p. 115.

Dr. Harvey in his anatomical account of *J. Parr*, who died in the 153d year of his age, says—that, if he had not changed his diet and air, he might, perhaps, have lived a good while longer. His diet was old cheese, milk, coarse bread, small beer, and whey.

Dr T. Robinson says of *H. Jenkins* the fisherman, who lived 169 years, that his diet was coarse and sour.

Dr. M. Lister, having mentioned several old persons of *Craven* in *Yorkshire*, says—The food of all this mountainous country is exceeding coarse. *Abv. of Phil. Transf.* by *LOWTHORP*, vol. iii. p. 397, &c.

Buchanan speaks of a fisherman in his own time, who married at 100, went out in his little fishing boat in the roughest weather at 140, and at last did not die of any painful distemper, but merely worn out by age. *Rev. Scot. Hist.* lib. i. ad fin.

Plutarch mentions our countrymen as,

in his time, growing old at 120. To account for this, as he does, from their climate, seems less rational than to ascribe it to their way of living, as related by *Diadorus Siculus*, who tell us—that their diet was simple, and that they were utter strangers to the delicate fare of the wealthy.

In our several neighbourhoods we all of us see, that they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness or voraciousness, attain, generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themselves nothing they can relish, and conveniently procure.

Human life, indeed, being exposed to so many thousand accidents, its end being hastened by such a prodigious diversity of means, there is no care we can take of ourselves, in any one respect, that will be our effectual preservative; but, allowing for casualties and difference in constitutions, we every where perceive, that the age of those, who neglect the rules of temperance, is of a much shorter date than theirs, by whom these rules are carefully followed.

And if we attend to our structure, it must thence be evident that it cannot be otherwise.

Dean Bolton.

§ 135. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

S E C T. IV.

The human body may be considered as composed of a great variety of tubes, in which their proper fluid is in a perpetual motion. Our health is according to the condition, in which these vessels and this fluid are.

The ruptured, or too relaxed, or too rigid state of the one; and the redundancy or deficiency, the resolved or viscid, the acrescent or the putrescent state of the other, is a disorder in our frame. Whether our excess be in the quantity or quality of aliment, we must suffer by it, *in some or other of these ways.*

By the stomach being frequently loaded, that fulness of the vessels ensues, by which the fibres are weakened—the circulation becomes languid—perspiration is lessened—obstructions are formed—the humours become viscid and soon putrid.

In the progress to this last state, different diseases take place, according to the general strength or weakness of the solids, or according to the debility of some particular organ; according to the constitution of the air; according to our rest or motion; according to the warmth in which we keep, or

the cold, to which we expose ourselves, &c.

Excess may be in the quantity of our food, not only when we eat so as to burthen the stomach; but, likewise, when our meals bear not a just proportion to our labour or exercise.

We are tempted to exceed in the quantity of our food, by the seasoning of it, or by the variety of it.

The stimulus of sauce serves but to excite a false appetite—to make us eat much more than we should do, if our diet were quite simple.

The effect is the same, when our meal is composed of several kinds of food: their different tastes are so many inducements to excess, as they are so many provocations to eat beyond what will satisfy our natural wants.

And thus, tho' we were never to touch a dish, which had its relish from any the least unwholesome ingredient; tho' our diet were the plainest, and nothing came ever before us, that had any other elegance than from the season, in which it was brought to our table, or the place in which it appeared there; we yet might greatly hurt ourselves: we might be as intemperate, and as speedily destroy ourselves by our intemperance with roast and boiled meat, as with fricassées and ragouts.

The quality of our aliment may be mischievous to us, either as universally prejudicial to the human constitution, or as unsuitable to our own;—unsuitable to the weakness of our whole frame, or to some defect in the formation of a part of it, or to that taint we have in us, from the diseases or vices of our parents.

We may be greatly prejudiced by the kind of our food, in many other ways; and we, ordinarily, are so, by not regarding what agrees with the climate, in which we are—what with the country we inhabit—what with the manner of life we lead.

From the great heat that spices occasion, and from the length of time they continue it, we may truly say, that their copious and daily use in food must be injurious to all constitutions.

So for salted meats, the hurt that may be feared from them, when they are our constant meals, is easily collected, from the irritation they must cause in their passage thro' the body—from the injury, that must hence ensue to its finer membranes—from the numerous acrid particles, that must hereby be lodged in the pores of the skin, the obstructions which this must produce, and

the large quantity of perspirable matter which will, therefore, be detained in, and, consequently, greatly foul the blood—from the dreadful symptoms, that attend a high degree of the scurvy; the relief of which by vegetables, by fresh meat, by liquids fittest to remove the effects of a muriatic cause, plainly shews them to be owing to such a cause.

Whatever has the *haut-gout* may be looked upon as consisting of such active particles, as cannot but make our frequent eating of it very dangerous—as must render it much fitter to be used as physic, than as food.

From a mixture of meats, each of them wholesome in its kind, a bad chyle may be formed: and the rule in physic is, that an error in the first digestion will not be mended in the second.

A delicate constitution is, speedily, either quite destroyed, or irrecoverably disordered, when the diet is not exactly adapted to it—is not such as least irritates, as least heats, as is most easily concocted, as soonest passes out of the body, and leaves the fewest impurities behind it there.

The weakness, or the wrong formation, of a part of our frame is, generally, a call to the utmost care about our food; and as our observing this may extend our life, even under either of those circumstances, as far as we could have hoped it would have been prolonged, if we had been without any such defect; so our failure therein may, in a very short time, be fatal to us.

The most simple aliment will, perhaps, be unable to hinder our feeling, in some degree, the bad consequences of the diseases, or irregularities of our parents: but how far they shall affect us, depends, very often, in a great measure, upon ourselves.

They may neither much contract the term, nor much interrupt the comfort, of life, if we will make hunger our sauce, and, in every meal we eat, regard the distempers we inherit; but early, alas! and heavy will our sufferings be, our years few and fall of uneasiness, when, without any such regard, our taste is directed by that of the sensual and astringent—when the solicitations of *appetite* lead us to forget the reasons we have to restrain it.

In this climate and country, where, for so many months in the year, the cuticular discharges are so small—where the air is so often, so suddenly, and to so great a degree, varies its equilibrium, and where our

vessels, therefore, are as frequently, as suddenly, and as greatly contracted or expanded—where fogs so much abound, and so much contribute to impair the elasticity of our fibres—to hinder the proper both secretions and excretions—to destroy the due texture of the blood, and vitiate our whole habit, it must be obvious, what we have to fear, when our aliment hurts us in the same way with our air—when the one heightens the disorder, to which we are exposed by the other.

An inattention to the nutriment fit for us, when we seldom use any exercise, or, always, very gentle—when our life is sedentary, either from the business by which we maintain ourselves, or from our love of ease, or from our literary pursuits, is perhaps, as fatal to us, as almost any instance of wrong conduct, with which we can be chargeable. By high feeding and little or no exercise, we are not only exposed to the most dangerous diseases, but we make all diseases dangerous: we make those so, which would, otherwise, be slight and easily removed—we do not only subject ourselves to the particular maladies, which have their rise wholly from luxury, but we render ourselves more liable to those, which have no connexion with it. We, then, are among the first, who are seized with the distempers, which the constitution of the air occasions—We are most apt to receive all those of the infectious kind—We take cold whence we might least fear it; and find its immediate consequence, a malignant or an inflammatory fever, or some other disease equally to be dreaded.

A writer in physic of the first rank asserts, that our diet is the chief cause of all our diseases—that other causes only take effect from the disposition of our body, and the state of its humours.

There is, I am persuaded, much truth in this assertion. For, as in countries, where the inhabitants greatly indulge themselves, few die of old age; so where a strict temperance is observed, few die but of old age. We find, likewise, persons, as *Socrates* for instance, who, by their regular living, have preserved themselves from the infection of a disease, that has made the cruellest havoc around them. We perceive, also, the restorers of health usually attempting its recovery by some or other discharge, by draining the body in some way or other. And if evacuation is the cure of our disorders, we may justly think, that repletion is their most general

general cause. But if this may admit of a dispute, which, I think, it hardly can do; yet is, it on all hands agreed—that there are several distempers, to which few are subject but for want of self-denial in themselves, or their ancestors—that most of these distempers are of the painfullest sort, and that some of them are such as we for years lament, without the least hope of recovery, and under an absolute certainty, that the longer they continue upon us the more grievously they will distress us; the acuteness of our sufferings from them will be constantly increasing. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 134. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. V.

Let me, also, consider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the use of our nobler faculties; and sure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it before we are really ourselves, after our stomach has received its *full load*! Under it, our senses are dulled, our memory clouded, heaviness and stupidity possess us: some *hours* must pass, before our vivacity returns, before reason can again act with its full vigour. The man is not seen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be discovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his constitution has thrown off the weight that oppressed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or those, which succeed its entire digestion, are, we all find, such, in which we are fittest to transact our affairs, in which all the acts of the understanding are best exerted.

How small a part of his time is therefore, the luxurious man himself! What between the length of his repasts—the space during which he is, as it were, stupified by his excess in them—the many hours of *sleep* that he wants to refresh, and of *exercise* to strengthen him; within how small a compass is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly displayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full strength of manhood, an uncontrouled gratification of appetite allows only short intervals of clear apprehension, of close attention, and the free use of our judgment; but if, either through an uncommonly firm constitution, or by spending all those hours in exercise, which are not passed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithstanding such gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy

spectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our sense almost wholly destroyed—their remains scarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have been—the ruins of the man hardly furnishing a trace of his former ornaments.

Most of those diseases, which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind shares the disorder of its companion, acts as that permits, discovers a greater or less capacity, according to the other's more or less perfect state. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the soul; so the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increase its unsuitness to display, by how noble a principle it is actuated—what the extent of those abilities is, which the bounty of our infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded us.

It only remains that I consider, how ruinous the excess I am censuring is to our fortune; and to what a mean dependence, to what vile dishonest practices, it often reduces us.

There are few estates, that can bear the expence, into which what is called an elegant table will draw us. It is not only the price of what is set before us, that we are here to regard, but the waste that the *ministers* to our luxury occasion—their rapine—the example they set to all, who are concerned in our affairs, and the disqualification, under which we put ourselves to look into them.

He who is determined to please his palate at any price, infects not only those about him with his extravagant turn; but gives them opportunities of defrauding him, which are seldom neglected. His house is the resort of the worst of mankind; for such they always are, whom a well-spread table assembles; and who, by applauding the profuseness that feeds them, by extolling, as proofs of a refined understanding, what are the surest marks of a weak one, or rather of the total want of one, hurry into the ruin, that was, otherwise, with too much speed advancing.

But small is their number, whom it concerns to be told, how a *large fortune* may be reduced: how the making *any* must be hindered, is the argument, in which the generality are interested. This hindrance is the sure, the undeniable consequence of giving way to our appetite. I have already observed, what hurt our very capacity often receives from it—to what a degree

our intellect is at length impaired by it: I may, further, truly represent it as always indisposing us to that diligence, to that application, without which no science is to be mastered, no art learned, no business well conducted, no valuable accomplishment, of any kind, obtained.

Let us have our support, and seek the increase of our store, from our traffick, or from our labour; it is plain, that he who indulges himself less than we do, as he needs less to maintain him than we do, so he can sell, or can work, cheaper, and must, therefore, make those advantages, which we are not to expect; must by his lesser gains be, at length, enriched, while we, with our larger, shall be in a constant poverty.

A still worse effect of our luxurious turn I reckon those mean and base practices, to which it tempts us. When the plain meal, that our scanty circumstances, after a liberal and expensive education, furnish, cannot content us; and we must either live at another's table, or provide a chargeable entertainment at our own; we descend to the vilest flattery, the most servile complaisance; every generous sentiment is extinguished in us; we soon become fully convinced, that he, who will often eat at another's cost, must be subject to another's humours, must countenance him in his follies — and comply with him in his vices.

Let his favour at length exempt us from so dishonourable an attendance, by furnishing us with the means of having plenty at home: yet what is plenty to the luxurious? His wantonness increases with his income; and, always needy, he is always dependent. Hence no sense of his birth or education, of honour or conscience, is any check upon him; he is the mean drudge, the abandoned tool of his feeder, of whoever will be at the charge of gratifying his palate.

So, if our trade be our maintenance, as no fair gains can answer the expence, which what is called good eating occasions, we are soon led to indirect artifices, to fraudulent dealing, to the most tricking and knavish practices.

In a word, neither our health nor life, neither our credit nor fortune, neither our virtue nor understanding, have any security but from our temperance. The greatest blessings, which are here enjoyed by us, have it for their source.

Hence it is that we have the *fullest* use of our faculties, and the *longest*.

Hence it is, that we fear not to be poor, and are sure to be independent.

Hence disease and pain are removed from us, our decay advances insensibly, and the approaches of death are as gentle as those of sleep.

Hence it is we free ourselves from all temptations to a base or ungenerous action.

Hence it is that our passions are calmed, our lusts subdued, the purity of our hearts preserved, and a virtuous conduct throughout made easy to us.

When it is made so — when by the ease, which we find in the practice of virtue, we become confirmed therein — render it habitual to us; we have then that qualification for happiness in a future state, which, as the best title to it, affords us the best grounds to expect it. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 135. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. I.

The arguments against drunkenness, which the common reason of mankind suggests, are these —

The contemptible figure which it gives us:

The hindrance it is to any confidence being reposed in us, so far as our secrecy is concerned:

The dangerous advantage, which it affords the crafty and the knavish over us:

The bad effects, which it hath on our health:

The prejudice, which our minds receive from it:

Its *disposing* us to *many crimes*, and *preparing* us for the *greatest*:

The contemptible figure, which drunkenness gives us, is no weak argument for avoiding it.

Every reader has found the *Spartans* mentioned as inculcating sobriety on their *children*, by exposing to their notice the behaviour of their slaves in a drunken fit. They thought, that were they to apply wholly to the reason of the *youths*, it might be to little purpose: as the force of the arguments, which they used, might not be sufficiently apprehended, or the impression thereof might be soon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witnesses of all the madness and absurdities, and at length the perfect senselessness, which the immoderate draught occasioned; the

the idea of the *wile change* would be so fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averse from its cause.

And may we not justly conclude it to be from hence, that the offspring of the persons who are accustomed thus to disguise themselves, often prove remarkably sober? They avoid, in their *riper years*, their parent's crime, from the detestation of it, which they contracted in their *earlier*. As to most other vices, their debasing circumstances are not fully known to us, till we have attained a maturity of age, nor can be then, till they have been duly attended to: but in our very childhood, at our first beholding the effects of drunkenness, we are struck with astonishment, that a reasonable being should be thus changed—should be induced to make himself such an object of contempt and scorn. And, indeed, we must have the man in the *utmost* contempt, whom we hear and see in his progress to excess; at first, teasing you with his contentions and impertinence—mistaking your meaning, and hardly knowing his own—then, faltering in his speech—unable to get through an entire sentence—his hand trembling—his eyes swimming—his legs too feeble to support him; till, at length, you only know the human creature by his shape.

I cannot but add, that were one of any sense to have a just notion of all the silly things he says or does, of the wretched appearance, which he makes in a *drunken fit*, he could not want a more powerful argument against repeating his crime.

But as none of us are inclined to think ill of ourselves, we none of us will know, how far our vices expose us; we allow them excuses, which they meet not with from any but ourselves.

This is the case of all; it is particularly so with the drunken; many of whom their shame would undoubtedly reform, could they be brought to conceive, how much they did to be ashamed of.

Nor is it improbable, that it is this very consideration, how much drunkenness contributes to make a man the contempt of his wife—his children—his servants—of all his sober beholders, which has been the cause, that it has never been the reigning vice among a people of any refinement of manners. No, it has only prevailed among the rude and savage, among those of grosser understandings, and less delicacy of sentiment. Crimes, as there are in all *men*, there must be in all *nations*; but the more

civilized have perceived drunkenness to be such an offence against common decency, such an abandoning one's self to the ridicule and scoffs of the meanest, that, in whatever else they might transgress, they would not do it in this particular; but leave a vice of such a nature to the wild and uncultivated—to the stupid and undistinguishing part of mankind—to those, who had no notion of propriety of character, and decency of conduct. How late this vice became the reproach of our countrymen, we find in Mr. *Camden's Annals*. Under the year 1581, he has this observation—“The *English*, who hitherto had, of all the northern nations, shewn themselves the least addicted to immoderate drinking, and been commended for their sobriety, first learned, in these wars in the *Netherlands*, to swallow a large quantity of intoxicating liquor, and to destroy their own health, by drinking that of others.”

Some trace of our antient regard to sobriety, we may seem still to retain, in our use of the term *fat!* which carries with it as great reproach among us, as *Oυροζαγεε* did among the *Greeks*.

There is a short story, in *Reresby's Memoirs*, very proper to be mentioned under this head.

The Lord Chancellor (*Jeffries*) had now like to have died of a fit of the stone; which he virtuously brought upon himself, by a furious debauch of wine, at Mr. Alderman *Duncomb's*; where he, the Lord Treasurer, and others, drank themselves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whispered, they had stripped into their shirts; and that, had not an accident prevented them, they had got upon a sign-post, to drink the King's health; which was the subject of much derision, to say no worse.

Dean Bolton.

§ 136. On Intemperance in Drinking.

SECTION II.

A second objection to drunkenness is, that it hinders any confidence being reposed in us, so far as our secrecy is concerned.

Who can trust the man, that is not master of himself? Wine, as it lessens our caution, so it prompts us to speak our thoughts without reserve: when it has sufficiently inflamed us, all the suggestions of prudence pass for the apprehensions of cowardice; we are regardless of consequences; our foresight is gone, and our fear with it.

Here

Here then the artful person properly introducing the subject, urging us to enter upon it—and, after that, praising, or blaming, or contradicting, or questioning us, is soon able to draw from us whatever information he desires to obtain.

Our discretion never outlasts our sobriety. Failings which it most concerns us to conceal, and which, when we are ourselves, we do most industriously conceal, we usually publish, when we have drank to excess. The man is then clearly seen, with all the ill nature and bad qualities, from which his behaviour, in his cooler hours, had induced his most intimate friends to believe him wholly free. We must be lost to reflection, to thought, when we can thus far throw off our disguise. And what is it, but our thought and reflection, that can engage our secrecy in any instance—that can ever be a proper check upon our discourse—that enables us to distinguish what we may speak, and on what we ought to be silent? Do we cease to be in a condition to hide the deformities in ourselves, which we most wish to have concealed? On what point, then, is it likely that we should be reserved? Whose secrets can he keep, who so foully betrays his own?

It may, *thirdly*, be alledged against drunkenness, that it gives the crafty and knavish the most dangerous advantage over us.

This vice put us into the very circumstances, in which every one would wish us to be, who had a view to impose upon us, to over-reach us, or in any way to gain his ends of us. When the repeated draught has disordered us, it is then, that only by complying with our humour, and joining, to appearance, in our madness, we may be deluded into measures the most prejudicial to us, into such as are our own and our families utter undoing. It is then that our purse is wholly at the mercy of our company; we spend—we give—we lend—we lose. What unhappy marriages have been then concluded! What ruinous conveyances have been then made! How secure soever we may apprehend ourselves from impositions of so very pernicious a nature; yet more or fewer we must have to fear from drunkenness, as the opportunities, which it gives, will constantly be watched by all, who have any design upon us: and if we are known frequently to disorder ourselves, all in our neighbourhood, or among our acquaintance, who are of any seriousness and decency, will be sure to

avoid us, and leave us wholly to those, who find their account in associating with us; who, while they can make us their property, will be, as often as we please, our companions.

A *fourth* argument against drunkenness is its bad effects upon our health. Every act of it is a *fever* for a time: and whence have we more reason to apprehend *one* of a longer continuance, and of the worst consequence? Our blood thus fired, none can be sure, when the disorder raised in it will be quieted, whether its inflammatory state will admit of a remedy: in several thousands it has been found incapable of any; and what has so frequently happened to *others*, may justly be considered as likely to befall *us*. By the same absurd reliance on a good constitution, through which *they* were deceived, *we* may be so likewise.

But supposing the mere fever fit wearing off with the drunken one; how fatal would it prove to be then seized with a distemper of the infectious kind, that was at all malignant! This has often been the case; and when it has been so, the applications of the most skilful have been entirely vain.

Let our intemperance have nothing instantly to dread; for how short a space can it be in such security? The young debauchee soon experiences the issue of his misconduct—soon finds his food disrelished, his stomach weakened, his strength decayed, his body wasted. In the flower of his youth, he often feels all the infirmities of extreme old age; and when not yet in the middle of human life, is got to the end of his own.

If we have attained to manhood, to our full vigour, before we run into the excess, from which I am dissuading; we may, indeed, possibly be many years in breaking a good constitution: but then, if a sudden stroke dispatch us not; if we are not cut off without the least leisure given us to implore the mercy of heaven; to how much uneasiness are we, generally, reserved—what a variety of painful distempers threaten us! All of them there is very little probability we should escape; and under which soever of them we may labour, we shall experience its cure hopeless, and its severity the saddest lesson, how dear the purchase was of our former mirth.

There are, I grant, instances, where a long-continued intemperance has not prevented the attainment of a very advanced age, free from disorders of every kind. But then it is to be considered how rare these

these instances are; that it is not, perhaps, one in a thousand, who escapes thus; that of those, who do thus escape, the far greater part owe their preservation to hard working, or to an exercise as fatiguing, as any of the more laborious employments. So that if either our frame be not of an unusual firmness, or we do not labour for our bread, and will not for our health; we cannot be of their number, who have so much as a chance, that they will not shorten their lives by their excess. And when we have this chance, we are to remember, how very little we can promise ourselves from it. We are liable to all the diseases, which, in the ordinary course of things, are connected with intemperance; and we are liable to all those, from which even sobriety exempts not; but in this latter case, we have, by no means, the same to hope with the sober, who are easily recovered of what proves mortal to the intemperate.

Dean Bolton.

§ 137. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

S E C T. III.

To consider, *firstly*, the unhappy effect of drunkenness upon our minds.

Every time we offend in it, we are first madmen, and then idiots: we first say, and do, a thousand the most ridiculous and extravagant things, and then appear quite void of sense. By annexing these constant inconveniences to drinking immoderately, it seems the design of a wise Providence to teach us, what we may fear from a habit of it—to give us a foretaste of the miseries, which it will at length bring upon us, not for a few hours alone, but for the whole remainder of our lives. What numbers have, by hard drinking, fallen into an incurable distraction! And who was ever for many years a sot, without destroying the quickness of his apprehension, and the strength of his memory? What mere drivellers have some of the best capacities become, after a long course of excess!

As we drink to raise our spirits, but, by thus raising, we weaken them; so whatever fresh vigour our parts may seem to derive from our wine, it is a vigour which wastes them; which, by being often thus called out, destroys its source, our natural fancy and understanding. 'Tis like a man's spending upon his principal: he may, for a season, make a figure much superior to his, who supports himself upon the interest of his fortune; but is sure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

We meet with, as I have already observed, instances, where an extraordinary happiness of constitution has prevented its entire ruin, even from a course of drunkenness of many years continuance: but I much question, whether there are any instances, that such a course has not been remarkably prejudicial to a good capacity. From all the observations, which we can make on the human frame, it may be fairly supposed, that there are no such instances—that it is not reasonable to think we can be, for many years inflaming our brains, without injuring them—be continually disordering the most delicate parts of our machine, without impairing them. A lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, depend upon parts in our structure, which are much more easily hurt, than such, whose sound state is necessary for the preservation of mere life: and therefore we perceive those several faculties often entirely lost, long before the body drops. The man is very frequently seen to survive himself—to continue a living creature, after he has, for some years, ceased to be a rational one. And to this deplorable state nothing is more likely to bring us, than a habit of drunkenness; as there is no vice, that more immediately affects those organs, by the help of which we apprehend, reason, remember, and perform the like acts.

What, *secondly*, ought to raise in us the utmost abhorrence of drunkenness is, the consideration of the many crimes, to which it disposes us. He, through whose veins the inflaming potion has spread itself, must be under a greater temptation to lewdness, than you can think him in any other circumstances: and from the little reasoning, of which he is then capable, as to the difference of the two crimes, would hesitate no more at adultery than fornication.

Thus, also, for immoderate anger, contention, scurrility and abuse, acts of violence, and the most injurious treatment of others; they are all offences, into which drunkenness is most apt to betray us; so apt to do it, that you will scarcely find a company drinking to excess, without many provoking speeches and actions passing in it—without more or less strife, before it separates. We even perceive the most gentle and peaceable, the most humane and civilized, when they are sober, no sooner intoxicated, than they put off all those commendable qualities, and assume, as it were, a new nature—a nature as different from

from their former, as the most untractable and fiercest of the brute kind are, from the most accomplished and amiable of our own.

To some vices drunkenness *disposes* us; and,

Lastly, lays us open to more, and certainly to the greatest. It lays us, indeed, open to *most vices*—by the power, which it gives all sorts of *temptations* over us; and by putting us into a *condition*, in which the *rash* and *pernicious suggestions* of others have an especial influence upon us—in which, a profligate companion is enabled to direct us almost as he pleases.

It gives all sorts of *temptations* power over us, by disqualifying us for consideration; and by extinguishing in us all regard to the motives of prudence and caution.

It makes us ready to follow the *raffest counsels* of our companions; because, not allowing us to reason upon them, and incapacitating us for the government of ourselves, it, of course, leaves us to the guidance of those, with whom we are most pleased—of those, who give into our excesses.

It, certainly, lays us open to the *greatest* crimes; because, when we are thoroughly heated by the spirituous draught, we then like what is daring and extravagant—we are then turned to bold and desperate un-

dertakings; and that, which is most licentious, carries then with it the appearance of an attempt, suiting a courageous and undaunted mind. Hence rapes, murders, acts of the utmost inhumanity and barbarity have been *their acts*; who, when sober, would have detested themselves, if such crimes could have entered their *thoughts*.

It may, perhaps, be of use to observe here, what censure has been passed on drunkenness by those, who had only the light of reason for their guide.

It was the saying of one of the wiser Heathen, That a wise man would *drink* wine, but would be sure never to be made *drunk* by it. Another of them condemns wine, as betraying even the prudent into imprudence. The advice of a third is, avoid drinking company: if you accidentally come into it, leave it before you cease to be sober; for, when that happens, the mind is like a *chariot*, whose driver is thrown off: as *it* is then sure to be hurried away at random, so are *we*, when our reason is gone, sure to be drawn into much guilt. We have one calling drunkenness the *study of madness*; another, a *voluntary madness*. He who was asked, how a person might be brought to a dislike of wine? answered, by beholding the indecencies of the drunken.*

The

I have, in the former tract, taken notice of the coarse fare, which *Homer* provides for his heroes: it may not be amiss to remark here, from *Sill's* view, what lessons of sobriety he furnishes—what his care is, to dissuade from drinking to excess. This, indeed, may appear deserving to be more particularly insisted upon, since from the praises which he gives wine he was thought not to have been sparing in the use of it.

The boat that *Aeneas*, heated by liquor, had made of his willingness to fight with *Achilles*, was urged to engage him in a combat, which would have been fatal to him, but that—

The King of Ocean to the fight descends,
Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends;
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er *Achilles' eyes*.

ILIAD, Book XX.

In the Third Book of the *Odyssey*, the discord of the *Graeks*, at a Council called to deliberate about their return, the Poet ascribes to their drunkenness,

Soar with debauch a reeling tribe they came,
With useful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the *Graeks* arose,
New dissent'ring counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side.

In Book the Ninth of the *Odyssey*, *Polydorus* is represented as having his sight destroyed, when he drank, by a Jew of those, whose joint force was not, with respect to his, that of a child.

-----He greedy snatch'd the heavy bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
-----Then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
-----Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;

Urg'd

The discountenance, which drunkenness received among the *Romans*, will be hereafter taken notice of.

Among the *Greeks*, by a law of *Salon*, if a chief magistrate made himself drunk, he was to be put to death. By a law of *Pittacus*, a double punishment was inflicted upon such who, when drunk, had committed any other crime. They were those, by whose laws he, who drank any greater quantity of wine than was really necessary for his health, suffered death.

Thus much as to *their* sentiments on drinking to excess, who had only the light of Nature to shew them its guilt.

Dean Bolten.

§ 138. On Intemperance in Drinking.

SECT. IV.

Let me in the next place, suggest such cautions, as ought to be observed by him, whose desire it is to avoid drunkenness.

Carefully shun the company that is addicted to it.

Do not sit long among those, who are in the progress towards excess.

If you have often lost the command of yourself, when a certain quantity of liquor has been exceeded, you should be sure to keep yourself always much within that quantity.

Make not strong liquer necessary to your refreshment.

Never apply to it for ease, under cares and troubles of any kind.

Know always how to employ yourself usefully, or innocently to amuse yourself, that your time may never be a burden upon you.

In the first place, Do not associate with those who are addicted to drunkenness. This I lay down as a rule, from which it is scarce possible to depart, and keep our sobriety. No man, not the steadiest and wisest of men, is proof against a bad example continually before him. By frequently seeing what is wrong, we, first, lose our abhorrence of it, and, then, are easily prevailed with to do it. Where we like our company we are insensibly led into their manners. It is natural to think we should endeavour to make ourselves agreeable to

Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on the vifual ball.

In Book the Tenth, The self-denial of *Eurylochus* preserved him from the vile transformation, to which the intemperance of his companions subjected them.

Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.

In the same Book the tragical end of *Elpenor* is thus described :

————— A vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot his way;
Full headlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in Hell.

The drunkenness of *Eurytion*, one of the *Centaur*s, is fatal to him, and to the whole race. *Od. B. XXI.*

The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy stung,
Piribous' roofs with frantic riot rung:
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to the aggressor first.

Antinous, who had reproached *Ulysses* as made insolent by wine, dies himself with the intoxicating bowl in his hand. *Od. Book XXII.*

High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl,
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death.
Full thro' his throat *Ulysses'* weapon pass,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.

the persons with whom we much converse; and you can never make yourself more agreeable to any, at least as a companion, than when you countenance their conduct by imitating it. He who associates with the intemperate, and yet refuses to join in their excesses, will soon find, that he is looked upon as condemning their practice; and, therefore, that he has no way of continuing them his friends, but by going into the same irregularity, in which they allow themselves. If his cheerfulness, his facetiousness, or wit, endear him to them, and render them unwilling to quit an intercourse with one so qualified to amuse them; all their arts will be tried to corrupt his sobriety: where he lies most open to temptation will be carefully watched; and no method left unattempted, that can appear likely to make him regardless of his duty. But who can reckon himself safe, when so much pains will be used to ensnare him? Whose virtue is secure, amidst the earnest endeavours of his constant companions to undermine it?

Another caution which I have laid down is, Never sit long among those, who are in the progress towards excess. The expediency of this advice will be acknowledged, if we consider how difficult it is to be long upon our guard—how apt we are to forget ourselves, and then to be betrayed into the guilt, against which we had most firmly resolved.

In the eagerness of our own discourse, or in our attention to that of others, or in the pleasure we receive from the good humour of our companions, or in the share we take of their mirth, we may very naturally be supposed unobserving, how much we have drank—how near we are got to the utmost bounds of sobriety: these, under the circumstances I have mentioned, may easily be passed by us, without the least suspicion of it—before we are under any apprehension of our danger.

As in disputes, one unadvised expression brings on another, and after a few arguments both sides grow warm, from warmth advance to anger, are by anger spurred on to abuse, and thence, often, go to those extremities, to which they would have thought themselves incapable of proceeding: so is it when we sit long, where what gives the most frequent occasion to disputing is before us—where the intoxicating draught is circulating; one invites us to more—our spirits rise—our wariness de-

clines—from cheerfulness we pass to noisy mirth—our mirth stops not long short of folly—our folly hurries us to a madness, that we never could have imagined likely to have been our reproach.

If you have often lost the command of yourself, where a certain quantity of liquor hath been exceeded; you should be sure never to approach that quantity—you should confine yourself to what is much short of it. Where we find that a reliance upon our wariness, upon the steadiness and firmness of our *general resolutions*, has deceived us, we should trust *them* no more; we should confide no more in *those precautions*, which have already proved an insufficient check upon us. When I cannot resist a temptation, I have nothing left for my security but to fly it. If I know that I am apt to yield, when I am tempted; the part I have then to act is, to take care that I may not be tempted. Thus only I shew myself in earnest; hereby alone I evidence, that my duty is really my care.

We have experienced, that we cannot withdraw from the company we like, exactly at such a point of time—we have experienced, that we sometimes do not perceive, when we have got to the utmost bounds of temperance—we have unhappily experienced, that when it has been known to us, how small an addition of liquor would disorder us, we then have so far lost the power over ourselves, as not to be able to refrain from what we thus fully knew would be prejudicial to us. In these circumstances, no way remains of securing our sobriety, if we will resort to any place where it is at all hazarded, but either having our flint at once before us, or confining ourselves to that certain number of measured draughts, from whence we are sure we can have nothing to fear. And he, who will not take this method—he who will rest in a general intention of sobriety, when he has seen how often that intention has been in vain, how often he has miscarried, notwithstanding it, can never be considered as truly concerned for his past failings, as having seriously resolved not to repeat them. So far as I omit any due precaution against a crime, into which I know myself apt to be drawn, so far I may justly be regarded as indifferent towards it; and so far all my declarations, of being sorry for and determined to leave it, must be considered as insincere.

§ 139. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

S E C T. V.

Never make any quantity of strong liquor *necessary* to your refreshment. What occasions this to be a fit caution is, That if the quantity we cannot be without is, in the beginning, a very moderate one, it will, probably, soon increase, and become, at length, so great as must give us the worst to fear. The reason, why it is thus likely to be increased, is, that a small draught, by the habitual use of it, will cease to raise our spirits; and therefore, when the design of our drinking is in order to raise them, we shall at length seek to do it by a much larger quantity of liquor, than what was wanted for that purpose at first.

It seems to be, further, proper advice on this subject, That we should never apply to strong liquor for ease under cares or troubles of any kind. From fears, from disappointments, and a variety of uneasinesses, none are exempt. The inconsiderate are impatient for a speedy relief; which, as the spirituous draught affords, they are tempted to seek it from thence.

But how very imprudent they must be, who would by such means quiet their minds, is most evident. For, is any real ground of trouble removed, by not attending to it—by diverting our thoughts from it? In *many cases*, the evil we would remedy by not thinking upon it is, by that very course, made much more distressing, than it otherwise would have been; nay, sometimes, quite remediless. In *all cases*, the less heated our brain is, and the greater calmness we preserve, the fitter we are to help ourselves; the fitter we are to encounter difficulties, to prevent our being involved in them; or, if that cannot be, to extricate ourselves speedily from them.

The ease, which liquor gives, is but that of a dream: when we awake, we are again ourselves; we are in the same situation as before, or, perhaps, in a worse. What then is to be the next step? Soon as the stupifying effects of one draught are gone off, another must be taken; the sure consequence of which is, that such a habit of drinking will be contracted, as we shall vainly endeavour to conquer, though the original inducement to it should no longer subsist. To guard against this, as it is of the utmost importance to all of us, so the only certain way is, by stopping in the very first instance; by never seeking, either under care or pain, relief from what we

drink, but from those helps, which reason and religion furnish; the only ones, indeed, to which we can wisely resort in any straits; and which are often found capable of extricating us, when our condition seems the most desperate.

A prudent man should never desert himself. Where his own efforts avail him not, the care of an over-ruling Providence may interpose, and deliver him. But to borrow support against our troubles from liquor, is an entire desertion of ourselves; it is giving up our state, as an undone one—it is abandoning our own discretion, and relinquishing all hopes of the DEITY'S assistance.

Lazily, Know always, how you may usefully employ, or innocently amuse yourself. When time is a burden upon us, when we are at a loss how to pass it, our cheerfulness of course abates, our spirits flag, we are restless and uneasy: here then we are in the fittest disposition, and under the strongest inducements, to resort to what we know will enliven us, and make our hours glide away insensibly. Besides, when we cannot tell what to do with ourselves, it is natural we should seek for those, who are as idle as ourselves; and when such company meet, it is easy to see what will keep them together; that drinking must be their entertainment, since they are so ill qualified for any other.

Idleness has been not unfrequently term'd, the parent of all vices; but none it more frequently produces than drunkenness; as no vice can make a greater waste of our time, the chief thing about which the idle are solicitous. On the other hand, he who can profitably busy, or innocently divert himself, has a sure resort in all humours—he has his spirits seldom depressed, or when they are so, he can, without any hazard, recruit them—he is so far from seeking a correspondence with such, as are always in a readiness to engage in schemes of intemperance and riot, that he shuns them; his amusements, quite different from theirs, occasion him to be seldom with them, and secure him from being corrupted by them.

This we may lay down as a most certain truth, that our virtue is never safe, but when we have *proper diversions*. Unbent we sometimes must be; and when we know not how to be so in an innocent way, we soon shall be in a guilty. But if we can find full entertainment in what is free from all reproach, in what neither has any thing criminal in it, nor can lead us into what is criminal; then, indeed, and only then, can

we be thought in little danger, and not likely to yield to the bad examples surrounding us.

§ 140. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. VI.

But let me consider what the intemperate say in their excuse.

That any should frequently put themselves into a condition, in which they are incapable of taking the least care of themselves—in which they are quite stupid and helpless—in which, whatever danger threatens them, they can contribute nothing towards its removal—in which they may be drawn into the most shocking crimes—in which all they hold dear is at the mercy of their companions; the excess, I say, which causes us to be in such a situation, none seem disposed to defend: but what leads to it, you find numbers thus vindicating, or excusing.

They must converse—They must have their hours of cheerfulness and mirth—When they are disordered, it happens before they are aware of it—A small quantity of liquor has this unhappy effect upon them—If they will keep up their interest, it must be by complying with the intemperate humour of their neighbours—Their way of life, their business, obliges them to drink with such numbers, that it is scarcely possible they should not be sometimes guilty of excess.

To all which it may be said, that, bad as the world is, we may every where, if we seek after them, find those, whose company will rather confirm us in our sobriety, than endanger it. Whatever our rank, station, profession or employment may be, suitable companions for us there are; with whom we may be perfectly safe, and free from every temptation to excess. If these are not in all respects to our minds, we must bear with *them*, as we do with *our condition* in this world; which every prudent person makes the best of; since, let what will be the change in it, still it will be liable to some objection, and never entirely, as he would wish it. In both cases we are to consider, not how we shall rid ourselves of all inconveniences, but where are likely to be the fewest: and we should judge *that set of acquaintance*, as well as *that state of life*, the most eligible, in which we have the least to fear, from which our ease and innocence are likely to meet with the fewest interruptions.

But mirth, you say, must sometimes be con-

sulted. Let it be so. I would no more dissuade you from it, than I would from seriousness. Each should have its season, and its measure: and as it would be thought by all very proper advice, with respect to seriousness, “Let it not proceed to melancholy, to moroseness, or to censoriousness;” it is equally fit advice, with regard to mirth, “Let wisdom accompany it: Let it not transport you to riot or intemperance: Do not think you can be called merry, when you are ceasing to be reasonable.”

Good humour, cheerfulness, facetiousness, which are the proper ingredients of mirth, do not want to be called out by the repeated draught: it will rather damp them, from the apprehension of the disorder it may soon produce. Whenever we depart from, or endanger, our innocence, we are laying a foundation for uneasiness and grief; nor can we, in such circumstances, be merry, if we are not void of all *thought and reflection*: and this is, undoubtedly, the most melancholy situation, in which we can be conceived, except when we are undergoing the punishment of our folly. The joy, the elevation of spirits proper to be sought after by us, is that alone, which can never be a subject of remorse, or which never will embitter more of our hours than it relieves. And when this may be obtained in such a variety of ways, we must be lost to all common prudence, if we will apply to none of them; if we can only find *mirth* in a departure from *sobriety*.

You are, it seems, overtaken, before you are aware of it. This may be an allowable excuse for three or four times, in a man's life; oftener, I think, it cannot be. What you are sensible may easily happen, and must be extremely prejudicial to you, when it does happen, you should be *always aware of*. No one's virtue is any farther his praise, than from the care he takes to preserve it. If he is at no trouble and pains on that account, his innocence has nothing in it, that can entitle him to a reward. If you are truly concerned for a fault, you will necessarily keep out of the way of repeating it; and the more frequent your repetitions of it have been, so much the greater caution you will use for the future.

Many we hear excusing their drunkenness, by the small quantity which occasions it. A more trifling excuse for it could not be made. For if you know how small a quantity of liquor will have that unhappy effect, you should forbear *that quantity*. It is as much

much your duty to do so, as it is his duty to forbear a greater quantity, who suffers the same from it, which you do from a lesser. When you know that it is a crime to be drunk, and know likewise what will make you so; the more or less, which will do this, is nothing to the purpose—alters not your guilt. If you will not refrain from two or three draughts, when you are sure that drunkenness will be the consequence of them; it cannot be thought, that any mere regard to sobriety keeps you from drinking the largest quantity whatsoever. Had such a regard an influence upon you, it would have an equal one; it would keep you from every step, by which your sobriety could suffer.

As to supporting an interest, promoting a trade, advantageously bargaining for ourselves, by drinking more than is convenient for us; they are, for the most part, only the poor evasions of the insincere, of those who are willing to lay the blame of their misconduct on any thing, rather than on what alone deserves it—rather than on their bad inclinations.

Civility and courtesy, kind offices, acts of charity and liberality will both raise us more friends, and keep those we have firmer to us, than any quantities of liquor, which we can either distribute or drink: and as for mens trade or their bargains, let them always act fairly—let them, whether they buy or sell, shew that they abhor all tricking and imposition—all little and mean artifices; and I'll stake my life, they shall never have reason to object, that, if they will *always* preserve their *sobriety*, they must lessen their *gains*.

But were it true, that, if we will resolve never to hazard intoxicating ourselves, we must lose our friends, and forego our present advantage; they are inconveniences, which, in such a case, we should cheerfully submit to. Some pains must be taken, some difficulties must be here encountered; if we will have any reasonable ground to expect happiness in a future state. Of this even common sense must satisfy us.

Credulous as we are, I think it impossible, that any man in his wits would believe me, if I were to tell him, that he might miss no opportunity of bettering his fortune—that he might remove any evil he had to fear, by whatsoever method he thought proper—that he might throughout follow his inclinations, and gratify his appetites; and yet rest assured, that his death would be but the passage to great and endless joys. I know not, to whom such an

assertion would not appear extremely absurd: notwithstanding which, we, certainly, do not act, as if there were any absurdity in it, when we make what is evidently our duty give way to our convenience; and rather consider, how profitable this or that practice is than how right. That, therefore, sobriety, added to other parts of a virtuous conduct, may entitle us to the so much hoped for reward, we must be sober, under all sorts of discouragements. It rarely, indeed, happens, that we meet with *any*; but to resist the *greatest* must be our resolution, if we will recommend ourselves to the Governor of the universe—if we will hope for his favour.

Dean Bolton.

§ 141. On Intemperance in Drinking.

SECT. VII.

Thus much with regard to drunkenness, so far as it is committed by intoxicating ourselves—by drinking, 'till our reason is gone: but as there is yet another way, in which we may offend in it, *viz.* by drinking more than is proper for our refreshment; I must on this likewise bestow a few observations.

When we drink more than suffices to recruit our spirits, our passions are heightened, and we cease to be under the influence of that calm temper, which is our only safe counsellor. The next advance beyond refreshment is to that mirth, which both draws many unguarded speeches from us, and carries us to many indiscreet actions—which wastes our time, not barely while we are in the act of drinking, but as it unsettles our heads, and indisposes us to attention, to business,—to a close application in any way. Soon as our spirits are raised beyond their just pitch, we are for schemes of diversion and pleasure; we are unfit for serious affairs, and therefore cannot entertain a thought of being employed in them.

Besides, as according to the rise of our spirits, their fall will, afterward, be; it is most probable, that when we find them thus sunk, we shall again resort to what we have experienced the remedy of such a complaint; and thereby be betrayed, if not into the excesses, which deprive us of our reason, yet into such a habit of drinking, as occasions the loss of many precious hours—impairs our health—is a great misapplication of our fortune, and a most ruinous example to our observers. But, indeed, whence is it to be feared, that we shall become downright fops—that we shall con-

tract a habit of drinking to the most disguising excess; whence, I say, is this to be feared, if not from accustoming ourselves to the frequent draughts, which neither our thirst—nor fatigue—nor constitution requires: by frequently using them; our inclination to them is strengthened; till at length we cannot prevail upon ourselves to leave our cup, while we are in a condition to lift it.

These are objections, in which all are concerned, whose refreshment, from what they drink, is not their rule in it; but to men of moderate fortunes, or who are to make their fortunes, other arguments are to be used: these persons are to consider, that even the lesser degree of intemperance, now censured, is generally their utter undoing, thro' that neglect of their affairs, which is its necessary consequence. When we mind not our own business, whom can we think likely to mind it for us? Very few, certainly, will be met with, *disposed* and *able* to do it; and not to be both, is much the same, as to be neither. While we are passing our time with our cheerful companions, we are not only losing the advantages, which care and industry, either in inspecting our affairs, or pursuing our employment, would have afforded us; but we are actually consuming our fortune—we are habituating ourselves to a most expensive idleness—we are contracting a disinclination to *fatigue* and *confinement*, even when we most become sensible of their necessity, when our affairs must run into the utmost confusion without them. And we, in fact, perceive that, as soon as the scholar, or trader, or artificer, or whoever it is, that has the whole of his maintenance to gain, or has not much to spend, addict himself only to this lower degree of intemperance—accustoms himself to sit long at his wine, and to exceed that quantity of it which his relief demands, he becomes worthless in a double sense, as deserving nothing, and, if a care greater than his own have him not, as having nothing.

Add to all this, that the very same diseases, which may be apprehended from often intoxicating ourselves, are the usual attendants not only of *frequently drinking* to the full of what we can conveniently bear, but even of doing it in a large quantity. The only difference is, that such diseases come more speedily on us from the former, than the latter cause; and, perhaps, destroy us sooner. But how desirable it is to be long struggling with any of the distempers, which our

excesses occasion, they can best determine, who labour under them.

The inconveniences which attend our more freely using the least hurtful of any spirituous liquors have so evidently appeared—have shewn themselves so many and so great, as even to call for a remedy from the law itself; which, therefore, punishes both those, who loiter away their time at their cups, and those, who suffer it to be done in their houses.

A great part of the world, a much greater than all the parts added together, in which the Christian religion is professed, are forbidden all manner of *liquors*, which can cause *drunkenness*; they are not allowed *the smallest quantity of them*; and it would be an offence which would receive the most rigorous chastisement, if they were *known* to use any; their lawgiver has, in this particular, been thought to have acted according to the rules of good policy; and the governors of those countries, in which this law is in force, have, from its first reception amongst them, found it of such benefit, as to allow no relaxation of it. I do not mention such a practice as any rule for us: difference of climates makes quite different ways of living necessary: I only mention it as a lesson to us, that, if so great a part of mankind submit to a total abstinence from *wine and strong drink*, we should use them sparingly, with caution and moderation; which is, certainly, necessary to *our* welfare, whatever may be the effect of entirely forbearing them on theirs.

In the most admired of all the western governments, a strict sobriety was required of their women, under the very severest penalties: the punishment of a departure from it was nothing less than capital: and the custom of saluting women, we are told, was introduced in order to discover whether any spirituous liquor had been drank by them.

In this commonwealth the men were prohibited to drink wine 'till they had attained thirty years.

The whole body of soldiery, among this people, had no other draught to enable them to bear the greatest fatigue—to raise their courage, and animate them to encounter the most terrifying difficulties and dangers, but water sharpened with vinegar. And what was the consequence of such strict sobriety, observed by both sexes? What was the consequence of being born of parents so exactly temperate, and of being trained up in a habit of the utmost abstemiousness—

What,

What, I say, followed upon this, but the attainment of such a firmness of body and mind—of such an indifference to all the emasculating pleasures—of such vigour and fearlessness, that the people, thus born and educated, soon made all opposition fall before them, experienced no enemy a match for them—were conquerors, wherever they carried their arms.

By these *remarks* on the temperance of the antient *Romans*, I am not for recalling customs so quite the reverse of those, in which we were brought up; but some change in our manners I could heartily wish they might effect: and if not induce us to the same sobriety, which was practised by these heathens, yet to a much greater than is practised by the generality of Christians.

Dean Bolton.

§ 142. *On Pleasure.*

SECT. I.

To the Honourable ———

While you are constantly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, or in making what you have acquired of use to your fellow-creatures—while information is *your* amusement, and to become wiser is as much your aim, in all the company you keep, as in all the books you read; may I not justly think it matter of astonishment to you, that such numbers of your species should be quite unmindful of all rational improvement—solely intent on schemes of mirth and diversion—passing their lives in a round of sporting and trifling.

If every age has its madness, and one is distinguished by its warlike humour, a second by its enthusiasm, a third by its party and political rage; the distraction of the present may truly be pronounced, its turn to pleasure, so sadly possessing those of each sex and of all ages—those of every profession and employment—the several ranks and orders of men; that they, who are strangers to the sudden changes in human dispositions, are apt to think, that all seriousness and application—all the valuable attainments, which are the reward only of our pains, must, inevitably, be soon lost among us.

I am not out of hopes, that what thus threatens, in the opinion of some, our speedy ruin, and has its very great mischief denied by none, who give it the least attention, will one day receive as remarkable an opposition from your *pen*, as it now does a discouragement from your *example*.

Let, in the mean time, a sincere well-

wisher to his countrymen interpose his mean endeavours to serve them—offer to their consideration some, perhaps not wholly contemptible, arguments against the pursuit, to which they are so blameably attached—shew them pleasure in that true light, in which they are unwilling to see it—teach them, not that it should be always declined, but that they should never be enslaved to it—represent the dangers, to which it exposes them, yet point out how far it may be enjoyed with innocence and safety.

Every man seems to be so far free, as he can dispose of himself—as he can maintain a due subordination in the parts of his frame, use the deliberation proper to acquaint him with what is most for his advantage, and, according to the result thereof, proceed to action. I consider each hindrance to the knowledge of our true happiness, or to its pursuit, as, according to its degree, an abridgment of our liberty; and I think that he may be truly stiled a slave to pleasure, who follows it, wheresoever directed to it by appetite, passion, or fancy. When we listen to their suggestions in the choice of good, we allow them an authority, that our Creator never intended they should have; and when their directions in that choice are actually complied with, a lawless sway ensues—the use of our nobler faculties becomes obstructed—our ability to deliberate, as we ought, on our conduct, gradually fails, and to alter it, at length wholly ceases.

Our sensual and rational parts are almost in continual opposition: we add to the power of the former, by a thoughtless, idle, voluptuous life; and to that of the latter by reflection, industry, continence.

As you cannot give way to appetite, but you increase its restlessness, you multiply its demands, and become less able to resist them; so the very same holds true of every principle that opposes reason; if capable to influence you in one instance, it will more easily do it in a second, gaining ground, 'till its dominion over you becomes absolute.

When the question concerns our angry passions, all are ready to acknowledge the danger of not restraining them, the terrible subjection to which such remissness exposes us. These falling more under the general notice, from the apparency of the disorder, and extent of the mischief which they occasion, a better judgment is ordinarily made of them, than of affections less tumultuous, less dangerous to our associates: but there can be no reason imagin-

able why anger, if less carefully watched and resisted, should exercise, at length, the most unhappy tyranny over us, which will not hold us to any passion or lust whatsoever. And as with respect to violent resentment, we are ready to gratify it, whatever it costs us; so let what will be the passion or lust that governs us, no prudential considerations are a counterpoise for it.

With regard to pleasure, the fallacy of our reasoning upon it lies here; we always look upon the enjoyment of it as a single act, as a compliance with our liking in this or that instance: the repetition of that indulgence is not seen under a dependence on any former, or under the least connexion with any future. That such a pursuit should engage us seems to be wholly from our choice; and this choice is thought to be as free, at the second time of our making it as at the first, and at the twentieth, as at the second. Inclination is never beheld as possible to become constraint—is, I mean, never regarded as capable of being indulged, till it cannot be resisted. No man ever took the road of pleasure, but he apprehended that he could easily leave it: had he considered his whole life likely to be passed in its windings, the preference of the ways of virtue would have been indisputable.

But as sensual pursuits could not engage so many, if something very delightful were not expected in them; it will be proper to shew, how unlikely they are to answer such an expectation—what there is to discourage us from attaching ourselves to them.

Consider sensual pleasure under the highest possible advantages, it will yet be found liable to these objections.

First, That its enjoyment is fleeting, expires soon, extends not beyond a few moments: Our spirits sink instantly under it, if in a higher degree; nor are they long without being depressed, when it less powerfully affects them. A review here affords me no comfort: I have here nothing delightful to expect from Reflection. The gratifications, in which I have allowed myself, have made me neither wiser nor better. The fruit was relished while upon my tongue, but when passed thence I scarcely retain the idea of its flavour.

How transitory our pleasures are, we cannot but acknowledge, when we consider, how many we, in different parts of our lives, eagerly pursue, and then wholly decline.

That, which is the high *entertainment* of

our infancy, doth not afford us the least, when this state is passed: what then delights us much in our youth, is quite tasteless to us, as we approach manhood; and our engagements at this period give way to some others, as we advance in age.

Nor do our pleasures thus pass only with our years, but, really, those which best suit our time of life, and on the pursuit of which we are most intent, must be interrupted in order to be enjoyed.

We can no more long bear pleasure, than we can long endure fatigue; or, rather, what we call pleasure, after some continuance, becomes fatigue.

We want relief in our diversions, as well as in our most serious employments.

When *Socrates* had observed, “of how unaccountable a nature that thing is, which men call Pleasure, since, though it may appear to be contrary to Pain, as never being with it in the same person, yet they so closely follow each other, that they may seem linked, as it were, together.” He then adds—“If *Æsop* had attended to this, he would, I think, have given us a fable, in which the Divinity, willing to reconcile these two enemies, but yet unable to do it, had, nevertheless, so connected them in their extremities, that where the one comes, the other shall be sure to succeed it.”

From the excess of joy, how usual is the transition to that of dejection! Laughter, as well as grief, calls for tears to ease us under it; and it may be even more dangerous to my life to be immoderately delighted, than to be severely afflicted.

Our pleasures then soon pass; and, *secondly*, their repetition certainly cloy.

As the easiness of posture and agreeableness of place wear off by a very short continuance in either; it is the same with any sensual gratifications which we can pursue, and with every enjoyment of that kind, to which we can apply. What so delights our palate, that we should relish it, if it were our constant food? What juice has nature furnished, that, after being a frequent, continues to be a pleasing, draught? Sounds, how artfully so ever blended or successive, tire at length the ear; and odours, at first the most grateful, soon either cease to recreate us, or become offensive to us. The finest prospect gives no entertainment to the eye that has been long accustomed to it. The pile, that strikes with admiration each casual beholder, affords its royal inhabitant

inhabitant no comfort, but what the peasant has in his cottage.

That love of variety and change, to which none of our kind are strangers, might be a lesson to us, where our expectations are ill grounded, where they must necessarily be disappointed; for if no man ever yet lived, who could say of any of the pleasures of sense—On this I repose myself—it quite answers my hopes from it—my wishes rove not beyond it: if none could ever affirm this, it is most evident, that we in vain search after permanent delight from any of the objects, with which we are now conversant—that the only difference between the satisfactions we pursue, and those we quit, is, that we are already tired of the one, and shall soon be of the other.

Hear the language of him, who had tried the extent of every sensual pleasure, and must have found the uncloying, had any such existed: “I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth. I gave myself to wine, I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens, I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me pools of water, I amassed gold and silver, I had possessions, above all that were in *Jerusalem* before me. I tried what love, what music, what all the delights of the sons of men could effect: whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all my works, on all my pursuits, and behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit.”

Tully mentions *Xerxes* as having proposed a reward to the man, who could make known to him some new pleasure. The monarch of the East, it seems, met with nothing within the bounds of his mighty empire that could fix his inclinations. The most voluptuous people on earth had discovered no delight, that their sovereign could acknowledge otherwise than superficial. Happy! had it been a lesson to their prince, or could it be one to us, where our good should be sought—what pursuits were likely to bring us blessings certain to improve, as well as endure.

§ 143. *On Pleasure.*

SECT. II.

A third disadvantage ensuing to us from our attachment to the delights, which appetite and fancy purvey, is, that it indispenses us for useful inquiries, for every

endeavour worthy of our nature, and suiting the relations, in which we are placed.

The disappointment, which the *Persian* Emperor met with in all his schemes of the voluptuous kind, did not put him on applying to those of a different one. Experience shewed him his folly, but could not teach him wisdom—it could not, when it had convinced him of the vanity of his pursuits, induce him to relinquish them.

We find a *Solomon*, indeed, discovering his error, acknowledging that he had erred, and bearing testimony to religion and virtue as alone productive of true happiness; but where are we to look for another among the votaries to sensuality, thus affected, thus changed?

As some have observed of *courts*, that such, who live in them, are always uneasy there, yet always unwilling to retreat; the very same holds true of the licentious practice, which they too generally countenance: fully convinced of its vanity and folly, we continue to our last moments attached to it—averse from altering the conduct, which we cannot but disapprove. Our faculties are, indeed, so constituted, that our capacity for many enjoyments extends not beyond such a period in our being: if we will not quit them, they will us—will depart, whatever our eagerness may be for their continuance. But let us not deceive ourselves: when they are gone as to their sense, they are not as to their power. He who says to his youth, eat, drink, and be merry—who thinks of nothing else at that season, will hanker after delicacies, when he has neither teeth to chew, nor palate to distinguish them; will want the cup, which he cannot lift; and seek for mirth, when he will thereby become the object of it. The habit operates, when none of the inducements for our contracting it remain; and when the days of pleasure are past, those of wisdom and virtue are not the nearer. Our dispositions do not decay with our strength. The prudence, which should attend grey hairs, doth not necessarily come to us with them. The young rake is a lascivious obscene wretch, when he owes his warmth to his flannel; delights in the filthy tale, when his hearers are almost poisoned by the breath, with which he utters it; and when least able to offend in act, he does it in desire.

That the humour for fighting or racing, or whatever inclination governed us in this world, accompanies us to the other, is not an entire fiction of the poet, but, assuredly,

has thus much truth in it, that whatever humour we indulge, it accompanies us to the close of life. There is a time, when our manners are pliant, when the counsels of the sober operate upon us as successfully, as the insinuations of the corrupt; but when that time is passed, our customs are, daily, working themselves into our *constitution*, and want not many years to become scarce distinguishable from it. God, I am persuaded, has formed us all with such apprehensions of what is right, as, if a proper care were taken to preserve and improve them, would have the happiest influence upon our practice; but when the season for extending this care to them has been neglected, they are in most of us greatly impaired, and in some appear almost wholly lost.

Let the *understanding* remain uninformed, 'till half the age of man is past, and what *improvement* is the best then likely to make? how irksome would it seem to be put upon any? It is with our will the very same; turned for half or three parts of our life to sloth and wantonness, to riot and excess, any correction of it, any alteration to the pursuits becoming us, may seem quite hopeless. While we are devoting ourselves to pleasure, we are weakening every principle, whereby virtue can engage us, we are extinguishing within us all sense of true desert—subduing conscience—divesting ourselves of shame—corrupting our natural notions of good and evil; and so indisposing ourselves for consideration, that our constant endeavour will be to decline it. Thus when our *folies* are a *burden* to us, their correction seems a greater; and we try what ease may be found by varying, rather than seek any from quitting, them.

Fourthly, The larger our share is of outward enjoyments, and the dearer they are to us; so much the more afflicting our concern will be to *leave this scene* of them—so much the greater terror and torment shall we receive from the apprehension, how soon we may be obliged to do it.

Let the man of pleasure colour it the most agreeably, place it in the fairest point of view, this objection will remain in its full strength against him: "You are not master of the continuance of the good, of which you boast; and can you avoid thinking of its removal, or bear the thoughts thereof, with any calmness and composure?" But what kind of happiness is that, which we are in hourly fears of losing, and which, when lost, is gone for ever?

If I am only here for a few days, the part I ought to act is, certainly, that of a traveller on his journey, making use, indeed, of such conveniences, as the road affords him, but still regarding himself as upon his road—never so incumbering himself that he shall be unwilling to advance, when he knows he must do it—never so diverting himself at any resting place, that it shall be painful to him to depart thence.

When we are accustomed to derive all our comforts from sense, we come to want the very idea of any other: this momentary part of our existence is the full extent we give to our joys; and we have the mortifying reflection continually before us, that their conclusion is nearer every hour we are here, and may possibly take place the very next. Thus each accession of delight will really be but a new source of affliction, become an additional motive for complaint of the short space allowed for its enjoyment.

The mind of man is so disposed to look forward, so fitted to extend its views, that, as much as it is contracted by sensuality, it cannot be fixed thereby to the instant moment: We can never, like the beasts, be so far engrossed by the satisfaction before us, but the thoughts will occur, how often may we hope to repeat it—how many distant hours it is likely to relieve—how much of our duration can it advantage? and the scanty continuance which our most sanguine hopes can assign it, must therefore, be in some degree its abatement—must be an ingredient in our draught sure to embitter the many pleasing ones which compound it. And what a wise part are we then acting, when we are taking the brutes portion for ours, and cannot have all the benefits even of that! cannot remove the inconveniences of reason, when we forego its comforts!

These are some of the many disadvantages inseparable from pleasure, and from the expectation of which none of its votaries are exempt. We cannot attach ourselves to any of the delights, which appetite or fancy provides, but we shall be sure to find them quickly passing—when repeated, cloying—indisposing us for worthy pursuits—rendering us averse from quitting the world, and uneasy as often as it occurs to our thoughts, how soon our summons may be to depart.

§ 144. *On Pleasure.*

SECT. III.

But what, you'll say, must all then commence philosophers? Must every gay amusement be banished the world? Must those of each sex and of all ages have their looks ever in form, and their manners under the regulation of the severest wisdom? Has nature given us propensities only to be resisted? Have we ears to distinguish harmony, and are we never to delight them with it? Is the food which our palate best relishes, to be therefore denied it? Can odours recreate our brain, beauty please our eye, and the design of their structure be, that we should exclude all agreeable sensation from either? Are not natural inclinations nature's commands; are they not its declarations whence we may obtain our good, and its injunctions to seek it thence? Is any thing more evident, than that serious applications cannot long be sustained—that we must sink under their weight—that they soon stupify or distract us? The exercise of our intellectual part is the fatigue of our corporeal, and cannot be carried on, but by allowing us intervals of relaxation and mirth. Deny us pleasure, and you unfit us for business; and destroy the man, while you thus seek to perfect him.

A full answer might, I should think, be given to whatever is here alledged, by enlarging on the following observations.

1. Pleasure is only so far censured, as it costs us more than it is worth—as it brings on a degree of uneasiness, for which it doth not compensate.

2. It is granted, that we are licensed to take all that pleasure, which there is no reason for our declining. So much *true pleasure*, or so much pleasure, as is not counterbalanced by any inconveniences attending it, is so much happiness accruing to him who takes it, and a part of that general good, which our Creator designed us.

3. As the inclinations, with which mankind were originally formed, were, certainly, very different from those, which guilt has since propagated; *many restraints* must, therefore, be necessary, which would not have been so, had our primitive rectitude been preserved.

4. Bad education, bad example, increase greatly our natural depravity, before we come to reason at all upon it; and give the appearance of good to many things, which would be seen in a quite different

light, under a different education and intercourse.

These particulars let it suffice barely to mention; since, as it is here admitted, that when there is no reason for our declining any pleasure, there is one for our taking it, I am more especially concerned to shew, when there is a reason, why pleasure should be declined—what those limits are, which ought to be prescribed to our pleasures, and which when any, in themselves the most innocent, pass, they necessarily become immoral and culpable. A minute discussion of this point is not here proposed: such observations only will be made upon it, as appear to be of more general use, and of greatest importance.

What I would, first, consider as rendering any pleasure blameable is,

When it raises our Passions.

As our greatest danger is from them, their regulation claims our constant attention and care. *Human laws* consider them in their effects, but the *divine law* in their aim and intention. To render me obnoxious to men, it is necessary that my impure lust be gratified, or an attempt be made to gratify it; that my anger operate by violence, my covetousness by knavery: but my duty is violated, when my heart is impure, when my rage extends not beyond my looks and my wishes, when I invade my neighbour's property but in desire. The man is guilty the moment his affections become so, the instant that any dishonest thought finds him approving and indulging it.

The enquiry, therefore, what is a fit amusement, should always be preceded by the consideration of what is our disposition. For, it is not greater madness to suppose, that equal quantities of food or liquor may be taken by all with equal temperance, than to assert, that the same pleasure may be used by all with the same innocence. As, in the former case, what barely satisfies the stomach of one, would be a load insupportable to that of another; and the draught, that intoxicates me, may scarcely refresh my companion: so in the latter, an amusement perfectly warrantable to this sort of constitution, will to a different become the most criminal. What liberties are allowable to the calm, that must not be thought of by the choleric! How securely may the cold and phlegmatic roam, where he, who has greater warmth and sensibility, should not approach! What safety attends the contemner of gain, where the most fatal

snare await the avaritious! Some less *governable passion* is to be found in them, whose resolution is steadiest, and virtue firmest: upon *that* a constant guard must be kept; by any relaxation, any indulgence, it may be able to gain that strength, which we shall afterwards fruitlessly oppose. When all is quiet and composed within us, the discharge of our duty puts us to little trouble; the performance thereof is not the heavy task, that so many are willing to represent it: but to restore order and peace is a work very different from preserving them, and is often with the utmost difficulty effected. It is with the natural body, as with the politic; rebellion in the members is much easier prevented than quelled; confusion once entered, none can foresee to what lengths it may proceed, or of how wide a ruin it may be productive.

What, likewise, renders any pleasure culpable, is its making a large, or an unseasonable, demand upon our time.

No one is to live to himself, and much less to confine his care to but one, and that the worst, part of himself. Man's proper employment is to cultivate right dispositions in his own breast, and to benefit his species—to perfect himself, and to be of as much use in the world, as his faculties and opportunities will permit. The satisfactions of sense are never to be pursued for their own sake: their enjoyment is none of our end, is not the purpose, for which God created us; amuse, refresh us it may, but when it busies, when it chiefly engages us, we act directly contrary to the design, for which we were formed; making that our *care*, which was only intended to be our *relief*.

Some, destitute of the necessaries, others, of the conveniences of life, are called to labour, to commerce, to literary application, in order to obtain them; and any remissness of these persons, in their respective employments or professions, any pursuit inconsistent with a due regard to their maintenance, meets ever with the harshest censure, is universally branded, as a failure in common prudence and discretion: but what is this animal life, in comparison with that to which we are raised by following the dictates of reason and conscience? How despicable may the man continue, when all the affluence to which his wishes aspire, is obtained?

Can it then be so indiscreet a part, to follow *pleasure*, when we should mind our *fortune*? do all so clearly see the blame of

this? And may we doubt how guilty that attachment to it is, which lays waste our understanding—which entails on us ignorance and error—which renders us even more useless than the beings, whom instinct alone directs? All capacity for improvement is evidently a call to it. The neglect of our powers is their abuse; and the slight of *them* is that of their giver. Whatever talents we have received, we are to account for: and it is not from revelation alone that we learn this: no moral truth commands more strongly our assent, than that the qualifications bestowed upon us, are afforded us, in order to our cultivating them—to our obtaining from them the advantages they can yield us; and that foregoing such advantages, we become obnoxious to him, who designed us them, as we misapply his gift, and knowingly oppose his will. For, the surest token we can have, that any perfections ought to be pursued, is, that they may be attained: our ability to acquire them is the voice of God within us to endeavour after them. And would we but ask ourselves the question, Did the Creator raise us above the herd, and doth he allow us to have no aims nobler than those of the herd—to make its engagements the whole of ours? we could not possibly mistake in the answer. All, who have reason given them, know that they may and ought to improve it, ought to cultivate it at some seasons, and ever to conform to it.

Greater privileges call us but to more important cares. You are not placed above your fellow-creatures, you have not the leisure, which they want, that you may be more idle and worthless, may devote more of your time to vanity and folly, but that you may become more eminent in the perfections you acquire, and the good you do. He, who has all his hours at command, is to consider himself as favoured with those opportunities to increase in wisdom and virtue, which are vouchsafed to few; if no good effect follows; if having them, he only misapplies them; his guilt is, according to what his advantage might have been.

The dispensations of heaven are not so unequal, as that some are appointed to the heaviest toil for their support, and others left to the free, unconstrained enjoyment of whatever gratifications their fancy suggests. The distinction between us is not that of much business and none at all; it is not, that I may live as I can, and you as you please;

please; a different employment constitutes it. The mechanic has his part assigned him, the scholar his, the wealthy and powerful theirs, each has his task to perform, his talent to improve,—has barely so much time for his pleasure, as is necessary for recruiting himself—as is consistent with habitual seriousness, and may rather qualify than interrupt it.

We are furnished with numerous arguments, why the graver occupations should be remitted—why the humour for gaiety and mirth should be allowed its place; and no man in his right mind ever taught the contrary. Let the delights of sense have their season, but let them stand confined to it; the same absurdity follows the excess on either side, our never using, and our never quitting them.

Be not *over wise*, is an excellent rule; but it is a rule full as good, and much more wanted—That *some wisdom* should be sought—That dress and diversion should not take up all our hours—That more time should not be spent in adorning our persons, than in improving our minds—That the beautified spectacle should not be our exact resemblance, much shew and ornament without, and within nothing but stench and rottenness—That barely to pass our time should not be all the account we make of it, but that some profit should be consulted, as well as some delight.

§ 145. On Pleasure.

SECT. IV.

Again, no pleasure can be innocent, from which our health is a sufferer. You are no more to shorten your days, than *with one stroke to end them*; and we are suicides but in a different way, if wantonness and luxury be our gradual destruction, or despair our instant. It is self-murder, to take from our continuance here any part of that term, to which the due care of ourselves would have extended it; and our life, probably falls a more criminal sacrifice to our voluptuousness, than to our impatience.

When we throw off the load, which Providence has thought fit to lay upon us, we fail greatly in a proper deference to it's wisdom, in a due submission to its will; but then we have to plead, sufferings too grievous to be sustained—a distress too mighty to be contended with; a plea, which can by no means justify us; yet how preferable to any, that he can alledge, who, in the midst of all things that can give a relish to his being, neglects the preservation

of it—who abuses the conveniences of life to its waste, and turns its very comforts to its ruin? Or, could we suppose our pleasures disordering our constitution, after a manner not likely to contribute to its decay, they would not even then be exempted from guilt: to preserve yourself should not solely be your concern, but to maintain your most perfect state: every part and every power of your frame claims your regard; and it is great ingratitude towards him, who gave us our faculties, when we *in any wise* obstruct their free use. The proper thankfulness to God for our life is to be expressed by our care about it; both by keeping it, 'till he pleases to require it; and by so preserving it, that it may be fit for all those purposes, to which he has appointed it.

Further, the pleasure is, undoubtedly, criminal, which is not adapted to our fortune—which either impairs it, or hinders an applicable of it to what has the principal claim upon it.

If actions, otherwise the most commendable, lose their merit, when they disqualify us for continuing them—if generosity changes its name, when it suits not our circumstances; and even alms are culpable, when by bestowing them we come to want them—if the very best uses, to which we can put our wealth, are not so to draw off, as to dry the stream; we can by no means suppose, that our amusements are not to be limited, as by other considerations, so by this in particular—the expence which they create: we cannot imagine, that the restraints should not lie upon our wantonness, which lie upon our beneficence.

Be our possessions the largest, it is but a very small part of them that we have to dispose of as we think fit, on what conduces solely to our mirth and diversion. Great affluence, whatever we may account it, is really but a greater trust; the means committed to us of a more extensive provision for the necessities of our fellow-creatures; and when our maintenance—our convenience—an appearance suitable to our rank have been consulted, all that remains is the claim of others, of our family, our friends, our neighbours, of those who are most in need of us, and whom we are most obliged to assist.

In the figure we make, in our attendants, table, habit, there may be a very culpable parsimony; but in the expence which has nothing but self-gratification in view, our thrift can never transgress: Here our abstinence

abstinence is the most generous and commendable, as it at once qualifies us to relieve the wants of others, and lessens our own—as it sets us above the world, at the time that it enables us to be a blessing to it.

There is not a nobler quality to distinguish us, than that of an indifference to ourselves—a readiness to forego our own liking for the ease and advantage of our fellow-creatures. And it is but justice, indeed, that the conveniences of many should prescribe to those of one: whatever his fortune may be, as he owes all the service he has from it to the concurrence of numbers, he ought to make it of benefit to them, and by no means to conclude, that what they are not to take from him, they are not to share.

Nor should it be unremarked, that the gratifications, best suited to nature, are of all the cheapest: she, like a wise parent, has not made those things needful to the well-being of any of us, which are prejudicial to the interests of the rest. We have a large field for enjoyment, at little or no charge, and may very allowably exceed the bounds of this; but we should always remember, that the verge of right is the entrance upon wrong—that the indulgence, which goes to the full extent of a lawful expence, approaches too near a criminal one, to be wholly clear from it.

Again, Care should be taken that our pleasures be in character.

The *station* of some, the *profession* of others, and an *advanced age* in all, require that we should decline many pleasures allowable to those of an inferior rank—of a different profession—of much younger years.

Do your *decisions* constitute the *law*—does your *honour* balance the plebeian's *oath*? How very fitting is it that you should never be seen eager on trifles—intent on boyish sports—unbent to the lowest amusements of the populace—solicitous after gratifications, which may shew, that neither your sagacity is greater, nor your scruples fewer than what are found in the very meanest of the community!

Am I set apart to recommend a reasonable and useful life—to represent the world as a scene of vanity and folly, and propose the things above as only proper to engage our affections? how ungraceful a figure do I then make, when I join in all the common amusements—when the world seems to delight me full as much as my hearers,

and the only difference between us is, that their words and actions correspond, and mine are utterly inconsistent!

Have you attained the years, which extinguish the relish of many enjoyments—which bid you expect the speedy conclusion of the few remaining, and ought to instruct you in the emptiness of all those of the sensual kind? We expect you should leave them to such who can taste them better, and who know them less. The massy vestment ill becomes you, when you sink under its weight; the gay assembly, when your dim eyes cannot distinguish the persons composing it: your feet scarcely support you; attend not, therefore, where the contest is, whose motions are the gracefulest: fly the representation designed to raise the mirth of the spectators, when you can only remind them of their coxibus.

Lastly, every pleasure should be avoided, that is an offence to the scrupulous, or a snare to the indiscreet. I ought to have nothing more at heart than my brother's innocence, except my own; and when there are so many ways of entertaining ourselves, which admit of no misconstruction, why should I chuse such, as afford occasion for any?

To be able greatly to benefit our fellow-creatures is the happiness of few, but not to hurt them is in the power of all; and when we cannot do the world much good, we must be very unthinking indeed, if we endeavour not to do it the least possible mischief.

How this action will appear, to what interpretation it is liable, ought to be our consideration in whatever we engage. We are here so much interested in each other's morals, that, if we looked not beyond our present being, it should never be a point indifferent to us, what notions our conduct may propagate, and for what corruptions it may be made the plea: but professing the doctrine of *Christ* as our rule, we can in nothing more directly oppose it, than in taking those liberties, by which the virtue of any is endangered. Which of our pleasures have this pernicious tendency, it will be more proper for my readers to recollect, than for me to describe. To those who are in earnest I have said enough; to the insincere more would be fruitless. What has been said deserves, I think, some consideration, and that it may have a serious one, is the most earnest wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

§ 146. *A Letter to a young Nobleman, soon after his leaving School.*

SIR,

The obligations I have to your family cannot but make me solicitous for the welfare of every member of it, and for that of yourself in particular, on whom its honours are to descend.

Such instructions and such examples, as it has been your happiness to find, must, necessarily, raise great expectations of you, and will not allow you any praise for a common degree of merit. You will not be thought to have worth, if you have not a distinguished worth, and what may suit the concurrence of so many extraordinary advantages.

In low life, our good or bad qualities are known to few—to those only who are related to us, who converse with, or live near, us. In your station, you are exposed to the notice of a kingdom. The excellencies or defects of a youth of quality make a part of polite conversation—are a topic agreeable to all who have been liberally educated; to all who are not amongst the meanest of the people.

Should I, in any company, begin a character of my friend with the hard name, whom I hope you left well at —, they would naturally ask me, What relation he bore to the Emperor's minister? When I answered, That I had never heard of his bearing any; that all I knew of him was, his being the son of a *German* merchant, sent into this kingdom for education; I, probably, should be thought impertinent, for introducing such a subject; and I, certainly, should soon be obliged to drop it, or be wholly disregarded, were I unwise enough to continue it.

But if, upon a proper occasion, I mentioned, that I had known the Honourable — from his infancy, and that I had made such observations on his capacity, his application, his attainments, and his general conduct, as induced me to conclude, he would one day be an eminent ornament and a very great blessing, to his country, I should have an hundred questions asked me about him—my narrative would appear of consequence to all who heard it, and would not fail to engage their attention.

I have, I must own, often wondered, that the consideration of the numbers, who are continually remarking the behaviour of the persons of rank among us, has had so little influence upon them—has not produced

a quite different effect from what, alas! we every where sadly experience.

Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, sed etiam omnino dissoluti. I need not tell you where the remark is: it has, indeed, so much obvious truth, that it wants no support from authority. Every generous principle must be extinct in him, who knows that it is said of him, or that it justly may be said of him—How different is this young man from his noble father! the latter took every course that could engage the public esteem: the former is as industrious to forfeit it. The Sire was a pattern of religion, virtue, and every commendable quality: his descendant is an impious, ignorant, profligate wretch: raised above others, but to have his folly more public—high in his rank, only to extend his infamy.

A thirst after fame may have its inconveniences, but which are by no means equal to those that attend a contempt of it. Our earnestness in its pursuit may possibly slacken our pursuit of true desert; but indifferent we cannot be to reputation, without being so to virtue.

In these remarks you, Sir, are no farther concerned, than as you must, sometimes, converse with the persons to whom they may be applied, and your detestation of whom one cannot do too much to increase. *Bad examples* may justly raise our fears even for him, who has been the most wisely educated, and is the most happily disposed: no caution against them is superfluous: in the place, in which you are at present, you will meet with them in all shapes.

Under whatever disadvantages I offer you my advice, I am thus far qualified for giving it, that I have *experienced* some of the dangers which will be your trial, and had sufficient *opportunity* of observing others. The observations I have made, that are at all likely to be of service to you, either from their own weight, or the hints they may afford for your improving upon them, I cannot conceal from you. What comes from him who wishes you so well, and so much esteems you, will be sufficiently recommended by its motives; and may, therefore, possibly be read with a partiality in its favour, that shall make it of more use than it could be of from any intrinsic worth.

But, without farther preface or apology, let me proceed to the points that I think deserving your more particular consideration;

tion; and begin with what, certainly, should, above all other things, be considered—RELIGION. It is, indeed, what every man says he has more or less considered; and by this, every man acknowledges its importance: yet, when we enquire into the consideration that has been given it, we can hardly persuade ourselves, that a point of the least consequence could be so treated. To our examination here we usually sit down *resolved*, how far our *conviction* shall extend.

In the pursuit of natural or mathematical knowledge we engage, disposed to take things as we find them—to let our assent be directed by the evidence we meet with: but the doctrines of religion each inspects, not in order to inform himself what he ought to believe and practise; but to reconcile them with his present faith and way of life—with the passions he favours—with the habits he has contracted.

And that this is, really, the case, is evident, from the little alteration there is in the manners of any, when they know as much of religion as they ever intend to know. You see them the same persons as formerly; they are only furnished with arguments, or excuses, they had not before thought of; or with objections to any rules of life differing from those by which they guide themselves; which objections they often judge the only defence their own practise stands in need of.

I am sure, Sir, that to one of your understanding the absurdity of such a way of proceeding can want no proof; and that your bare attention to it is your sufficient guard against it.

Religion is either wholly founded on the fears or fancies of mankind, or it is, of all matters, the most serious, the weightiest, the most worthy of our regard. There is no mean. Is it a dream, and no more? Let the human race abandon, then, all pretences to reason. What we call such is but the more exquisite sense of upright, unclad, two-legged brutes; and that is the best you can say of us. We then are brutes, and so much more wretched than other brutes, as destined to the miseries they feel not, and deprived of the happiness they enjoy; by our foresight anticipating our calamities, by our reflection recalling them.—Our being is without an aim; we can have no purpose, no design, but what we ourselves must sooner or later despise. We are formed either to drudge for a life, that, upon such a condition, is not worth our

preserving; or to run a circle of enjoyments, the *centure of all* which is, that we cannot long be pleased with *any one of them*. Disinterestedness, generosity, public spirit, are idle, empty sounds; terms, which imply no more, than that we should neglect our own happiness to promote that of others.

What *Tully* has observed on the connexion there is between religion, and the virtues which are the chief support of society, is, I am persuaded, well known to you.

A proper regard to social duties wholly depends on the influence that religion has upon us. Destroy, in mankind, all hopes and fears, respecting any future state; you instantly let them loose to all the methods likely to promote their immediate convenience. They, who think they have only the present hour to traff to, will not be withheld, by any refined considerations, from doing what appears to them certain to make it pass with greater satisfaction.

Now, methinks, a calm and impartial enquirer could never determine that to be a visionary scheme, the full persuasion of the truth of which approves our existence a wise design—gives order and regularity to our life—places an end in our view, confessedly the noblest that can engage it—raises our nature—exempts us from a servitude to our passions, equally debasing and tormenting us—affords us the truest enjoyment of ourselves—puts us on the due improvement of our faculties—corrects our selfishness—calls us to be of use to our fellow-creatures, to become public blessings—inspires us with true courage, with sentiments of real honour and generosity—inclines us to be such, in every relation, as suits the peace and prosperity of society—derives an uniformity to our whole conduct, and makes satisfaction its inseparable attendant—directs us to a course of action pleasing when it employs us, and equally pleasing when we either look back upon it, or attend to the expectations we entertain from it.

If the source of so many and such vast advantages can be supposed a dream of the superstitious, or an invention of the crafty, we may take our leave of certainty; we may suppose every thing, within and without us, conspiring to deceive us.

That there should be difficulties in any scheme of religion which can be offered us, is no more than what a thorough acquaintance

acquaintance with our limited capacities would induce us to expect, were we strangers to the several religions that prevailed in the world, and purposed, upon enquiry into their respective merits, to embrace that which came best recommended to our belief.

But all objections of difficulties must be highly absurd in either of these cases——

When the creed you oppose, on account of its difficulties, is attended with fewer than that which you would advance in its stead; or——

When the whole of the practical doctrines of a religion are such, as, undeniably, contribute to the happiness of mankind, in whatever state, or under whatsoever relations, you can consider them.

To reject a religion thus circumstanced, for some points in its scheme less level to our apprehension, appears to me, I confess, quite as unreasonable, as it would be to abstain from our food, till we could be satisfied about the origin, insertion, and action of the muscles that enable us to swallow it.

I would, in no case, have you rest upon mere authority; yet as authority will have its weight, allow me to take notice, that men of the greatest penetration, the acutest reasoning, and the most solid judgment, have been on the side of christianity—have expressed the firmest persuasion of its truth.

I cannot forgive myself, for having so long overlooked Lord *Bacon's* Philosophical Works. It was but lately I began to read them; and one part of them I laid down, when I took my pen to write this. The more I know of that extraordinary man, the more I admire him; and cannot but think his understanding as much of a size beyond that of the rest of mankind, as *Virgil* makes the stature of *Museus*, with respect to that of the multitude surrounding him——

—— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.
ÆN. L. VI. 667, 8.

or as *Homer* represents *Diana's* height, among the nymphs sporting with her——

Παρσάν δ' ὕπερ ἤγε κάρη ἔχει ἰδὲ μέτωπα.
OD. L. VI. 107.

Throughout his writings there runs a vein of piety: you can hardly open them, but you find some or other testimony of the full conviction entertained by him, that christianity had an especial claim to our regard.

He, who so clearly saw the defects in every science—saw from whence they proceeded, and had such amazing sagacity, as to discover how they might be remedied, and to point out those very methods, the pursuit of which has been the remedy of many of them——He, who could discern thus much, left it to the wifings of the following age, to discover any weakness in the foundation of religion.

To him and Sir *Isaac Newton* I might add many others, of eminent both natural and acquired endowments, the most unsuspected favourers of the christian religion; but those two, as they may be considered standing at the head of mankind, would really be dishonoured, were we to seek for any weight, from mere authority, to the opinions they had jointly patronized, to the opinions they had maintained, after the strictest enquiry what ground there was for them.

That the grounds of christianity were thus enquired into by them, is certain: for the one appears, by the quotations from the *bible* interspersed throughout his works, to have read *it* with an uncommon care; and it is well known, that the other made *it* his chief study, in the latter part of his life.

It may, indeed, appear very idle, to produce authorities on one side, when there are none who deserve the name of such on the other. Whatever else may have rendered the writers in favour of infidelity remarkable, they, certainly, have not been so for their sagacity, or science—for any superior either natural, or acquired, endowments. And I cannot but think, that he who takes up his pen, in order to deprive the world of the advantages which would accrue to it were the christian religion generally received, shews so wrong a head in the very design of his work, as would leave no room for doubt, how little credit he could gain by the conduct of it.

Is there a just foundation for our assent to the christian doctrine? Nothing should then be more carefully considered by us, or have a more immediate and extensive influence upon our practice.

Shall I be told, that if this were a right consequence, there is a profession, in which quite different persons would be found, than we at present meet with?

I have too many failings myself, to be willing to censure others; and too much love for truth, to attempt an excuse for what admits of none. But let me say, that consequences are not the less true, for their

truth being disregarded, Lucian's description of the philosophers of his age is more odious, than can belong to any set of men in our time: and as it was never thought, that the precepts of philosophy ought to be slighted, because they who inculcated, disgraced them; neither can it be any reflection on nobler rules, that they are recommended by persons who do not observe them.

Of this I am as certain as I can be of any thing, That our practice is no infallible test of our principles; and that we may do religion no injury by our speculations, when we do it a great deal by our manners. I should be very unwilling to rely on the strength of my own virtue in so many instances, that it exceedingly mortifies me to reflect on their number: yet, in whichsoever of them I offended, it would not be for want of conviction, how excellent a precept, or precepts, I had transgressed—it would not be because I did not think, that a life throughout agreeable to the commands of the religion I profess, ought to be constantly my care.

How frequently we act contrary to the obligations, which we readily admit ourselves to be under, can scarcely be otherwise than matter of every one's notice; and if none of us infer from those pursuits, which tend to destroy our health, or our understanding, or our reputation, that he, who engages in them, is persuaded that disease, or infamy, or a second childhood, deserves his choice; neither should it be taken for granted, that he is not inwardly convinced of the worth of religion, who appears, at some times, very different from what a due regard thereto ought to make him.

Inconsistency is, through the whole compass of our acting, so much our reproach, that it would be great injustice towards us, to charge each defect in our morals, upon corrupt and bad principles. For a proof of the injustice of such a charge, I am confident, none need look beyond themselves. Each will find the complaint of *Medea* in the poet, very proper to be made his own—*I see and approve of what is right, at the same time that I do what is wrong.*

Don't think, that I would justify the faults of any, and much less theirs, who, professing themselves set apart to promote the interests of religion and virtue, and having a large revenue assigned them, both that they may be more at leisure for so noble a work, and that their pains in it

may be properly recompensed, are, certainly, extremely blameable, not only when they countenance the immoral and irreligious; but even, when they take no care to reform them.

All I aim at, is, That the cause may not suffer by its advocates.—That you may be just to it, whatever you may dislike in them—That their failures may have the allowance, to which the frailty of human nature is entitled—That you may not, by their manners, when worst, be prejudiced against their *Doctrine*; as you would not censure philosophy, for the faults of philosophers.

The prevalency of any practice cannot make it to be either safe, or prudent; and I would fain have your's and mine such, as may alike credit our religion, and understanding: without the great reproach of both, we cannot profess to believe that rule of life, to be from God, which, yet, we model to our passions and interests.

Whether such a particular is my duty, ought to be the *first consideration*; and when it is found so, common sense suggests the *next*—How it may be performed.

But I must not proceed. A letter of two sheets! How can I expect, that you should give it the reading? If you can persuade yourself to do it, from the conviction of the sincere affection towards you, that has drawn me into this length; I promise you, never again to make such a demand on your patience.—I will never again give you so troublesome a proof of my friendship. I have here begun a subject, which I am very desirous to prosecute; and every letter, you may hereafter receive from me upon it, whatever other recommendation it may want, shall, certainly, not be without that of brevity.

Dean Bolton.

§ 147. *Three Essays on the Employment of Time.*

P R E F A C E.

The *essays* I here publish, though at first penned for the benefit of some of the author's neighbours in the country, may, it is hoped, be of more general use. *The subject* of them is, in itself, of the highest importance, and could, therefore, never be unseasonably considered; but the general practice, at present, more especially entitles it to our notice. The principles on which *their argumentative part* proceeds, are denied by none whose conviction it consults. Such as regard the human frame as only

in its mechanism excelling that of beasts—such as would deprive man's breast of social affections, exempt him from all apprehensions of a deity, and confine his hopes to his present existence, are not the persons whom any thing here said proposes to affect. They are not, I mean, directly applied to in this work; but even their benefit it may be said consequentially to intend, as it would certainly contribute thereto, could it properly operate on those whose advantage is its immediate aim.

We have been told, by very good judges of human nature, how engaging virtue would be, if it came under the notice of sense. And what is a right practice, but virtue made, in some measure, the object of our sense? What is a man ever acting reasonably, but, if I may so speak, impersonated virtue—Virtue in a visible shape, brought into view, presenting itself to the sight, and through the sight as much affecting the mind, as it could be affected by any elegance of form, by any of the beauties of colouring or proportion.

The notions most dishonourable to the deity, and to the human species, are often, I suspect, first taken up, and always, certainly, confirmed by remarking how they act whose speculations express the greatest honour towards both.

When the strongest sense of an all-powerful and wise, a most holy and just Governor of the world, is professed by those who shew not the least concern to please him—When reason, choice, civil obligations, a future recompence, have for their advocates such as are governed by humour, passion, appetite; or who deny themselves no present pleasure or advantage, for any thing that an hereafter promises; it naturally leads others, first, to think it of little moment which side is taken on these points, and then, to take that which suits the manners of them who, in their declarations, are its warmest opposers.

Whereas, were the apprehensions that do justice to a superintending providence—an immaterial principle in man—his liberty—his duties in society—his hopes at his dissolution, to be universally evidenced by a suitable practice; the great and manifest advantage arising from them would be capable of suppressing every doubt of their truth, would prevent the entrance of any, or would soon remove it.

As, indeed, all that we are capable of knowing in our present state, appears either immediately to regard its wants, or to be

connected with what regards them, it is by no means a slight confirmation of the truth of a doctrine, That the persuasion thereof is of the utmost consequence to our present well-being. And thus the great advantages that are in this life derivable from the belief of a future retribution—that are here the proper fruits of such a belief, may be considered as evidencing how well it is founded—how reasonably it is entertained. On this it may be of some use more largely to insist.

What engagements correspond to the conviction that the state in which we now are is but the passage to a better, is considered in the last of these essays: and that, when so engaged, we are acting the part besitting our nature and our situation, seems manifest both on account of the approbation it has from our calmest hours, our most serious deliberation and freest judgment, and likewise on account of the testimony it receives even from them who act a quite contrary one. What they conform not to, they applaud; they acknowledge their failures to be such; they admire the worth, which they cannot bring themselves to cultivate.

If we look into the writers who supposed all the pleasures of man to be those of his body, and all his views limited to his present existence; we find them, in the rule of life they gave, deserting the necessary consequences of their supposition, and prescribing a morality utterly inconsistent with it. Even when they taught that what was good or evil was to be determined by our feeling only—that right or wrong was according to the pleasure or pain that would ensue to us during the continuance of our present frame, since after its dissolution we have nothing to hope or fear; their practical directions were, however, that we ought to be strictly just, severely abstinent, true to our friendships, steady in the pursuit of honour and virtue, attentive to the public welfare, and willing to part with our lives in its defence.

Such they admitted man ought to be—such they exhorted him to be, and, therefore, when they would allow him to act only upon motives utterly incongruous to his being this person, it followed either that these were wrongly assigned, or that a conduct was required from him unsuitable to his nature.

That his obligations were rightly stated was on all hands agreed. The mistake was in the inducements alledged for discharging them.

them. Nothing was more improbable than his fulfilling the duties this *sebene* appointed him, if he was determined by it in judging of the consequences of his actions——what good or hurt they would do him——what happiness or misery would be their result.

While the Epicureans admitted justice to be preferable to injustice——a public spirit, to private selfish views; while they acknowledged it more fitting that we should sacrifice life to the good of our country, than preserve it by deserting the common welfare; they must, I think, be regarded as authorizing a preference of the principles which will make man just and public-spirited, to those which will dispose him to be unjust, and wholly attentive to his own little interests.

Let us see, then, what will be the practical consequences of adopting or rejecting the *Epicurean* tenet of our having nothing to hope for beyond the grave.

The value we set on life is shewn by what we do to preserve it, and what we suffer rather than part with it. We support ourselves by the hardest labour, the severest drudgery, and we think death a much greater evil, than to struggle for years with disease and pain, despairing of cure, and even of any long intervals of ease. Such, ordinarily, is our love of life. And this desire to keep it cannot but be greatly increased, when we are induced to think that once lost it is so for ever. To be without all hope of again enjoying the blessing we thus highly prize, must naturally disincline us to hazard it, and indispose us for what will endanger its continuance. He who is persuaded that *corporeal pleasure* is all he has to expect, and that it is confined to his present existence, must, if he acts agreeably to such a persuasion, be wholly intent on the pursuit of that pleasure, and dread nothing more than its coming to an end, or being interrupted. Hence, if his term of life would be shorter, or any greater distress would accrue to him by adhering to truth and justice, than by departing from them——if he were to be at present more a loser by assisting his friend, than by forsaking him——if he could promise himself a larger share of sensual gratifications from betraying his country, than from serving it faithfully, he would be false and unjust, he would be perfidious to his friend, and a traitor to his country. All those sentiments and actions that express an entire attach-

ment to the *delights of sense*, and the strongest reluctance to forego them, are strictly in character when we look not beyond them——when we acknowledge not any higher *satisfactions*, and behold these as expiring with us, and sure never to be again tasted.

Whereas the prospect of a returning life, and of enjoyments in it far superior to any we now experience, or promise ourselves, has a necessary tendency to lessen our solicitude about the existence here appointed us. We cannot well be reconciled to the *loss* of our being, but are easily so to its *change*; and death considered as only its change, as the passage from a less to a more desirable state, will, certainly, have the terror of its appearance much abated. The conviction that there is a greater good in reserve for us than any pleasure which earth can afford, and that there is something far more to be feared by us than any pain we can now be made to suffer, will, in proportion to its strength, render us indifferent to the delights and conveniences of our abode on earth, and dispose us to qualify ourselves for obtaining that greater good, and avoiding that so much more to be dreaded evil. In these *considerations* of life and death, of happiness and misery, virtue has its proper support. We are by them brought to judge rightly of the part becoming us, and to adhere to it immovably: they furnish sufficient inducements to avoid falsehood and injustice, of whatever immediate advantage we may be thereby deprived——they encourage us to serve our friends and country with the utmost fidelity, notwithstanding all the inconveniences that can be supposed to attend it——they are, indeed, proper incitements to prefer the public welfare to our own safety, while they represent to us how much our gain thereby would overbalance our loss.

Brutes in our end and expectations, how can we be otherwise in our pursuits? But if the reasoning principle in us be an incorruptible one, and its right or wrong application in this embodied state affect the whole of our future existence; we have, in that apprehension, the most powerful motive to act throughout in conformity to our rational nature, or, which is the same thing in other words, never to swerve from virtue——to despise alike danger and pleasure when standing in competition with our duty.

Thus, when *Socrates*, in *Plato's Phædo*, has proved the immortality of our soul, he

considers it as a necessary consequence of the belief thereof, "That we should be employed in the culture of our minds—in such care of them as shall not only regard that term, to which we give the name of life, but the whole which follows it—in making ourselves as wise and good as may be, since on it our safety entirely depends, the soul carrying hence nothing with it, but its good or bad actions, its virtues or vices, and these constituting its happiness or misery to all eternity."

So, when the elder *Scipio* is introduced by *Tully*, apprising the younger, "That what is called our life, may be more properly styled our death—that we truly live, when we are freed from the fetters of our body;" he proceeds to observe, how much it then concerned him to be just—to promote the public welfare—to make true glory his aim, doing what is right without regard to any advantage it will now yield him, despising popular opinion, adhering to virtue for its real worth." And the youth thus instructed, professes, "That after such information into what state he is to pass, he would not be wanting to himself: ungrateful he had not been of his ancestor's worth, but to copy it should now be his more especial care, since encouraged thereto by so great a reward."

Lucan, representing the inhabitants of this part of Europe as persuaded that the soul survived the dissolution of the body, congratulates them, indeed, only on the happiness they enjoyed in an opinion that freed them from the most tormenting of all fears, the dread of death—that made them act with so much bravery and intrepidity. But when he admits a contempt of death to be the proper effect of this opinion, he must be considered as allowing it all that practical influence which as naturally results from it, as such an indifference to life doth, and has the same connexion with it.

If, therefore, the persuasion that death renders us utterly insensible, be a persuasion that unmans us quite—that disposes to a course of action most unworthy of us—that is extremely prejudicial to society, and tends, in every way, to our own greatest hurt or debasement, we may well suppose it an erroneous one; since it is in the highest degree improbable, that there should be any truth in a notion the reception of

which so far operates to the prejudice of mankind—so necessarily contributes to introduce a general disorder.

On the other hand, if, from the conviction that there is a recompence for us beyond the grave, we derive sentiments most becoming us—if from it the worthiest actions proceed—if it be the source of the greatest both private and public good—if with it be connected the due discharge of our duty in the several relations in which we are placed—if it alone can lead us to perfect our nature, and can furnish our state with satisfactory enjoyments; there may seem sufficient grounds to conclude that there is such a recompence; the persuasion thereof, thus affecting us, may well appear most reasonably entertained.

When all those principles, of whose truth we have the greatest certainty, conduct us to happiness, it is natural to think that the influence of any principle upon our happiness should be no improper test of its truth.

If there be no surer token of a right practice, than its tendency to promote the common good, can we but judge that to be a right opinion, which has undeniably, in an eminent degree, such a tendency?

When the difficulties that, under a general corruption, attend our adherence to virtue, are only to be surmounted by the prospect of future reward; one knows not how to believe that the proper inducement to our acting a part so becoming us—so much our praise, should be no other than a chimerical view, a romantic and utterly vain expectation.

When error is manifestly the cause of whatever ill we do or suffer, it is extremely improbable, that to an erroneous notion we must stand indebted for the best use of life, and its most solid satisfactions.

But it may be asked—where does this opinion produce these boasted effects? Among them who profess it their firmest belief that there is a future recompence, how few do we find better men for it—more regular in their manners, or more useful to the world, than they would have been without any such persuasion?

How far any truth shall operate upon us—how far it shall influence us, depends upon our application of it, upon our attention to it. Experience furnishes the utmost certainty of a vast variety of particulars highly interesting our present welfare, which yet we overlook, we give ourselves little or no concern about, tho' we thereby make ourselves

the severest sufferers; and may be almost as sure as we can be of any thing, that our unconcernedness about them must be attended with consequences thus fatal to us. The several rules which regard the lengthening of life—the preservation of health—the enjoyment of ease, tho' they carry with them the clearest evidence of their importance, how very little weight have they with the generality of mankind—how unheeded are they when opposing an eager appetite, a strong inclination! while yet these rules are acknowledged to remain as true, as worthy of our notice, as certain in their salutary effects when observed, as if all that practical regard to which they are entitled, was paid them; and we may be as justly thought endowed with a capacity of discovering those effects in order to their profiting us, as if they universally took place.

What benefit was intended in qualifying us for the discernment of any truth, is by no means to be inferred from what *ordinarily ensues* to us when discerning it. A just inference as to this can only be made from regarding the dictates of reason upon such a truth being discerned by us; or, what use of its discernment reason directs us to make.

When we are less wicked than very bad principles prompt us to be, which is often the case; these are, nevertheless, full as blameable as they would be if we were to act consistently with them. That they are not *purged*, is, as to them, quite an accidental point; in reason and nature they should be; and therefore are fitly chargeable with all the consequences that acting according to them would produce.

So, on the other hand, tho' it must be confessed, that, with the best *principles*, our course of life is, frequently, very faulty; the objection must lye not to the nature or kind of their influence, but to a weakness

of it, which is *our* crime, and not *their* defects. We will not let them act upon us; as they are qualified to do. Their worth is to be estimated by the worth they are suited to produce. And it would be full as absurd, when we will not mind our way, to deny that the light can be of any help to us in seeing it; as to deny the serviceableness of any principle, because we fail in its application.

Nor is it, indeed, only our unhappiness that we are inattentive to what *the belief of a future recompence* requires from us; religion itself, is, alas! every where abused to the obstracting the proper effects of this belief. I mean, that whatever religion is any where professed, some or other rite or doctrine of it *does* favour, as in Paganism and Mohammedism; or is *so construed*, as in Judaism and Christianity, that it is made to favour a departure from the practice which suits the persuasion of a future reward. The reproach that belonged to the Jews in our Saviour's time, they have as far as appears, deserved ever since; that by their scrupulous regard to the lesser points of their law, they think they make amends for the grossest neglect of its most important precepts. And with respect to us Christians*, whence is it, that there is so little virtue among us—that we are throughout so corrupt, but from taking sanctuary for our crimes in our very religion,—from perverting its most holy institutions and doctrines to be our full security whatsoever are our vices †?

Thus, we are either of a church in which we can be absolved of *all* our sins; or we are of the number of the elect, and cannot commit *any*; or the merits of Christ atone for our not having the merit even of honesty and sincerity; or a right faith makes amends for our most corrupt practice ‡.

* Sir Isaac Newton having observed, *That the prophecies concerning Christ's first coming were first being up the Christian religion, adds, which all nations have since corrupted,* &c. Observ. upon the Prop. of Dan. &c. p. 252.

† The general and great defect in those that profess the Christian faith is, that they hope for life eternal, without performing those conditions, whereupon it is promised in the Gospel, namely, repentance and reformation.—They will trust to a *fruitless, livelies faith*, or to some *penance*, and *satisfactions*, and *commutations* made with God, doing what he hath not required instead of what he hath commanded. No persuasions shall prevail to move and excite them to do thus, no reasons, arguments, or demonstration, no not the express words of God, that it is necessary to be done; or to forbear to censure them as *Enemies to the Grace of God*, who do with clear and express Scripture shew the absolute necessity of it. *Oswtram's Sermons*, p. 166, 167.

‡ I heartily wish, that by public authority it were so ordered, that no man should ever preach or print this doctrine, That Faith alone justifies, unless he joins this together with it, That universal obedience is necessary to salvation. *Chillingworth's Reliq. of Prot.* p. 312.

By our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. *Epist. Dedicat. prefixed to the Discourse of Liberty of Propb.*

We have prayers, sacraments, fasts, that are never thought of to improve us in virtue, but to supply the want of it——to quiet our consciences under the most culpable gratification of our lusts.

How the belief of a future recompence should, in reason, affect our practice——what its proper and natural influence is, solely concerns the present argument. It seems enough, in the case before us, that no one can be content with himself, but, if he has any hopes of happiness in another world, his conduct will be regular, becoming, rational: and, that where we find these hopes entertained on mature consideration, justly reasoned upon, duly attended to, there we, certainly, find great purity of morals, a strict regard to the part besitting a reasonable creature, and every other advantage ascribed to *them*. If I cannot be allowed to infer from hence that they are well founded, they have still for their support all those arguments in favour of a final retribution, with which I have not at all meddled, nor in the least weakened by any thing I may have less pertinently observed. The subject of the third of the following essays led me to the remarks here made; and to me they appear not immaterial. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to think but that the hopes which induce me to act most agreeably to my Creator's will, he has formed me to entertain; and will not let me be disappointed in them.

Of one thing I am sure, that they who suffer the persuasion of a future happiness to operate, as it ought, on their practice, constantly experience their practice adding strength to their persuasion; the better they become by their belief, the more confirmed they become in it. This is a great deal to say on its behalf. What weightier recommendation to our assent can any *doctrine* have, than that, as it tends to improve us in virtue, so the more virtuous we are, the more firmly we assent to it; or, the better judges we are of truth, the fuller assurance we have of its truth?

§ 148. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE FIRST.

Tunc demum intelliges, quid faciendum tibi, quid vitandum sit, cum didiceris quid naturæ tuæ debeat.

SEN. Ep. 121.

“Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness.”—A reflection this, made indeed by a comic writer, but not unworthy the most serious.

To be intent on pleasure, yet negligent of happiness, is to be careful for what will ease us a few moments of our life, and yet, without any regard to what will distress us for many years of it.

When I study my happiness, I consult the satisfaction of the whole continuance of my being—I endeavour, that throughout it I may suffer as little, and enjoy myself as much, as my nature and situation will admit. Happiness is lasting pleasure; its pursuit is, really, that of pleasure, with as small an alloy as possible of pain. We cannot, therefore, provide for our happiness, without taking our share of pleasure; tho', as is every where but too evident, our eagerness after Pleasure may plunge us into the misery we are unable to support.

Nothing, indeed, is more specious than the general term Pleasure. It carries with it the idea of something which must be permitted us by our Maker; since we know not how to suppose him forbidding us to taste what he has disposed us to relish. His having formed us to receive pleasure, is our licence to take it. This I will admit to be true, under proper restrictions.

It is true, that from our nature and constitution we may collect wherein we act agreeably to our Creator's will, and wherein we act contrary to it; but the mischief is, we commonly mistake our nature, we miscall it; we call that it which is but a part of it, or the corruption of it; and we thence make conclusions, by which when we govern our practice, we soon find ourselves in great difficulties and distress.

For instance, we call our passions our nature; then infer, that, in gratifying them, we follow nature; and, being thus convinced that their gratification must be quite lawful, we allow ourselves in it, and are undone by it. Whereas, the body is as much the man, as his passions are his nature; a part of it, indeed, they are, but the lowest part; and which, if more regarded than the higher and nobler, it must be as fatal to us, as to be guided rather by what is agreeable to our appetite, than conducive to our health. Of this more hereafter.

The call of nature being the favourite topic of all the men of pleasure——of all who act the most in contradiction to nature, I will confine the whole of the following essay to the consideration of it, so far as it relates to the employment of our time: and shew how our time should be employed, if we have a just regard to our nature—if what it requires be consulted by us.

That man is the work of a wise agent, is in the clearest manner discovered by the marks of wisdom, that shew themselves in his frame——by the contrivance and skill, that each part of it expresses——by the exact proportion and suitable disposition, that the several parts of it have to each other, and by their respective fitness to promote the well-being of the whole.

When we must thus acknowledge the great wisdom exerted in our structure; when we are so capable of discerning its beauties and advantages, and so fully know their preservation and improvement to depend upon ourselves, upon our own endeavours, care and pains: we cannot possibly be at a loss to discover what our wise Maker must, in this particular, expect from us. The duty of man is as certainly known from his nature——what he ought to do for himself is as fully understood from what he can do, as the uses of any machine are understood by a thorough acquaintance with its powers.

I can no more doubt for what I am intended——what must be required of me, when I see plainly what I am able to effect; than I can question for what purposes a watch or clock is designed, when I am duly apprised how the different parts of it act upon each other, to what they all concur, and to what only.

We want no reasoning to convince us, that a frame so curious as the human, must be made in order to its continuance, as long as the materials composing it will admit; and that we ourselves must give it such continuance: how this is shortened, how it is prolonged, we are likewise all of us fully sensible. There is no man but perceives what will hasten his dissolution, and what will probably, retard it; by what management of himself he is sure to pass but few years in the world, and by what he is likely to be upheld in it for many. Here then our rule is obvious; these notices afforded us to make it so: when we are taught, that the support of our life must be agreeable to him from whom we received it, and that we are appointed to give it this support, that it must come from *ourselves*, from what we do in order to it; we are at the same time instructed to regard all things contributing to it as enjoined us, and all things detrimental to, and inconsistent with it, as forbidden us; we have it suggested to us, that we are properly employed, when we consult the due preservation of life, and that the engagements are improper, are blameable, that hinder it.

Thus, to spend our time well, we must give our bodies such exercise, such rest, and other refreshments, as their subsistence demands; and we mis-spend it, when we are lazy and slothful, when we are less sober, chaste and temperate; when we proceed to excesses of any kind, when we let our passions and appetites direct us: every thing in this way tends to hasten our dissolution: and therefore must be criminal, as opposing that continuance here, which our very composition shews our Maker to have designed us,

But that our frame should be barely upheld, cannot be all we are to do for it; we must preserve it in its most perfect state, in a state in which its several powers can be best exerted.

To take this care about it, is evidently required of us. Any unfitness for the functions of life is a partial death. I don't see of what we can well be more certain, than that all the health and strength, of which our constitution admits were intended us in it; and they must, therefore, be as becoming our concern, as it is to hinder the ruin of our constitution: we know not how sufficiently to lament the loss of them, even from the advantage of which they are to us in themselves, not only from their preventing the uneasiness, the pains, and the numerous inconveniences with which the sickly and infirm have to struggle, but likewise from the satisfaction they give us in our being, from what we feel, when our blood flows regularly, our nerves have their due tone, and our vigour is entire.

Yet these are but the least of the benefits we have from them.

We consist of two parts, of two very different parts; the one inert, passive, utterly incapable of directing itself, barely ministerial to the other, moved, animated by it. When our body has its full health and strength, the mind is so far assisted thereby, that it can bear a closer and longer application, our apprehension is readier, our imagination is livelier, we can better enlarge our compass of thought, we can examine our perceptions more strictly, and compare them more exactly; by which means we are enabled to form a truer judgment of things——to remove more effectually the mistakes into which we have been led by a wrong education, by passion, inattention, custom, example——to have a clearer view of what is best for us, of what is most for our interest, and thence determine ourselves more readily to its pursuit,

fruit, and persevere therein with greater resolution and steadiness.

The soundness of the body can be thus serviceable to the *mind*, and when made so, may in its turn be as much profited by it. The poet's observation is no less true of them, than it is of nature and art, each wants, each helps the other;

“Mutually they need each other's aid.”

ROSCOM.

The mind, when not restrained by any thing deficient in its companion, and having from it all the assistance it is adapted to afford, can with much greater facility prevent that discomposure and trouble, by which our bodily *health* is ever injured, and preserve in us that quiet and peace, by which it is always promoted. Hence we are to conclude, that we should forbear, not only what necessarily brings on disease and decay, but whatever contributes to enfeeble and enervate us; not only what has a direct tendency to hasten our end, but likewise what lessens our activity, what abates of our vigour and spirit.—That we should also avoid whatever is in any wise prejudicial to a due consideration of things, and a right judgment of them; whatever can hinder the understanding from properly informing itself, and the will from a ready compliance with its directions. We must be intent on such a discipline of ourselves as will procure us the fullest use of our frame, as will capacitate us to receive from it the whole of the advantage it is capable of yielding us; so exercising the members of our body, consulting its conveniences, supplying its wants, that it may be the least burdensome to us, may give us the least uneasiness— that none of its motions may, through any fault of ours, be obstructed, none of its parts injured—that it may be kept in as unimpaired, as athletic a state as our endeavours can procure, and all its functions performed with the utmost exactness and readiness; so guarding, likewise, against the impressions of sense, and delusiveness of fancy, so composing our minds, purifying them, divesting them of all corrupt prejudices, that they may be in a disposition equally favourable to them, and to our bodies—that they may not be betrayed into mistakes dangerous to the welfare of either—that they may be in a condition to discern what is becoming us, what is fittest for us; desirous of discovering it, and preparing to be influenced by it.

We are thus to seek our most perfect state, such as allows us the freest use of our several powers a full liberty for the due application of them. And the ability thus to apply them, must be in order to our doing it, to our receiving from them whatever service they can effect.

As what is corporeal in us is of least excellence and value, our care in general about it, should bear a proportion to the little worth it has in itself—should chiefly regard the reference it has to our understanding, the assistance that it may afford our intellectual faculties.

Merely to preserve our being—to possess our members entire—to have our senses perfect—to be free from pain—to enjoy health, strength, beauty, are but very low aims for human creatures. The most perfect state of animal life can never becomingly engross the concern of a rational nature: fitted for much nobler and worthier attainments, we are by that fitness for them called to pursue them.

Ask those of either sex, who rate highest the recommendation of features, complexion, and shape—who are most intent on adorning their persons—who study most the accomplishments of an outward appearance; ask them, I say, which they think their chief endowment, and what it is that does them the highest honour? You will find them with one consent pronouncing it *their reason*. With all their folly they will not defend it as such: with their little sense, they will prefer that little to their every other fancied perfection. The finest woman in the world would rather make deformity her choice than idiocy, would rather have ugliness than incapacity her reproach.

Thus, likewise, whom do we perceive so fond of life, so desirous of reaching its longest term, that he would be willing to survive his understanding; that he would chuse to live after he ceased to reason? The health and ease, the vigour and cheerfulness that are often the lunatic's portion, would not induce the most infirm, sickly, and complaining among us, to wish himself in his stead; to wish an exchange of his own distempered body, for the other's disordered mind.

Nor does the mind only claim our chief regard, as it is thus universally acknowledged, and as it really is the principal, the most excellent, the presiding part of us, but as our well-being is necessarily connected with giving it this preference, with bestowing

bestowing the most of our care and pains upon it.

What is best for the body, what is best for the whole man, can only be discovered and provided for, by our rational faculties, by them assiduously cultivated, diligently exerted, and thence strengthened and enlarged.

Our well-being wholly depends upon the sufficient information of our understanding, upon the light in which we see things, upon the knowledge we have how far they can profit or hurt us, how the benefit they can be of to us may be derived from them, and how the hurt they can do us may be escaped.

If I think that to be good, or that to be evil, which is not such—or if I know not that to be good, or that to be evil, which is really such—or if I think there is more or less good, or more or less evil in any thing than there really* is—or if what, by a proper application, might be made of very great advantage to me, I am ignorant how to make of any, or of as much as it would yield me—or if I am ignorant how to render that very little, or not at all, hurtful to me, which might have its evil either greatly lessened or wholly avoided: in all these instances, my well-being must of necessity be a sufferer; my ignorance must greatly abate of the satisfaction of my life, and heighten its uneasiness.

No one is prejudiced by his not desiring what he conceives to be good, by his disinclination towards it, by his unwillingness to embrace it. So far is this from being our case, that we are always pursuing it. The source of all our motions, the design of all our endeavours is to better ourselves, to remove from us that which is really, or comparatively evil.

What alone hurts us is our misapprehension of good, our mistakes about, our ignorance of, it. Let us fully understand it—have just conceptions of it, we then shall never deserve the blame of its being less earnestly sought after, and therefore unattained by us. The excess of our earnestness after it, is, indeed, usually the occasion of missing it. Our solicitude, our eagerness and impatience are here so great, that they won't allow us time to examine appearances—to distinguish between them and realities—to weigh what is future

against what is present—to deliberate whether we do not forego a much greater advantage hereafter, by closing with that which immediately offers; or shall not have it abundantly overbalanced, by its mischievous consequences.

We want not to be put on the pursuit of happiness, but we want very much to have that pursuit rightly directed; and as this must be done by the improvement of our rational powers, we can be interested in nothing more than in improving them, than in such an application of them, as will contribute most to perfect them.

We are so placed, that there are very few of the *objects* surrounding us, which may not be serviceable or hurtful to us; nor is that service to be obtained, or detriment avoided, otherwise than by our acquaintance with *them* and with ourselves: the more exact our knowledge of this kind is, the more we lessen the calamities, and add to the comforts of life: and it certainly must be as much the intention of our Creator, that we should attain the *utmost* good which we are capable of procuring ourselves, as that we should attain *any* for which he has qualified us.

Nor is the benefit arising to us from an enlarged understanding rendered less certain, by the uneasiness that we find to be the share of the studious, the contemplative, and learned—of them whose intellectual attainments we chiefly admire.

The philosopher's observation to his friend on *books*, that it signifies nothing *how many*, but *what* he had, is applicable to the knowledge they communicate: what it is, and not how various, is the thing that concerns us. It may extend to a prodigious number of particulars of no moment, or of very little; and that extent of it gain us all the extravagance of applause, though we have the ignorance of the vulgar, where it must be of the worst consequence.

Crowding our memory is no more improving our understanding, than filling our coffers with pebbles is enriching ourselves*: and what is commonly the name of learning, what usually denominates us *very learned* is, really, no more than our memory heavily and uselessly burthened.

How high is the desert, in the more eastern parts, of him who can but read and write the language of his country? A life spent in the study of *it alone* shall be there

* There is nothing almost has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of it to reading, and making a man of great reading to be the same with a man of great knowledge. *Lock of the Nature of the Understanding.*

judged an exercise of reason most worthy of applause. And are we in these so enlightened regions, in this school of science, as we are apt to fancy it, at all more just to rational improvements? We have, indeed, no encomiums for him who is not at a loss for the meaning of any word that his native tongue furnishes; but he who is well skilled in two or three antient ones, will have the highest applause for that skill, and be considered as among them, who have distinguished themselves, by a right application of their capacities. In this number we, likewise, generally agree to place such as have passed years in only qualifying themselves either to cavil and dispute, or to disguise their ignorance on any subject, or to colour strongly, and command the passions of their hearers. We are equally favourable to them, who busy their minds on discoveries that have no foundation but in fancy and credulity — or whose whole endeavour it has been to learn what this or that man has determined on a point, wherein he was as ill qualified as themselves to make a right determination, — or who amuse themselves with theories, with trifling and vain speculations.

Let a just allowance be made for these, and such like persons, whose reputation for learning is only built on the generality miscalling it, on the prevailing mistakes about it, and who have really hurt their understandings by what is thus falsely esteemed improving them; we shall have proceeded a great way in removing the objection to the pursuit of knowledge, from the little service it is of, to such whose attainments in it we concur in acknowledging and admiring.

When our intellectual pursuits *are* useful, they are often limited to what is of least use. How few of us are prompted to our researches from the consideration of the degree or extent of the good derivable from them? It is humour, fancy, or sordid gain alone, that ordinarily gives rise to the very inquiries which are of advantage to the world; they seldom are made from a regard to their proper worth, from the influence they can have upon our own or others' happiness.

That the better our understanding is informed, the better it can direct us, must be

as evident to all, as that we want to be directed by it. The mind of man is as much assisted by knowledge, as his eye by light. Whatever his intellectual powers may be in themselves, they are to him according to his application of them: as the advantage he receives from his sight is according to the use he makes of it. That ignorance of his good which he might, but will not, remove, deprives him of it as certainly as an utter inability to acquaint himself with it.

In what is the improvement of our understandings, we may, indeed, be mistaken, as we may in what constitutes our true happiness; but in each case we must be wilfully so, we must be so by refusing to attend, to consider.

Could we by instinct discover our own good, as the brute distinguishes its good, all concern on our part to increase our discernment might be needless; but the endeavour after this must be in the highest degree necessary, when the more clearly we discern things, the more we are benefited, and the less hurt by them. Where is the man who is not made happier by inquiries that are rightly directed, and when he can saw with the poet,

————— The search of truth
And moral decency bath fill'd my breast;
Hath every thought and faculty possess'd?

Of knowledge as distinct from true wisdom, it may be not unjustly observed, that the increase of it is only the increase of sorrow; but of that knowledge, the pursuit of which expresses our wisdom, we may confidently assert, that our satisfaction must advance with it. All will admit it a proof of wisdom, to judge rightly of what is most for our interest, and take such measures as suit it: and as we are qualified for this by our knowledge, by the knowledge of our own nature, and of the properties of the things without us, so far as they can contribute to our better or worse state; in the degree we are thus knowing we can only be wise, determine rightly of what is best, and use the fittest means to procure it. Attainments that serve not to this purpose may be slighted; but for such as are requisite to it, if they principally deserve not *our concern*, I see not what can have any title to it*.

We

* Since our faculties plainly discover to us the being of a God, and the knowledge of ourselves, enough to lead us into a full and clear discovery of our duty, and great concernment; it will become us, as rational creatures, to employ those faculties we have, about what they are most adapted to, and follow the direction of nature, where it seems to point us out the way. For 'tis rational to conclude that

We are, indeed, startled at the very terms of deliberating, weighing, considering, comparing; we have affixed such ideas to them, to make them appear rather hindering the true enjoyment of ourselves than promoting it: but if we would not share the uneasiness that so many of our fellow-creatures lament, we must not adopt their prejudices. In every point of consequence we use more or less consideration; and in all the pleasures that allure, in all the trifles that amuse us, we are still making comparisons, preferring one to the other, pronouncing this less, and that more worthy of our choice. Tho' none, if the philosopher may be believed, deliberate on the whole of life, all do on the parts of it: and if we fail not to compare and reason upon our lower enjoyments, I see not what there can be forbidding in the advice to attend seriously, to examine fairly, and to delay our choice till we have gained the instruction requisite to determine it, when the object thereof is what can be *best* for our ease and satisfaction.

But it is not, perhaps, all exercise of our reason, in a way so well deserving it, that disgusts us; it is *the degree* of application required from us, that we relish not.

1. We know not how to be reconciled to so much trouble about enlarging our discernment, and refining our judgment.

2. We do not see how such a task can suit them whose whole provision for the day is from the labour of it.

3. We find no small part of mankind to

easy under their ignorance and mistakes, that they will not advance a step to remove them: and what greater recommendation can there be of any situation, than that they who are in it are entirely satisfied with it?

1. The pains that we are to take in order to an advantage that must infinitely overbalance them, we can have no excuse for omitting: and we are called to no pains for the improvement of our reason, but such as cannot be declined without lessening our happiness—without incurring some evil we should otherwise have escaped, or wanting some good we should otherwise have obtained: whatever has its neglect attended with these consequences, must be expected from us*.

2. That they are to seek knowledge who are to get their bread, might seem a harsh lesson, if the endeavour to inform, hindered that to maintain themselves; if the *knowledge* they were to seek was any other but *of what is left for them*, of what can give them all the happiness that creatures so constituted can receive. For *this* every one must have leisure†; it should be judged our chief business; it directs us to that very employment from which we have our support—is carried on with it—assists us in it—gives it every consideration that can make it easy and satisfactory to us. The peasant or mechanic is not advised to spend fewer hours at labour, that he may have more for study, for reading and contemplating—to leave his spade or his tools for a pen

that our proper employment lies in those enquiries, and in that sort of knowledge which is most suited to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greatest interest, the condition of our eternal state. Hence, I think, I may conclude, that morality is the proper science and business of mankind in general. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*.

* How men whose plentiful fortunes allow them leisure to improve their understandings, can satisfy themselves with a lazy ignorance, I cannot tell: but methinks they have a low opinion of their souls, who lay out all their incomes in provision for the body, and employ none of it to procure the means and helps of knowledge; who take great care to appear always in a neat and splendid outside, and would think themselves miserable in coarse clothes, or a patched coat, and yet contentedly suffer their minds to appear abroad in a pie-bald livery of coarse patches, and borrowed shreds, such as it has pleased chance or their country taylor (I mean the common opinion of those they have conversed with) to cloath them in. I will not here mention how unreasonable this is for men that ever think of a future state, and their concernment in it, which no rational man can avoid to do sometimes. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*, B. iv. Ch. 20.

† Are the greatest part of mankind, by the necessity of their condition, subjected to unavoidable ignorance in those things which are of greatest importance to them? Have the bulk of mankind no other guide but accident and blind chance, to conduct them to their happiness or misery?—God has furnished men with faculties sufficient to direct them in the way they should take, if they will but seriously employ them that way, when their ordinary vocations allow them the leisure. No man is so wholly taken up with the attendance on the means of living, as to have no spare time to think at all of his soul, and inform himself in matters of Religion. Were men as intent on this, as they are on things of lower concernment, there are none so enslaved to the necessities of life, who might not find many vacancies that might be husbanded to this advantage of their knowledge. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*.

or a book. No, the advice to him is, observe what passes, and what good or hurt accompanies or follows it.

Remark what it is that pleases you only for a few moments, and then either brings immediate uneasiness, or lays a foundation for some future.

You find several things of service to you, observe which is of most, which has no sort of inconvenience attending it, or very little in comparison of its advantage; and, if there are none of them without some inconveniences, which has the fewest—which does you good in a higher degree, or for a longer term.

You are continually with those of the same nature with yourself; take notice what is serviceable or prejudicial to them; you may learn from their experience what your own teaches you not. Every day will furnish some or other occurrence that may be a profitable lesson to you, make it such; overlook nothing that affects your well-being; attend chiefly to what concerns it.

Go over frequently in your thoughts the observations you have made on what will more or less benefit you; let them be so deeply imprinted upon your mind, make them so familiar to yourself, that the offer of a less good may never surprize and betray you into the neglect, and, by that means, the loss of a greater.

You are at all times at liberty to consider your own nature, be acquainted with it, see what you can do for yourself, what share of your happiness has no dependance on the things without you; what blessings may be secured to you by your own dispositions.

You necessarily shun evil: don't mistake it; be sure of what is so; be apprised of the degrees of it; be thoroughly instructed in these, that a desire to escape what you could easily bear, may never occasion you a distress which you would pronounce insupportable. Endeavour to inform yourself what evil you cannot too industriously avoid—what you should readily submit to—what you may change into good.

He, to whose situation terms like these would be unsuitable, must have *reason* to seek, as well as a *livelihood*. Our natural understanding fits all of us for a task like this; nor can it be inconsistent with any the hardest labour to which our support will oblige us.

The whole of this so severe a lesson is this brief one; Do your best for yourself; be as happy as the right use of the abilities God has given you can make you.

3. As for the unconcernedness of so great a part of our species at their ignorance and errors—the entire satisfaction they express under them: with regard to this, let it be considered, that we are no more to judge of good from the practice of numbers, than of truth from their opinions.

They thoroughly enjoy themselves, you say, with their little knowledge, and many mistakes.

And are any of us in our younger years better pleased than when we are suffered to sport away our time—to pass it without the least controul and instruction? But because we are thus pleased, are we rightly so? Could worse befall us, than to be permitted to continue thus agreeably unrestrained and uninstructed?

The man in a lethargy desires you would let him dose on: he apprehends no danger, when you see the greatest: you grieve and vex him, when you attempt to cure him.

Does any one who has more sense than the bulk of his fellow-creatures, wish for their dulness, that he might share their diversions—with for their thoughtlessness, that he might join in their mirth?

Could the neglect of our rational faculties be accompanied, throughout our continuance in being, with the satisfaction at present expressed by so many under it, this indeed might be something in its favour; but this is by no means the case. He who gave us these faculties, and the ability to improve them, must intend that we should improve them: by frustrating his intention, we incur his displeasure; if we incur it, we may justly expect, sooner or later, to feel the effects thereof.

Nor is it to be thought that the neglect of our reason is, from the good we hereby forego, its own sufficient punishment, and therefore not likely to expose us to any other. We cannot rightly think thus, because of the extensive mischief occasioned by this neglect. It is very far from terminating in ourselves, from making us the only sufferers. Were it so confined, some pretence there might be for considering our mere crime as our ample punishment. But such it cannot appear, when it does infinite hurt to others—to our neighbourhood—to our friends—to our family—to the whole community of which we are members.

What is enough for myself, what I can do without, should be the least of my concern. My duty is to reflect what I can do for others; how I may make myself of greatest use. We stand all largely indebted

to our fellow-creatures; and, owing them so much, if we neglect to qualify ourselves for serving them, we greatly injure them. But as this is not the place for pursuing these reflections, I will now only remark, of what deplorable consequence it is to our children (whose title to our endeavours for their benefit, all acknowledge) that the culture of our minds is so little our care—that we slight the rational improvements, with a capacity for which our Creator has so graciously favoured us.

Unapprehensive of the mischief our offspring must necessarily receive from our sloth, our intemperance, and other criminal gratifications, we impair their frame before it is yet completed; we entail on them misery, before we give them life.

Their reason seems to be watched in its appearance, only that it may be applied to for its speedier corruption. Every thing they are at first taught to value, is what they cannot enough despise; and all the pains that should be taken to keep their minds from vain fears, are employed to introduce them.

The chief of what our memory receives in our childhood, is what our maturer age most wishes to forget.

While we are ignorant how hurtful it is to be governed by our passions, our wise directors permit them to govern us, and thereby give them a strength which we afterwards fruitlessly lament and oppose. To save our tears, we are to have our will; and, for a few moments of present quiet, be condemned to years of distress. Imaginary evils we are bid to regard as the principal real ones; and what we should most avoid, we are, by examples of greatest weight with us, encouraged to practise.

How much indeed both the bodies and minds of children suffer from the ill-informed understanding of their parents, is scarcely to be conceived—what advantages they lose by it—what misery they feel: and therefore, as they are the immediate objects of our care—as nature has made them such, and all the prejudice they receive from any failure of ours, from any neglect on our part in qualifying ourselves to assist them in the way we ought to do it, is really an injury done them by us; we cannot think, that if we won't endeavour to have just notions of things, we are sufficiently punished by being without them—we can with no probability, suppose, that, if we are content to be losers ourselves, it will be satisfaction enough for any distress

that our carelessness or supineness brings on others, even on them whose welfare we ought most to consult.

Of what advantage it is to both sexes that *the parent*, under whose guidance they are in their tender years, should not have confined her thoughts to the recommendations of apparel, furniture, equipage—to the amusements in fashion—to the forms of good breeding—to the low topics of female conversation; we have the most remarkable instances in the family of *Emilia*. She has for many years been the wife of one, whose rank is the least part of his merit: made by him the mother of a numerous offspring, and having from his important and uninterrupted avocations, their education left entirely to her, 'till they were qualified for a more extensive instruction; it was her study how she might be of the greatest use to them: they were ever under her eye: her attention to forming their manners could be diverted by none of the pleasures, by none of the engagements that claim so many of the hours of a woman of quality. She did not awe, but reason her children into their duty; they shewed themselves to practise it not from constraint, but conviction. When they were absent from her—when they were in company, where they might have been as free as they pleased, I have, with astonishment, observed them as much influenced by what their wise mother had advised, as they could have been by any thing she would have said had she been then present. In her conversation with them she was perpetually inculcating useful truths; she talked them into more knowledge, by the time that they were six or seven years old, than is usually attained at, perhaps, twice that age.

Let me indulge my imagination, and, by its aid, give a sample of her instructions; first, to one of the females of her family, and then, to one of the males. *Leonora*, her eldest daughter, has, among her many accomplishments, great skill in painting. When her mother and she stood viewing the pictures, that crowded each side of the room in which they were, *Emilia* desired to hear what the pupil of so eminent a master had to observe on the works before them. *Leonora* began; praised the bold and animated manner in this piece, the softness and delicacy of that. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitude of this figure; the expression in that was so
happy

happy, the colouring so beautiful, that one might truly say of it, to make it alive, speech alone is wanted; nor would you think even that wanting, were you to trust wholly to your eyes. Here she admired the skilful distribution of light and shade: there the perspective was so wonderfully exact, that in the great number of objects presented to the eye, it could fix on none but what had its proper place, and just dimensions. How free is that drapery? what a variety is there in it, yet how well adjusted is the whole to the several figures in the piece? Does not that group extremely please your ladyship? the disposition is quite fine, the association of the figures admirable; I know not which you could pitch upon to have absent or altered. *Leonora* pursuing this strain, *Emilia* interrupted her: Have we nothing, child, but exactness here? Is every thing before us quite finished and faultless? You will be pleased, Madam, to reflect on what you have so often inculcated, That one would always chuse to be sparing in censure, and liberal of praise—That commendation, freely bestowed on what deserves it, credits alike our temper and our understanding.

This I would have you never forget. But I'm here a learner; in that light you are now to consider me; and as your French master taught you pronunciation, not only by using a right, but by imitating your wrong one; making you by that means more sensible where the difference lay; so to qualify me for a judge in painting, it will not suffice to tell me where the artist has succeeded, if you observe not, likewise, where he has miscarried.

Leonora then proceeded to shew where the drawing was incorrect—the attitude ungraceful—the *costume* ill preserved—the ordonnance irregular—the contours harsh—the light too strong—the shade too deep; extending her remarks in this way to a great number of pieces in the collection. You have been thus far, interposed *Emilia*, my instructor, let me now be yours. Suppose your own portrait here. In the same manner that you would examine it, judge of the original. This you ought to do, since it will be done by others; and the more blemishes you discover, the fewer you will probably leave for them to reproach you with. The faults in the picture may be known to him who drew it, and yet be suffered to appear, from his inability to correct them; but when you discern what is faulty in yourself, if you cannot amend,

you can, often, conceal it. Here you have the advantage of the painter; in another respect he has it greatly of you. Not one in a thousand is a judge of the *failures* in his performance; and therefore even when *many* may be objected to him, he shall pass, in common esteem, for an excellent artist. But let the woman, unconscious of her imperfections, be at no pains to remedy or hide them, all who converse with her are judges of them; when she permits them to be seen, they are certain to be censured.

You have sufficiently convinced me, to how many things the painter must attend—against what various mistakes he has to guard: each of your criticisms on him may be a lesson to yourself; every blemish or beauty in any part of his works has something correspondent to it in human life.

The design is faulty, not only when the end we propose to ourselves is confessedly criminal, but when it is low and mean; when, likewise, we let our time pass at random, without any concern for what reason and duty require, but as caprice, or humour, or passion suggests.

We offend against proportion, when we arrogate to ourselves the desert we want, or over-rate what may be allowed us—when we hate not what is really evil; or when our affections are placed on what is not our proper good. You remember the dissection of a female heart in the *Speculator*; I refer you to it, that I may spare my own reflections, on what would furnish copious matter for no very pleasing ones.

Your ladyship will pardon me for interrupting you; but I can't help thinking, that the head and heart of a beau or country squire would furnish as much folly and corruption, as the head and heart of any woman in the kingdom.

We shall never, child, become better, by thinking who are worse than ourselves. If the charge upon us be just, we should consider how to get clear of it, and not who are liable to one equally reproachful. Were I to bid you wash your face, would you think yourself justified in not doing it, because you could shew me a woman of rank with a dirtier? But to the purpose.

That expression, any failure in which you would, as a judge of painting, treat without mercy, is, in morals, violated by whatever is out of character. All inconsistency in practice—in profession and practice; every thing unbecoming your sex—

your

your education—your capacity—your station, deserves the same censure that the pencil meets with, when it errs in expression.

Skill in the distribution of light and shade, or the *clair-obscur*, as, I think, the term of art is, I should apprehend resembled by prudence; which teaches us to shew ourselves in the most advantageous point of view—brings forward and brightens our good qualities, but throws back and obscures our defects—suffers nothing to distinguish itself that will be to our disparagement, nor shades any thing that will credit us.

By *ordination* is meant, I apprehend, the manner of placing the several objects in a piece, or the disposition of them with respect to the whole composition. And what can be fitter for us, than to consider where we are, and to appear accordingly? The civilities that are less decently shewn in the church, it would be a great indecorum to neglect in the drawing-room. The freedom that will gain you the hearts of your inferiors, shall, if used towards those of a higher rank, make you be thought the worst-bred woman in the world. Let the season for it be disregarded, your cheerfulness shall be offensive, your gravity seem ridiculous—your wit bring your sense into question, and your very friendliest interposition be thought not so much a proof of your affection as of your impertinence. 'Tis the right placing of things that shews our discretion—that keeps us clear of difficulties—that raises our credit—that principally contributes to give any of our designs success.

To beauty in colouring corresponds, perhaps, good nature improved by good breeding. And, certainly, as the causes could furnish no design so well fancied, no draught so correct, but what would yet fail to please, and would even disgust you, were the colours of it ill-joined—not sustained by each other—void of their due harmony; so both sense and virtue go but a little way in our recommendation, if they appear not to their proper advantage in the conduct of behaviour—in soft and gentle manners, and with those pieces of affability, courtesy and complaisance. I see, by your smiling, you are satisfied you cannot be accused of being a bad colourist. Believe me, you have then gained a very material point; and the more concerns you have in the world, the more proofs you will find of its importance. I'll drop this subject when

I have said to you, That if to make a good picture is such a complicated task, requires so much attention, such extensive observation—if an error in any of the principal parts of painting so offends, takes off so greatly from the merit of the piece—if he, who is truly an artist, overlooks nothing that would be at all a blemish to his performance, and would call each trivial indecorum a fault: think, child, what care about the original ought to equal this for the portrait—of what infinitely greater consequence it must be, to have every thing right within ourselves, than to give a just appearance to the things without us; and how much less pardonably any violation of decorum would be charged on your life, than on your pencil.

The most finished representation only pleases by its correspondence to what it represents, as nature well imitated; and if justness in mere representation and imitation can have the charms you find in it, you may easily conceive the still greater delight that must arise from beholding the beauties of nature itself; such, particularly, as the pencil cannot imitate—the beauties of rational nature, those which the possessor gives herself—which are of ten thousand times the moment of any in her outward symmetry—which, how highly soever they may adorn her, profit her still more; and are not only to her own advantage, but to that of the age in which she lives, and possibly, of remote generations.

My concern to see you this fair unblemished original makes me strangely un-mindful on what topic I am got. There, surely, can be no proof wanting, how much a wife and good woman excels any portrait, or any woman, who has but the merit of a portrait, a fine appearance.

In this way *Emilia* takes each opportunity to form the manners of her daughter—to give her throughout just and reasonable sentiments, and dispose her to the exact discharge of her duty in every relation.

Leonora, thus educated, has the foibles and the follies of the age in their due contempt—judges wisely—acts prudently—is ever usefully or innocently employed—can pass her evenings very cheerfully without a card in her hand—can be perfectly in humour when she is at home, and all her acquaintance at the assembly; and seems likely to borrow no credit from her family, which she will not fully repay.

We will dismiss the daughter, and represent *Emilia* parting with her son in

terms like these. I am now to take my leave of you, for one campaign at least. It is the first you ever served; let me advise, and do you act, as if it would be your last: the dangers, to which you will be exposed, give both of us reason to fear it: if it please God that it should be so, may you not be found unprepared, nor I unresigned! This I am the less likely to be, when *you* have had *my* best counsel, and *I* your promise to reflect upon it. He bowing, and assuring her, that whatever she should be pleased to say to him, it would be carefully remembered; she proceeded—I could never conceive, what induced the soldier to think that he might take greater liberties than the rest of mankind. He is, 'tis true, occasionally subjected to greater hardships, and he runs greater hazards; but by a lewd and vicious life, he makes these hardships abundantly more grievous than they otherwise would be—he disqualifies himself to bear them. What would you think of his wits, who, because he is to be much in the cold, sits, as often as he can, close to the fire? An habitual sobriety and regularity of manners is, certainly, the best preservative of that vigorous constitution, which makes it least uneasy to endure fatigue and cold, hunger and thirst.

The dangers to which the soldier is exposed, are so far from excusing his licentiousness, when he has no enemy near him, that they ought to be considered as the strongest motive to conform himself, at all times, to the rules of reason and religion. A practice agreeable to them is the best support of his spirits, and the surest provision for his safety—it will effectually remove his fears, and can alone encourage his hopes: nothing but it can give him any comfortable expectation, if what threatens him should befall him. He who is so much in danger, ought to be properly *armed* against it, and this he can never be by reflecting on the women he has corrupted—on his hours of intemperance, or on any other of his extravagancies. You won't, perhaps, allow that he wants the *armour* I would provide him, because he never knows the apprehensions that require it. But I am considering what his apprehensions ought to be, not what they are. The nature of things will not be altered by our opinion about them.

It is granted, that a soldier's life is, frequently, in the utmost *hazard*; and the question is not, how a thoughtless, stupid, absurd creature should behave in such a

situation; but, what should be done in it by a man of prudence and sense? I say, he will attend to the value of what he *hazards*—to the consequence of its loss; and, if found of very great, he will so act, that the loss thereof may be, if possible, some or other way made up to him, or accompanied with the fewest inconveniences. Insensibility of danger is the merit of a bulldog. True courage sees danger, but despises it only from rational motives—from the considerations of duty. There can be no virtue in exposing life, where there is no notion of its value; you are a brave man, when you fully understand its worth, and yet in a good cause disregard death.

If, thus to be ready to die is commendable, wholly from the cause that makes us so, which is, unquestionably, the case; I don't see how such an indifference to life, when honour calls you to risk it, can consist with passing it, at any season, immorally and dissolutely.

Here is a gallant officer who will rather be killed than quit his post—than be wanting in the defence of his country! Is not this a fine resolution in one who, by his excesses, makes himself every day less able to serve his country; or who sets an example, which, if followed, would do his country as much mischief as it could have to fear from its most determined enemy?

The inconsiderate and thoughtless may laugh at vice—may give soft terms to very bad actions, or speak of them, as if they were rather matter of jest than abhorrence: but whoever will reflect whence all the misery of mankind arises—what the source is of all the evils we lament; he cannot but own, that if any thing ought to make us serious—if we ought to detest any thing, it should be *that*, from which such terrible effects are derived.

For the very same reason that we prefer health to sickness—ease to pain, we must prefer virtue to vice. Moral evil seems to me to have a necessary connection with natural. According to my notion of things, there is no crime but what creates pain, or has a tendency to create it to others or ourselves: every criminal is such, by doing something that is directly, or in its consequences, hurtful to himself, or to a fellow-creature.

Is not here a foundation of religion that no objections can affect? Deprive us of it, you deprive us of the only effectual restraint from those practices, which are most detrimental to the world—you deprive us

of virtue, and thereby of all the true happiness we have here to expect.

To charge religion with the mischief occasioned by mistakes about it, I think full as impertinent, as to deery reason for the wrong use that has been made of it; or government, for the bad administration of every kind of it, in every part of the world. What shall prove to the advantage of mankind, will, in all cases, depend upon themselves: that which is, confessedly, most for it, in every instance you can think of, you see, occasionally, abused; and by that abuse becoming as hurtful, as it would, otherwise, have been beneficial. Contrary I hate; and to read books of it as ill suits my leisure as my inclination: yet I do not profess a religion, the grounds of which I have never considered. And upon the very same grounds that I am convinced of the truth of religion in general, I am so of the truth of christianity. The good of the world is greatly promoted by it. If we would take christianity for our guide throughout, we could not have a better—we could not have a surer to all the happiness of which our present state admits. Its simplicity may have been disguised—its intention perverted—its doctrines misrepresented, and conclusions drawn, suiting rather the interest or ambition of the expositor, than the directions of the text: but when I resort to the rule itself;—when I find it asserting, that the whole of my duty is to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself—to live always mindful by whom I am sent into, and preserved in, the world, and always disposed to do in it the utmost good in my power; I can no more doubt, whether this is the voice of my Creator, than I can doubt, whether it must be his will, that, when he has made me a reasonable creature, I should act like one. But I will drop a topic, on which I am sure your father must have sufficiently enlarged: I can only speak to it more generally: *difficulties* and *objections* I must leave him to obviate; yet thus much confidently affirming, that if you won't adopt an irreligious scheme, till you find one clear of them, you will continue as good a christian, as it has been our joint care to make you. I pray God you may do so. He that would corrupt your principles, is the enemy you have most to fear; an enemy who means you worse, than any you will draw your sword against.

When you are told, that the soldier's religion is his honour, observe the practice of

them from whom you hear it; you'll soon then have proof enough, they mean little more by honour, than what is requisite to keep or advance their commissions—that they are still in their own opinion men of nice honour, though abandoned to the grossest sensuality and excess—though chargeable with acts of the foulest perfidy and injustice—that the honour by which they govern themselves differs as widely from what is truly such, as humour from reason. True honour is to virtue what good breeding is to good nature, the polishing, the refinement of it. And the more you think of christianity, the more firmly you will be persuaded, that in its precepts the strictest rules of honour are contained. By these I, certainly, would have you always guided, and, on that very account, have reminded you of the religion, which not only shews you them, but proposes the reward likeliest to attach you to them. I have done. Take care of yourself. You won't fly danger, don't court it. If the one would bring your courage into question, the other will your sense. The rash is as ill qualified for command, as the coward. May every blessing attend you! And to secure your happiness, live always attentive to your duty; reverence and obey him to whom you owe your being, and from whom must come whatever good you can hope for in it. Adieu. I can't say it would sufficiently comfort me for your loss, that you died with honour; but it would infinitely less afflict me to hear of you among the dead, than among the profligate.

What has been the issue of instructions like these from both parents? *Scipio*, for so we will call the worthy man, from the time he received his commission, has alike distinguished himself by his courage and conduct. The greatest dangers have not terrified, the worst examples have not corrupted him. He has approved himself disdaining by cowardice to keep *life*, and abhorring to shorten *it* by excess; the bravery with which he has hazarded *it*, is equalled by the prudence with which he passes *it*.

§ 149. On the Employment of Time.

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Com animus, cogitatis perceptisque virtutibus, à corporis obsequio, indulgentiaque discederis, voluptatibusque, sicut labem aliquam decoris opprimerit, omnemque mortis dolorisque timorem effugent, societatemque caritatis coierit

cum suis, omnesque naturâ conjunctos, suos duxerit, cultumque deo, um, & puram religionem susceperit—quid eo, dici aut excogitari poterit beatius? *Tull. de Legibus.*

Among the *Indians* there is an excellent set of men, called *Gymnosophists*: these I greatly admire, not as skilled in propagating the vine—in the arts of grafting or agriculture. They apply not themselves to till the ground—to search after gold—to break the horse—to tame the bull—to shear or feed sheep or goats. What is it then that engages them? One thing preferable to all these. Wisdom is the pursuit as well of the old men, the teachers, as of the young, their disciples. Nor is there any thing among them that I so much praise, as their aversion to sloth and idleness.

When the tables are spread, before the meat is set on them, all the youth, assembling to their meal, are asked by their masters—In what useful task they have been employed from sunrise to that time.—One represents himself as having been chosen an arbitrator, and succeeded by his prudent management in composing a difference—in making them friends who were at variance. A second had been paying obedience to his parents commands. A third had made some discovery by his own application, or learned something by another's instruction. The rest give an account of themselves in the same way.

He who has done nothing to deserve a dinner, is turned out of doors without one.

Dipping into *Apuleius* for my afternoon's amusement, the foregoing passage was the last I read, before I fell into a slumber, which exhibited to me a vast concourse of the fashionable people at the court-end of the town, under the examination of a *Gymnosophist* how they had passed their morning. He began with the men.

Many of them acknowledged, that the morning, properly speaking, was near gone, before their eyes were opened.

Many of them had only risen to dress—to visit—to amuse themselves at the drawing-room or coffee house.

Some had by riding or walking been consulting that health at the beginning of the day, which the close of it would wholly pass in impairing.

Some from the time they had got on their own cloaths, had been engaged in seeing others put on theirs—in attending levees—in endeavouring to procure

by their importunity, what they had disqualified themselves for by their idleness.

Some had been early out of their beds, but it was because they could not, from their ill-luck the preceding evening, rest in them; and when risen, as they had no spirits, they could not reconcile themselves to any sort of application.

Some had not had it in their power to do what was of much consequence; in the former part of the morning, they wanted to speak with their tradesmen; and in the latter, they could not be denied to their friends.

Others, truly, had been reading, but reading what could make them neither wiser nor better, what was not worth their remembering, or what they should wish to forget.

It grieved me to hear so many of eminent rank, both in the sea and land service, giving an account of themselves that levelled them with the meanest under their command.

Several appeared with an air expressing the fullest confidence that what they had to say for themselves would be to the philosopher's entire satisfaction. They had been employed as *Virtuosi* should be—had been exercising their skill in the liberal arts, and encouraging the artists. Medals, pictures, statues had undergone their examination, and been their purchase. They had been inquiring what the literati of *France, Germany, Italy* had of late published; and they had bought what suited their respective tastes.

When it appeared, that the compleating a *Roman* series had been their concern, who had never read over, in their own language, a *Latin* historian—that they who grudged no expence for originals, knew them only by hearsay from their worst copies—that the very persons who had paid so much for the labour of *Rybrack*, upon *Sir Andrew's judgment*, would, if they had followed their own, have paid the same sum for that of *Bird's*—That the book-buyers had not laid out their money on what they ever proposed to read, but on what they had heard commended, and what they wanted to fit a shelf, and fill a library that only served them for a breakfast-room; this class of men the Sage pronounced the idlest of all idle people, and doubly blameable, as wasting alike their time and their fortune.

The follies of one sex had so tired the
phi-

philosopher, that he would suffer no account to be given him of those of the other. It was easy for him to guess how the females must have been employed, where such were the examples in those they were to *honour and obey*.

For a short space there was a general silence. The Gymnophist at length expressed himself to this effect: You have been represented to me as a people who would use your own reason—who would think for yourselves—who would freely inquire, form your opinions on evidence, and adopt no man's sentiments merely because they were his. A character, to which, for ought I can find, you are as ill entitled as, perhaps, most nations in the universe. The freedom with which great names are opposed, and received opinions questioned by *some* among you, is, probably, no other than what is used by *some* of every country in which liberal inquiries are pursued. The difference is, *you* safely publish your sentiments on every subject; to *them* it would be penal to avow any notions that agree not with those of their superiors. But when you thus pass your days, as if you thought not at all, have you any pretence to freedom of thought? Can they be said to love truth, who shun consideration? When it seems your study to be useless, to be of no service to others or yourselves—when you treat your time as a burthen, to be eased of which is your whole concern—when that situation, those circumstances of life are accounted the happiest, which most tempt you to be idle and insignificant; human nature is as much dishonoured by you, as it is by any of those people, whose savageness or superstition you have in the greatest contempt.

Let me not be told, how well you approve your reason by your arguments or your sentiments. The proper use of reason, is to act reasonably. When you so grossly fail in this, all the just apprehensions you may entertain, all the right things you may say, only prove with what abilities you are formed, and with what guilt you misapply them.

The Sage here raising his arm with his voice, I concluded it advisable not to stand quite so near him. In attempting to remove I awoke, and hastened to commit to writing a dream that had so much truth in it, and therefore expressed how reasonable it will be to consider to what use of our time we are directed.

First, by our present state and condition;

Secondly, By the relation we bear to each other;

Thirdly, By that in which we stand towards the Deity.

If we are raised above the brutes—if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind, we must be made for a different purpose; we cannot have the faculties they want, but in order to a life different from theirs; and when our life is not such—when it is but a round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, as theirs is—when, by our idleness and inattention, we are almost on a level with them, both as to all sense of duty and all useful knowledge that we possess, our time must have been grievously misemployed; there is no surer token of its having been so, than that we have done so little to advance ourselves above the herd, when our Creator had vouchsafed us so far superior a capacity.

The creatures below us are wholly intent on the pleasures of sense, because they are capable of no other: but as man is capable of much higher and nobler, he must have this privilege, that his pursuits may be accordingly—that his better nature should be better employed.

Were we born only to satisfy the appetites we have in common with the brute kind, we should, like it, have no higher principle to direct us—to furnish us with other delights. All the distinction between us that this principle *can* make, was, undoubtedly, intended by our Creator to *be* made; and the less any appears, our abuse of this principle, and consequently our opposition to our Maker's will, is the more notorious and blameable.

It may seem then plain, that there are advantages to be pursued, and a certain degree of excellence to be attained by us, according to the powers that we have, and the creatures below us want. How industrious we should be to improve each opportunity for this, we may learn by attending, in the next place, to our *uncertain*, and, at all events, *short* continuance on earth.

We are fully apprised, that by the pains of a few hours or days no progress can be made in any thing, that has the slightest pretence to commendation. Those accomplishments, that are confined to our finger's ends, what months, what years of application do they cost us! And, alas! what trifles are the most admired of them,

in comparison of a great number of others for which we are qualified; and which, as they are so infinitely preferable to these, ought to be so much the more earnestly sought! When, therefore, the whole term allowed for gaining and using them, is thus precarious and short, we can have but a very small portion of it to dispose of as we please—to pass entirely as mere fancy or humour suggests. If much is to be done in a very short time, the good husbandry of it must be consulted: and there is no one, who considers what we, universally, may effect—in how many particulars we may be of service to ourselves—how much depends upon our endeavours—how necessary they are for our attaining what should be most valued by us, what is of greatest consequence to us; there is, I say, no one, who considers these things, but must admit, that we have much to do, and, therefore, that the scanty term we have for it ought to be carefully managed—can only by a prudent management suffice for the dispatch of such a task.

And our opportunities, for making attainments thus desirable, should be so much the more diligently watched and readily embraced, as they meet with many unavoidable interruptions even in our short life.

How great a part of our time is necessarily lost to us—is consumed by, that shorter death, our sleep! We are really better economists than ordinary in this instance, if only a third part of our life thus passes: and on the rest of it what a large demand is made by our meals—by our justifiable recreations—by the forms and civilities, to which a proper correspondence with our fellow creatures obliges us? Add to these necessary deductions, the many casual ones with which we all, unavoidably, meet, and it will soon appear, what an exceeding small part of our short continuance on earth, we have to bestow on such purposes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

We are further to reflect, that in the small part of our life, in which we can be employed like reasonable creatures, opportunities, for doing what may be of greatest moment, do not always serve us: and with some of them, if lost we never again meet.

We depend very much on things without us, and over which we have no sort of command. There may be an extraordinary advantage derived to us from them; but, if the first offer of this be neglected, we may never have a second.

Nor is it only the dependance we have on things without us, that requires us so carefully to watch our opportunities; we have a still more awakening call, if possible, to this from within ourselves—from the restraints to which the exercise of our powers is subjected. We cannot use these when and as we please—we cannot chuse the time of life wherein to avail ourselves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage designed us in them.

When we are in our youth, our bodies easily receive whatever mein or motion can recommend us: where is the sound so difficult, which our tongue cannot be then taught to express? To what speed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what dexterity? But if we are advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of these ways is attempted, all endeavour after it will then either be quite fruitless, or, probably, less successful than it would have been in our earlier years; and whatever its success be, a much greater might have formerly been obtained with half the pains.

The very same is it with our understanding, with our will and our passions. There is a certain season when our minds may be enlarged—when a vast stock of useful truths may be acquired—when our passions will readily submit to the government of reason—when right principles may be so fixed in us, as to influence every important action of our future lives: but the season for this extends neither to the whole, nor to any considerable length of our continuance upon earth; it is limited to a few years of our term; and, if throughout these we neglect it, error or ignorance are, according to the ordinary course of things, entailed upon us. Our will becomes our law—our lusts gain a strength that we afterwards vainly oppose—wrong inclinations become so confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them.

II. Let me proceed to consider what directions are furnished us for the employment of our time, by the relation we bear to each other.

Society is manifestly upheld by a circulation of kindness: we are all of us, in some way or other, wanting assistance, and in like manner, qualified to give it. None are in a state of independency on their fellow-creatures. The most slenderly endowed are not a mere burthen on their kind; even they can contribute their share to the

common good, and may be to the political body, what those parts of us, in which we least pride ourselves, are to the natural, not greatly indeed its ornaments, but much for its real use.

We learn what are justly our mutual claims, from this mutual dependency: that on its account, as well as for other reasons, our life is not to pass in a round of pleasure or idleness, or according to the suggestions of mere humour and fancy, or in fordid or selfish pursuits.

There can be nothing more evidently my duty than that I should return the kindness I receive—than that, if many are employed in promoting my interest, I should be as intent on furthering theirs.

All men are by nature equal. Their common passions and affections, their common infirmities, their common wants give such constant remembrances of this equality, even to them who are most disposed to forget it, that they cannot, with all their endeavours, render themselves wholly unmindful thereof—they cannot become *insensible*, how unwilling soever they may be to *consider*, that their debt is as large as their demands—that they owe to others, as much as they can reasonably expect from them.

But are all then upon a level—must those distinctions be thrown down, which, being the chief support of the order and peace of society, are such of its happiness; and which nature herself may be judged to appoint, by the very dispositions and abilities with which she forms us; qualifying some for rule, and fitting some for subjection?

That, in many instances, we are all upon a level, none can deny, who regard the materials of our bodies—the diseases and pain to which we are subject—our entrance into the world—the means of preserving us in it—the length of our continuance therein—our passage out of it. But then as it will not follow, that, because we are made of the same materials—are liable to the same accidents and end, we, therefore, are the same throughout; neither is it a just conclusion, that, because we are levelled in our dependence, we should be so in our employments.

Superiority will remain—distinctions will be preserved, though all of us must serve each other, while that service is differently performed.

Superiority has no sort of connection with idleness and uselessness: it may exempt us from the bodily fatigue of our in-

feriors, from their confinement and hardships—it may entitle some to the deference and submission of those about them; but it by no means exempts any of us from all attention to the common good, from all endeavours to promote it—by no means does it entitle any of us to live, like so many drones, on the industry of others, to reap all the benefit we can from them, and be of none to them.

The distinctions of prince and subject—noble and vulgar—rich and poor, consist not in this, that the one has a great deal to do, and the other nothing—that the one must be always busied, and the other may be always taking his pleasure, or enjoying his ease. No, in this they consist, that these several persons are differently *busied*—assist each other in different ways.

The sovereign acquaints himself with the true state of his kingdom—directs the execution of its laws—provides for the exact administration of justice—secures the properties of his people—preserves their peace. These are his cares; and that they may be the more assured of success, and have their weight more easily supported, his commands find the readiest obedience—a large revenue is assigned him—the highest honours are paid him. It is not, in any of these instances, the man who is regarded, but the head of the community; and that for the benefit of the community—for the security of its quiet, and the furtherance of its prosperity.

The nobility have it their task, to qualify themselves for executing the more honourable and important offices of the commonwealth, and to execute these offices with diligence and fidelity. The very station, to which they are advanced, is supposed either the recompence of great service done the public, or of the merit of an uncommon capacity to serve it.

The richer members of the state, as they have all the helps that education can give them—as in their riper age they have all the opportunity they can wish for to improve upon these helps—as their circumstances exempt them from the temptations, to which poverty is exposed; to them is committed the discharge of those offices in the commonwealth, which are next to the highest, and sometimes even of these—they either concur in making laws for the society, or are chiefly concerned in executing them—commerce, arts, science, liberty, virtue, whatever can be for the credit and peace—for the ease and prosperity of a nation,

tion, depends on the part they act—on their conduct.

Let them be a supine, indolent race, averse to rational inquiries—to all serious application—let it be their business to divert themselves, to give a loose to fancy and appetite—let all their schemes be those of self-indulgence, and their life a round of vanity and sensuality; sad must be the condition of the nation to which they belong! throughout it must be disorder and confusion—it must have the worst to fear from its more powerful neighbours.

And as, in all countries, *they* who are distinguished by *their* rank or fortune, have *their* post, *their* duty, *their* task for the common good—as to discharge this requires many accomplishments, the attainment of which is, matter of much attention and pains, requires an improved understanding, command of passions, an integrity and resolution, which only can be preserved by an habitual seriousness and reflection—as *they* cannot fail in *their* parts, cannot misemploy *their* leisure, and unfit themselves for, or be negligent in the service appointed *them*, but *their* country must suffer grievously in its most valuable interests; the diligence *they* should use, the little time *they* have to trifle away is evident: it is most evident under what obligations *they* are, not to abandon themselves to merely animal gratifications, and the pleasures of sense—to sloth and inactivity.

Nor is it only from the omission of what *they* ought to perform, that the public will in this case suffer, but from the example *they* set. An insensibility that they are to live to any useful purposes—a thoughtlessness of their having any thing to mind but their humour and liking—a gross carelessness how their days pass, cannot appear amongst those of higher rank, but the infection will spread itself among those of a lower; these will desire to be as lazy and worthless as their superiors—to have the same share of mirth and jollity—to be of as little consequence to the public.

That this will be the case, is as certain, as experience can make any thing. It has been, and is, every where, found, that where they, who have the wealth, and are therefore supposed, though very unreasonably, to have the sense of a nation, treat their time as of no account, only think of making it subservient to their excesses, their vanity, or their sports; the same wrong notions soon spread among their inferiors.

The populace, indeed, cannot be quite so dissolute—they cannot be so immersed in sloth and sensuality, as the richer part of a nation, because their circumstances permit it not: their maintenance must cost them some care and pains, but they will take as little as they can—they will, as far as is in their power, have their fill of what their betters teach them to be the comforts of life, the enjoyments proper for reasonable creatures—they cannot debauch themselves in the more elegant and expensive ways, but they will in those which suit their education and condition—they cannot be wholly useless, but if they make themselves of any service, it shall only be, because they are paid for it, because they cannot be supported without it.

And how can we expect that things should be otherwise? It is not, upon the lowest computation, one in a hundred who forms his manners upon the principles of reason. Example, customary practice govern us. And, as they, who are more especially dependent upon others, have it taught them, from their very infancy, to respect those on whom they depend—to observe them—to be directed by them; no wonder that they should be fond of imitating them, as far as their situation admits; no wonder that they should copy their follies, since *that* they can do most easily, and *that* most suits their natural depravity.

But to him, whose industry is his support, I would observe: he should not think, that, if they, who enjoy the plenty he wants, are prodigal of their time—misemploy it—waste it; *their* abuse of it will at all excuse *his*. He cannot possibly be ignorant how unfitting such a waste of time is—how much good it hinders—how much evil it occasions—and how much a greater sufferer he will be from it, than those who are in more plentiful circumstances.

And let it be considered, by both high and low, rich and poor, that there can be nothing so becoming them, there can be nothing that will give them so solid, so lasting a satisfaction, as to be employed in serving mankind—in furthering their happiness. What thought can we entertain more honourable with respect to God himself, than that “his mercy is over all his works”—that his goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being—that the unthankful and the evil he not only forbears, but still seeks to awaken to a due acknowledgment of him—to a just sense of their true interest,

by persevering in his kindness towards them, by continuing to them the blessings they so ill deserve?

And if the consideration of the universal Creator as thus acting be really that which makes him appear most amiable to us— which affects us with the most profound veneration of him, and chiefly renders it pleasing to us to contemplate his other perfections; what worth do we evidence, how highly do we recommend ourselves, when employed either in qualifying ourselves for doing good, or in doing it,— when we have the common advantage our constant pursuit—when we seek for pleasure in making ourselves of use, and feel happiness in the degree in which we communicate it?

III. What employment of our time the relation in which we stand to God suggests to us, I am next to shew.

Every one who reads this, I may justly suppose sensible that there is a nature superior to his own, and even possessed of the highest excellencies—that to it we owe our existence, owe the endowments, which place us at the head of all the creatures upon earth, owe whatever can make us desire to have our existence continued to us—that by this superior nature *alone*, many of our wants can be supplied—that on it we entirely depend—that from its favour the whole of our increasing happiness can be expected.

From what we thus know of God and ourselves, there must arise certain duties towards him, the performance of which will have its demand on our time. His perfections require our highest veneration; this cannot be exercised or preserved without our serious attention to and recollection of them. His mercies demand our most humble and grateful acknowledgments; proper acts of thanksgiving are therefore what we should be blameable to omit; they daily become us, and should be made with all the solemnity and fervor, that suit the kindness vouchsafed us, and the majesty of him to whom we address ourselves.* A

due sense of our weakness and wants is a constant admonition to us to look up to that Being whose power and goodness are infinite, and to cherish such dispositions as are most likely to recommend us to him: hence it is evident what stress we should lay upon those awful invocations of the divine interposition in our favour, and upon that devout confession of our unworthiness of it, which have a natural tendency to keep the Deity present to our remembrance, and to purify our hearts.

Public acknowledgments of the goodness of God, and application for his blessings, contribute to give a whole community suitable apprehensions of him; and these, if it be my duty to entertain, it is equally my duty to propagate; both as the regard I pay the divine excellencies is hereby fitly expressed, and as the same advantage, that I receive from such apprehensions, will be received by all whom they affect in the same manner with me. Hence it is clearly our duty to join in the public worship—to promote by our regular attendance upon it, a like regularity in others.

These observations will, I hope, be thought sufficient proofs, that, from the relation we bear to God, a certain portion of our time is his claim—ought to be set apart for meditation upon him, for prayer to him, and for such other exercise of our reason as more immediately respects him, and suits our obligations towards him.

Dean Bolton.

§ 150. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE THIRD.

‘ Since all things are uncertain, favour yourself.’ Where have I met with it? Whosoever the advice is, it proceeds upon a supposition absolutely false, That there is an uncertainty in all things: and were the supposition true, the inference would be wrong; did we allow, that there was such an uncertainty in all things, it would be wrongly concluded from thence, that we should favour ourselves.

* Never to acknowledge the enjoyments and privileges we have received, and hold, of God, is in effect to deny that we received them from him; not to apply to him for a supply of our wants, is to deny, either our wants, or his power of helping us. *Religion of Nature delineated*, p. 121.

If I should never pray to God, or worship him at all, such a total omission would be equivalent to this assertion, There is no God, who governs the world, to be adored; which, if there is such a Being, must be contrary to truth. Also generally and notoriously to neglect this duty, though not always, will favour, if not directly proclaim, the same untruth. For certainly to worship God after this manner, is only to worship him accidentally, which is to declare it a great accident that he is worshipped at all, and this approaches as near as possible to a total neglect. Besides, such a sparing and infrequent worshipper of the Deity, betrays such an habitual disregard of him, as will render every religious act insignificant and null. *Id.* p. 18.

First, there is not the uncertainty here supposed. With regard to those things, which call us to thoughts very different from that of *favouring* ourselves—which should withdraw our attention from our own will, our own liking—which suggest to us quite other considerations than of taking our ease, and indulging our appetites—which should make the animal life the least of our concern—which should render us only solicitous to purify ourselves, and be useful to our fellow-creatures; with regard to these things, I say, we have either absolute certainty, or the highest degree of probability.

To have produced so much beauty and order, as every where discover themselves, intelligence was not only *requisite*, but great wisdom and power. The beneficial effects naturally resulting from the things thus beautifully formed and orderly disposed, *demonstrate* the goodness, as well as the wisdom and power of their author.

That the benefits he designed, should constantly take place, *must*, as he is a good being, *be agreeable to his will*; and whatever hinders their taking effect, *must be disagreeable to it*.

We cannot have a surer mark of what pleases him, than its being productive of happiness; and whatever has misery accompanying it, *carries with it the clearest proof* of its displeasing him.

A virtuous practice greatly furthering the happiness of mankind, *must be pleasing to their Maker*; a vicious one *must displease him*, as it necessarily obstructs their happiness.

If from any accidental indisposition of things, as from the number of the criminal, virtue should *here* miss its reward, there is *great likelihood* that it will *elsewhere* receive it; and, if vice, by a like accident, should, in particular instances, not carry with it those marks of its offending the Governor of the world, which it in most cases bears, there is the *highest probability* that it will have its punishment in some future state. There is that probability in favour of *virtue*, not only from what our reasonings on the justice and goodness of God induce us to think *it* has to expect from him, but also from the visible manner in which he signifies his approbation of *it*. He has impressed a sense of *its* worth on the minds of all mankind—he has made satisfaction inseparable from a conformity to *it*—he has appointed many advantages,

in the ordinary course of things, *its* attendants; which seem concurring *assurances*, that to whatsoever disadvantages *it* may now, occasionally expose us, they will be at length fully recompensed. And there is the *probability* I have mentioned, that the guilty will not be always without a punishment adequate to their crimes, not only from the apprehensions we may fitly entertain of a just Governor of the universe; but, also, from the manner in which he, to the notice of all men, expresses his abhorrence of vice: annexing to *many* crimes immediate inconveniences—giving *others* a very short respite from the severest distresses, the painfullest diseases—allowing *none* to have our reason and conscience on their side, to be approved by us in our hours of serenity and calm reflection.

Virtue is, *evidently*, preserved and promoted by frequent consideration—by diligence and application—by the denial of our appetites—by the restraint of our inclinations—by a constant watchfulness over our passions—by cherishing in ourselves sentiments of humanity and benevolence. Vice is, as *manifestly*, produced, and confirmed by inattention—by supineness and carelessness—by favouring our appetites—by consulting rather what we are disposed to, than what is best for us, rather what inclination, than what reason suggests—by an attachment to the satisfaction of the present moment, to our immediate profit or convenience—by adopting narrow, selfish principles.

Thus it will appear, that there is by no means an uncertainty in all things. Most certain it is from whence virtue has its security and improvement. Equally certain is it how we become bad, and how we are made worse. Virtue has, in the nature of things, a reward of which it cannot be deprived, and vice as sure a punishment. All those accidents which obstruct either the advantages suiting a virtuous practice, or the sufferings that a vicious one ought to feel, may *fitly* carry our thoughts to some future state, when each will have its full desert from that Being, who has so clearly expressed as well his approbation of virtue, as his abhorrence of vice; and whose goodness, wisdom and power, as they admit of *demonstration*, *so they cannot but be believed* to concur in bestowing those rewards and punishments, which will be most for the

welfare of the noblest part of the creation, the intelligent part of it.

But if there were the uncertainty that is not; the right consequence would not be, Favour yourself: it would be, Secure yourself: Provide against the worst. Let your present enjoyments be directed by the influence they may have on your future happiness: consider the whole possible extent of your existence, and forego the satisfaction of a few moments, rather than hazard the loss of a good that may continue for endless ages.

Such seem the proper inferences in this case; and the security of ourselves is very unlikely to be effected by favouring ourselves: the result of this, in a remote period, may, with the highest degree of probability, be conjectured from what is, every day, experienced.

Bear and forbear, is the lesson for him who merely seeks to give his present life all the comfort in his power. Great inconveniences we cannot even here avoid, but by submitting to less.

Freedom from pain is the price of the enjoyments we deny ourselves; and strength of body purchased by the exercise that so severely fatigues it.

To what sleepless nights would he be condemned, whose ease throughout the day was to have no interruption? How little relish should we have of our food, were we to know nothing of the disquiet of hunger? The man who would most taste the gratifications of sense, must be the most sparing in his application to them; *thence it is they* not only are heightened, but continued to us. It seems the condition of our being, that we should have no pleasure *gratis*—that we should pay for each, before or after its enjoyment. To decline whatever we could be less pleased with, is the surest way to increase both the number of our sufferings, and their weight.

What can be more precarious than the continuance of human life? Who in his twentieth year acknowledges not, how uncertain it is whether he shall see his fortieth? Yet no one of common prudence seeks barely to crowd as much satisfaction into his life, as can consist with his reaching that period: there is no prudent man but denies himself many things, in hopes of attaining a much longer term.

We must unusually fail in the love of our children, if we would not pursue their welfare, in the same way by which we judge

our own best consulted. But where is the advocate for “Favour yourself, since all “things are uncertain,” who, if discretion makes any part of his character, governs himself by that principle in their education—who does not restrain them in a thousand instances? while yet the uncertainty it gives, and the tears it costs them, may probably never find that very small recompence, which must be the utmost he can propose from it. I say, this recompence may, *probably*, never be found; a late eminent mathematician having, upon an exact calculation, observed, that one half of those that are born, are dead in seventeen years time.

Some claim to a public spirit, to a love of their country, we find made by the generality of us, even in this very profligate age. But from him, whose rule it is to favour himself, the public can have nothing to expect. Were this the prevailing principle among us, 'tis obvious how little regard would be shewn to the common welfare.

All of the learned professions would regulate their application, by its subserviency to their maintenance, and think they had nothing so much to study, as how to make their fortune.

Soldier and sailor would have no notion of any honour distinct from their advantage—of any obligation they could be under, when their pay might be safe, to endanger their persons.

The people would judge none so fit to represent them, as they who had been at the greatest expence in corrupting them: and the representatives of the people would see no reason why the whole of what was to be gained should go to their constituents.

In short, nothing but supineness and sloth—an attachment to their ease, and the gratification of their senses—low, unmanly views—pursuits throughout the most selfish and sordid could prevail, among all orders and degrees of men, in any country, where the received doctrine was, *favour yourself*.

Hence certainly is it, that not only the better constituted governments, but even the nations of a less refined policy, have encouraged so much an indifference to the scanty portion of life here allotted us—to the continuance, the ease, the conveniences of it; exciting, by various methods, each member of the community, to have chiefly at heart the public interest—to be ever diligent

ligent and active in promoting it—to submit to any difficulties for the service of his country, and to despise death in its defence.

Nor do we, universally, esteem any characters more, than those of the persons who have distinguished themselves by their disinterestedness—by their zeal for the common good—by their slighting all private advantages that came in competition with it.

What has been the language of the more generous Heathen, but the very reverse of Favour thyself? *Plato* advises his friend *Archytas* to consider “that we are not born for ourselves alone—that our country, our parents, our friends have their respective claims upon us.” *Epist.* ix. p. 358. vol. 3.

Aristotle, in settling the true difference between the lawful and culpable love of ourselves, observes, that such love of ourselves is, undoubtedly, blameable, as induces us to seek as large a share as may be, of wealth, honour, and sensual pleasure. He, afterwards, considers a life of reason and virtue, as the proper life of a man, and pronounces him the true lover of himself, who makes such a life his care.

He goes on, “When all are intent on the practice of what is right, and each lays himself out on the worthiest actions, the public welfare will, thereby, be effectually provided for, and every private person consult his own greatest happiness. It is most truly said of the good man, that he will serve his friends and his country—will do it, even at the expence of his life. For, as to wealth, honour, and all those other goods about which there is so much stir in the world, he will have no regard to them, when they come into competition with the discharge of his duty. He will rather chuse to live one year well, than many at random. He is justly thought the good man, who has nothing so much at heart, as how to act rightly.”

To mention another *Greek* writer;

We are born, says the excellent emperor *Antoninus*, to assist each other, l. 2. §. 1. His counsel is, “Whatsoever you do, do it with a view to your being a good man; good, not in the ordinary, but in the strict and proper sense of the word,” l. iv. §. 10. In this delight, in this repose yourself, in passing from one useful action to another; still mindful of the Deity.” l. vi. §. 7.

“Whatsoever I do, says he, by myself, or the assistance of others, ought wholly to be directed by what the common advantage requires.” l. vii. §. 5.

He, elsewhere, censures every action of ours, that has no reference either immediately, or more remotely, to the duties of social life, l. ix. §. 23. To despise, says *Tully*, and make no account of pleasure, life, wealth, in comparison of the public welfare, is the part of a great and generous mind.—A life of toil and trouble in order to promote, if possible, the good of all mankind, would be much more agreeable to nature, than to pass one’s days in solitude, not only without any care, but enjoying the greatest pleasures, and having every thing could be wanted at command. *De Off.* l. iii. 283, 284.

We are all, according to *Seneca*, members of one great body, Ep. 95. We must consult the happiness of others, if we would our own. In his treatise of a *Happy Life*, mentioning what the man must be, who may hope to pass hence to the abodes of the celestial beings; part of his description of him is, “That he lives as if he knew himself born for others—consults in all he does the approbation of his conscience—regulates his every action by considering it as well known to the public, as it is to himself—treats the whole world as his country—regards the gods as present wherever he is, and as remarking whatever he acts and speaks.”

True happiness is, throughout this author’s works, considered as derived from virtue—from the steady pursuit of what is right and our duty.

These reflections will, I hope, appear not improperly introducing the consideration of the part we have to act as expectants of happiness in a future state; the subject of the following essay.

This expectation does not indeed furnish any employment of our time that would not be comprehended under the heads on which I have already enlarged; but it is the strongest possible enforcement of what they teach us.

Can I suppose that beyond the grave there is any happiness prepared for me, if I live unmindful of the privileges here vouchsafed me—if, when I am placed above the beasts, I will put myself upon a level with them—if that spiritual part of me, which makes me a fit subject for this

happiness, be neglected, and all my care and pains laid out on my body, on what was earth so lately, and must so speedily be earth again?

Are there certain dispositions which prepare us for, and which, by being perfected, probably constitute the happiness of another life; and may we hope to obtain it, when our pursuits contributed to suppress these dispositions, or when we are wholly regardless of cultivating them?

Whatever I hope for in a future abode, I ought to think the reward of something here done by me; and when the time for action here is so short, even in its longest continuance—when likewise our opportunities are so few, and so irrecoverably lost, we must conclude it most fitting, in order to the success of our hopes, to embrace the opportunity before us; not to neglect it from a presumption of finding others which perhaps may never come, or, if they do come, may be less favourable to us than the present; but to derive from this every advantage it is capable of yielding us.

Further, if according to the greater or less use of which we make ourselves to our fellow-creatures, we more or less answer the end of our creation, we must conceive this to be a point, our special regard to which will be the necessary consequence of the views we have beyond the grave. The bliss we then promise ourselves cannot be thought a likelier reward of any practice, than of that which aims at the most extensive good; nor can one of common sense think such happiness likely to be our portion, after a life spent as unprofitably, as that of those creatures, the whole of whose satisfactions we all confine to those they at present enjoy—to their present existence. Hence our hopes after death will be perpetually urging us to what we can do most for the good of mankind, and must be a motive to it of the greatest weight.

Thus, likewise, when I contemplate a more desirable state of being, than what I am now granted, awaiting me at my departure hence; as it is impossible that I should not at the same time take into my consideration, to whom I must owe this blessing, from whom it can be received; I must hereby be necessarily led to a great desire of pleasing him from whom it is to come, and therefore to all such application to him, and acknowledgment of his excellencies, as can be supposed due from and required of me.

To all the several tasks I have mentioned, we are thus particularly directed by attending to the happiness reserved for us; the consideration of it thus strongly enforces their performance.

How far it must in general contribute to the best employment of our time, the following observations may, I hope, fully convince us.

If we survey the things, on the value of which we are universally agreed, we shall perceive few, if any, of them obtained or secured without more or less care on our part, and some of them only the recompence of our painfullest endeavour. The long enjoyment of health is in vain expected, if we wholly decline the fatigue of exercise, and the uneasiness of self-denial. The greatest estate must at length be wasted by him, who will be at no trouble in the management of it, who cannot torment his brains with examining accounts, and regulating the various articles of a large expence. Whose power is so established that the preservation of it costs him not much solicitude—many anxious thoughts; and compeis him not to mortify himself in numerous instances? This is the case of them whom *we esteem* the most fortunate of their kind. As to the generality, how difficult do they find the acquisition of the meanest of these advantages? What years of diligence does it cost them to raise but a moderate fortune? Vast numbers we find struggling throughout their lives for a bare support.

The chief blessings of life—the goods most worthy our pursuit, are not only *for the most part*, but *altogether*, the fruits of long and un-rearied endeavours after them. Where is the very useful art that can be learned without a close and tedious application—that we can make any tolerable progress in, before many of our days are passed? How much, and what an attentive experience—what repeated observations, and how exact a reasoning upon them, are necessary to form us to any degree of wisdom? Duly to regulate our passions—to have them under command—rightly directed, and more or less warm proportionably to the influence their object has upon our happiness, will cost us, as every one is sensible, a watchfulness and care of such continuance, as is submitted to by few even of those, who best know how far it would be overpaid by the good its purchase.

If then we pay so dear for every satisfaction

faction we now enjoy—if there be nothing desirable on earth but what has its price of labour set upon it, and what is most desirable comes to us by the most labour; who in his wits can believe that happiness far exceeding the utmost in our present state, will at length be our portion without any solicitude we need be at about it—without any qualifications we have to acquire in order to it—without any pains we are to take after it? Nothing in Paganism or *Mahomedism*, nothing in *Poperly* is so absurd as this supposition.

There is an uniformity in all the proceedings of God. As they are all grounded on an unerring wisdom, they must testify their correspondence to it, by what they have to *each other*: and so we find they do in all cases wherein we can fathom them. We know not, indeed, *in what way* we are to be made happy in another life; but *with what* our being so is connected—*on what* it must depend, we are sufficiently instructed. The means of making ourselves thus happy which are put in our power, plainly teach, that by *their* use it must be effected. Lesser goods, derived to us only by our care and industry, demonstrate how we are to secure greater. The chief blessings, that are now within our reach, being never vouchsafed but to our extraordinary efforts—to our most earnest endeavours to gain them, lead us to the fullest conviction, that the same must be the condition of whatever enjoyments we can promise ourselves after our death—that they will only be the reward of the diligence with which they have been sought—of the difficulties their pursuit has occasioned us.

The Atheist himself—he who having no views beyond this world, gives his lusts their full range in it, acts with abundantly more sense and consistency, than he who, full of the hopes of immortality, yet consults his humour or his ease, his pleasure or his profit, regardless of any understanding he has to improve, or any progress in virtue he has to make. Nor is there any thing that so much confirms the irreligious man in his bad principles, as his observing this conduct in them who profess to believe a God and another life. He thinks, and, I must own, but too justly, that it is the same thing not to be influenced by such a belief, and not to have it—that it is even much more reasonable to give up all expectations of future hap-

piness, than to expect it, and yet do nothing in order to it—do nothing that can appear at all qualifying us for, or entitling us to it: in a word, he rightly thinks that, supposing there be a God of that perfect justice and wisdom which he is represented, he cannot make any difference hereafter between them who have absolutely denied his justice—his wisdom—nay his very being, and them who, with all their acknowledgments of him and his perfections, would yet never sacrifice any of their inclinations to him—would not be at any pains to know his will, or, if they did know it, would only so far obey it, as it was agreeable to their own.

I hardly can quit this subject. So great is the danger—so certain, I may say, is the mischief of persuading ourselves, that an eternal happiness will recompence the little we do to secure it, that I scarcely know when I have said enough to evince what conduct alone it can reward.

As the visible world is the only universal guide to our conjectures on the invisible, and therein, as I have observed, the method of Providence in dispensing its blessing, is manifest to every eye; all those which can most engage our wishes depending wholly on what we do to obtain them: as, likewise, whether we consider the wisdom of God, or his truth, or his justice, they all concur in teaching us this lesson, that an ever-continuing felicity can only be prepared for a distinguished virtue.

As things, I say, are thus, may it not properly be asked, What can it be that so strangely infatuates us—that possesses us with hopes so extravagantly absurd—that makes a pursuit so lazy and remiss, which ought to be so vigorous and uninterrupted? I know not what this possibly can be, but, either, the numbers that countenance our practice, or, the reliance we have on the Deity's unbounded goodness.

As to the former, how little stress we should lay on numbers, will be evident from these four considerations.

First, They, who in every age, are most commended for their wisdom and prudence, never take the multitude for their pattern; but, on the other hand, constantly live in a direct opposition to its practices, and dissuade all, to whom they are well-wishers from them.

Secondly, Those follies and vices, which are the reproach of numbers, are not therefore, the less mischievous in their consequences.

sequences. The increasing multitudes of the lewd and drunken do not, in any instance, occasion lewdness and drunkenness to have more favourable circumstances attending them, either with respect to the persons, or the posterity of the guilty: and if God be, in no instance, more favourable to the vicious in this world, because of their numbers; we have hence too sad a proof that they have not the least ground to expect he should be so in the next.

Thirdly, What we call great numbers, are, probably in respect of the whole creation of rational beings, extremely few; perhaps no more than some few grains of sand, in comparison of those amazing heaps that spread the deserts of the earth, and shores of the ocean. Supposing, therefore, all offenders among the human kind, punished by God according to their deserts; that punishment might be making examples of a very small, of the very smallest part of his creatures, for the good of the rest—for preserving innumerable millions—an infinite race in their due obedience.

Fourthly, An established order taking place in all the works of God that we are acquainted with; every thing in the natural world being subjected to certain laws; and in the moral world, good having still a tendency to produce good, nor ever failing to do it, unless from some accidental hindrances; and evil, when things are in their proper course, producing evil; we have very strong reason to believe, that an unchangeable God—he whose wisdom uniformly displays itself—has fixed things thus, that thus they will proceed to all eternity; good following from good, evil from evil; with this difference alone, with respect to us, in another state, that all hindrances of the natural consequences of things will there be removed—nothing will prevent the virtuous man's reaping the fruits of his virtue, nor will any thing hinder the whole of the dismal effects of vice from being felt by them, who have here allowed themselves in it. And, if this be the case, than which nothing is more probable, it is then quite clear, that all the hopes of the guilty from their numbers, must be utterly vain—that it would be still as reasonable to think a plague could not be a dangerous distemper, because it is so infectious an one; as to think that we shall be safe amidst our crimes, because of the multitude that share them.

With regard to the goodness of God,

how groundless our reliance must be upon it, when we act contrary to the ends for which we were made—when we neglect our opportunities, and abuse our capacities, will, I hope, be sufficiently plain to us, if we attend to the following short remarks.

1. We ascribe goodness to God as a perfection; but nothing can be a perfection in him, which has, morally speaking, a necessary tendency to make his creatures less perfect—less careful to answer the ends of their creation; and this the divine goodness would certainly do, if it were indeed such as allowed us nothing to fear, tho' we neglected to use rightly the abilities and opportunities afforded us.

2. As God is the Governor of the world—is acknowledged so by all who own his being; we must, therefore, consider his goodness, as that of a governor, or as consistent with, and agreeable to, a wise government: but can this be said of his goodness, if it exempt from all punishment our wilful and continued disobedience to his laws, and thereby encourage us to disobey them?

3. One attribute or perfection of the Deity cannot clash with another: his goodness, for instance, with his justice: but the punishment of evil is as much a part of justice, as the rewarding of good. To treat evil, as if it were not evil, can neither be agreeable to justice or truth; and this would be the case—evil would be regarded as if it were not evil, did the goodness of God so favour the wilful offender, that his crimes would never receive their desert.

4. To restrain evil, to obstruct its progress, must be the care of a good Governor, nay would be the surest proof of his goodness. To punish, therefore, such as act contrary to the law of their nature—contrary to the well-being of society, and therein contrary to their own and the common happiness, is not only a part of justice, but even of goodness itself. We could not consider God as good, had he not properly guarded against his creatures corrupting themselves, and against that corruption extending itself: and what are the discouragements to this, but in the way of punishment—but by the sufferings the guilty have to fear? The more there are who act in defiance of these sufferings, the more necessary it becomes to inflict them; and offenders can have no reason

reason to think that the mercy of God will spare them, when the greatest mercy is shewn in obviating the mischief of such examples, by treating them according to what they have deserved.

Let us behold the goodness of God in this light, and this is that in which we ought to see it—this is its true representation; and thus seen, it cannot but convince us how impossible it is that we should have any thing to hope after a life unprofitably, vainly spent—how much such a life has necessarily to fear.

Dean Bolton.

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 151. *Introduction to the Catechism.*

The Catechism begins with a recital of our baptismal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great christian principle of faith; and leaving all mysterious inquiries, in which this subject is involved, it passes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited these, it concludes with a simple, and very intelligible explanation of baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

The catechism then begins very properly, with a recital of our baptismal vow, as the best preface to that belief, and those rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itself, two appendages of it require explanation—the use of sponsors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the sponsor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the best provision it can for the pious education of orphans, and deserted children. The temporal and the spiritual guardian may equally betray their trust: both are culpable: both accountable: but surely the latter breaks the more sacred engagement.

As to promising and vowing in the name of another (which seems to carry so harsh a sound) the sponsor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifestly for his advantage: and on a supposition, that the child hereafter will see it to be so—that is, he promises, as he takes it for granted, the child itself would have promised, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the sacrament; nor pretends to scriptural authority. It rests merely on ancient usage. A custom had generally obtained,

of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greek, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himself, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early sanction to this usage, changed his name to Abraham. In imitation of this common practice, the old christians gave baptismal names to their children, which were intended to point out their heavenly adoption, as their surnames distinguished their temporal alliance.

From considering the use of sponsors, and of the name in baptism, we proceed next to the vow itself, which is thus expressed. “My godfathers did promise three things in my name: 1st, That I should renounce the devil, and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. 2dly, That I should believe all the articles of the christian faith; and 3dly, That I should keep God's holy will, and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.”

First then, we promise to “renounce the devil, and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.” “The devil, the world, and the flesh,” is a comprehensive mode of expressing every species of sin, however distinguished; and from whatever source derived: all which we not only engage to renounce as far as we are able; but also to take pains in tracing the labyrinths of our own hearts; and in removing the glosses of self-deceit. Without this, all renunciation of sin is pretence.

Being thus enjoined to renounce our gross, habitual sins, and those bad inclinations, which lead us into them; we are required next to “believe all the articles of the christian faith.” This is a natural progression. When we are thoroughly convinced of the malignity of sin, we in course wish to avoid the ill consequences of it; and are prepared to give a fair hearing to the evidence of religion. There is a close connection between vice and infidelity. They mutually support each other. The same connection subsists between a well-disposed mind, and the truths of religion: and faith perhaps is not so involuntary an act, as many of our modern philosophers would persuade us.

After “believing the articles of the christian faith,” we are lastly enjoined to “keep God's holy will and command-
ments.”

“ments.” Here too is the same natural progression. As the renunciation of sin prepares the way for faith, so does faith, lead directly to obedience. They seem related to each other, as the mean and the end. “The end of the commandment,” saith the apostle, “is charity, out of a pure heart, and good conscience, and faith, unfeigned.” Faith (which is the act of believing upon rational evidence) is the great fountain, from which all christian virtues spring. No man will obey a law, till he hath informed himself whether it be properly authorized: or, in other words, till he believe in the jurisdiction that enacted it.—If our faith in Christ doth not lead us to obey him; it is what the scriptures call a dead faith, in opposition to a saving one.

To this inseparable connection between faith and obedience, St. Paul’s doctrine may be objected, where he seems to lay the whole stress on faith, in opposition to works*.—But it is plain, that St. Paul’s argument requires him to mean by faith, the whole system of the christian religion (which is indeed the meaning of the word in many other parts of scripture); and by works, which he sets in opposition to it, the moral law. So that in fact, the apostle’s argument relates not to the present question; but tends only to establish the superiority of christianity. The moral law, argues the apostle, which claimed on the righteousness of works, makes no provision for the deficiencies of man. Christianity alone, by opening a door of mercy, gave him hopes of that salvation, which the other could not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing sin, believing the articles of the christian faith, and keeping God’s holy commandments, as far as sinful man can keep them, we are entitled by promise to all the privileges of the gospel. We “become members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.” We are redeemed through the merits of Christ; pardoned through the mercies of God; and rewarded with a blessed immortality.

This account of our baptismal vow concludes with a question, leading us to acknowledge the necessity of observing this vow; and to declare our belief, that our only hope of keeping it rests upon the assistance of God.

Gilpin.

§ 152. *On the Creed—the Belief of God.*

The creed begins with a profession of our belief in “God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth.”

The being of a God is one of those truths, which scarce require proof. A proof seems rather an injury, as it supposes doubt. However, as young minds, though not sceptical, are uninformed, it may not be improper to select out of the variety of arguments, which evince this great truth, two or three of the most simple.

The existence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at least in any perfection, we must look into scripture.

A few plain and simple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preservation of it—and the general consent of mankind, strike us with more conviction, than all the subtilties of metaphysical deduction.

We prove the being of a God first from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impressed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end.—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse.—When we see stones, answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we see them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown so by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper soils, and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great

* See Rom. iii, 28. and indeed great part of the epistle.

end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design shewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally shewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable, furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the least, as well as in the greatest of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the stones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose, it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God?

Lastly, we see this great truth, the being of a God, witnessed by the general consent of mankind. This general consent must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men's own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the

world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject; but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a divine being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themselves, than are really convinced.—But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what is their testimony against so great a majority, as the rest of mankind? The light of the sun is universally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be born blind.

But since, it seems, there are difficulties in supposing a divine creator, and preserver of the world, what system of things does the atheist suppose attended with fewer? He sees the world produced before him. He sees it hath been created; and is preserved. Some account of this matter must be given. If ours displease him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheistical creeds: none of which hath stood the test of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheist's great argument indeed against a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injustice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the blessings, which attends christianity, that it satisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and easy solution of this poignant objection. What if we observe an inaccurate distribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depressed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, says the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconsiderable part of his being; a point only in the expanse of eternity: who believes he is sent into this world, merely to prepare himself for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor punishment. Happiness unquestionably attends virtue even here,

and misery, vice: but it is not the happiness of a splendid station, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the misery of low circumstances, but of a guilty conscience. The things of this world are so; in their own nature, connected either with happiness or misery. Attended sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depressed situation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Besides, if worldly prosperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudencies enough about them to deserve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deserve success. Why should imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpose share in the punishment, though connected with vice?

Thus then we see the being of a God is the universal creed of nature. But though nature could investigate the simple truth, she could not preserve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what she sees, and what she hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeness of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worship. And even the most refined nations, we know, had gross conceptions on this head. The wisest of them indeed, by observing the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wisdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the highest ideas of perfection: and with these they arrayed their gods; mixing also with their virtues, such vices, as are found in the characters of the best of men.

For just notions of the Deity, we must have recourse then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all these absurdities. It dispels the clouds of ignorance; and unveils the divine majesty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertinism, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobservant governor; and the gloomy ideas of superstition, on the other, which suppose him to be a dark malignant being, are equally exposed. Here we are informed of the omniscience and omnipresence of God. Here we learn, that his wisdom and power

are equalled by his goodness; and that his mercy is over all his works. In short, we learn from revelation, that we are in the hands of a being, whose knowledge we cannot evade, and whose power we cannot resist; who is merciful and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to assist and reward those, who endeavour to conform themselves to his will: but whose justice, at the same time, accompanying his mercy, will punish the bold and careless sinner in proportion to his guilt.

Gilpin.

§ 153. *On the Creed continued—the Belief of Jesus Christ.*

After professing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profession of our belief “in Jesus Christ, his son, our Lord.”

A person celebrated as Jesus Christ was, we may suppose, would naturally find a place in the profane history of his times. It may not be amiss, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the testimony of some of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at least inform us, that such a person lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I shall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius*, tells us, that “the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the instigation of one Christ, were continually making disturbances.”

Tacitus †, speaking of the persecution of christians, tells us, “that the author of that name was Christ, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius.”

Pliny's ‡ testimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, desiring his instructions with regard to christians. He blames their obstinacy in refusing to sacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confession can draw nothing, but that they assemble, on a certain day, before sun-rise—that they pay divine honours to Christ as a God—that they bind themselves by a sacrament not to steal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of these rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he says, two of them by torture: yet still he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their absurd superstitions. He

* In vita Claud. Cæf.

† Lib. 15.

‡ Lib. 10.

thinks, however, the matter should be inquired into: for christianity had brought religion into great disuse. The markets were crowded with victims; and scarce a purchaser came near them.

These writers afford us sufficient testimony, that Jesus Christ lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have no interest in falsifying; were no converts to the new sect; but talk of Christ, only as they would of any singular person, whom they had occasion to mention. Their testimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and examine the scripture evidence of Christ, which proves not only his existence; but that he is our Lord, or the Messiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

Upon examining the grand scripture evidence on this head, we find the greatest stress laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to supernatural power. And though both these modes of evidence are calculated as well for us who live in remoter times, as for those who lived in the earliest; yet the evidence from miracles seems more particularly addressed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witnesses of the miracles of the gospel, of which we have only the evidence at second-hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increases through every age. The early christians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is still more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture displayed.—Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witnesses of the gospel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any such were latent; and did unquestionably receive them with all that circumspection which was due to such wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the christian faith: while the most ignorant spectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were such as could not possibly, from the nature of the facts themselves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a strange found to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we

cannot suppose, that any man, much less that a multitude of men, would embrace such a belief without clear conviction: especially as no worldly advantage lay on the side of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of persecution.—Let us consider the single miracle of Christ's resurrection. Jesus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was so far in general credited, that the sepulchre was sealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well suppose, therefore, that his favourers would naturally, upon this occasion, reason thus: "Jesus hath now put his pretensions upon a fair issue. He hath told us, he will arise from the dead on the third day:—here then let us suspend our judgment, and wait the result. Three days will determine whether he be an impostor, or the real Messiah."—It is very natural to suppose, that the favourers of Jesus would reason, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his disciples, had they found him falsifying in this point. But we know they did continue his disciples after this. We know also, that many profelytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the christian religion.—We have all the reason in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully satisfied. His miracles were to them a sufficient proof of his pretensions. All candid men would have acquiesced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very strong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we observe, that the writers of the Old Testament seem, in various parts, to characterize some extraordinary person, who was in process of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be mistaken nor misapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief—though described to be without sin, he was to be numbered with transgressors—his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for sin—and was never to see corruption."—These prophecies were published many hundred years before the birth of Christ: and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters.

The

The Old Testament had been early translated into the Greek language; and received into the politest libraries of those times.

With these ideas, let us open the New Testament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than these prophecies of Christ in one Testament, are to his history in the other. Here we see that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled. — Here we see a life spent in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. — Here we see the Lord of righteousness numbered with transgressors—we see his hands and his feet pierced—we see him made an offering for sin—and we see realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an easy matter to carry this comparison through a more minute detail of circumstances: but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great resemblance. To complete the picture would be a copious work.

Besides these predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Christ: there were many others, which deserve notice. Among these the two great leading prophecies were those of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the dispersion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earliest prophecies of the Old Testament. The Jews were distinguished in appearance, as the favourite people of God; and they were sufficiently elated upon that distinction. But if they had attended closely to their prophets, they might have discovered, that all the prophecies, which described the happy state of the church, had evidently a more distant prospect, than to them. Those early promises, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their posterity; but included “all the nations of the earth.”—And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, spoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have understood, as Simeon, and some of the wisest and most intelligible of them did understand, that “a light was sprung up to lighten the Gentiles.”

The prophecy of the dispersion of the Jewish nation is also very antient, being attributed by Moses to the patriarch Jacob. “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come.” Whatever may be the precise meaning of the word ‘sceptre’ in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly signify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means some badge of authority, that implies a formed and settled government. And as to the word ‘Shiloh,’ all commentators, Jewish as well as Christian, explain it to mean the Messiah—The sense therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews should continue in the form of a society, till the time of the Messiah. Accordingly we find that, soon after Christ’s death, the sceptre did depart from Judah: the Jews lost all form of a political society; and are a singular instance of a people, scattered over the whole earth, preserved to this day separate from all other people, and yet without a settlement any where.

Our Saviour’s prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewise among the more remarkable predictions. He told his disciples, that “his religion was like a grain of mustard-seed, which was the least of all seeds; but when it grew up, it should become a great tree, and the fowls of the air should lodge in the branches of it.” He told them also, that “the gates of hell should never prevail against it.”

The Jewish religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every transgression. The divine authority was stamped openly upon it. The people trembled, and worshipped.

When the impostor Mahomet set up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his sword, and held it to the breasts of his opposers; while he promised to the obedient a full gratification of their passions.

But in the Christian religion, nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no sensual indulgences allured on the other. A few depending ignorant mechanics, the disciples of a person crucified as a common malefactor, were all the parade, with which

* See Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 18. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4.

this religion was ushered into the world; and all the human assistance which it had to boast.—And yet this religion, which opposed the strongest prejudices, and was opposed by the greatest princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire.—Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in opposition to all human calculation, exactly fulfilled. The least of all seeds became a spreading tree; and a church was established, which could not be destroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Christ could not be destroyed, it was corrupted; and in a course of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt state of it—the delusions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumstances relating to it, are not unreasonably supposed to be held forth, in the prophetic parts of the New Testament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been well explained by those*, who are versed in the histories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a stronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have just considered, shone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now strike us in so forcible a manner.

Gilpin.

§ 154. *The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Christ, &c.*

We have now shewn upon what foundation we believe the second article of our creed; let us next consider the remaining articles—the history of Christ, as delivered in scripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the assistance of the Holy Spirit—the remission of our sins—and everlasting life.

First, then, we believe that Christ was “conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary.” The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at least a point very unimportant. We believe just the Scripture-account of it, and assure our-

selves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed.—One thing, however, we may observe on this head, that nothing is said in Scripture of paying divine honours to the virgin Mary. Those rites are totally of popish origin.

We farther believe, that Christ “suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he descended into hell,”—that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture-account of the circumstances and the reality of Christ's death.

To make an action clear, it is necessary, first, to establish its date. This is usually done by ranging it under the magistrate who then presided, the time of whose government is always registered in some public record.—Thus we believe that Christ's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe also, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever did; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea †.

The “descent into hell” is undoubtedly a more obscure expression than might be wished in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was first composed †. But as creeds are human compositions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as consistent with Scripture. Now the sense which seems most agreeable to Scripture, is, that his soul remained till his resurrection “in that place (whatever that place is) where the spirits of the blessed rest: and the expression seems to have been added, only that we may the more strongly express our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we express our belief of the separation of his soul and body. “He was buried,”—and “descended into hell.” The first expression relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the second to his soul, which passed into the place of departed spirits.

We farther believe, that “on the third day he rose again from the dead.” The resurrection of Christ from the dead is a point of the utmost importance to christ-

* See Bishop Newton's Dissertations; and Bishop Hurd's sermons on prophecy.

† Isaiah foretold he should “make his grave with the rich.” And St. Matthew tells us, that *οἱ ματθ. γενόμενος; κληθὲν ἀνθρώπων πτωχῶν. Matt. xxvii. 57. Isaiah liii. 9.*

‡ See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.

tians. On the certainty of Christ's resurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we shall be more large.

And, in the first place, what is there in it that need shock our reason? It was a wonderful event: but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we seriously weigh the matter, is it less strange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground should die, and rise again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the same circumstances, should assume new life? The commonness of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree less unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raised from the dead? And is it not obviously striking, that the same power which can effect the one, may effect the other also?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and safely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by those who opposed, and by those who favoured the resurrection. In the circumstances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The disciples tell their story—a very plain and simple one—that, scarce expecting the event, notwithstanding their master had himself foretold it, they were surprised with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great astonishment, that their master was again alive—that they had been several times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they said to great numbers, who, as well as themselves, had seen him after his resurrection.

The chief priests, on the other side, declared the whole to be a forgery; asserting, that the plain matter of fact was, the disciples came by night, and stole the body away, while the soldiers slept.

Such a tale, unsupported by evidence, would be listened to in no court of justice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be supposed, that the disciples, who had fled with terror when they might have rescued their master's life; would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard asleep; when we know, that the vigilance of cen-

tinels is secured by the strictest discipline?—Besides, what advantage could arise from such an attempt? If they miscarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cause. If they succeeded, it is difficult to say what use they could make of their success. Unless they could have produced their dead body alive, the second error would be worse than the first. Their master's prophecy of his own resurrection was an unhappy circumstance; yet still it was wrapped in a veil of obscurity. But if his disciples endeavoured to prove its completion, it was their business to look well to the event. A detection would be such a comment upon their master's text, as would never be forgotten.—When a cause depends on falsehood, every body knows, the less it is moved the better.

This was the case of the other side. Obscurity there was wanted. If the chief priests had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the disciples taken up, and examined upon the fact? They never absconded. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to posterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time, and place, where it happened? Christianity never wanted enemies to propagate its disparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the testimony of men asleep. The disciples were never questioned upon the fact; and the chief priests rested satisfied with spreading an inconsistent rumour among the people, impressed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the resurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate sent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and resurrection of Christ; which were recorded at Rome, as usual, among other provincial matters. This intelligence made so great an impression, it seems, upon the emperor, that he referred it to the senate, whether Jesus Christ of Judea should not be taken into the number of the Roman gods?—Our belief of this fact is chiefly founded upon the testimony of Justin Martyr, and Tertullian, two learned heathens, in the age succeeding Christ, who became christians from this very evidence, among others, in favour of christianity.

christianity. In their apologies*, still extant, one of which was made to the senate of Rome, the other to a Roman governor, they both appeal to these records of Pontius Pilate, as then generally known; which we cannot conceive such able apologists would have done, if no such records had ever existed †.

Having seen what was of old objected to the resurrection of Christ, it may be proper also to see the objections of modern disbelievers.

And, first, we have the stale objection, that nothing is more common among the propagators of every new religion, than to delude their ignorant proselytes with idle stories. What a variety of inconsistent tales did the votaries of heathenism believe! What absurdities are adopted into the Mahometan creed! To what strange facts do the vulgar papists give credit! And can we suppose better of the resurrection of Christ, than that it was one of those pious frauds, intended merely to impose upon the people, and advance the credit of the new sect?

This is just as easily said, as that his disciples stole him away, while the guard slept. Both are assertions without proof.

Others have objected Christ's partial discovery of himself, after his resurrection. If he had boldly shewn himself to the chief priests; or publicly to all the people; we might have had a more rational foundation for our belief. But as he had only for his witnesses, upon this occasion, a few of his chosen companions, the thing has certainly a more secret appearance than might be wished.

This insinuation is founded upon a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in which it is said, that "God shewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." The question is, what is meant by witnesses chosen before of God? Certainly nothing more than persons expressly, and by particular designation, intended to be the witnesses of this event. Others might see him if they

pleased; but these were not the people, to whom God shewed him openly: this particular designation was confined to the "chosen witnesses."—And is there any thing more in this, than we see daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body wish to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living testimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witnesses, appointed to this purpose, in all our deeds and writings?—Let us not, however, answer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the resurrection, the apostles, who ran to the sepulchre to make themselves acquainted with what they had heard, received a message from their master, injoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this message was conveyed with any secrecy: it is rather probable it was not; and that the disciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expressly said, told it "to the eleven, and all the rest." Who the rest were, does not appear: but it is plain, from the sequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as chose either to satisfy their faith, or gratify their curiosity, repaired for that purpose to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a distinction between the voluntary and the chosen witness—between those "who had accompanied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from his baptism till his ascension," and those who "were ordained to be the witnesses of his resurrection †."

St. Paul goes farther, and in express words tells us, that Christ was seen "after his resurrection of above five hundred brethren at once:" and it is probable, from the expression, "at once," that he was seen, at different times, by many more.

If then Christ thus appeared in Galilee to as many as chose to see him; or even

* Just. Mart. Apol. ad Anton. P.—Tertull. Apol. cap. 15.

† The acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reason, that I know. I never met with any thing against them of more authority than a sneer. Probable they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing opposes it, has its weight. But here the probability is strengthened by no small degree of positive evidence; which, if the reader wishes to see collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of "Christ's suffering under Pontius Pilate," in Bishop Pearson's exposition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Eusebius, is worth remarking: "Fuere genuina Pilati acta; ad quæ provocabant primi christiani, tanquam ad certissima fidei monumenta."

‡ Acts i. 21.

|| 1 Cor. xv.

if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St Paul tells us the greatest part were still alive, when he wrote this epistle, there can surely be no reasonable cause of offence at his appearing, besides these, to a few of his chosen companions, who attended by express appointment, as persons designed to record the event.

In fact, if the same method be pursued in this inquiry, which is usual in all others, the evidence of these chosen companions is all that is necessary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought sufficient) on whose evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witnesses? Have they those marks about them, which characterise men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as strictly legal, as full, and as satisfactory, as any reasonable man can require.—But in this great cause, we see the evidence is carried still farther. Here are five hundred persons waiting without, ready to add their testimony, if any one should require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addresses itself to that absurd distinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between *rem certam*, and *rem certissimam*.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the resurrection of Christ is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect still more, our answer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets," God's ordinary means of salvation, "neither will ye be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—There must be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unless he have every possible mode of proof, must be an infidel in almost every transaction of life. With such persons there is no reasoning. They who are not satisfied, because Christ did not appear in open parade at Jerusalem; would farther have asked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not shew himself to every individual?

To these objections may be added a scruple, taken from a passage of Scripture, in which it is said that "Christ should lie three days and three nights in

the heart of the earth:" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in speech is more common than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language perhaps this licence is more admissible, than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day: and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of these three portions of time, he might be said, by an easy liberty of speech, to have lain the whole.

Gilpin.

§ 155. *Credo continued.—Christ's Ascension.—Belief in the Holy Ghost.*

We believe farther, that Christ "ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God."

Christ's ascension into heaven rests on the same kind of proof, as his resurrection. Both of them are events, which the apostles were "ordained to witness." But though their testimony in this case, as well as in the resurrection, is certainly the most legal, and authentic proof, and fully sufficient for any reasonable man; yet this does not exclude the voluntary testimony of others. It is evident, that the apostles were not the sole eye-witnesses of this event: for when St. Peter called together the first assembly of the church to chuse a successor to Judas Iscariot, he tells them, they must necessarily chuse one, out of those men, who had been witnesses of all that Christ did, from his baptism "till his ascension:" and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty persons: thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article should rest on a less formal proof, than the resurrection, it is of no great consequence: for if the resurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the ascension. If the testimony of the evangelists be allowed to prove the one; their word may be taken to establish the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a scriptural expression used merely in conformity to our gross conceptions; and is not intended to imply any distinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the most serious

truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it seemed probable, that, as we had reason given us for a guide, we should hereafter be accountable for its abuse: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durst deliver those truths under the veil of fable, which the philosopher kept more to himself, give us many traits of the popular belief on this subject*. But the gospel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curiosity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted, beyond its limits, into fruitless inquiries; scrutinizing the time of this event; and settling, with vain precision, the circumstances of it. All curiosity of this kind is idle at least, if not presumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his dispensation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aside.

Let us then leave all fruitless inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon such circumstances of it as most concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the soothing reflection, that we have our sentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the same gracious gospel, which directs our lives, shall direct the judgment we receive,—that the same gracious person shall be our judge, who died for our sins—and that his goodness, we are assured, will still operate towards us; and make the kindest allowances for all our infirmities.

But lest our hopes should be too buoyant, let us consider, on the other hand, what an awful detail against us will then appear. The subject of that grand inquiry will be all our transgressions of known duty—all our omissions of knowing better—our secret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives, which often accompany our most plausible actions—and, we are told, even our idle words.—“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—Then shall it be known, whether we have answered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world subservient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourselves for a state of happiness in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happiness to our fellow-creatures upon earth? Whether we

have restrained our appetites, and passions; and reduced them within the bounds of reason and religion? Or, whether we have given ourselves up to pleasure, gain, or ambition; and formed such attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing else; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying a better? It will be happy for us, if on all these heads of inquiry, we can answer without dismay.—Worldly distinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudest of them will be then confounded. “Naked came we into the world; and naked must we return.” We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I shall conclude what hath been said on the last judgment with a collection of passages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though most of these passages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illustrate realities, and are indeed the only illustrations of which this subject is capable, we may take it for granted, that these figurative expressions are intended to convey a just idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impression upon you, I shall place these passages in a regular series, though collected from various parts.

“The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with his holy angels—The trumpet shall sound; and all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth—Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations shall be gathered before him—the books shall be opened; and men shall be judged according to their works.—They who have sinned without law, shall perish, (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law.—Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Then shall he say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then shall the righteous shine forth in the presence of their Father; while the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.—What manner of persons ought we then to be in all holy conversation, and godliness? looking for, and hastening unto, the day of our

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's *Æn.*

Lord; when the heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, seeing that we look for such things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless; that each of us may receive that blessed sentence, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

We believe, farther, in “the Holy Ghost;” that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God.—We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have some kind of union, and some kind of distinction; because both this union and this distinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exist we inquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been necessary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (besides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apostles, and enabled them to propagate the gospel—and that it will assist all good men in the conscientious discharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine, with regard to the assistance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the most essential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our best endeavours are insufficient. We are unprofitable servants, after all; and cannot please God, unless sanctified, and assisted by his Holy Spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been sometimes called a standing miracle; something beyond the common course of nature. To attain any degree of goodness, we must be supernaturally assisted.

At the same time, we are assured of this assistance, if we strive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we trust in ourselves, we shall fail. If we trust in God, without doing all we can ourselves, we shall fail likewise. And if we continue obstinate in our perverseness, we may at length totally incapacitate ourselves from being the temples of the Holy Ghost.

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illustrate? Is any thing more common, than for the intellect of one man to assist that of another? Is not the whole scheme of

education an infusion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too, that nothing of this kind can be communicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner necessarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his pursuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of course discouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they answer no purpose?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God cooperates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are necessary to obtain God’s assistance: and the more earnestly these endeavours are exerted, the measure of this grace will of course be greater. But, on the other hand, if these endeavours languish, the assistance of Heaven will lessen in proportion; and if we behave with obstinate perverseness, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always strive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this spiritual assistance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our souls upon our bodies. We are sensible, that our souls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally consonant to reason, that the divine influence may act upon our souls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The priests of every oracle were supposed to be inspired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were universally believed to act under the influence of a supernatural assistance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This shews, at least, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reason.

Gilpin.

§ 156. *Creed continued.—The Holy Catholic Church, &c.*

We believe, farther, in “the holy catholic church,” and the “communion of saints.”

“I believe in the holy catholic church,” is certainly a very obscure expression to a protestant; as it is very capable of a popish construction, implying our trust in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The most obvious sense, therefore,

in which it can be considered as a protellant article of our belief, is this, that we call no particular society of christians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and sincere christians, of whatever communion, or particular opinion, shall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewish church stood also on a very narrow basis. But the christian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind; and God through Christ will take out of every nation such as shall be saved.

The "communion of saints," is an expression equally obscure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not resolve itself into a very obvious one to us. If we say we mean by it, that good christians living together on earth, should exercise all offices of charity among themselves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may ask, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not so much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might just as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only suggest, that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a test of our enlarged ideas of christianity, and as opposed to the narrow-mindedness of some christians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions against all who are not of their own church; and scruple not to shew their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papists particularly deny salvation to any but those of their own communion, and persecute those of other persuasions where they have the power.—In opposition to this, we profess our belief of the great christian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good christians of all denominations; and ought to practise a free and unrestrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the second part of the article depends upon the first. By the "holy catholic church," we mean all sincere christians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by "the com-

munion of saints," a kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the original meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to seek such a sense as appears most consistent with scripture.—We are assured, that this article, as well as the "descent into hell," is not of the same antiquity as the rest of the creed*.

We profess our belief farther in the "forgiveness of sins."—The Scripture-doctrine of sin, and of the guilt, which arises from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a state of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he persevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happiness, which is the consequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy state was lost, his passions and appetites became disordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or less, involved in sin, and are all therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curse;" that is, we are naturally in a state of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a state of nature, it is true, we might be sorry for our sins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But sorrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard, for the future, can make no atonement for sins already committed. A resolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never discharge a debt already contracted †.

In this distress of nature, Jesus Christ came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that surrounded us.—He shewed us, that in this world we were lost—that the law of nature could not save us—that the tenor of that law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—thro' his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happiness—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourselves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwise overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were, on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious co-

* See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iv. chap. 3.

† Thus Mr. Jenyns expresses the same thing: "The punishment of vice is a debt due to justice, which cannot be remitted without compensation: repentance can be no compensation. It may change a wicked man's dispositions, and prevent his offending for the future; but can lay no claim to pardon for what is past. If any one by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, repentance may make him wiser, and hinder him from running into farther distresses, but can never pay off his old bonds, for which he must be ever accountable, unless they are discharged by himself, or some other in his stead."

View of the Intern. Evid. p. 112.

venant—and that God promised us, on his, the pardon of our sins, and everlasting life—that we were first therefore to be made holy through the gospel of Christ, and then we might expect salvation through his death: “Us, who were dead in trespasses and sins, would he quicken. Christ would redeem us from the curse of the law. By grace we should be saved thro’ faith; and that not of ourselves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.” *Gilpin.*

§ 157. *Creed continued.—Resurrection of the Body.*

We believe farther “in the resurrection of the body.”—This article prefigures our belief in the immortality of the soul.

What that principle of life is which we call the soul; how it is distinguished from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what state it subsists, when its bodily functions cease; are among those indissoluble questions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithstanding the difficulties, which attend the discussion of these questions, the truth itself hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their souls were immortal from their own feelings, so impressed with an expectation of immortality—from observing the progressive state of the soul, capable, even after the body had attained its full strength, of still higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their situation here to apparently incomplete in itself; and from a variety of other topics, which the reason of man was able to suggest.—But though nature could obscurely suggest this great truth; yet Christianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impressed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a step farther. It not only implies the immortality of the soul; but asserts the resurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the soul in an embodied state. It was airy indeed, and bloodless; but still it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In these particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curiosity. From various passages we are led to believe, that the

body shall certainly rise again: but in what manner, or of what substance, we pretend not to examine. We learn “that it is sown in corruption, and raised in incorruption; that it is sown in dishonour, and raised in glory; that it is sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body:” from all which we gather, that whatever sameness our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more spiritualized nature; and will not be subject to those infirmities, to which they were subject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Instead, therefore, of entering into any metaphysical disquisitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep subject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, must end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical use: and the use we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriously to pamper them; but to keep them as much as possible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be sealed up in expectation of a blessed resurrection.

Lastly, we believe “in the life everlasting:” in which article we express our faith in the eternity of a future state of rewards and punishments.

This article is nearly related to the last, and is involved in the same obscurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will consist, after death, our reason gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which so nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages: but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expressions. We are told, “there will then reign fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore—that the righteous shall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they shall shine forth, as the sun, in the presence of their father—where error, and sin, and misery shall be no more—where shall be assembled an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly of the church, the spirits of just men made perfect—that they shall neither hunger, nor thirst any more—that all tears shall be wiped from their eyes—that there shall be neither death, nor sorrow, nor pain.”

From

From these, and such expressions as these, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future state of happiness, yet we can easily gather a few circumstances, which must of course attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will last for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happiness of this world—that, as in this world, our passions and appetites prevail; in the next, reason and virtue will have the superiority—"hunger and thirst, tears and sorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all uneasy passions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will be then removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we shall feel ourselves compleat and perfect; and our happiness, not dependent, as here, upon a thousand precarious circumstances, both within and without ourselves, but consistent, uniform, and stable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the punishment of the wicked consists. In the Scripture we find many expressions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called, "an everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where shall be weeping, and gnashing of teeth—where the wicked shall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they shall have no rest, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greatest caution and humility upon such passages as these; yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are strong expressions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticism. Let the deist bravely argue down his fears, by demonstrating the absurdity of consuming a spirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future punishment; and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it must be unjust.—But let us, with more modesty, lay our hands humbly upon our breasts, confess our igno-

rance; revere the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful submission to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future punishments appeared no such unreasonable doctrine. Their state of the damned was of eternal duration. A vulture for ever tore those entrails, which were for ever renewed*.

Of one thing, however, we may be well assured (which may set us entirely at rest in all our inquiries on this deep subject, that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a just and merciful God must act agreeably to justice and mercy—and that the first of these attributes will most assuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the great and most convincing practical truth which arises, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourselves for the happiness of a future world. As this happiness will last for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, "which is but for a moment, for that everlasting weight of glory which fadeth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greatest discouragement from this doctrine, as every sin we commit in this world may be considered as an addition to an everlasting account in the next. *Gilpin.*

§ 158. *On the Ten Commandments.*

Having considered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of our practice. These, we know, are of such importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unless it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the same time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten commandments are first placed before us; from which the composers of the catechism, as well as many other divines, have drawn a compleat system of christian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much†. Both Mo-

* ————Rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, sæcundaque pænis
Viscera.——————Æn. vi. 596.
—————Sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus.——————Ib. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Bishop Warburton's commentary on Pope's works, in the second satire of Dr. Donne, are these lines:

Of whose strange crimes no cannonist can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.
"The original," says the bishop, "is more humorous.
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

ses, in the law, and Christ in the gospel, seem to have enlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, especially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which do not obviously fall under any of the commandments.

But though we cannot call the decalogue a complete rule of duty, we accept it with the utmost reverence, as the first great written law that ever God communicated to man. We consider it as an eternal monument, inscribed by the finger of God himself, with a few strong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiae of morals; but injoining those great duties only, which have the most particular influence upon the happiness of society; and prohibiting those enormous crimes, which are the greatest sources of its distress.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is supposed to contain our duty to God; the other our duty to man. But this seems to be an unauthorized division; and hath a tendency to a verbal mistake; as if some duties were owing to God; and others to man: whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God.—However, if we avoid this misconception, the division into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one.—The four first commandments are contained in the first table: the remaining six in the second.

At the head of them stands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The second commandment bears a near relation to the first. The former forbids polytheism; the latter idolatry: and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when these commandments were given: especially those nations, by whom the Jews were surrounded.

The third commandment enjoins reverence to God's name. This is a strong religious restraint in private life; and as a solemn oath is the strictest obligation among men, nothing can be of greater service to society, than to hold it in general respect.

The fourth commands the observance

of the sabbath; as one of the best means of preserving a sense of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The second table begins with injoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewish state, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promise, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promise of long life to each individual, who observed the precept: or, of stability to the whole nation upon the general observance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the most capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of society.

The first of them forbids murder, which is the greatest injury that one man can do another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the most irreparable.

The seventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confusion in families, which often succeeds it; and the general tendency it hath to destroy all the domestic happiness of society, stain it with a very high degree of guilt.

The security of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The security of our characters, is the object of the ninth.

The tenth restrains us not only from the actual commission of sin; but from those bad inclinations, which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, intitled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be intitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourselves."—These seem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Christian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On these we shall be more large.

The first part of our duty to God, is, "to believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itself first to our consideration. But this great point hath been already considered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impressed equally upon the righteous man,

"as if the ten commandments were so wide, as to stand ready to receive every thing, which either the law of nature, or the gospel commands. A just ridicule on those practical commentators, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within them."

and the sinner. But the fear of the sinner consists only in the dread of punishment. It is the necessary consequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we consider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, consists in that reverential awe, that constant apprehension of his presence, which secures us from offending him.—When we are before our superiors, we naturally feel a respect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their sight. Such (only in a higher degree) should be our reverence of God, in whose sight, we know, we always stand. If a sense of the divine presence hath such an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be said to be impressed with the fear of God.—If not, we neglect one of the best means of checking vice, which the whole circle of religious restraint affords.

Some people go a step farther; and say, that as every degree of light behaviour, though short of an indecency, is improper before our superiors; so is it likewise in the presence of Almighty God, who is so much superior to every thing that can be called great on earth.

But this is the language of superstition. Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, cannot be offensive to God. He is offended only with vice. Vice, in the lowest degree, is hateful to him: but a formal set behaviour can be necessary only to preserve human distinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, which is founded upon his goodness to his creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is with evil, exhibits various marks of the goodness of the Deity. Most men indeed place their affections too much upon it, and rate it at too high a value: but in the opinion even of wise men, it deserves some estimation. The acquisition of knowledge, in all its branches; the intercourse of society; the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, and all the beautiful scenes of nature; nay, even the low inclinations of animal life, when indulged with sobriety and moderation, furnish various modes of pleasure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In contemplating a future life, the enjoyments of this are lost. It is in the contemplation of futurity, that the christian views the goodness of God in the fullest light. When he sees the Deity engaging himself by covenant to make our short abode here a preparation for our eternal happiness

hereafter—when he is assured that this happiness is not only eternal, but of the purest and most perfect kind—when he sees God, as a father, opening all his stores of love and kindness, to bring back to himself a race of creatures fallen from their original perfection, and totally lost through their own folly, perverseness, and wickedness; then it is that the evils of life seem as atoms in the sun-beam; the divine nature appears overflowing with goodness to mankind, and calls forth every exertion of our gratitude and love.

That the enjoyments of a future state, in whatever those enjoyments consist, are the gift of God, is sufficiently obvious: but with regard to the government of this world, there is often among men a sort of infidelity, which ascribes all events to their own prudence and industry. Things appear to run in a stated course; and the finger of God, which acts unseen, is never supposed.

And, no doubt, our own industry and prudence have a great share in procuring for us the blessings of life. God hath annexed them as the reward of such exertions. But can we suppose, that such exertions will be of any service to us, unless the providence of God throw opportunities in our way? All the means of worldly happiness are surely no other than the means of his government. Moses saw among the Jews a kind of infidelity like this, when he forbid the people to say in their hearts, "My power, and the might of my hands hath gotten me this wealth:" whereas, he adds, they ought to remember, "That it is the Lord who giveth power to get wealth."

Others again have objected to the goodness of God, his permission of evil. A good God, say they, would have prevented it; and have placed his creatures in a situation beyond the distresses of life.

With regard to man, there seems to be no great difficulty in this matter. It is enough, surely, that God has put the means of comfort in our power. In the natural world, he hath given us remedies against hunger, cold, and disease; and in the moral world, against the mischief of sin. Even death itself, the last great evil, he hath shewn us how we may change into the most consummate blessing. A state of trial, therefore, and a future world, seem easily to set things to rights on this head.

The misery of the brute creation is indeed more unaccountable. But have we

not the modesty to suppose, that this difficulty may be owing to our ignorance? And that on the strength of what we know of the wisdom of God, we may venture to trust him for those parts which we cannot comprehend?

One truth, after all, is very apparent, that if we should argue ourselves into atheism, by the untractableness of these subjects, we should be so far from getting rid of our difficulties, that, if we reason justly, ten thousand greater would arise, either from considering the world under no ruler, or under one of our own imagining.

There remains one farther consideration with regard to the love of God, and that is, the measure of it. We are told we ought to love him "with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength." These are strong expressions, and seem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of some are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty person, is he, whose affections are warm in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expression is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we should make God our chief good—that we should set our affections more upon him, than upon any thing else—and that, for his sake, and for the sake of his laws, we should be ready to resign every thing we have, and even life itself. So that the words seem nearly of the same import with those of the apostle, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." *Gilpin.*

§ 159. *Worship and Honour of God.*

Our next duty to God is, to worship him, to give him thanks, to put our whole trust in him, and to call upon him.

Since the observance of the sabbath is founded upon many wise and just reasons, what have they to answer for, who not only neglect this institution themselves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I speak not to those who make it a dry or common diversion; who, laying aside all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations; spend it in the most licentious amusements: such people are past all reproof: but I speak to those, who in other things profess themselves to be serious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was *101*

But our prayers, whether in public, or in private, are only an idle parade, unless we put our trust in God.

By putting our trust in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happiness, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if ease be obtained, to acquire happiness. And those things are certainly the most eligible, which in these respects are the most effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promises: but who can say that it will keep them? We consist of two parts, a body, and a soul. Both of these want the means of happiness, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happiness, to those who depend upon them as such, are, in a thousand instances, unsatisfying. Even, at best, they will fail us in the end. While pain, diseases, and death, shew us, that the world can afford no refuge against bodily distress. And if it cannot afford the means of happiness, and of security, to the body, how much less can we suppose it able to afford them to the soul?

Nothing then, we see, in this world, is a sufficient foundation for trust: nor indeed can any thing be but Almighty God, who affords us the only means of happiness, and is our only real refuge in distress. On him, the more we trust, the greater we shall feel our security; and that man who has, on just religious motives, confirmed in himself this trust, wants nothing else to secure his happiness. The world may wear what aspect it will: it is not on it that he depends. As far as prudence goes, he endeavours to avoid the evils of life; but when they fall to his share (as sooner or later we must all share them) he resigns himself into the hands of that God who made him, and who knows best how to dispose of him. On him he thoroughly depends, and with him he has a constant intercourse by prayer; trusting, that whatever happens is agreeable to that just government, which God has established; and that, of consequence, it must be best.

We are enjoined next "to honour God's holy name."

The name of God is accompanied with such ideas of greatness and reverence, that it should never pass our lips without suggesting those ideas. Indeed it should never be mentioned, but with a kind of awful hesitation, and on the most solemn occasions;

easions; either in serious discourse, or, when we invoke God in prayer, or when we swear by his name.

In this last light we are here particularly enjoined to honour the name of God. A solemn oath is an appeal to God himself; and is intitled to our utmost respect, were it only in a political light; as in all human concerns it is the strongest test of veracity; and has been approved as such by the wisdom of all nations.

Some religionists have disapproved the use of oaths, under the idea of profaneness. The language of the sacred writers conveys a different idea. One of them says, "An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife:" another, "I take God for record upon my soul: and a third, "God is my witness."

To the use of oaths, others have objected, that they are nugatory. The good man will speak the truth without an oath; and the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well suppose, that many would venture a simple falsehood, who would yet be startled at the idea of perjury*.

As an oath therefore taken in a solemn manner, and on a proper occasion, may be considered as one of the highest acts of religion; so perjury, or false swearing, is certainly one of the highest acts of impiety; and the greatest dishonour we can possibly shew to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to punish. Other crimes wish to escape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is most dishonoured by the horrid practice of cursing. Its effects in society, it is true, are not so mischievous as those of perjury; nor is it so deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a still more horrid idea. Indeed if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical, than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more suitable to infernal spirits, than that of spending their rage and impotence in curses, and execrations. If this shocking vice were not so dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to strike us with the utmost horror.

We next consider common swearing; a sin so universally practised, that one would imagine some great advantage, in the way either of pleasure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford some temptation: but to commit sin without any wages, is a strange species of insatiation. —May we then ask the common swearer, what the advantages are, which arise from this practice?

It will be difficult to point out one.—Perhaps it may be said, that it adds strength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly strengthen his affirmations in this way, we may venture to assert, that the practice will tend rather to lessen, than confirm his credit. It shews plainly what he himself thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building, till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and spirit to his discourse; that it is manly and important; and gives him consequence. We may whisper one secret in his ear, which he may be assured is a truth—These airs of manliness give him consequence with those only, whose commendation is disgrace: others he only convinces, at how early an age he wishes to be thought profligate.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings.—In this he may be right; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himself. On this plan, the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry as these apologies are, I should suppose, the practice of common swearing has little more to say for itself.—Those however, who can argue in favour of this sin, I should fear, there is little chance to reclaim.—But it is probable, that the greater part of such as are addicted to it, act rather from habit, than principle. To deter such persons from indulging so pernicious a habit, and to shew them, that it is worth their while to be at some pains to conquer it, let us now see what arguments may be produced on the other side.

In the first place, common swearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to swear on every trifling occasion, cannot but often, I had almost said unavoidably, give the sanction of an oath to an untruth. And though I should hope such perjury is not a sin of so heinous a nature, as what, in

* They who attend our courts of justice, often see instances among the common people of their asserting roundly what they will either refuse to swear; or, when sworn, will not assert.

judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt; yet it is certainly stained with a very great degree of guilt.

But secondly, common swearing is a large stride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inasmuch as it makes a solemn oath to be received with less reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occasions, an oath would be received with respect; but when we are accustomed to hear swearing the common language of our streets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occasion; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with so much indifference.

Thirdly, common swearing may be considered as an act of great irreverence to God; and as such, implying also a great indifference to religion. If it would disgrace a chief magistrate to suffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occasion; we may at least think it as disrespectful to the Almighty.—If we lose our reverence for God, it is impossible we can retain it for his laws. You scarce remember a common swearer, who was in other respects an exact christian.

But, above all, we should be deterred from common swearing by the positive command of our Saviour, which is founded unquestionably upon the wickedness of the practice: "You have heard," saith Christ, "that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself: but I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is his footstool: but let your communication" (that is, your ordinary conversation) "be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."—St. James also, with great emphasis pressing his master's words, says, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, lest you fall into condemnation."

I shall just add, before I conclude this subject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to swearing.

The first is, the use of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occasion. We cannot have much reverence for God himself, when we treat his name in so familiar a manner; and may

assure ourselves, that we are indulging a practice, which must weaken impressions, that ought to be preserved as strong as possible.

Secondly, such light expressions, and wanton phrases, as sound like swearing are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by silly people, for the sake of the sound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their discourse the spirit of swearing without the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aside, together with swearing, every appearance of it. These appearances may both offend, and mislead others; and with regard to themselves, may end in realities. At least, they shew an inclination to swearing: and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice.

Gilpin.

§ 160. *Honour due to God's Word—what it is to serve God truly, &c.*

As we are enjoined to honour God's holy name, so are we enjoined also "to honour his holy word."

By God's holy word we mean, the Old Testament and the New.

The books of the Old Testament open with the earliest accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many instances, they are strengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the sacred story, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane history. The very face of nature bears witness to the deluge.

In the history of the patriarchs is exhibited a most beautiful picture of the simplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by science, but impressed strongly with a sense of religion. This gives an air of greatness and dignity to all the sentiments and actions of these exalted characters.

The patriarchal history is followed by the Jewish. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was set apart to preserve and propagate* the knowledge of the true God through those ages of ignorance antecedent to Christ. Here too we find those types, and representations, which the apostle to the Hebrews calls the shadows of good things to come.

To those books, which contain the le-

* See the subject very learnedly treated in one of the first chapters of Jenkins's Reasonableness of Christianity.

gillation and history of the Jews, succeed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promise drew still nearer, the notices of its approach became stronger. The kingdom of the Messiah, which was but obscurely shadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewish law, was marked in stronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Messiah, his ministry, his life, his actions, his death, and his resurrection, are all very distinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion those expressions, which were intended only as descriptive of a spiritual, were offended at the meanness of Christ's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Messiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though these very prophets, when they used a less figurative language, had described him, as he really was, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To these books are added several others, poetical and moral, which administer much instruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Testament contains first the simple history of Christ, as recorded in the four gospels. In this history also are delivered those excellent instructions, which our Saviour occasionally gave his disciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the gospels succeeds an account of the lives and actions of some of the principal apostles; together with the early state of the christian church.

The epistles of several of the apostles, particularly of St. Paul, to some of the new established churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promised to endow his disciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publishing the gospel: and in the epistles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the christian religion are here still more unfolded, and enforced: as the great scheme of our redemption was now finished by the death of Christ.

The sacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are supposed to contain a prophetic description of the future state of the church. Some of these prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now, as sublime descriptions only, amuse the imagination, will proba-

bly, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the understanding also.

The last part of our duty to God is, "to serve him truly all the days of our life."

"To serve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: first, the mode of this service; and secondly, the term of it.

First, we must serve God truly. We must not rest satisfied with the outward action; but must take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may fast twice in the week, and give alms of all that he possesses:" nay, he may fast the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his fasts and his alms are intended as matter of ostentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true service which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earnest desire of acting agreeably to his will, should be the general spring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his sight.

As we are enjoined to serve God truly, so are we enjoined to serve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we should persevere in a constant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which instead of making a steady progress, is continually relapsing into former errors, and running the same round of sinning and repenting, is rather the life of an irresolute sinner, than of a pious christian. Human errors, and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too severe an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards christian perfection; but suffers himself, at intervals, entirely to lose sight of his calling, cannot be really serious in his profession: he is at a great distance from serving God truly all the days of his life; and has no scriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high estate, or low, has reached the summit of human happiness, who is truly serious in the service of his great Master. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engross, his attention; its sorrows and its joys may affect, but cannot disconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully serve two masters. He hath hired himself to one—that great Master, whose commands he reveres, whose favour he seeks, whose displeasure alone is the real object of his fears; and

and whose rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Every thing else is trivial in his sight. The world may sooth; or it may threaten him: he perseveres steadily in the service of his God; and in that perseverance feels his happiness every day the more established. *Galpin.*

§ 161. *Duties owing to particular persons—duty of children to parents—respect and obedience—in what the former consists—in what the latter—succouring a parent—brotherly affection—obedience to law—founded on the advantages of society.*

From the two grand principles of “loving our neighbour as ourselves; and of doing to others, as we would have them do to us,” which regulate our social intercourse in general, we proceed to those more confined duties, which arise from particular relations, connections, and stations in life.

Among these, we are first taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to consider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be insisted on, are respect and obedience. Both these should naturally spring from love; to which parents have the highest claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deserve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindness of the parent be not such as to work upon the affections of the child, yet still the parent has a title to respect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reason inculcates; which human laws, and human customs, all join to enforce; and which the word of God strictly commands.

The child will shew respect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will consult his parent's inclination, and shew a readiness, in a thousand nameless trifles, to conform himself to it. He will never peevishly contradict his parent; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modestly. Respect will teach him also, not only to put the best colouring upon the infirmities of his parent; but even if those infirmities be great, it will soften and screen them, as much as possible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a step further, and supposes a positive command. In things unlawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind: but this is a case that rarely

happens. The great danger is on the other side, that children, through obstinacy or fullness, should refuse their parents' lawful commands; to the observance of all which, however inconvenient to themselves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who in his sacred denunciations against sin, ranks disobedience to parents among the worst*.

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them cheerfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains still a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children, when grown up. This the catechism calls succouring or administering to the necessities of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is less able to manage them himself; or in supplying his wants, should he need assistance in that way. And this the child should do, on the united principles of love, duty, and gratitude. The hypocritical Jew would sometimes evade this duty, by dedicating to sacred uses what should have been expended in assisting his parent. Our Saviour sharply rebukes this perversion of duty; and gives him to understand, that no pretence of serving God can cover the neglect of assisting a parent. And if no pretence of serving God can do it, surely every other pretence must still be more unnatural.

Under this head also we may consider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, especially that mutual affection which should subsist between brothers. The name of brother expresses the highest degree of tenderness; and is generally used in scripture, as a term of peculiar endearment, to call men to the practice of social virtue. It reminds them of every kindness, which man can shew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light must they appear, who being really such, are ever at variance with each other; continually doing spiteful actions, and shewing, upon every occasion, not only a want of brotherly kindness, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is “to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him.”

By the “king, and all that are put in authority under him,” is meant the various

parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head: and the meaning of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful submission to legal authority.

Government and society are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we submit to the inconveniences, for the sake of the advantages.

The end of society is mutual safety and convenience. Without it, even safety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human species to the beasts of the field.

Still less could we obtain the conveniences of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himself for what he enjoyed, how destitute would be the situation of human affairs!

But even safety and convenience are not the only fruits of society. Man, living merely by himself, would be an ignorant unpolished savage. It is the intercourse of society which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and so the great edifice of science and polished life is reared.

To enjoy these advantages, therefore, men joined in society; and hence it became necessary, that government should be established. Magistrates were created; laws made; taxes submitted to; and every one, instead of righting himself (except in mere self-defence) is enjoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the best security of his life and property.

Gilpin.

§ 162. *Duty to our teachers and instructors—arising from the great importance of knowledge and religion—and the great necessity of gaining habits of attention, and of virtue, in our youth—analogy of youth and manhood to this world and the next.*

We are next enjoined “to submit ourselves to all our governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.” Here another species of government is pointed out. The laws of society are meant to govern our riper years: the instructions of our teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our “teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters,” are meant all those who have the care of our education, and of our instruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and listen to, with humility and attention,

as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion. The instructions we receive from them are unquestionably subject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man must stand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful submission to their instructions, as we cannot yet be supposed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it should be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinions.

The duty which young people owe to their instructors, cannot be shewn better, than in the effect which the instructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to consider the advantages of an early attention to these two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great use of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally considered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juster, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real superiority over another.

Besides, the mind must be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much ingrossed by those employments, in which the necessities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour stands in the room of education; and fills up those vacancies of mind, which, in a state of idleness, would be ingrossed by vice. And if they, who have more leisure, do not substitute something in the room of this, their minds also will become the prey of vice; and the more so, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that house mentioned in the gospel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they took possession. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved.—If then the mind must be employed, what can fill up its vacancies more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities

he hath afforded us; and not turn into a curse those means of leisure, which might become so great a blessing.

But however necessary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more so. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, superiority, and rank in life: but the other is absolutely essential to his happiness.

In the midst of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and in a degree satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if disappointment and vexation do not four our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a studious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then stronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are conversant in words. Besides, there is sometimes in youth a modesty and ductility, which in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarce acquire them afterwards.—The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire

knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue. It will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation. Whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In a common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever.—How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best! And to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

There are, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions? The experiment, I fear, in both cases would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would: and it would make the larger shoots, as the soil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is set a thinking, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last: but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which must qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted.

planted. If we have fauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety, we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation, as it arises.

Gilpin.

§ 163. *Behaviour to superiors.*

We are next enjoined "to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters."

By our betters are meant they who are in a superior station of life to our own; and by "ordering ourselves lowly and reverently towards them," is meant paying them that respect which is due to their station.

The word 'betters' indeed includes two kinds of persons, to whom our respect is due—those who have a natural claim to it; and those who have an acquired one; that is, a claim arising from some particular situation in life.

Among the first, are all our superior relations; not only parents, but all other relations, who are in a line above us. All these have a natural claim to our respect.—There is a respect also due from youth to age; which is always becoming, and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modesty.

To others, respect is due from those particular stations which arise from society and government. Fear God, says the text; and it adds, "honour the king."

It is due also from many other situations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may justly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be inquired, why God should permit this latter distinction among men? That some should have more authority than others, we can easily see, is absolutely necessary in government; but among men, who are all born equal,

why should the goods of life be distributed in so unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be answered, that, in the first place, we see nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where observable. Beauty, strength, swiftness, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberless degrees. In the same manner likewise are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore should one man's being richer than another surprize us more than his being stronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wisdom of God in his works, yet very wise reasons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It seems necessary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the necessary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of society. Like the stones of a regular building, some must range higher, and some lower; some must support, and others be supported; some will form the strength of the building, and others its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are necessary, of course different degrees of wealth, honour, and consequence, must follow; a variety of distinctions and obligations; in short, different ranks, and a subordination, must take place.

Again, in a moral light, the disproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extensive exercise of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exist upon the plan of an equality. If some did not abound, there were little room for temperance: if some did not suffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exist at all. Who could practise generosity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious desires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in scattering these various gifts, proposes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquiesce in this order, and "to behave ourselves lowly and reverently" (not with servility, but with a decent respect) "to all our superiors."

Before I conclude this subject, it may

be proper to observe, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to suppose happiness and misery necessarily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular sources both of pleasure and pain, unknown to the other. Those in elevated stations have a thousand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleasures, which the others cannot taste. I speak only of such modes of happiness or misery as arise immediately from different stations. Of misery, indeed, from a variety of other causes, all men of every station are equal heirs; either when God lays his hand upon us in sickness, or misfortune; or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the ministers of our own distress.

Who then would build his happiness upon an elevated station? Or who would envy the possession of such happiness in another? We know not with what various distresses that station, which is the object of our envy, may be attended.—Besides, as we are accountable for all we possess, it may be happy for us that we possess so little. The means of happiness, as far as station can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourselves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that station which Providence has assigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will soon destroy all earthly distinctions.—One distinction only will remain among the sons of men at that time—the distinction between good and bad; and this distinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire. *Gilpin.*

§ 164. *Against wronging our neighbour by injurious words.*

We are next instructed “to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and just in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and stealing—our tongues from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.”

The duties comprehended in these words are a little transposed. What should class under one head is brought under another. “To hurt nobody by word or deed,” is the general proposition. The under parts should follow: First, “to keep the tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering;” which is, “to hurt nobody by word.” Secondly, “to be true and just

in all our dealings;” and “to keep our hands from picking and stealing;” which is, “to hurt nobody by deed.” As to the injunction, “to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts,” it belongs properly to neither of these heads; but is a distinct one by itself. The duties being thus separated, I shall proceed to explain them.

And, first, of injuring our neighbour by our “words.” This may be done, we find, in three ways; by “evil-speaking, by lying, and by slandering.”

By “evil-speaking,” is meant speaking ill of our neighbour; but upon a supposition, that this ill is the truth. In some circumstances it is certainly right to speak ill of our neighbour; as when we are called upon in a court of justice to give our evidence; or, when we can set any one right in his opinion of a person, in whom he is about to put an improper confidence. Nor can there be any harm in speaking of a bad action, which has been determined in a court of justice, or is otherwise become notorious.

But on the other hand, it is highly disallowable to speak wantonly of the characters of others from common fame; because, in a thousand instances, we find that stories, which have no better foundation, are misrepresented. They are perhaps only half-told—they have been heard through the medium of malice or envy—some favourable circumstance hath been omitted—some foreign circumstance hath been added—some trifling circumstance hath been exaggerated—the motive, the provocation, or perhaps the reparation, hath been concealed—in short, the representation of the fact is, some way or other, totally different from the fact itself.

But even, when we have the best evidence of a bad action, with all its circumstances before us, we surely indulge a very ill-natured pleasure in spreading the shame of an offending brother. We can do no good; and we may do harm: we may weaken his good resolutions by exposing him; we may harden him against the world. Perhaps it may be his first bad action. Perhaps nobody is privy to it but ourselves. Let us give him at least one trial. Let us not cast the first stone. Which of our lives could stand so strict a scrutiny? He only who is without sin himself can have any excuse for treating his brother with severity.

Let us next consider “lying;” which is

is an intention to deceive by falsehood in our words.—To warn us against lying, we should do well to consider the folly, the meanness, and the wickedness of it.

The folly of lying consists in its defeating its own purpose. A habit of lying is generally in the end detected; and, after detection, the liar, instead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to speak the truth. Nay, every single lye is attended with such a variety of circumstances, which lead to a detection, that it is often discovered. The use generally made of a lye, is to cover a fault; but as the end is seldom answered, we only aggravate what we wish to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honest confession would serve us better.

The meanness of lying arises from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly speak the truth; but have recourse to low subtrefuges, which always argue a sordid and dissingenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the fashionable world, the word liar is always considered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedness of lying consists in its perverting one of the greatest blessings of God, the use of speech, in making that a mischief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of society. Falsehood, of course, tends to its dissolution. If one man may lye, why not another? And if there is no mutual trust among men, there is an end of all intercourse and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lye. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally speaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the most downright breach of truth. When St. Peter asked Sapphira (in the 5th chapter of the Acts) "whether her husband had sold the land for so much?" She answered, he had: and literally she spoke the truth; for he had sold it for that sum, included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apostle considered the equivocation as a lye.

In short, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, like the vehicle in which poison is conveyed, is of no consequence. A nod, or sign, may convey a lye as effectually as the most deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promise. While a resolution remains in our own breasts, it is sub-

ject to our own review: but when we make another person a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lightest kind, should be punctually observed. If we have added to this engagement a solemn promise, the obligation is so much the stronger: and he who does not think himself bound by such an obligation, has no pretensions to the character of an honest man. A breach of promise is still worse than a lye. A lye is simply a breach of truth; but a breach of promise is a breach both of truth and trust.

Forgetfulness is a weak excuse: it only shews how little we are affected by so solemn an engagement. Should we forget to call for a sum of money, of which we were in want, at an appointed time? Or do we think a solemn promise of less value than a sum of money?

Having considered evil speaking and lying, let us next consider slandering. By slandering, we mean, injuring our neighbour's character by falsehood. Here we still rise higher in the scale of injurious words. Slandering our neighbour is the greatest injury, which words can do him; and is, therefore, worse than either evil-speaking or lying. The mischief of this sin depends on the value of our characters. All men, unless they be past feeling, desire naturally to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures: a good character is one of the principal means of being serviceable either to ourselves or others; and among numbers, the very bread they eat depends upon it. What aggravated injury, therefore, do we bring upon every man, whose name we slander? And, what is still worse, the injury is irreparable. If you defraud a man; restore what you took, and the injury is repaired. But, if you slander him, it is not in your power to shut up all the ears, and all the mouths, to which your tale may have access. The evil spreads, like the winged seeds of some noxious plants, which scatter mischief on a breath of air, and disperse it on every side, and beyond prevention.

Before we conclude this subject, it may just be mentioned, that a slander may be spread, as a lye may be told, in various ways. We may do it by an insinuation, as well as in a direct manner; we may spread it in a secret; or propagate it under the colour of friendship.

I may add also, that it is a species of slander, and often a very malignant one, to lessen the merits or exaggerate the

failings of others; as it is likewise to omit defending a misrepresented character, or to let others bear the blame of our offences.

Gilpin.

§ 165. *Against wronging our neighbour by injurious actions.*

Having thus considered injurious words, let us next consider injurious actions. On this head we are enjoined "to keep our hands from picking and stealing, and to be true and just in all our dealings."

As to theft, it is a crime of so odious and vile a nature, that one would imagine no person, who hath had the least tincture of a virtuous education, even though driven to necessity, could be led into it.—I shall not, therefore, enter into a dissuasive from this crime; but go on with the explanation of the other part of the injunction, and see what it is to be true and just in all our dealings.

Justice is even still more, if possible, the support of society, than truth: inasmuch as a man may be more injurious by his actions, than by his words. It is for this reason, that the whole force of human law is bent to restrain injustice; and the happiness of every society will increase in proportion to this restraint.

We very much err, however, if we suppose, that every thing within the bounds of law is justice. The law was intended only for bad men; and it is impossible to make the meshes of it so strait, but that many very great enormities will escape. The well-meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, consults a better guide—his own conscience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man consists in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conscience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would, indeed, be endless to describe the various ways, in which a man may be dishonest within the limits of law. They are as various as our intercourse with mankind. Some of the most obvious of them I shall cursorily mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the same commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the specious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchasing; and a variety of other circumstances, open an endless field to the ingenuity of fraud. The honest fair dealer,

in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in business, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conscious of having been a transgressor, is desirous of repairing his fault, restitution is by all means necessary: till that be done, he continues in a course of injustice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being dishonest within the bounds of law. He may be strict in observing the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires a laxer interpretation: or, he can take the laxer interpretation, when it serves his purpose; and at the loop-hole of some ambiguous expression exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.

The same iniquity appears in withholding from another his just right; or in putting him to expence in recovering it. The movements of the law are slow; and in many cases cannot be otherwise; but he who takes the advantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himself an undoubted knave.

It is a species of the same kind of injustice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad disposition; the latter, from suffering our desires to exceed our station. Some are excused, on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generosity? They assist one man by injuring another. And what good arises to society from hence? Such persons cannot act on principle; and we need not hesitate to rank them with those, who run into debt to gratify their own selfish inclinations. One man desires the elegancies of life; another desires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generosity.

Oppression is another species of injustice; by which, in a thousand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the superiority of our power, either to crush an inferior, or humble him to our designs.

Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation less, if, instead of a loan, you receive a kindness? The law, indeed, says nothing on this point of immorality; but an honest conscience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We may be unjust also in our resentment; by carrying it beyond what reason and religion prescribe.

But it would be endless to describe the various ways, in which injustice discovers itself. In truth, almost every omission of duty may be resolved into injustice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts arise, in the first place, from injurious treatment; and surely no man, when he is injured, can at first help feeling that he is so. But Christianity requires, that we should subdue these feelings, as soon as possible; "and not suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath." Various are the passages of scripture, which inculcate the forgiveness of injuries. Indeed, no point is more laboured than this; and with reason, because no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourselves and others, than a malicious one. The sensations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond description; and as we are at these seasons very unable to judge coolly, and of course liable to carry our resentment too far, the consequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thousand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Besides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The gospel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts enjoins us to check all those violent emotions, and to leave our cause in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" and he who, in opposition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cherishes the malice and hatred of his heart, may assure himself that he has not yet learned to be a Christian. These precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour: but let the man of honour see to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the gospel.

Nay, even in recovering our just right, or in pursuing a criminal to justice, we should take care that it be not done in the spirit of retaliation and revenge. If these be our motives, though we make the law our instrument, we are equally guilty.

But besides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another source, and that is envy: and thus in the litany; "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great proprie-

ty. The emotions of envy are generally cooler, and less violent, than those which arise from the resentment of injury; so that envy is seldom so mischievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourselves, it is altogether as bad, and full as destructive of the spirit of christianity. What is the religion of that man, who instead of thanking Heaven for the blessings he receives, is fretting himself continually with a disagreeable comparison between himself and some other? He cannot enjoy what he has, because another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himself. He is miserable, because others are happy.

But to omit the wickedness of envy, how absurd and foolish is it, in a world where we must necessarily expect much real misery, to be perniciously inventive in producing it!

Besides, what ignorance! We see only the glaring outside of things. Under all that envied glare, many unseen distresses may lurk, from which our station may be free: for our merciful Creator seems to have bestowed happiness, as far as station is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In conclusion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the subject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this cursed intrusion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts soften into charity and benevolence; and let us "forgive one another, as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us." As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them subside in humility, acquiescence, and submission to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us spurn so base a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raise ourselves to an equality with our rival, not to depress him to a level with us. *Gilpin.*

§ 166. Duties to ourselves.

Thus far the duties we have considered come most properly under the head of those which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourselves. On this head, we are instructed "to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity."

Though our souls should be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected

with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of course, due to our bodies also.

As our first station is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with such appetites as are requisite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us is, "to use the world so as not to abuse it." St. Paul, by a beautiful allusion, calls our bodies the "temples of the Holy Ghost:" by which he means to impress us with a strong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debasing, by low pleasures, what should be the seat of so much purity. To youth these cautions are above measure necessary, because their passions and appetites are strong; their reason and judgment weak. They are prone to pleasure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, these young adventurers in life may best steer their course, and use this sinful world so as not to abuse it, is a consideration well worth their attention. Let us then see under what regulations their appetites should be restrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance is meant avoiding excess in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We should neither eat more than our stomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preserve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themselves merely by this end, who eat without choice or distinction, paying no regard to the pleasure of eating, observe perhaps the best rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abstemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himself a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here necessary; and the more, as perhaps no precise rule can be affixed, after we have passed the first great limit, and let the palate loose among variety*. Our own discretion must be our guide, which should be constantly kept awake by

considering the many bad consequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not consider these things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practise the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the consequences of intemperance are still worse. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us, is allowable: but he who suffers his mind to dwell upon the pleasures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at least opened one source of mental corruption †.

After all, he who would most perfectly enjoy the pleasures of the table, such as they are, must look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accustomed to satiety, hath lost its tone; and the greatest sensualists have been brought to confess, that the coarsest fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repast, than the most luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, sobriety or sobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the same observations recur. The strictest, and perhaps the best rule, is merely to satisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greatest circumspection.

With regard to youth indeed, I should be inclined to great strictness on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and simple food, they cannot easily err. Their growing limbs, and strong exercise, require larger supplies than full-grown bodies, which must be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, less, surely, should in drinking. With strong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they should totally abstain on this head, it were so much the better. The languor which attends age ‡, requires perhaps, now and then, some aids; but the

* ————— Nam varix res,

Ut noceant homini, credas memor illius escæ,
Quæ simplex olim tibi federit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. —————

Hor.

† ————— Corpus onustum

Hæsternis vitis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ.

Hor. Sat.

‡ ————— Ubique

Accedant anni, et tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet.

Ibid.

spirits of youth want no recruits: a little rest is sufficient.

As to the bad consequences derived from excessive drinking, besides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the case of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loss of our senses. Hence follow frequent inconveniences and mortifications. We expose our follies—we betray our secrets—we are often imposed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourselves open to our enemies; and, in short, make ourselves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance.—Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reason during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenness soon begets and impairs the understanding, and renders us at all times less fit for the offices of life.

We are next enjoined “to keep our bodies in chastity.” Flee youthful lusts,” says the apostle, “which war against the soul.” And there is surely nothing which carries on a war against the soul more successfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in scripture (and we have many such catalogues) of those sins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, these youthful lusts have always, under some denomination, a place among them.—To keep ourselves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preserve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

First, let us preserve a purity in our thoughts. These dark recesses, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of these youthful lusts. Here they find their first encouragement. The entrance of such impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always however prevent cherishing them; we may always prevent their making an impression upon us: the devil may be cast out as soon as discovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into these dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate: that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we must one day stand; and that however secretly we may indulge these impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail against us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghost, our minds are the very sanctuaries of those

temples: and if there be any weight in the apostle’s argument against polluting our bodies, it urges with double force against polluting our minds.

But, above all other considerations, it behoves us most to keep our thoughts pure, because they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Obscene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and spring as naturally from them as the plant from its seed. It is the same vicious depravity carried a step farther; and only shews a more confirmed and a more mischievous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourselves: bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities loose: we spread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

Let it be our first care, therefore, to keep our thoughts pure. If we do this, our words and actions will be pure of course. And that we may be the better enabled to do it, let us use such helps as reason and religion prescribe. Let us avoid all company, and all books, that have a tendency to corrupt our minds; and every thing that can inflame our passions. He who allows himself in these things, holds a parley with vice; which will infallibly debauch him in the end, if he do not take the alarm in time, and break off such dalliance.

One thing ought to be our particular care, and that is, never to be unemployed. Ingenious amusements are of great use in filling up the vacancies of our time. Idle we should never be. A vacant mind is an invitation to vice.

Gilpin.

§ 167. *On coveting and desiring other men’s goods.*

We are forbidden, next, “to covet, or desire other men’s goods.”

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly strike; that of unlawful pleasure, and that of unlawful gain.—The path of unlawful pleasure we have just examined; and have seen the danger of obeying the headstrong impulse of our appetites.—We have considered also an immoderate love of gain, and have seen dishonesty and fraud in a variety of shapes. But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to society. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, “We must not covet, nor desire other men’s

men's goods," comes a step nearer home, and considers the motive which governs the action.

Covetousness, or the love of money, is called in scripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called so for two reasons; because it makes us wicked, and because it makes us miserable.

First, it makes us wicked. When it once gets possession of the heart, it will let no good principle flourish near it. Most vices have their fits; and when the violence of the passion is spent, there is some interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at least by its own impetuosity: and it is possible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whisper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermission. It hangs like a dead weight upon the soul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to see a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miser.

It make us miserable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it must needs be, that he, who depends for happiness on what is liable to a thousand accidents, must of course feel as many distresses, and almost as many disappointments. The good man depends for happiness on something more permanent; and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependence is still left*. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worships (for "covetousness," we are told, "is idolatry,") a disappointment here is a disappointment indeed. Be he ever so prosperous, his wealth cannot secure him against the evils of mortality; against that time, when he must give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and despair.

But even a desiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to such a length, is always productive of misery. It cannot be otherwise. While we suffer ourselves to be continually in quest of what we have not, it is impossible that we should be happy with what we have. In a word, to abridge our wants as much as possible, not to increase them, is the truest happiness.

We are much mistaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money

is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means †. The former denies himself every comfort; the latter grasps at every pleasure. Both characters are equally bad in different extremes. The miser is more detestable in the eyes of the world, because he enters into none of its joys; but it is a question, which is more wretched in himself, or more pernicious to society.

As covetousness is esteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young persons ought particularly to be discouraged; because if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other side, there may be great danger of encouraging the opposite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper restrictions, both to save our money, and to spend it, it would be highly useful to fix the due bounds on each side. But nothing is more difficult than to raise these nice limits between extremes. Every man's case, in a thousand circumstances, differs from his neighbour's: and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of course, in these disquisitions, must be left to his own conscience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjust with great nicety what is proper for them to do; and point out their mistakes with much precision; while nothing is necessary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourselves; observing as just a mean as possible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where these great landmarks of morality are the most accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next see what is enjoined. (We are still proceeding with those duties which we owe to ourselves). Instead of spending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleasure, or increasing it by unlawful gain; we are required "to learn, and labour truly (that is honestly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call us."—These words will be sufficiently explained by considering, first, that we all have some station in life—some

* *Sævitat, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet?* —————

† *Alieni appetens, sui profus.* ■ .

HOR. Sat.
SAL. de Catal.

particular duties to discharge; and secondly, in what manner we ought to discharge them.

First, that man was not born to be idle, as may be inferred from the active spirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good; even the very inanimate parts of the creation, plants, stones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part likewise in the general usefulness. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, surely we cannot suppose it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the most capable of employing himself properly, should be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the necessity of labour. If it had not been necessary, God would not originally have imposed it. But without it, the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleness, therefore, is justly esteemed the origin both of disease and vice. So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no use, but what respected ourselves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther use.

The necessity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the assistance of others. If so, this assistance should be mutual; every man should contribute his part. We have already seen, that it is proper there should be different stations in the world—that some should be placed high in life, and others low. The lowest, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the highest ought not: though their labour, according to their station, will be of a different kind. Some, we see, “must labour (as the catechism phrases it) to get their own living; and others should do their duty in that state of life, whatever that state is, unto which it hath pleased God to call them.” All are assisted: all should assist. God distributes, we read, various talents among men; to some he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that notwithstanding this inequality, each should employ the talent that is given to the best advantage: and he who received five talents was under the same obligation of improving them, as he who had received only one; and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been punished, in proportion to the abuse.

Every man, even in the highest station, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he please: and he may assure himself that God, by placing him in that station, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of society, and give him a licence to spend his life in ease and pleasure. God meant assuredly, that he should bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he should consider himself not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the interests of which he is under an obligation to support with all his power;—and that his elevated station gives him no other pre-eminence than that of being the more extensively useful.

Having thus seen, that we have all some station in life to support—some particular duties to discharge; let us now see in what manner we ought to discharge them.

We have an easy rule given us in scripture on this head; that all our duties in life should be performed “as to the Lord, and not unto man:” that is, we should consider our stations in life as trusts reposed in us by our Maker; and as such should discharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly trust be reposed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can we therefore suppose ourselves in reality less accountable? Can we suppose that God, for no reason that we can divine, has singled us out, and given us a large proportion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpose than to squander it away upon ourselves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every blessing we enjoy. What mean, in scripture, the talents given, and the use assigned; but the conscientious discharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages, with which they are attended?

It matters not whether these advantages be an inheritance, or an acquisition: still they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men should live: human distinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility should be considered in all our expences. Even the very amusements of a man of fortune should be founded in it.

In short, it is the constant injunction of scripture, in whatever station we are placed, to consider ourselves as God’s servants, and as acting immediately under his eye,

not expecting our reward among men but from our great Master who is in heaven. This sanctifies, in a manner, all our actions: it places the little difficulties of our station in the light of God's appointments; and turns the most common duties of life into acts of religion. *Gilpin.*

§ 168. *On the sacrament of baptism.*

The sacrament of baptism is next considered; in which, if we consider the inward grace, we shall see how aptly the sign represents it.—The inward grace, or thing signified, we are told, is “a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness:” by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the christian religion is intended to produce. And surely there cannot be a more significant sign of this than water, on account of its cleansing nature. As water refreshes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly represents that renovation of nature, which cleanses the soul from the impurities of sin. Water indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing signified, than it is at present among us. They used immersion in baptizing: so that the child being dipped into the water, and raised out again, baptism with them was more significant of a new birth unto righteousness. But though we, in these colder climates, think immersion an unsafe practice; yet the original meaning is still supposed.

It is next asked, What is required of those who are baptized? To this we answer, “Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God, made to them in that sacrament.”

The primitive church was extremely strict on this head. In those times, before christianity was established, when adults offered themselves to baptism, no one was admitted, till he had given a very satisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profess his faith in Christ: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he should prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptism; it is a very natural question,

Why then are infants baptized, when, by reason of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?

Whether infants should be admitted to baptism, or whether that sacrament should be deferred till years of discretion; is a question in the christian church, which hath been agitated with some animosity. Our church by no means looks upon baptism as necessary to the infant's salvation*. No man acquainted with the spirit of christianity can conceive, that God will leave the salvation of so many innocent souls in the hands of others. But the practice is considered as founded upon the usage of the earliest times: and the church observing, that circumcision was the introductory rite to the Jewish covenant; and that baptism was intended to succeed circumcision; it naturally supposes, that baptism should be administered to infants, as circumcision was. The church, however, in this case, hath provided sponsors, who make a profession of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptismal vow. *Gilpin.*

§ 169. *On the sacrament of the Lord's supper.*

The first question is an enquiry into the original of the institution: “Why was the sacrament of the Lord's supper ordained?”

It was ordained, we are informed,—“for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ; and of the benefits which we receive thereby.”

In examining a sacrament in general, we have already seen, that both baptism, and the Lord's supper, were originally instituted as the “means of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to assure us thereof.”

But besides these primary ends, they have each a secondary one; in representing the two most important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptism, we have seen, represents that renovation of our sinful nature, which the gospel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end, which the Lord's supper had in view, was the sacrifice of the death of Christ; with all the be-

* The catechism asserts the sacraments to be only generally necessary to salvation, excepting particular cases. Where the use of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principle: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we should be sorry to include them in an anathema.

benefits which arise from it—the remission of our sins—and the reconciliation of the world to God. “This do,” said our Saviour (alluding to the passover, which the Lord’s supper was designed to supersede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: “Do it in remembrance of me.”

The outward part, or sign of the Lord’s supper, is “bread and wine”—the things signified are the “body and blood of Christ.”—In examining the sacrament of baptism, I endeavoured to shew, how very apt a symbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine also are symbols equally apt in representing the body and blood of Christ: and in the use of these particular symbols, it is reasonable to suppose, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewish passover; in which it was a custom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have instituted any other apt symbols for the same purpose; but it was his usual practice, through the whole system of his institution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as possible: and for this reason he seems to have chosen such symbols as were then in use; that he might give as little offence as possible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the institution of his supper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papists, to deny the cup to the laity. They say, indeed, that, as both flesh and blood are united in the substance of the human body; so are they in the sacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phrase it, transubstantiated into the real body of Christ. If they have no other reason, why do they administer wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread.—But the plain truth is, they are desirous, by this invention, to add an air of mystery to the sacrament, and a superstitious reverence to the priest, as if he, being endowed with some peculiar holiness, might be allowed the use of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechism, which should not be passed over. We are told, that “the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord’s supper.” This expression sounds very like the popish doctrine, just mentioned, of tran-

substantiation. The true sense of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the sacrament; but the expression must be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation so entirely opposite to that which the church of England hath always professed.—I would not willingly suppose, as some have done, that the compilers of the catechism meant to manage the affair of transubstantiation with the papists. It is one thing to shew a liberality of sentiment in matters of indifference; and another to speak timidly and ambiguously, where essentials are concerned.

It is next asked, What benefits we receive from the Lord’s supper? To which it is answered, “The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.” As our bodies are strengthened and refreshed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; so should our souls be, in a spiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the passion of Christ. By gratefully remembering what he suffered for us, we should be excited to a greater abhorrence of sin, which was the cause of his sufferings. Every time we partake of this sacrament, like faithful soldiers, we take a fresh oath to our leader; and should be animated anew, by his example, to persevere in the spiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is lastly asked, “What is required of them who come to the Lord’s supper?” To which we answer, “That we should examine ourselves, whether we repent us truly of our former sins—steadfastly purposing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God’s mercy through Christ—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men.”

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a christian ought to cherish and cultivate in himself at all times; but especially, upon the performance of any solemn act of religion. Very little indeed is said in scripture, of any particular frame of mind, which should accompany the performance of this duty; but it may easily be inferred from the nature of the duty itself.

In the first place, “we should repent us truly of our former sins; steadfastly purposing to lead a new life.” He who performs a religious exercise, without being earnest in this point; adds only a pharisaical hypocrisy to his other sins. Unless

he seriously resolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the sacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

These "steadfast purposes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exercise to christians. The lives even of the best of men afford only a mortifying retrospect. Though they may have conquered some of their worst propensities; yet the triumphs of sin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with sorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and strengthening them more and more in all their good resolutions of obedience.—And when can these meditations arise more properly, than when we are performing a rite, instituted on purpose to commemorate the great atonement for sin?

To our repentance, and resolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ; with a thankful remembrance of his death." We should impress ourselves with the deepest sense of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, trusting only to his all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lastly, we are required, at the celebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greatest instance of love that can be conceived; and should therefore raise in us correspondent affections. It should excite in us that constant flow of benevolence, in which the spirit of religion consists; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very distinguishing badge of christianity: "By this," said our great Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

One species of charity should, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveness of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the spirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient christians instituted, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, what they called love-feasts. They thought, they could not give a better instance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal.—By degrees, indeed, this

well-meant custom degenerated; and it may not be amiss to observe here, that the passages* in which these enormities are rebuked, have been variously misconstrued; and have frightened many well meaning persons from the sacrament. Whereas what the apostle here says, hath no other relation to this rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuse in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuse which doth not now exist, the apostle's reproof seems not to affect the christians of this age.

What the primary, and what the secondary ends in the two sacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the gospel speak for themselves: but the performance of a positive duty rests only on faith.

These institutions are also strong arguments for the truth of christianity. We trace the observance of them into the very earliest times of the gospel. We can trace no other origin than what the scriptures give us. These rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the scriptures.

God also, who knows what is in man, might condescend so far to his weakness, as to give him these external badges of religion, to keep the spirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than these ceremonies to preserve a sense of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contentions in the christian church have been more violent, nor carried on with more acrimony, and unchristian zeal, than the contentions about baptism and the Lord's supper; as if the very essence of religion consisted in this or that mode of observing these rites.—But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord enjoined them, with gratitude, and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when there have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and our lives answerable to them, we can never please God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever so much exactness. We may err in our notions about the sacraments: the

* See 1 Cor. xi.

world has long been divided on these subjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn so strong, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the sight of God. Let us beseech him to increase the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a steady course of obedience; that each day may correct the last by a sincere repentance of our mistakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of christian perfection. Let us do this, disclaiming, after all, any merits of our own; and not trusting in outward observances; but trusting in the merits of Christ to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God. *Gilpin.*

§ 170. *A serious expostulation with unbelievers.*

It were to be wished, that the enemies of religion would at least bring themselves to apprehend its nature, before they opposed its authority. Did religion make its boast of beholding God with a clear and perfect view, and of possessing him without covering or veil, the argument would bear some colour, when men should alledge, that none of these things about them, do indeed afford this pretended evidence, and this degree of light. But since religion, on the contrary, represents men as in a state of darkness, and of estrangement from God; since it affirms him to have withdrawn himself from their discovery, and to have chosen, in his word, the very style and appellation of Deus absconditus; lastly, since it employs itself alike in establishing these two maxims, that God has left, in his church, certain characters of himself, by which they who sincerely seek him, shall not fail of a sensible conviction; and yet that he has, at the same time, so far shaded and obscured these characters, as to render them imperceptible to those who do not seek him with their whole heart, what advantage is it to men, who profess themselves negligent in the search of truth to complain so frequently, that nothing reveals and displays it to them? For this very obscurity, under which they labour, and which they make

an exception against the church, does itself evince one of the two grand points which the church maintains (without affecting the other) and is so far from overthrowing its doctrines, as to lend them a manifest confirmation and support.

If they would give their objections any strength, they ought to urge, that they have applied their utmost endeavour, and have used all means of information, even those which the church recommends, without satisfaction. Did they express themselves thus, they would indeed attack religion in one of its chief pretensions: but I hope to shew, in the following papers, that no rational person can speak after this manner; and I dare assert, that none ever did. We know very well, how men under this indifference of spirit, behave themselves in the case: they suppose themselves to have made the mightiest effort towards the instruction of their minds, when they have spent some hours in reading the scriptures, and have asked some questions of a clergyman concerning the articles of faith. When this is done, they declare to all the world, that they have consulted books and men without success. I shall be excused, if I refrain not from telling such men, that this neglect of theirs is insupportable. It is not a foreign or a petty interest, which is here in debate: we are ourselves the parties, and all our hopes and fortunes are the depending stake.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely imports us, that we must have utterly lost our feeling, to be altogether cold and remiss in our enquiries about it. And all our actions or designs, ought to bend so very different a way, according as we are either encouraged or forbidden, to embrace the hope of eternal rewards, that it is impossible for us to proceed with judgment and discretion, otherwise than as we keep this point always in view, which ought to be our ruling object, and final aim.

Thus is it our highest interest, no less than our principal duty, to get light into a subject on which our whole conduct depends. And therefore, in the number of wavering and unsatisfied men, I make the greatest difference imaginable between those who labour with all their force to obtain instruction, and those who live without giving themselves any trouble, or so much as any thought in this affair.

I cannot but be touched with a hearty compassion for those who sincerely groan
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Under this dissatisfaction; who look upon it as the greatest of misfortunes, and who spare no pains to deliver themselves from it, by making these researches their chief employment, and most serious study. But as for those, who pass their life without reflecting on its issue, and who, for this reason alone, because they find not in themselves a convincing testimony, refuse to seek it elsewhere, and to examine to the bottom, whether the opinion proposed be such as we are wont to entertain by popular simplicity and credulity, or as such, though obscure in itself, yet is built on solid and immovable foundations, I consider them after quite another manner. The carelessness which they betray in an affair, where their person, their interest, their whole eternity is embarked, rather provokes my resentment than engages my pity. Nay, it strikes me with amazement and astonishment; it is a monster to my apprehension. I speak not this as transported with the pious zeal of a spiritual and rapturous devotion: on the contrary, I affirm, that the love of ourselves, the interest of mankind, and the most simple and artless reason, do naturally inspire us with these sentiments; and that to see thus far, is not to exceed the sphere of unrefined, uneducated men.

It requires no great elevation of soul, to observe, that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual: and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must, in the compass of a few years (perhaps of a few days) put us into the eternal condition of happiness, or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed, but life, the most brittle thing in all nature; and the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether they have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left, but the miserable chance of annihilation, or of hell.

There is not any reflexion which can have more reality than this, as there is none which has greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can; yet see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth.

It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination: it

subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being for ever nothing, or for ever miserable.

We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain, may be well esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes: but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it, without struggling for deliverance.

He then who doubts, and yet seeks not to be resolved, is equally unhappy and unjust: but if withal he appears easy and composed, if he freely declares his indifference, nay, if he takes a vanity in professing it, and seems to make this most deplorable condition the subject of his pleasure and joy, I have not words to fix a name on so extravagant a creature. Where is the very possibility of entering into these thoughts and resolutions? What delight is there in expecting misery without end? What vanity in finding one's self encompassed with impenetrable darkness? Or what consolation in despairing for ever of a comforter?

To sit down with some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance, is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression; and they who live with such a disposition, ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity, by having their inward reflexions laid open to them, that they may grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason, while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination.

Who has sent me into the world I know not; what the world is I know not, nor what I am myself. I am under an astonishing and terrifying ignorance of all things. I know not what my body is, what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon every thing else, and even upon itself, yet is as mere a stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I find myself chained to one little corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this seat, rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live, was assigned rather at such a point, than at any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or

of all that which is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom, or like a shadow, which endures but a single instant, and is never to return. The sum of my knowledge is, that I must shortly die; but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death, which I feel unable to decline.

As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world, I must either fall for ever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding, which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. Such is my state, full of weakness, obscurity, and wretchedness. And from all this I conclude, that I ought, therefore, to pass all the days of my life, without considering what is hereafter to befall me; and that I have nothing to do, but to follow my inclinations without reflection or disquiet, in doing all that, which, if what men say of a miserable eternity prove true, will infallibly plunge me into it. It is possible I might find some light to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in the search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to treat those with scorn and derision who labour in this enquiry and care; and, so to run without fear or foresight, upon the trial of the grand event; permitting myself to be led softly on to death, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition.

In earnest, it is a glory to religion to have so unreasonable men for its professed enemies; and their opposition is of so little danger, that it serves to illustrate the principal truths which our religion teaches. For the main scope of Christian faith is to establish those two principles, the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers, if they are of no use towards demonstrating the truth of the redemption, by the sanctity of their lives, yet are at least admirably useful in shewing the corruption of nature, by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.

Nothing is so important to any man as his own estate and condition; nothing so great, so amazing, as eternity. If, therefore, we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural. They are quite other men in all other regards, they fear the smallest inconveniencies, they see them as

they approach, and feel them if they arrive, and he who passeth days and nights in chagrin or despair, for the loss of an employment, or for some imaginary blemish in his honour, is the very same mortal who knows that he must lose all by death, and yet remains without disquiet, resentment, or emotion. This wonderful insensibility, with respect to things of the most fatal consequence, in a heart so nicely sensible of the meanest trifles, is an astonishing prodigy, and unintelligible enchantment, a supernatural blindness and insatiation.

A man in a close dungeon, who knows not whether sentence of death has passed upon him, who is allowed but one hour's space to inform himself concerning it, and that one hour sufficient, in case it have passed, to obtain its reverse, would act contrary to nature and sense, should he make use of this hour not to procure information, but to pursue his vanity or sport. And yet such is the condition of the persons whom we are now describing; only with this difference, that the evils with which they are every moment threatened, do infinitely surpass the bare loss of life, and that transient punishment which the prisoner is supposed to apprehend: yet they run thoughtless upon the precipice, having only cast a veil over their eyes, to hinder them from discerning it, and divert themselves with the officiousness of such as charitably warn them of their danger.

Thus not the zeal alone of those who heartily seek God, demonstrates the truth of religion, but likewise the blindness of those who utterly forbear to seek him, and who pass their days under so horrible a neglect. There must needs be a strange turn and revolution in human nature, before men can submit to such a condition, much more ere they can applaud and value themselves upon it. For supposing them to have obtained an absolute certainty, that there was no fear after death, but of falling into nothing, ought not this to be the subject rather of despair, than of jollity? And is it not therefore the highest pitch of senseless extravagance, while we want this certainty, to glory in our doubt and distrust?

And yet, after all, it is too visible, that man has so far declined from his original nature, and as it were departed from himself, to nourish in his heart a secret seed-plot of joy, springing up from the libertine reflections. This brutal ease, or indolence, between the fear of hell, and annihilation,

carries somewhat so tempting in it, that not only those who have the misfortune to be sceptically inclined, but even those who cannot unshackle their judgment, do yet esteem it reputable to take up a counterfeit dissidence. For we may observe the largest part of the herd to be of this latter kind, false pretenders to infidelity, and mere hypocrites in atheism. There are persons whom we have heard declare, that the genteel way of the world consists in thus acting the bravo. This is that which they term throwing off the yoke, and which the greater number of them profess, not so much out of opinion, as out of gallantry and complaisance.

Yet, if they have the least reserve of common sense, it will not be difficult to make them apprehend, how miserably they abuse themselves by laying so false a foundation of applause and esteem. For this is not the way to raise a character, even with worldly men, who, as they are able to pass a shrewd judgment on things, so they easily discern that the only method of succeeding in our temporal affairs, is to prove ourselves honest, faithful, prudent, and capable of advancing the interest of our friends; because men naturally love nothing but that which some way contributes to their use and benefit. But now what benefit can we any way derive from hearing a man confess that he has eased himself of the burden of religion; that he believes no God, as the witness and inspector of his conduct; that he considers himself as absolute master of what he does, and accountable for it only to his own mind? Will he fancy that we shall be hence induced to repose a greater degree of confidence in him hereafter? or to depend on his comfort, his advice, or assistance, in the necessities of life? Can he imagine us to take any great delight or complacency when he tells us, that he doubts whether our very soul be any thing more than a little wind and smoke? nay, when he tells it us with an air of assurance, and a voice that testifies the contentment of his heart? Is this a thing to be spoken of with pleasantry? or ought it not rather be lamented with the deepest sadness, as the most melancholic reflection that can strike our thoughts?

If they would compose themselves to serious consideration, they must perceive the method in which they are engaged to be so very ill chosen, so repugnant to gentility, and so remote even from that good air and

grace which they pursue, that, on the contrary, nothing can more effectually expose them to the contempt and aversion of mankind, or mark them out for persons defective in parts and judgment. And, indeed, should we demand from them an account of their sentiments, and of the reasons which they have to entertain this suspicion in religious matters, what they offered would appear so miserably weak and trifling, as rather to confirm us in our belief. This is no more than what one of their own fraternity told them, with great smartness, on such an occasion, If you continue (says he) to dispute at this rate, you will infallibly make me a Christian. And the gentleman was in the right: for who would not tremble to find himself embarked in the same cause, with so forlorn, so despicable companions?

And thus it is evident, that they who wear no more than the outward mask of these principles are the most unhappy counterfeiters in the world; inasmuch as they are obliged to put a continual force and constraint on their genius, only that they may render themselves the most impertinent of all men living.

If they are heartily and sincerely troubled at their want of light, let them not dissemble the disease. Such a confession could not be reputed shameful; for there is really no shame, but in being shameless. Nothing betrays so much weakness of soul, as not to apprehend the misery of man, while living without God in the world: nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to hope for the reality of eternal promises: no man is so stigmatized a coward, as he that acts the bravo against heaven. Let them therefore leave these impieties to those who are born with so unhappy a judgment, as to be capable of entertaining them in earnest. If they cannot be Christian men, let them, however, be men of honour: and let them, in conclusion, acknowledge, that there are but two sorts of persons, who deserve to be styled reasonable, either those who serve God with all their heart, because they know him; or those who seek him with all their heart, because as yet they know him not.

If then there are persons who sincerely enquire after God, and who, being truly sensible of their misery, affectionately desire to be rescued from it; it is to these alone that we can in justice afford our labour and service, for their direction
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finding out that light of which they feel the want.

But as for those who live without either knowing God, or endeavouring to know him, they look on themselves as so little deserving their own care, that they cannot but be unworthy the care of others: and it requires all the charity of the religion which they despise, not to despise them to such a degree, as even to abandon them to their own folly: but since the same religion obliges us to consider them, while they remain in this life, as still capable of God's enlightening grace; and to acknowledge it as very possible, that, in the course of a few days, they may be replenished with a fuller measure of faith than we now enjoy; and we ourselves, on the other side, fall into the depths of their present blindness and misery; we ought to do for them, what we desire should be done to us in their case; to treat them that they would take pity on themselves, and would at least advance a step or two forward, if perchance they may come into the light. For which end it is wished, that they would employ in the perusal of this piece, some few of those hours, which they spend so unprofitably in other pursuits. It is possible they may gain somewhat by the reading; at least, they cannot be great losers: but if any shall apply themselves to it, with perfect sincerity, and with an unfeigned desire of knowing the truth, I despair not of their satisfaction, or of their being convinced by so many proofs of our divine religion, as they will here find laid together.

Monf. Pascal.

§ 171. *Of the temper of mind which is necessary for the discovery of divine truth, and the degree of evidence that ought to be expected in divine matters, with an epitome of reasons for the truth of the Holy Bible.*

If all our knowledge be derived from God, and if it has pleased God to require a certain degree of probity, seriousness, impartiality, and humility of mind, together with hearty prayers to him for his direction, blessing, and assistance; and a proper submission to him, before he will communicate his truths to men; I mean, at least, communicate the same so as shall make a due impression upon their minds, and turn to their real profit and edification, to their true improvement in virtue and happiness: and if men at any time come to the

examination either of the works or word of God, without that temper of mind, and without those addresses for his aid, and submission to his will, which he has determined shall be the conditions of his communications to them; especially if they come with the contrary dispositions, with a wicked, partial, proud, and ludicrous temper, and with an utter disregard to God, his providence, worship, and revelation; all their researches will come to nothing: if, I say, this be the case, as to divine knowledge, as I believe it is, it cannot but be highly necessary for us all to consider of this matter before hand, and to endeavour after the proper qualifications, before we set ourselves about the main enquiries themselves. If it has also pleased God to expect from us some more deference and regard for him, than for our poor fallible fellow-creatures here below, and to claim our belief and obedience, upon plain external evidence, that certain doctrines or duties are derived from him, without our being always let into the secrets of his government, or acquainted with the reasons of his conduct, and also to expect that this plain external evidence be treated, as it is in all the other cases of human determinations and judgments: I mean, that it be submitted to, and acquiesced in, when it appears to be such as in all other cases would be allowed to be satisfactory, and plainly superior to what is alledged to the contrary; if, I say, this also be the case, as to divine knowledge, as I believe it is, it will be very proper for us all to consider of this matter beforehand also; that so we may not be afterward disappointed, when in our future progress we do not always find that irresistible and overbearing degree of evidence for certain divine truths, which in such cases is not to be had; which in truth is almost peculiar to the mathematics; and the expectation of which is so common, though unjust, a pretence for infidelity among us.

As to the former of these enquiries, or that temper of mind which is necessary for the discovery of divine truth; it can certainly be no other than what the light of nature, and the consciences of men influenced thereby dictate to us; those, I mean, already intimated; such as seriousness, integrity, impartiality, and prayer to God, with the faithful belief, and ready practice of such truths and duties, as we do all along discover to be the word and will of God; together with such a modesty or resignation

of mind, as will rest satisfied in certain sublime points, clearly above our determination, with full evidence that they are revealed by God, without always insisting upon knowing the reasons of the divine conduct therein immediately, before we will believe that evidence. These are such things as all honest and sober men, who have naturally a sense of virtue and of God, in their minds, must own their obligation to. We all know, by the common light of nature, till we eclipse or corrupt it by our own wickedness, that we are to deal with the utmost fairness, honesty, and integrity in all, especially in religious matters; that we are to hearken to every argument, and to consider every testimony without prejudice, or bias, and ever to pronounce agreeably to our convictions; that we are but weak, frail, dependent creatures; all whose faculties, and the exercise of them, are derived from God; that we ought therefore to exercise a due modesty, and practice a due submission of mind in divine matters, particularly in the search after the nature, and laws, and providence of our great Creator; a submission, I mean, not to human, but to divine authority, when once it shall be authentically made known to us, that the humble addressing of ourselves to God for his aid, direction, and blessing on our studies and enquiries, is one plain instance of such our submission to him; and that a ready compliance with divine revelation, and a ready obedience to the divine will, so far as we have clearly discovered it, is another necessary instance of the same humble regard to the divine Majesty. Nor indeed, can any one who comes to these sacred enquiries with the opposite dispositions of dishonesty, partiality, pride, buffoonery, neglect of all divine worship, and contempt of all divine revelation, and of all divine laws, expect, even by the light of nature, that God should be obliged to discover further divine truths to him. Nor will a sober person, duly sensible of the different states of Creator and creature, imitate Simon Magus, and his followers, in the first ages of the gospel; and set up some metaphysical subtilities, or captious questions, about the conduct of providence, as sufficient to set aside the evidence of confessed miracles themselves; but will rather agree to that wise aphorism laid down in the law of Moses, and supposed all over the Bible; "that secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but things that are revealed, to us and to our children that we may do them." Deut.

xxix. 29. Now, in order to the making some impressions upon men in this matter, and the convincing them, that all our discoveries are to be derived from God; and that we are not to expect his blessing upon our enquiries without the foregoing qualifications, devotions, and obedience, give me leave here, instead of my own farther reasoning, to set down from the ancient Jewish and Christian writers, several passages which seem to me very remarkable, and very pertinent to our present purpose; not now indeed, as supposing any of those observations of sacred authority, but as very right in themselves; very agreeable to the light of nature; and very good testimonies of the sense of wise men in the several ancient ages of the world to this purpose. And I choose to do this the more largely here, because I think this matter to be of very great importance; because it seems to be now very little known or considered, at least very little practised by several pretended enquirers into revealed religion; and because the neglect hereof seems to me a main occasion of the scepticism and infidelity of this age.

"The Lord spake unto Moses, saying: See, I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, &c. And in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted, I have put wisdom, &c." Ex. xxxi. 1, 2, 3, 6.

"It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken into the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments, and his statutes, which I command thee this day, that all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee;—the Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart; and thou shalt grope at noon-day, as the blind gropeth in darkness." Deut. xxviii. 15, 28, 29.

"The Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day." Deut. xxix. 4.

"Give thy servant an understanding heart, to judge thy people; that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people! And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing;—hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words; lo, I have given thee

a wife and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

—And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king; for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment.” 1 Kings, iii. 9, 10, 11, 12, 28.

“I said, days should speak; and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.” Job, xxxii. 7, 8.

“Behold in this thou art not just; I will answer thee, that God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters.” Job, xxxiii. 12, 13.

“Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement; I will not offend any more. That which I see not, teach thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.” Job, xxxiv. 31, 32.

“God thundereth marvellously with his voice; great things doth he which we cannot comprehend.” Job, xxxvii. 5.

“With God is terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out; he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice: he will not afflict. —Men do therefore fear him: he respecteth not any that are wise of heart.” Job, xxxvii. 22, 23, 24.

“Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? Or who hath given understanding unto the heart?” Job, xxxviii. 36.

“Then Job answered the Lord and said; I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.—Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.” Job, xlii. 1, 2, 3.

“I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee.—Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” Job, xlii. 5, 6.

“The meek will he guide in judgment: the meek will he teach his way.” Psalm, xxv. 9.

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.” Psalm, xxv. 14.

“Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies; for they are ever with me. I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation. I understand

more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts. Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.” Psalm, cxix. 98, 99, 100, 104.

“Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.” Psalm, cxxxi. 1.

“The Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.” Prov. ii. 6.

“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” Prov. iii. 5, 6.

“The froward is abomination to the Lord: but his secret is with the righteous.” Prov. iii. 32.

“God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy.” Eccles. ii. 26.

“God hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart; so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.” Eccles. iii. 11.

“Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun; because though a man labour to seek it out: yet he shall not find it; yea further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it.” Eccles. viii. 17.

“As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom.” Dan. i. 17.

“None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.” Dan. xii. 10.

“Who is wise and he shall understand these things; prudent, and he shall know them: for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.” Hof. xiv. 9.

“And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer, and said, thy heart hath gone too far in this world: and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?” 2 Efd. iv. 1, 2.

“He said moreover unto me; thine own things, and such as are grown up with thee, canst thou not know, how should thy vessel then be able to comprehend the way of the Highest.” 2 Efd. iv. 10, 11.

“They that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing; but that which is upon the earth: and he that dwelleth above the heavens, may only understand the things

that are above the height of the heavens, &c." 2 Esd. iv. 21.

"Into a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter, nor dwell in the body that is subject unto sin, &c." Wisd. i. 41. &c.

"Their own wickedness hath blinded them." Wisd. ii. 21.

"As for the mysteries of God, they know them not." Wisd. ii. 22.

"Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me." Wisd. vii. 7.

"It is God that leadeth unto wisdom, and directeth the wise. For in his hand are both we and our words; all wisdom also, and knowledge of workmanship." Wisd. vii. 15, 16.

"When I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain wisdom, except God gave her me; (and that was a point of wisdom also, to know whose gift she was) I prayed unto the Lord, and besought him, and with my whole heart I said," Wisd. viii. 21.

"Give me wisdom that sitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children. For I thy servant, and son of thine handmaid, am a feeble person, and of a short time, and too young for the understanding of judgment and laws. For though a man be never so perfect among the children of men, yet if thy wisdom be not with him, he shall be nothing regarded." Wisd. ix. 4, 5, 6.

"Hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things that are in heaven who hath searched out?" Wisd. ix. 9.

"All wisdom cometh from the Lord, and is with him for ever.—She is with all flesh according to his gift; and he hath given her to them that love him." Ec. i. 1, 10.

"If thou desire wisdom, keep the commandments, and the Lord shall give her unto thee. For the fear of the Lord is wisdom and instruction; and faith and meekness are his delight." Ec. i. 26, 27.

"Mysteries are revealed unto the meek.—Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee; neither search the things that are above thy strength. But what is commanded thee, think thereupon with reverence; for it is not needful for thee to see the things that are in secret." Ec. iii. 19, 21, 22.

"Let thy mind be upon the ordinances of the Lord, and meditate continually in his

commandments. He shall establish thine heart, and give thee wisdom at thine own desire." Ec. vi. 37.

"Wisdom, knowledge, and understanding of the law, are of the Lord. Love, and the way of good works, are from him. Error and darkness had their beginning together with sinners." Ec. xi. 15, 16.

"Foolish men shall not attain unto wisdom; and sinners shall not see her. For she is far from pride; and men that are liars cannot remember her." Ec. xv. 7, 8.

"He that keepeth the law of the Lord getteth the understanding thereof; and the perfection of the fear of the Lord is wisdom." Ec. xxi. 11.

"As his ways are plain unto the holy, so are they stumbling-blocks unto the wicked." Ec. xxxix. 24.

"The Lord hath made all things, and to the godly hath he given wisdom." Ec. xliii. 33.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." John, vii. 17.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" Rom. xi. 33.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.—Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." James i. 5, 17.

Now from all this evidence, and much more that might be alledged, it is apparent, that the Jewish and Christian religions always suppose, that there must be a due temper of mind in the enquirers, or else the arguments for those religions will not have their due effect. That the course of God's providence designs hereby to distinguish between the well-disposed, the meek, the humble, and the pious, which are those whom the common light of nature declares may expect the divine blessing on their studies of this sort; and the ill-disposed, the obstinate, the proud, and the impious; which are those whom the same common light of nature assures us may expect the divine malediction on the same: and that 'tis not for want of convincing and satisfactory evidence in the business of revelation, but because many men come with perverse, sceptical, and wicked dispositions, that they fail of satisfaction therein. Accordingly, I think, it is true, in common observation,

observation, that the virtuous and the religious, I mean those that are such according to natural conscience, do rarely, if ever, fail on their enquiries to embrace and acquiesce in both the Jewish and Christian revelations, and that the debauched and profane do as seldom fail on their enquiries to reject and ridicule them. Which different success of the same examination, agrees exactly with the whole tenor of the Scriptures, and is the very same which must be true, in case those Scriptures be true also; and is, by consequence, a considerable confirmation of their real verity and inspiration. And certainly, he that considers his own weakness and dependance on God, and that all truth and evidence must come originally from him, will by natural judgment and equity pronounce, that he who expects the divine blessing and illumination, in points of such vast consequence, as those of revelation most certainly are, ought above all things to purify his will, and rectify his conduct in such points as all the world knows to be the will of God; and to address himself to the Divine Majesty with due fervency and seriousness, for his aid and assistance, before he can justly promise himself success in so great and momentous an undertaking.

But then, as to the second enquiry, or the degree of evidence that ought to be expected in religious matters, it seems to me very necessary to say somewhat upon this subject also, before we come to our main design. For as on the one side it is a great error in all cases to expect such evidence as the nature of the subject renders impossible; so it is as weak on the other side, to lay the stress of important truths on such evidence, as is in its own nature unsatisfactory and precarious: or to assert with great assurance what can no way be proved, even by that sort of evidence which is proper for the subject in debate. An instance of the first sort we have in Autolicus, an Heathen, in his debates with Theophilus of Antioch; who appears weakly to have insisted upon seeing the God of the Christians, ere he would believe his existence; while one of the known attributes of that God is, that he is invisible. And almost equally preposterous would any philosophic sceptic now be, who should require the sight of the air in which we breathe, before he would believe that there was such an element at all. Whereas it is clear, that the air may be demonstrated to be sufficiently sensible and real, by a thousand

experiments; while yet none of those experiments can render it visible to us: just as the existence of a supreme being may be demonstrated by innumerable arguments, although none of those arguments imply even the possibility of his being properly seen by any of his creatures. But then, that we may keep a mean here, and may neither on one side, expect in our religious enquiries, overbearing, or strictly mathematic evidence, such as is impossible to be denied or doubted of by any; which would render the constant design of providence, already stated, entirely ineffectual, and force both good and bad to be believers, without any regard to their qualifications and temper of mind: nor on the other side, may we depend on such weak and precarious arguments, as are not really sufficient or satisfactory to even fair, honest, and impartial men. I intend here to consider, what that degree of evidence is which ought to be insisted on; without which we are not, and with which we are obliged to acquiesce in divine matters. Now this degree of evidence I take to be that, and no other, which upright judges are determined by in all the important affairs of estate and life that come before them: and according to which, they ever aim to give sentence in their courts of judicature. I choose to instance in this judicial evidence, and these judicial determinations especially, because the persons concerned in such matters are, by long use, and the nature of their employment, generally speaking, the best and most sagacious discoverers of truth, and those that judge the most unbiassedly and fairly, concerning sufficient or insufficient evidence of all others. Such upright judges then, never expect strictly undeniable, or mathematic evidence; which they know is, in human affairs, absolutely impossible to be had: they don't require that the witnesses they examine should be infallible, or impeccable, which they are sensible would be alike wild and ridiculous; yet do they expect full, sufficient, or convincing evidence; and such as is plainly superior to what is alledged on the other side: and they require that the witnesses they believe, be, so far as they are able to discover, of a good character, upright, and faithful. Nor do they think it too much trouble to use their utmost skill and sagacity in discovering where the truth lies; how far the witnesses agree with or contradict each other; and which way the several circumstances may be best compared,

pared, so as to find out any forgery, or detect any knavery which may be suspected in any branches of the evidence before them. They do not themselves pretend to judge of the reality or obligation of any ancient laws, or acts of parliament, from their own meer guesses or inclinations, but from the authenticness of the records which contain them, and though they are not able always to see the reason, or occasion, or wisdom of such laws, or acts of parliament; yet do they, upon full external evidence that they are genuine, allow and execute the same: as considering themselves to be not legislators, but judges; and owning that ancient laws, and ancient facts, are to be known not by guesses or supposals, but by the production of ancient records, and original evidence for their reality. Nor in such their procedure do they think themselves guilty in their sentences, if at any time afterwards they discover that they have been imposed upon by false witnesses, or forged records; supposing, I mean, that they are conscious, that they did their utmost to discover the truth, and went exactly by the best evidence that lay before them; as knowing they have done their duty, and must in such a case be blameless before God and man, notwithstanding the mistake in the sentences themselves. Now this is that procedure which I would earnestly recommend to those that have a mind to enquire to good purpose into revealed religion: that after they have taken care to purge themselves from all those vices which will make it their great interest that religion should be false; after they have resolved upon honesty, impartiality, and modesty, which are virtues by the law of nature; after they have devoutly implored the divine assistance and blessing on this their important undertaking; which is a duty likewise they are obliged to by the same law of nature; that after all this preparation, I say, they will set about the enquiry itself, in the very same manner that has been already described, and that all our upright judges proceed by in the discovery of truth. Let them spare for no pains, but consult all the originals, whenever they can come at them; and let them use all that diligence, sagacity, and judgment, which they are masters of, in order to see what real external evidence there is for the truth of the facts on which the Jewish and Christian religions do depend. I here speak of the truth of facts, as the surest way to determine us in this enquiry; because all the world,

I think, owns, that if those facts be true, these institutions of religion must also be true, or be derived from God; and that no particular difficulties, as to the reasons of several laws, or the conduct of providence in several cases, which those institutions no where pretend to give us a full account of, can be sufficient to set aside the convincing evidence which the truth of such facts brings along with it. For example: Those who are well satisfied of the truth of the Mosaic history; of the ten miraculous plagues with which the God of Israel smote the Egyptians; of the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red sea, while the Israelites were miraculously conducted through the same; and of the amazing manner wherein the decalogue was given by God to that people at mount Sinai; will for certain, believe that the Jewish religion was in the main derived from God, though he should find several occasional passages in the Jewish sacred books, which he could not account for, and several civil laws given that nation, which he could not guess at the reasons why they were given them. And the case is the very same as to the miraculous resurrection, and glorious ascension of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, with regard to the New Testament: on which account I reckon that the truth of such facts is to be principally enquired into, when we have a mind to satisfy ourselves in the verity of the Jewish and Christian religions. And if it be alledged that some of these facts are too remote to afford us any certain means of discovery at this distance of time; I answer, That then we are to select such of those facts as we can examine, and to search into the acknowledgment or denial of those that are ancients, in the oldest testimonies now extant; into the effects and consequences, and standing memorials of such facts in after ages, and how far they were real, and allowed to be so; and in short, we are to determine concerning them, by the best evidence we can now have; and not let a bare suspicion, or a wish that things had been otherwise, overbalance our real evidence of facts in any case whatsoever. I do not mean that our enquirer is to have no regard to internal characters, or the contents of the Jewish and Christian revelations; or that he is not to examine into that also in the general, before he admits even the proof from miracles themselves; because what pretended miracles soever are wrought, for the support of idolatry, or wickedness; for the estab-

blishment of notions contrary to the divine attributes, or of an immoral, or profane, or cruel religion, though they may prove such a religion to be supernatural, yet will they only prove that it comes from wicked dæmons, or evil spirits, and not from a God of purity and holiness, and so will by no means prove it divine, or worthy of our reception. But then, it is, for the main, so well known, that the Jewish and Christian institutions do agree to the divine attributes, and do tend to purity, holiness, justice and charity; and are opposite to all immorality, profaneness, and idolatry, that I think there will not need much examination in so clear a case; and that, by consequence, our main enquiry is to be as to the truth of the facts thereto relating. And in this case, I fear not to invite all our sceptics and unbelievers, to use their greatest nicety, their entire skill, their shrewdest abilities, and their utmost sagacity in this enquiry; being well assured from my own observations in this matter, that the proper result of such an exact historical enquiry will be as plainly and evidently on the side of revealed religion.

There is such an inimitable air of sincerity, honesty, and impartiality, in the sacred historians; the ancient profane testimonies still extant do so generally attest to, and confirm the facts, so far as they are concerned; the most ancient predictions have been all along so exactly and wonderfully fulfilled; the characters of the Messias in the Old Testament have been so particularly answered in the New; our Lord's own predictions, and those of St. Paul and St. John have been all along hitherto so surprisingly accomplished, the epistles of the apostles, and the history and sufferings of them and of their immediate successors, do so fully confirm the miracles and circumstances belonging to the first times of the Gospel; that he who acquaints himself originally with these things, if he come with an untainted and honest mind, cannot easily be other than a believer and a Christian.

I cannot but heartily wish, for the common good of all the sceptics and unbelievers of this age, that I could imprint in their minds all that real evidence for natural and for revealed religion that now is, or during my past enquiries has been upon my own mind thereto relating; and that their temper of mind were such as that this evidence might afford them as great satisfaction as it has myself.—But though this entire communication of the evidence that is, or has

been in my own mind, for the certainty of natural religion, and of the Jewish and Christian institutions, be, in its own nature, impossible; yet, I hope, I may have leave to address myself to all, especially to the sceptics and unbelievers of our age; to do what I am able for them in this momentous concern; and to lay before them, as briefly and seriously as I can, a considerable number of those arguments which have the greatest weight with me, as to the hardest part of what is here desired and expected from them; I mean the belief of revealed religion, or of the Jewish and Christian institutions, as contained in the books of the Old and New Testament.—But to wave farther preliminaries, some of the principal reasons which make me believe the Bible to be true are the following:

1. The Bible lays the law of nature for its foundation; and all along supports and assists natural religion; as every true revelation ought to do.

2. Astronomy, and the rest of our certain mathematic sciences, do confirm the accounts of Scripture; so far as they are concerned.

3. The most ancient and best historical accounts now known, do, generally speaking, confirm the accounts of Scripture; so far as they are concerned.

4. The more learning has increased, the more certain in general do the Scripture accounts appear, and its difficult places are more cleared thereby.

5. There are, or have been generally, standing memorials preserved of the certain truths of the principal historical facts, which were constant evidences for the certainty of them.

6. Neither the Mosaical law, nor the Christian religion, could possibly have been received and established without such miracles as the sacred history contains.

7. Although the Jews all along hated and persecuted the prophets of God: yet were they forced to believe they were true prophets, and their writings of divine inspiration.

8. The ancient and present state of the Jewish nation are strong arguments for the truth of their law, and of the Scripture prophecies relating to them.

9. The ancient and present states of the Christian church are also strong arguments for the truth of the Gospel, and of the Scripture prophecies relating thereto.

10. The miracles whereon the Jewish and Christian religion are founded, were

of old owned to be true by their very enemies.

11. The sacred writers, who lived in times and places so remote from one another, do yet all carry on one and the same grand design, viz. that of the salvation of mankind, by the worship of, and obedience to the one true God, in and through the King Messiah; which, without a divine conduct, could never have been done.

12. The principal doctrines of the Jewish and Christian religion are agreeable to the most ancient traditions of all other nations.

13. The difficulties relating to this religion are not such as affect the truth of the facts, but the conduct of providence, the reasons of which the sacred writers never pretended fully to know, or to reveal to mankind.

14. Natural religion, which is yet so certain in itself, is not without such difficulties, as to the conduct of providence, as are objected to revelation.

15. The sacred history has the greatest marks of truth, honesty and impartiality, of all other histories whatsoever; and without has none of the known marks of knavery and imposture.

16. The predictions of Scripture have been still fulfilled in the several ages of the world whereto they belong.

17. No opposite systems of the universe, or schemes of divine revelation, have any tolerable pretences to be true, but those of the Jews and Christians.

These are the plain and obvious arguments which persuade me of the truth of the Jewish and Christian revelations.

Whiston.

§ 172. *The divine legation of Moses.*

The evidence the Jews had to believe the several matters related by Moses, preceding the deliverance from Egypt, was, so far as we know, no more than Moses's word; whose credit was sufficiently established, by the testimonies given to him by the Deity; but, at the same time, it is not certain that they had not some distinct tradition concerning these things. But, as to his authority, and the authority of the laws and institutions given by him, they had, and their children, and we who take it from their children, have the strongest evidence the nature of the thing is capable of. For,

1. The whole people, an infinite multitude, were witnesses of all the miracles wrought preceding the deliverance from

Egypt, and of the final miracle that achieved their deliverance; in memory whereof, the passover, an annual solemnity, was instituted, with the strongest injunctions to acquaint their children with the cause of that observance, and to mark that night throughout all their generations for ever.

2. The whole people were witnesses to the miracle in passing the Red Sea, and sung that hymn which Moses composed on that occasion, which was preserved for the use of their children.

3. The whole people were witnesses to the dreadful promulgation of the law from Sinai, with which they were also to acquaint their children; and the feast of Pentecost was annually to be observed on the day on which that law was given; besides that the very tables in which the ten commands were written, were deposited in the Ark, and remained, at least, till the building of Solomon's temple, and probably till the destruction of it.

4. The whole people were witnesses to the many miracles wrought, during the space of forty years, in the wilderness; to the pillar of fire and cloud, to the manna, quails, &c. a sample of the manna remained to future generations; and they were directed to relate what they saw to their children.

5. The whole people were witnesses to the framing and building of the Ark, and Tabernacle; they were all contributors to it; they saw the cloud fill and rest upon it, and they assisted at the services performed there; and, to commemorate this, as well as their sojourning in tents in the wilderness, the annual feast of Tabernacles was appointed, which in succeeding years, they were to explain to their children.

As these things were absolutely sufficient to satisfy the children of Israel, then in being, touching the authority and obligation of this law, several things were added to enforce the observance, and to preserve the memory and evidence of what was to be observed.

1. The law was by Moses, at the command of God, put into writing, for the greater certainty, as well as all the directions for making the Ark, the Cherubim, the Tabernacle, the priest's garments, &c. and all the rules of government, judicature, &c. with every other circumstance revealed, for directing the faith and the conduct of the nation.

2. The law was to be preserved, perused, and attended to, in the most careful manner;

manner; the priests, who were to judge in questions relating to it, must be well versed in it; the king, who was to rule over the nation, was to write out a copy of it for himself, and to peruse it continually; and the people were to write out passages of it, and to wear them by way of signs, upon their hands, and of frontlets, between their eyes, and to write them upon the post of their doors, &c. And they were to teach their children the most notable parts of it, and particularly to instruct them in the miracles attending the deliverance from Egypt, as they sat in their house, as they walked by the way, as they lay down, and as they rose up, &c.

3. Besides the authority that promulgated the law, there was a solemn covenant and agreement between God and the people, whereby the people became bound to keep, preserve, and observe this law, and all that was contained in it: and God became bound to be the God of the Israelitish people, to protect, and prosper them: and this covenant, towards the end of their sojourning in the wilderness, was solemnly renewed.

4. The particulars of this covenant, upon God's part, were, to give the people the good land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, to preserve, and protect them in it; to give them perpetual indurance, and victory over their and his enemies; to prosper them in all their labours; to give them the increase of their fields, and flocks; and to make them a great, a happy, and a flourishing people; on condition that they kept and obeyed his law.

5. The particulars, on the part of the people, were, to serve Jehovah, and no other God, in the way directed by the law; to preserve, observe, and obey the law carefully and exactly; and, if they failed or transgressed, to submit and consent to the severe sanction of the law and covenant, which, in many instances, was, to individuals transgressing, death (to be cut off from the people) and to the bulk of the people, destruction, captivity, dispersion, blindness, madness, &c. besides the forfeiture of all the good promises.

6. Besides the other blessings, and pre-eminences, God was, by some special visible symbol of his presence, to reside continually with the people; first, in the Tabernacle, which was made in the wilderness; for that end, and afterwards in the temple; whence he was to give judgment and di-

rections, and to answer prayers, and accept of vows.

7. This covenant was also reduced into writing, and was the tenure by which the Israelites held the land of Canaan, and on which all their hopes were founded: wherefore it must in all generations be considered by them as a thing of no small moment.

As God was the head of this state, and as the people held immediately their land of him; so he made several regulations for holding that property, that are very remarkable.

1. The land was by his command divided into twelve lots, one for each tribe; and they were put in possession accordingly, to the exclusion of the tribe of Levi, who for their portion had no more than what attended the service of God's house, and some cities with suburbs, dispersed amongst other tribes.

2. Not only were the descendants of each tribe to enjoy, in exclusion of other tribes, their own lot, but the particular fields and parcels, within each tribe, were to remain for ever with the respective families that first possessed them, and on failure of the issue of the possessor, to the nearest of that family: hence all lands sold returned at the jubilee to the proprietor, or his nearest a-kin; he who had a right to revenge blood might redeem.

3. This right of blood, depending upon knowledge of descent and genealogy, made it absolutely necessary for the children of Israel to keep very exact records and proofs of their descent; not to mention the expectation they had of something surprisingly singular from the many promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that the blessing to mankind should spring from their Seed; and, in tracing their genealogy, we see they were very critical, upon their return from Babylon: so that, before their records were disturbed by the captivity, it could not well be otherwise, but that every body of any note amongst the Jews could tell you the name of his ancestor, who first had the family-possession, in the days of Joshua, and how many degrees, and by what descent he was removed from him. And as these first possessors, pursuant to the custom of the nation, must have been described by their father's name, 'tis highly probable, they could have quoted by name that ancestor who saw the miracles in Egypt, who saw the law given, who entered

tered into the covenant, and who contributed to the setting up the Ark and Tabernacle.

4. The very surprising care taken by the Deity to keep the breed of the Jews pure and genuine, by the proofs of virginity, and by the miraculous waters of jealousy, is a circumstance that merits attention, and will easily induce a belief that descent and birth was a matter much minded amongst them. And,

5. The appointment and observance of the sabbatical year, and, after the seventh sabbatical year, a year of jubilee, for the general release of debts, lands, &c. is a circumstance of great moment, not only as these notable periods were useful towards the easy computation of time, but as it made enquiry into titles, and consequently genealogy, necessary every fiftieth year; and as the cessation from culture every seventh year gave continual occasions for the Deity's displaying his power in increasing the crop of the sixth, pursuant to his promise.

Now, taking these circumstances together under consideration, could any human precaution have provided more means to keep up the memory and evidence of any fact? Could this have been done by human foresight or force? Has any thing like to it ever been in the world besides?

What could tend more to perpetuate the memory of any event, than to deliver a whole people, by public glorious miracles, from intolerable slavery? To publish a very extraordinary system of laws immediately from heaven? To put this law in writing together with the covenant for the obeying it? To make the tenure of the estates depend on the original division of the land, to men who saw the miracles, and first took possession, and on the proximity of relation, by descent to them? To appoint a return of lands every fiftieth year, which should give perpetual occasion to canvass those descents? To order a sabbath every seventh year for the land, the loss of which should be supplied by the preceding year's increase? And to select a whole tribe consisting of many thousands, to be the guardians, in some degree the judges and the executors of this law; who were barred from any portion of the land, in common with their brethren, and were contented with the contributions that came from the other tribes, without any fixed portion amongst them? This must keep up the belief and authority of that law

amongst the descendants of that people, or nothing could: and if such a belief, under all these circumstances, prevailed amongst a people so constituted, that belief could not possibly proceed from imposture; because the very means provided, for proof of the truth, are so many checks against any possibility of imposition.

If any man will suggest that the law of the Jews is no more than human invention, and that the book of the law is a forgery; let him say when it was imposed upon that people, or at what period it could have possibly been imposed upon them, so as to gain belief, later than the period they mention, and under other circumstances than those they relate.

Could the whole people have been persuaded at any one period, by any impostor, that they were told severally by their fathers, and they by theirs, that the law was given with such circumstances, and under such promises, and threats, if they were not really told so; or that they, throughout all their generations, had worn certain passages of the law by way of frontlets and signs, if it had not really been so?

Could the whole people have been persuaded to submit to the pain of death, upon all the offences which the law makes capital, unless their fathers had done so, upon the evidence of the authority of that law?

Could the whole people have been persuaded that they had kept exact genealogies, in order to entitle them to the blessing, and to the inheritances severally, unless they actually had done so?

Could the whole people believe that they had kept passovers, feasts of tabernacles, &c. down from the date of the law, commemorative of the great events they relate to, unless they had really done so?

Could the children of Israel have been imposed on to receive an Ark, and a Tabernacle, then forged, and a compleat set of service and liturgy, as descending from Moses by the direction of God, unless that Ark and that service had come to them from their ancestors, as authorized by God?

Could the whole people have submitted to pay tithe, first fruits, &c. upon any feigned revelation? Or, could the tribe of Levi, without divine authority, have submitted, not only to the being originally without a portion in Israel, but to the being incapable of any, in hopes of the contributions of the people; which however large when the whole twelve tribes served at the same

same temple, became very scanty when ten of them withdrew their allegiance from heaven?

Could ever the book of the law, if assigned to the Levites, and promulgated, have been lost, so as to give room for new fictions? Or could a book of the law have been forged, if there was none precedent, and put upon the people, as a book that had been delivered to the Levites by Moses? If no book at all ever was delivered by him to them, what authority could be pretended for such a book?

Had a book been to be forged, in order to be received by the people, could it have contained so many scandalous reflexions and accusations against the people, and so many fatal threats and predictions concerning them? and, if it had been so framed, could it have been received as authentic?

If the law, &c. was forged, it must have been before the days of David: because by the sacred hymns, in his time, the publication of the law is celebrated, and the law was observed: and yet the time between the entry of Israel into the land, and the reign of David, being but about four hundred years, is too short a space for forgetting the real manner of the entry, and forging another, to be received by a people, whose genealogy was so fixed, and whose time was reckoned by such periods.

If the book of the law was not forged before the reign of David, it could not possibly be forged after, unless the whole history of the kingdom, the tabernacle, the temple, and all the sacred hymns and prophecies, are looked upon as one compleat fiction; because the tabernacle, the temple, the œconomy of the kingdom, the sacred hymns and all the other writings said to be sacred, bear formal relation to the law.

But, that all these things were not suppositious, is evident from the anxious zeal that possessed the Jews who returned from the captivity; from their solicitude to restore the city, the temple and the sacred service; from their strict examination of their genealogies, and scrupulous care to comply with the law.

The space between the captivity and the return was so short, that some who saw the first temple, saw also the second, and many who were themselves, or at least whose fathers had been, officers in the first temple, returned to the service of the second: so that it is utterly impossible that

the history, the liturgy, the service of the Jews, preceding the return, should be a fiction, at least that it should be a fiction earlier than the return.

And the story of this nation, from that period, falls in so much with the history of the rest of the world; their sacred books have been so soon after that translated, and they have been so famous for the tenaciousness of their laws, that there is no possibility of suspecting that their law and history was forged later than the return. And, if it is granted, that the devotions, the precepts, the institutions, and rites and ceremonies of this law, and the great lines of their history, are not forged; one needs, as to the present consideration, be but little solicitous concerning the accuracy of the copy of the books of the law, and of the other sacred books; and whether there may not have been some mistake and interpolations. It is not with one or one hundred words or sentences we have to do; it is with the system of the sacrosancture, and the other religious laws and services of the Jews, and with the political establishment of their theocratical government, and the authority for the establishment of both, that we have, at present, concern.

For, if such a system of religious services and ceremonies was revealed and commanded by God, if, for the greater certainty, it was reduced into writing by Moses, by divine direction; if such a model of government was framed, as is manifestly calculated for keeping up the observance of those services, and preserving the memory of the institution, and keeping up the authority of the book wherein it was recorded; and if the nation, to whom this institution was delivered, have preserved it accordingly: compleat evidence thence arises to us of the divinity of the institution; and leads to a demonstrative proof of the truth of the Christian religion, to which all the emblematical institutions tend, and in which they center.

Lord Forbes.

§ 173. *On the Old and New Testament.*

The Old Testament hath, by the general consent of learned men, all the marks of purest antiquity; there being nothing in the world which in this respect is equal to it, or which may pretend to be compared with it; all other the most ancient monuments of antiquity coming short of it by many ages. It was written in the first and

and most antient language; from which the very alphabets and letters of all other languages were derived.

This book contains, as the most ancient, so the most exact story of the world, the propagation of men, and the dispersing of families into the several parts of the earth.

And though this book were written in several ages and places, by several persons; yet doth the doctrine of it accord together, with a most excellent harmony, without any dissonance or inconsistency.

And for the manner of delivering the things contained in it, 'tis so solemn, reverend and majestic, so exactly suited to the nature of things, as may justly provoke our wonder and acknowledgment of its divine original.

And as for the New Testament; those various correspondences, which it bears to the chief things of the Old Testament, may sufficiently evidence that mutual relation, dependance, and affinity which there is between them. That in such an age there was such a man as Christ, who preached such a doctrine, wrought many miracles, suffered an ignominious death, and was afterwards worshipped as God, having abundance of disciples and followers, at first chiefly amongst the vulgar, but a while after, amongst several of the most wise and learned men; who in a short space of time did propagate their belief and doctrine into the most remote parts of the world: I say, all this is for the truth of the matter of fact, not so much as doubted or called into question, by Julian, or Celsus, or the Jews themselves, or any other of the most avowed enemies of Christianity. But we have it by as good certainty as any rational man can wish or hope for, that is, by universal testimony, as well of enemies as friends.

And if these things were so, as to the matter of fact, the common principles of nature will assure us, that 'tis not consistent with the nature of the Deity, his truth, wisdom, or justice, to work such miracles in confirmation of a lie or imposture.

Nor can it be reasonably objected that these miracles are now ceased; and we have not any such extraordinary way to confirm the truth of our religion. 'Tis sufficient that they were upon the first plantation of it, when men were to be instituted and confirmed in that new doctrine. And there may be as much of

the wisdom of providence in the forbearing them now, as in working them then; it being not reasonable to think that the universal laws of nature by which things are to be regularly guided in their natural course, should frequently, or upon every little occasion, be violated or disordered.

To which may be added that wonderful way whereby this religion hath been propagated in the world, with much simplicity and infirmity in the first publishers of it; without arms, or faction, or favour of great men, or the persuasions of philosophers or orators; only by the naked proposal of plain evident truth, with a firm resolution of suffering and dying for it, by which it hath subdued all kind of persecutions and oppositions, and surmounted whatever discouragement or resistance could be laid in its way, or made against it.

The excellency of the things contained in the Gospel are also so suitable to a rational being, as no other religion or profession whatsoever hath thought of, or so expressly insisted upon.

Some of the learned Heathens have placed the happiness of man in the external sensual delights of this world.

Others of the wiser Heathen have spoken sometimes doubtfully concerning a future state, and therefore have placed the reward of virtue, in the doing of virtuous things. Virtue is its own reward. Wherein, though there be much of truth, yet it doth not afford encouragement enough for the vast desires of a rational soul.

Others who have owned a state after this life, have placed the happiness of it in gross and sensual pleasures, feasts and gardens, and company, and other such low and gross enjoyments.

Whereas the doctrine of Christianity doth fix it upon things that are much more spiritual and sublime; the beatific vision, a clear unerring understanding, a perfect tranquillity of mind, a conformity to God, a perpetual admiring and praising of him; than which the mind of man cannot fancy any thing that is more excellent or desirable.

As to the duties that are enjoined in reference to divine worship, they are so full of sanctity and spiritual devotion, as may shame all the pompous solemnities of other religions, in their costly sacrifices, their dark wild mysteries, and external observances.

observances. Whereas this refers chiefly to the holiness of the mind, resignation to God, love of him, dependance upon him, submission to his will, endeavouring to be like him.

And as for the duties of the second table, which concern our mutual conversation towards one another, it allows nothing that is hurtful or noxious, either to ourselves or others; forbids all kind of injury or revenge; commands to overcome evil with good; to pray for enemies and persecutors; doth not admit of any mental, much less any corporal uncleanness; doth not tolerate any immodest or uncomely word or gesture; forbids us to wrong others in their goods and possessions, or to mispend our own; requires us to be very tender both of our own and other men's reputation; in brief, it enjoins nothing but what is helpful, and useful, and good for mankind. Whatever any philosophers have prescribed concerning their moral virtues of temperance, and prudence, and patience, and the duties of several relations, is here enjoined, in a far more eminent, sublime, and comprehensive manner: besides such examples and incitations to piety as are not to be paralleled elsewhere: the whole system of its doctrines being transcendently excellent, and so exactly conformable to the highest purest reason, that in those very things wherein it goes beyond the rules of moral philosophy, we cannot in our best judgment but consent to submit to it.

In brief; it doth in every respect so fully answer the chief scope and design of religion in giving all imaginable honour and submission to the Deity, promoting the good of mankind, satisfying and supporting the mind of man with the highest kind of enjoyments, that a rational soul can wish or hope for, as no other religion or profession whatsoever can pretend unto—

Infidels pretend want of clear and infallible evidence for the truth of Christianity; than which nothing can be more absurd and unworthy of a rational man. For let it be but impartially considered; what is it, that such men would have? Do they expect mathematical proof and certainty in moral things? Why, they may as well expect to see with their ears, and hear with their eyes: such kind of things being altogether as disproportioned to such kind of proofs, as the objects of the several senses are to one another. The arguments

or proof to be used in several matters are of various and different kinds, according to the nature of the things to be proved. And it will become every rational man to yield to such proofs, as the nature of the thing which he enquires about is capable of: and that man is to be looked upon as froward and contentious, who will not rest satisfied in such kind of evidence as is counted sufficient, either by all others, or by most, or by the wisest men.

If we suppose God to have made any revelation of his will to mankind, can any man propose or fancy any better way for conveying down to posterity the certainty of it, than that clear and universal tradition which we have for the history of the Gospel? And must not that man be very unreasonable, who will not be content with as much evidence for an ancient book or matter of fact, as any thing of that nature is capable of? If it be only infallible and mathematical certainty that can settle his mind, why should he believe that he was born of such parents, and belongs to such a family? 'Tis possible men might have combined together to delude him with such a tradition. Why may he not as well think, that he was born a Prince and not a subject, and consequently deny all duties of subjection and obedience to those above him? There is nothing so wild and extravagant, to which men may not expose themselves by such a kind of nice and scrupulous incredulity.

Whereas, if to the enquiries about religion a man would but bring with him the same candour and ingenuity, the same readiness to be instructed, which he doth to the study of human arts and sciences, that is, a mind free from violent prejudices and a desire of contention; it can hardly be imagined, but that he must be convinced and subdued by those clear evidences, which offer themselves to every inquisitive mind, concerning the truth of the principles of religion in general, and concerning the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the Christian religion.

Bishop Wilkins.

§ 174. *Chief design, and principal intention of the civil government of the Hebrews.*

To lay down a true plan of the Hebrew government, it will be requisite previously to consider, what particular views the lawgiver might have in it. If any particular ends were designed, to promote which the plan of the government itself was

to be adjusted; those designs will help to explain many parts and constitutions of the government, as it will shew the great wisdom of the legislator, which has made the plan in its several parts most fit, and proper to serve, and secure those ends.

The Hebrew government appears not only designed to serve the common and general ends of all good governments; to protect the property, liberty, safety, and peace of the several members of the community, in which the true happiness and prosperity of national societies will always consist; but moreover to be an holy people to Jehovah, and a kingdom of priests. For thus Moses is directed to tell the children of Israel, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagles wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore if you will hear my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine, and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation." We learn what this covenant was in a further account of it. "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God, your captains of your tribes, your elders and your officers, and all the men of Israel; that you should enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day; that he may establish thee to-day for a people unto himself, and that he may be unto thee a God, as he hath said unto thee, and as he hath sworn unto thy fathers, to Abraham, Isaac, and to Jacob: for ye know," adds Moses, "how we have dwelt in the land of Egypt, and how we came through the nations which ye passed by; and ye have seen their abominations and their idols, wood and stone, silver and gold which were among them, lest there should be among you, man, or woman, or family, or tribe, whose heart turneth away this day from the Lord our God to go and serve the Gods of these nations."

Without any enquiry into the critical meaning of these expressions severally, every one may easily see this general intention of them; that the covenant of Jehovah with the Hebrew people, and their oath by which they bound their allegiance to Jehovah their God and King, was, that they should receive and obey the laws which he should appoint as their

supreme governor, with a particular engagement to keep themselves from the idolatry of the nations round about them, whether the idolatry they had seen while they dwelt in the land of Egypt, or had observed in the nations by which they passed into the promised land. In keeping this allegiance to Jehovah, as their immediate and supreme Lord, they were to expect the blessings of God's immediate and particular protection in the security of their liberty, peace, and prosperity, against all attempts of their idolatrous neighbours; but if they should break their allegiance to Jehovah, or forsake the covenant of Jehovah, by going and serving other Gods and worshipping them, then they should forfeit these blessings of God's protection, and the anger of Jehovah should be kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book.

The true sense then of this solemn transaction; between God and the Hebrew nation, which may be called the original contract of the Hebrew government, is to this purpose: If the Hebrews would voluntarily consent to receive Jehovah for their Lord and King, to keep his covenant and laws, to honour and worship him as the one true God, in opposition to all idolatry; then, though God as sovereign of the world rules over all the nations of the earth, and all the nations are under the general care of his providence, he would govern the Hebrew nation by peculiar laws of his particular appointment, and bless it with a more immediate and particular protection; he would secure to them the invaluable privileges of the true religion, together with liberty, peace and prosperity, as a favoured people above all other nations. It is for very wise reasons you may observe, that temporal blessings and evils are made so much use of in this constitution, for these were the common and prevailing enticements to idolatry; but by thus taking them into the Hebrew constitution, as rewards to obedience, and punishments of disobedience, they became motives to true religion, instead of encouragements to idolatry.

The idolatrous nations worshipped subordinate beings, whom they owned subject to the Supreme; but they believed they had the immediate direction of the blessings of life; that they gave health, long life, fruitful seasons, plenty, and prosperity.

riety. This we are told by Maimonides, was a doctrine taught by the Sabians in their books, as well as in their instructions to the people.

One of the oldest of the prophets has so fully expressed this reason of the Hebrew constitution, that we need no further evidence of it. "For their mother hath played the harlot, she that conceived them hath done shamefully; for she said, I will go after my lovers, that give me my bread and my water, my wool, and my flax, mine oil, and my drink. For she did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal. Therefore will I return, and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof; and will recover my wool and my flax, given to cover her nakedness."

The prophet Jeremiah gives the same reason why the Jews fell into the idolatrous practice of burning incense to the queen of heaven: "But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouths to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, as we have done; we, and our fathers, our kings and our princes in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem; for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil; but since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine."

This common doctrine of idolatry, that the several blessings of life came from some dæmon or idol, to whom the authority and power of bestowing temporal blessings were committed, was of so general and powerful influence, that it became the wisdom of an institution designed to preserve the faith and worship of the one true God, against idolatry, to assert that God was the author of every blessing of life, that he had not parted with the administration of providence, or given over the disposal of those blessings to any subordinate beings whatsoever; so that health, long life, plenty and all kinds of prosperity, were to be sought for, from him, as his gift, and only from his blessing and protection.

Whoever has just notions of the great evils of idolatry to the dishonour of the supreme Sovereign and Governour of the world, to the corruption of the essential

principles of true religion and virtuous practice, as idolatry directed so many barbarous, immoral and inhuman rites, and encouraged such enormous acts of vice, as acts of religion, of which some or other of the idols they worshipped were examples, and were esteemed to patronize them; it will appear to them a design worthy the goodness, as well as the wisdom of God, to put some stop to such a dangerous evil: especially when it was so general and prevailing, that all flesh had corrupted its way, and all the nations of the earth were running eagerly into it. Even the Egyptians, a people so famed for wisdom and good understanding, were as senseless and as corrupt in their idolatry, as any of their neighbours. The Hebrews themselves, whatever former care had been taken to preserve the knowledge of the true God and true religion in the family of Abraham, were so addicted to this common corruption of religion, and were so ready to fall into it, that there seemed no other way left to put any stop to the progress of idolatry any where, or to preserve the true religion in any people, but by some constitution formed on this plan, and which might effectually carry on this design in the several parts of it. And this the goodness and wisdom of God made a principal design in the constitution of the Jewish government.

More effectually to answer this chief design, there was another subordinate intention in the constitution of this government. It was of no small consequence to keep this nation separate from other nations, and from such intercourse with idolaters as might end in an apostasy from their own religion to the idolatry of their neighbours. There is then a law in general given by Moses, in which he is directed to say in God's name to the children of Israel, "I am the Lord your God, after the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do; and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do; neither shall ye walk in their ordinances, ye shall do my judgments and keep my ordinances to walk therein; I am Jehovah your God."

Further, Moses having recited the many and great abominations committed by the Canaanites, on the loss of the right knowledge of the one true God and of the true religion; and through the corruption of idolatrous doctrines and practices, it is added; "Defile not ye yourselves in any of these things: for in all these the nations

are defiled, which I cast out before you." And again; "therefore shall ye keep mine ordinance that ye commit not any one of these abominable customs, which were committed before you, that ye do not your-selves therein; I am Jehovah your God." For the same purpose it is repeated; "and ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you, for they committed all these things, and therefore I abhorred them; but I have said unto you, ye shall inherit their land, and I will give it unto you to possess it; a land that floweth with milk and honey. I am the Lord your God which hath separated you from other people, and ye shall be holy unto me; for I the Lord am holy, and have separated you from other people that ye should be mine."

It had appeared by notorious examples, how easily the Hebrews themselves were to be enticed into idolatry, by frequenting the company of idolaters, and by conversing too much and too familiarly with them, while Israel abode in Shittim; "the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab, and they called the people to the sacrifice of their gods; and the people did eat, and bowed down to their gods;" so easy was the passage from feasting with them on their sacrifices, to joining with them in their idolatry. "Thus Israel joined himself to Baal-peor."

Such an example of prevailing idolatry, is justly given, as a sufficient reason for a careful separation of the Hebrew people from idolatrous neighbours, in order to prevent so very dangerous temptations in future times. Moses therefore thus exhorts Israel, "Your eyes have seen what the Lord did, because of Baal-peor, the Lord thy God hath destroyed them from among you; but ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God, are alive every one of you this day. Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that you should do so in the land which ye go to possess it. Keep therefore and do them, for that is your wisdom and your understanding, in the sight of all the nation, which shall hear of all these statutes, and say, surely this great nation is a great and understanding people."

Among the laws here spoken of, there are some the wisdom of which appear principally, if not solely, as they were chosen and commanded to Israel, to separate the Hebrews from their idolatrous neighbours,

by a prohibition of every idolatrous rite. The law itself for prohibiting inter-marriages with idolaters expressly gives this reason for it, "Neither shall you make marriages with them, thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son; for they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you and destroyed thee suddenly."

Many other laws, which at first view seem to be of small importance and concern, for the counting of which some look for no reason at all, but the alone will of the law-giver, will appear in this view, of concern and importance, sufficient for the wisdom of God to take notice of, when he gave his law to this nation. The most judicious of the Hebrew doctors, has very well explained several of the Mosaical laws upon this single consideration.

He gives this general reason for many laws, that they were made to keep men from idolatry, and such false opinions as are a kin to idolatry; such as the pretences to incarnations, divinations, foretelling things by the stars, or by the possession of some spirit or demon, or consulting with such persons. He farther justly observes, that such things as are supposed to be effected by any magic actions, or are founded on any dispositions or influences of the stars, necessarily induce men to reverence and worship them. He observes many of the magic rites consisted in certain gestures, actions, or the use of certain words, and mentions several examples of such superstitions; among the rest a remarkable rite to prevent a storm of hail.

However trifling some of the Mosaical laws may appear at first view, and unworthy the wisdom of God to enact them as laws; yet the case will appear quite otherwise, when they are considered as necessary provisions against the danger of idolatry.

The law, for instance, that appoints, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," will thus appear directions of importance, when it was to prevent a magical custom of the idolatrous priests, who made this sort of cutting off their hair and beards essential to their worship; and used them as things of consequence, in order to procure from their idols the several blessings they desired and prayed for. A prohibition of such idolatrous and magical ceremonies was not so trivial, or below the

care of a wife Law-giver, who had a design in the constitution of the Hebrew government, to keep that people from all idolatrous customs.

In like manner we may easily perceive a reason why the law should direct, "Neither shall a garment of linen and woollen come upon thee;" when we understand, that such mixed garments of linen and woollen were the proper habits of idolatrous priests; and which, according to the professed doctrines of their idolatrous worship, were supposed to have some powerful magical virtue in them.

For the same reason we can easily understand the wisdom of appointing by law, that "the woman shall not wear that which appertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abomination to the Lord thy God;" when it was an idolatrous constitution of their neighbours, as Maimon found it in a magic book, that men ought to stand before the star of Venus in the flowered garments of women; and women were to put on the armour of men before the star of Mars, as bishop Patrick on the place truly represents its meaning.

The same idolatrous custom is observed by Macrobius, that men worshipped Venus in women's habits, and women in the habits of men.

There is no reason then, we see, to imagine that these laws, which were to distinguish the Hebrew people from the idolatrous nations, were made only out of hatred to their neighbours, and to all their customs and manners, good or bad, innocent as well as idolatrous. It appears on the contrary to be plainly quite another reason; it was from a wife care of their preservation from such idolatrous customs, as there was very great reason to fear, would prove a dangerous temptation to lead them into idolatry, and which were hardly to be used without it. All reflections, with how much confidence soever on the Hebrew laws, as if they were established upon no better motives than the hatred of their neighbours, will appear in this view groundless, and without all foundation, when the true reason shall appear so wise, so plain, and so natural.

These two views then, to preserve in the Hebrew nation the knowledge and worship of the one true God, and to preserve it from the spreading evils of idolatry,

by separating it from the society of idolaters, by forbidding a use of idolatrous rites and customs, may be looked upon as considerable intentions in the constitution; according to which, we are to examine and to judge of the equity and wisdom of the constitution itself. Neither of which can be so well judged of, without taking these intentions into consideration. If we regard the Hebrew constitution only as an institution of religion and religious worship, or only as a civil polity, and a form of civil government, we shall widely mistake the true nature of it. It is evident beyond question, the Mosaic account of it represents it a theocracy, in which Jehovah is God, and King; and in which the true worship of the only true God was to be preserved against idolatry, and the nation, in obedience to the laws of this institution, should enjoy liberty, peace, prosperity and happiness in the protection of a wise and powerful government.

It may be proper to observe here, that these designs appear in themselves worthy the wisdom and the goodness of God; that he should take care in some proper way to put a stop to so prevailing a course of idolatry. If the design shall appear in itself manifestly wise and good, the proper means to effect it will appear to be equitable, wise and good also. Some seem not to perceive, at least are not willing to own this. The more fully then to make us sensible of it, let us briefly observe some of the many great evils of idolatry, which this Hebrew constitution was intended and formed to prevent.

One of the chief and most influencing principles of idolatry, was a false persuasion that the temporal blessings of life, health, length of days, fruitful seasons, victory in wars, and such advantages, were to be expected and sought for as the gifts of some inferior and subordinate beings, as guardians of mortal men; or from secret influences of the stars and heavenly bodies, supposed inhabited, and animated by some powerful beings, or gods, whose protection and favour were to be obtained by the use of some magical ceremonies, gestures and words, or by some senseless or some barbarous rites of worship.

Thus men came not only to lose the true knowledge of the one only God, and of his immediate providence, and that all these blessings could therefore come from him alone, who was best pleased and

best worshipped by virtue, goodness, righteousness and true holiness; but they became necessarily vicious and corrupt in practice, as well as principle. They came to think they were not to expect the blessings of life from the favour of the one true God, a Being himself of infinite purity, righteousness, and goodness, by reverencing and by imitating him; but from the favour of a Jupiter, who with all his fine titles is represented in his history, to have been as intemperate, as lustful, and as wicked as any the worst of men; or from a Mercury, a patron of thieves and robbers; or from a Bacchus, the god of intemperance and drunkenness; or from a Venus, the patroness of all manner of uncleanness, and debauchery.

The known principles and the most sacred ceremonies and mysteries in the idolatrous worship of such deities, actually shewed what encouragement was given to all manner of vice. They extinguished all religious principles of moral virtue and goodness, and gave additional strength to men's natural inclinations, to intemperance, lust, fraud, violence, and every kind of unrighteousness and debauchery. The Phalli, and the Mylli, known religious rites in the worship of Bacchus, Osiris, and Ceres, were such obscene ceremonies, that modesty forbids to explain them. It may be sufficient to mention the known custom of virgins before marriage, sacrificing their chastity to the honour of Venus, as a lascivious goddess, as the historian expresses it, lest she alone should appear lascivious. A custom, according to the historian, which was especially used in Cyprus, which was in the neighbourhood of Canaan.

Idolatry had introduced another most cruel custom of human sacrifices. This prevailed among the Phenicians, the Tyrians, and the Carthaginians, a Tyrian colony; on which inhuman custom the forementioned historian makes this remark, that they used a bloody and wicked rite of religion, as a remedy. They offered men for sacrifices, and brought young children to the altars, at an age that usually moves the compassion of an enemy; and endeavoured to obtain the favour of the gods by the blood of those, for whose lives prayers were more generally used to be made to the gods.

This cruel custom, how inhuman soever, such were the evil effects of idolatry, soon

became almost universal; and spread itself among the Greeks, the Gauls, and the German nations.

Among the Canaanites it was a known custom to offer their children to Moloch, likely the same idol with Adrameleck and Anameleck. Some learned men have indeed been willing to believe, that passing through the fire to Moloch, might mean a sort of purification, rather than actual burning them in the fire; but besides the testimony of historians in general to the practice of other nations, the Scriptures plainly mean consuming them to death by fire. So it is described by the prophet Ezekiel; "And have caused their sons whom they bare unto me, to pass through the fire to devour them." Did they cause them to pass through the fire, only to purify them, and to preserve them alive? No, certainly; but to devour or consume them. The same prophet elsewhere determines this meaning, "Thou hast slain my children and delivered them to cause them to pass through the fire." It is charged as an act of idolatry in Ahaz, that he caused his son to pass through the fire, according to the abomination of the Heathen. This is explained in another place, that "he burned his children in the fire after the abomination of the Heathen." And it is expressly said of Adrameleck, and Anameleck, the idols of Sepharvaim, that "they burned their children in the fire to them."

If we consider the many other abominable immoralities of the Canaanites, by which they defiled themselves, as they are enumerated in the prohibition of them to the Hebrew nation, we may easily perceive, that a nation which had defiled themselves in so many and so great abominations, did well deserve an exemplary punishment from the righteous Judge of the earth; that it was wise, as well as just, to shew in their punishment, that their idols were not, as they imagined and falsely believed, the givers of long life, peace, and worldly prosperity; but that the one true God was alone the supreme disposer of all the blessings of providence; and that none of the idol gods, in whom they trusted, could save them out of his hand, or deliver them, when God should visit their iniquities.

May we not also perceive a kind design, in giving some remarkable instances of providence, for the punishment of so gross immo-

immoralities, the effects of idolatrous principles and practice, and for the encouragement of such acknowledgment and worship of the true God, as was the best preservative against these abominations, by some observable instances of particular protection and favour; to let such worshippers of the true God know, that by keeping themselves from those abominations, the natural and usual effects of idolatry, they were to hope for the continuance of such particular protection and favour in all after-times?

Hence it may appear, the severity with which the Hebrew history acquaints us, the Canaanites were punished, and the title whereby the Hebrews held their land, whom God cast out before them, were no ways inconsistent with the justice, or wisdom, or goodness of God, as some have insinuated. The question is really brought to this one point, Whether such abominable immoralities, as followed naturally and universally from their idolatrous principles, and forms of worship, were not highly criminal; so criminal as to deserve a punishment? that it became the justice and wisdom of the Governour of the world to put some stop to them, to prevent them in some measure by forming and establishing a constitution in which the knowledge and worship of the one true God should be preserved in opposition to idolatry, a perpetual source of innumerable vices and immoralities. Idolatry, you see then, appears in the natural fruits of it, not only an error of the understanding, not at all a matter of harmless speculation, but a fountain of very dangerous immoralities, which led men naturally, and even with the encouragements of religion, into intemperance, uncleanness, murders, and many vices, inconsistent with the prosperity and peace of society, as well as with the happiness of private persons. When God shall punish such iniquities, he punishes men for their wickedness, not for their errors. He punishes men for such wickedness, as deserves to be punished, whatever pretended principles or real dictates of conscience it may proceed from. No man sure, can reasonably account it injustice in a government to punish sodomy, bestiality, or the frequent murder of innocent children, what pretences soever men should make to conscience or religion, in vindication of them. The most unnatural sins were countenanced by the mysteries

of idolatrous worship; the use of that obscene ceremony the Phalli, owed its original to the memory of the sin against nature, and to the history of a god hallowing it by his own act. Can any man reasonably call such a restraint of vice persecution, when not to endeavour by all means to restrain it, would argue a great neglect, weakness, and folly, in any administration of government whatsoever?

If then the punishment for so heinous crimes and immoralities will be just and wise in itself, which way can any man find out, to make it unjust or unwise in the supreme Governour of the world? How can it be unjust in him, to appoint such persons as he shall think most fit, to execute such righteous judgment by his commission? The common rights of nations, and any personal claim of the Hebrews, are altogether out of this question; the history plainly shews, they made no personal or national claim at all to the land of Canaan; but that God cast out the people before them, for all their abominations; that it was not their own power, but the hand of God, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and into the promised land. So that the whole is considered as the immediate act of God himself, for the proof of which the history gives a long series of miracles, in Egypt, at the Red-Sea, for many years in the wilderness, at the taking of Jericho, and settling the Hebrew nation in the possession of the promised land.

And here let us justly observe, that this very way of punishing the Canaanites for their many great abominations by the Hebrew nation, to whom God gave the possession of their land, has some peculiar marks of wisdom, which may shew it fit to be preferred to many other ways; such as pestilential distempers, fire from heaven, or a flood, ways in which God hath punished the wickedness of the world in former times. For this was a very fit means for the cure, as well as the punishment of idolatry, to destroy the root of these great evils, as well as to execute righteous judgment on those who had committed them. This was a design every way worthy the wisdom and goodness of God. Sure then, no ways inconsistent with his justice. The protection of the Hebrew nation, and the favour of God to them as a peculiar people, was a visible and standing confutation of idolatry; it shewed,

that Jehovah, the one true God, the King of Israel, had himself an immediate hand in the administration of particular providence; that he had not given it out of his own hands into the hands of any inferior beings whatsoever, which error was the great foundation of idolatry. It further shewed the power of Jehovah the true God, manifested in the protection of his people, superior to the power of all the idols of the Heathen; and that none of the false gods they worshipped could be compared to Jehovah.

This is a question then not to be argued from the common rights of men, and nations; for no such rights, either of invasion or conquest, are so much as pretended to in the most distant manner. We see the only point in question, is, what are the rights of God's supreme authority? What is consistent with the wisdom of his government, how far he may punish the greatest in moralities with temporal evils? Ask the Sacred History, it will tell you, the Hebrews set up no title to the land of Canaan, either civil or religious, in their own right; it only makes the rights of the Sovereign of the world as extensive as the rights of the chief magistrates in every government are allowed by the laws of nature and nations to be over their own subjects. The Scriptures on this question only assert, that God gave a commission to execute his sentence, which was either a forfeiture of lands, or life, for a long commission of crimes, that deservedly incurred the forfeiture of both.

Whether the Hebrew nation had really such a commission from God, or no; whether they were truly directed by divine oracle; whether such wonders were really wrought before their eyes, and such unquestionable instances of divine favour and protection in a long series for many years, as the Hebrew history relates: these are all questions of fact. But in all such questions general and abstract reasonings can have no place, where the facts themselves are naturally and morally possible, as every one may perceive they are in this case. If the supreme Governour of the world has a right to give such commission, if it is not unjust to use the hands of men, instead of a plague or fire from heaven, to punish the wickedness of men, the only question that can remain in such a case is this, whether in fact the Hebrew nation did really receive such a commission from Je-

hovah, or no: Thus far then the whole will rest upon the evidence of the Mosaic revelation; and there I shall leave it, it not being the design of this dissertation to enter into an argument, in which many, as I apprehend, have already given so full satisfaction. *Rev. Moyses Lowman.*

§ 175. *The fulfilment of the Mosaical prophecies concerning the Jews an unanswerable argument for the truth of the Bible.*

IT is observable that the prophecies of Moses abound most in the latter part of his writings. As he drew nearer his end, it pleased God to open to him larger prospects of things. As he was about to take leave of the people, he was enabled to disclose unto them more particulars of their future state and condition. The design of this work will permit us to take notice of such only as have some reference to these later ages; and we will confine ourselves principally to the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, the greater part whereof we may see accomplished in the world at this present time.

This great prophet and lawgiver is here proposing at large to the people the blessings for obedience, and the curbs for disobedience: and indeed he had foretold at several times and upon several occasions, that they should be happy or miserable in the world, as they were obedient or disobedient to the law that he had given them. And could there be any stronger evidence of the divine original of the Mosaic law? and hath not the interposition of providence been wonderfully remarkable in their good or bad fortune? and is not the truth of the prediction fully attested by the whole series of their history from their first settlement in Canaan to this very day? But he is larger and more particular in recounting the curses than the blessings, as if he had a prescience of the people's disobedience, and foresaw that a larger portion and longer continuation of the evil would fall to their share, than of the good. I know that some critics make a division of these prophecies, and imagine that one part relates to the former captivity of the Jews, and to the calamities which they suffered under the Chaldeans; and that the other part relates to the latter captivity of the Jews, and to the calamities which they suffered under the Romans; but there is no need

of any such distinction: there is no reason to think that any such was intended by the author; several prophecies of the one part as well as of the other have been fulfilled at both periods, but they have all more amply been fulfilled during the latter period; and there cannot be a more lively picture than they exhibit, of the state of the Jews at present.

1. We will consider them with a view to the order of time, rather than the order wherein they lie; and we may not improperly begin with this passage, ver. 49, "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand;" and the Chaldeans might be said to come from far, in comparison with the Moabites, Philistines, and other neighbours, who used to infest Judea. Much the same description is given of the Chaldeans by Jeremiah, (v. 15.) "Lo, I will bring a nation upon you from far, O house of Israel, saith the Lord: it is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation, a nation whose language thou knowest not, neither understandest what they say." He compares them in like manner to eagles. (Sam. iv. 19.) "Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven: they pursued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderness." But this description cannot be applied to any nation with such propriety as to the Romans. They were truly brought from far, from the end of the earth. Vespasian and Adrian, the two great conquerors and destroyers of the Jews, both came from commanding here in Britain. The Romans too for the rapidity of their conquests might very well be compared to eagles, and perhaps not without an allusion to the standard of the Roman armies, which was an eagle: and their language was more unknown to the Jews than the Chaldee.

2. The enemies of the Jews are farther characterised in the next verse. "A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young." Such were the Chaldeans; and the sacred historian saith expressly, (2 Chron xxxvi. 17.) "that for the wickedness of the Jews God brought upon them the king of the Chaldees, who slew their young men with the sword, in the house of their sanctuary, and had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man, or him that stooped for age; he gave

them all into his hand." Such also were the Romans: for when Vespasian entered Gadara, Josephus saith, that he slew all man by man, the Romans showing mercy to no age, out of hatred to the nation, and remembrance of their former injuries. The like slaughter was made at Ganata, for nobody escaped besides two women, and they escaped by concealing themselves from the rage of the Romans. For they did not so much as spare young children, but every one at that time snatching up many cast them down from the citadel.

Their enemies were also to besiege and take their cities, ver. 52. "And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land. So Salmanser king of Assyria came up against Samaria, and besieged it, and at the end of three years they took it." (2 Kings xviii. 9, 10.) "So did Sennacherib king of Assyria come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them:" (Ib. ver. 15.) and Nebuchadnezzar and his captains took and spoiled Jerusalem, burnt the city and temple, "and brake down the walls of Jerusalem round about." (Ib. xxv. 10.) So likewise the Romans, as we may read in Josephus's history of the Jewish war, demolished several fortified places, before they besieged and destroyed Jerusalem. And the Jews may very well be said to have trusted in their high and fenced walls, for they seldom ventured a battle in the open field. They confided in the strength and situation of Jerusalem, as the Jebusites, the former inhabitants of the place, had done before them: (2 Sam. v. 6, 7.) inasmuch that they are represented saying (Jer. xxi. 13.) "Who shall come down against us? or who shall enter into our habitation?" Jerusalem was indeed a very strong place, and wonderfully fortified both by nature and art, according to the description of Tacitus as well as of Josephus: and yet how many times was it taken? It was taken by Shishak king of Egypt, by Nebuchadnezzar, by Antiochus Epiphanes, by Pompey, by Sosius and Herod, before its final destruction by Titus.

4. In these sieges they were to suffer much, and especially from famine, "in the straitness wherewith their enemies should distress them," ver. 53, &c. And accordingly when the king of Syria besieged Samaria, "there was a great famine in Samaria; and behold they besieged

it, until an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver." (2 Kings vi. 25.) And when Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, "the famine prevailed in the city, and there was no bread for the people of the land." (2 Kings xxv. 3.) And in the last siege of Jerusalem by the Romans there was a most terrible famine in the city, and Josephus hath given so melancholy an account of it, that we cannot read it without shuddering. He saith particularly, that women snatched the food out of the very mouths of their husbands, and sons of their fathers, and (what is most miserable) mothers of their infants: and in another place he saith, that in every house, if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relations fought with one another, snatching away the miserable provisions of life: so literally were the words of Moses fulfilled, ver. 54, &c. "the man's eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and towards his children, because he hath nothing left him in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates," and in like manner the woman's "eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter."

5. Nay it was expressly foretold, that not only the men, but even the women should eat their own children. Moses had foretold the same thing before, Levit. xxvi. 29. "Ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." He repeats it here, ver. 53, "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters;" and more particularly ver. 56, &c. "The tender and delicate woman among you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness—she shall eat her children for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in thy gates." And it was fulfilled about 600 years after the time of Moses among the Israelites, when Samaria was besieged by the king of Syria, and two women agreed together, the one to give up her son to be boiled and eaten to-day, and the other to deliver up her son to be dressed and eaten to-morrow, and one of them was eaten accordingly. (2 Kings vi. 28, 29.)

It was fulfilled again about 900 years after the time of Moses, among the Jews in the siege of Jerusalem before the Babylonish captivity; and Baruch thus expresseth it, (ii. 1, &c.) "The Lord hath made good his word, which he pronounced against us, to bring upon us great plagues, such as never happened under the whole heaven, as it came to pass in Jerusalem, according to the things that were written in the law of Moses, that a man should eat the flesh of his own son, and the flesh of his own daughter;" and Jeremiah thus laments it in his Lamentations, (vi. 10.) "The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children, they were their meat in the destruction of the daughter of my people." And again it was fulfilled above 1500 years after the time of Moses in the last siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and we read in Josephus particularly of a noble woman's killing and eating her own sucking child. Moses saith, "The tender and delicate woman among you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness:" and there cannot be a more natural and lively description of a woman, who was according to Josephus illustrious for her family and riches. Moses saith, "she shall eat them for want of all things:" and according to Josephus she had been plundered of all her substance and provisions by the tyrants and soldiers. Moses saith, that she should do it "secretly;" and according to Josephus, when she had boiled and eaten half, she covered up the rest, and kept it for another time. At so many different times and distant periods hath this prophecy been fulfilled; and one would have thought that such distress and horror had almost transcended imagination, and much less that any person could certainly have foreseen and foretold it.

6. Great numbers of them were to be destroyed, ver. 62. "And ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were, as the stars of heaven for multitude." Now not to mention any other of the calamities and slaughters which they have undergone, there was in the last siege of Jerusalem by Titus an infinite multitude, saith Josephus, who perished by famine: and he computes, that during the whole siege, the number of those who were destroyed by that and by the war amounted to eleven hundred thousand, the people being assembled from all parts to celebrate the passover; and the same

fame author hath given us an account of 1,240,490 destroyed in Jerufalem and other parts of Judea, besides 99,200 made prifoners; as Bafnage has reckoned them up from that hiftorian's account. Indeed there is not a nation upon earth, that hath been expofed to fo many mafacres and perfecutions. Their hiftory abounds with them. If God had not given them a promife of a numerous pofterity, the whole race would many a time have been extirpated.

7. They were to be carried into Egypt, and fold for flaves at a very low price, ver. 68. "And the Lord fhall bring thee into Egypt again, with fhips: and there ye fhall be fold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man fhall buy you." They had come out of Egypt triumphant, but now they fhould return thither as flaves. They had walked through the fea as dry land at their coming out, but now they fhould be carried thither in fhips. They might be carried thither in the fhips of the Tyrian or Sidonian merchants, or by the Romans who had a fleet in the Mediterranean; and this was a much fafer way of conveying fo many prifoners, than fending them by land. It appears from Jofephus, that in the reigns of the two firft Ptolemies many of the Jews were flaves in Egypt. And when Jerufalem was taken by Titus, of the captives who were above 17 years he fent many bound to the works in Egypt; thofe under 17 were fold; but fo little care was taken of thefe captives, that eleven thoufand of them perifhed for want. And we learn from St. Jerome, that after their laft overthrow by Adrian, many thoufands of them were fold, and thofe who could not be fold, were transported into Egypt, and perifhed by fhipwreck or famine, or were mafacred by the inhabitants.

8. They were to be rooted out of their own land, ver. 63. "And ye fhall be plucked from off the land whither thou goeft to poffefs it." They were indeed plucked from off their own land, when the ten tribes were carried into captivity by the king of Affyria, and other nations were planted in their ftead; and when the two other tribes were carried away captive to Babylon; and when the Romans took away their place and nation; befides other captivities and transportations of the people. Afterwards, when the Emperor Adrian had fubdued the rebellious Jews,

he published an edict forbidding them upon pain of death to fet foot in Jerufalem, or even to approach the country round about it. Tertullian and Jerome fay, that they were prohibited from entering into Judea. From that time to this their country hath been in the poffeffion of foreign lords and mafters, few of the Jews dwelling in it, and thofe only of a low fervile condition. Benjamin of Tudela in Spain, a celebrated Jew of the twelfth century, travelled into all parts to vifit thofe of his own nation, and to learn an exact ftate of their affairs: and he hath reported, that Jerufalem was almoft entirely abandoned by the Jews. He found there not above two hundred perfons, who were for the moft part dyers of wool, and who every year purchafed the privilege of the monopoly of that trade. They lived all together under David's tower, and made there a very little figure. If Jerufalem had fo few Jews in it, the reft of the holy land was ftill more depopulate. He found two of them in one city, twenty in another, moft whereof were dyers. In other places there were more perfons; but in upper Galilee, where the nation was in greateft repute after the ruin of Jerufalem, he found hardly any Jews at all. A very accurate and faithful traveller of our own nation, who was himfelf alfo in the holy land, faith that it is for the moft part now inhabited by Moors and Arabians; thofe poffeffing the valleys, and thefe the mountains. Turks there be few: but many Greeks with other Chriftians of all fefts and nations, fuch as impute to the place an adherent holinefs. Here are alfo fome Jews, yet inherit they no part of the land, but in their own country do live as aliens.

9. But they were not only to be plucked off from their own land, but alfo to be difperfed into all nations, ver. 25. "And thou fhalt be removed in all the kingdoms of the earth;" and again, ver. 64. "And the Lord fhall fcatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other." Nehemiah (i. 8, 9.) confeffeth that thefe words were fulfilled in the Babylonifh captivity; but they have more amply been fulfilled fince the great difperfon of the Jews by the Romans. What people indeed have been fcattered fo far and wide as they? and where is the nation, which is a ftanger to them, or to which they are ftangers? They fwarm in many parts of the Eaft, are fpread through moft of the countries of Europe and Afric, and there are feveral families

families of them in the West Indies. They circulate through all parts, where trade and money circulate; and are, as I may say, the brokers of the whole world.

10. But though they should be so dispersed, yet they should not be totally destroyed, but still subsist as a distinct people, as Moles had before foretold. *Gen. xxvi. 44.* "And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them." The Jewish nation, like the bush of Moses, hath been always burning, but is never consumed. What a marvellous thing is it, that after so many wars, bottles, and flames, after so many fires, famines, and pestilences, after so many rebellions, murders, and persecutions, after so many years of captivity, slavery, and misery, they are not altogether utterly, and thoroughly destroyed as a people, yet subsist as a distinct people by themselves? Where is any thing comparable to this to be found in all the histories, and in all the nations under the sun?

11. However, they should suffer much in their dispersion, and should not rest long in any place, *ver. 65.* "And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest." They have been so far from finding rest, that they have been banished from city to city, from country to country. In many places they have been banished, and recalled, and banished again. We will only just mention their great banishments in modern times, and from countries very well known. In the latter end of the thirteenth century they were banished from England by Edward I. and were not permitted to return and settle again till Cromwell's time. In the latter end of the fourteenth century they were banished from France (for the seventh time, says Mezeray) by Charles VI; and ever since they have been only tolerated, they have not enjoyed entire liberty, except at Metz, where they have a synagogue. In the latter end of the fifteenth century they were banished from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella; and according to Mariana, there were an hundred and seventy thousand families, or as some say, eight hundred thousand persons who left the kingdom: most of them paid dearly to John II. for a refuge in Portugal, which in a few years were expelled from thence also by his son, for Emanuel. And in our own time, within these few years, they were

banished from Prague by the queen of Bohemia.

12. They should be "oppressed and spoiled evermore;" and their "houses" and "vineyards," their "oxen" and "asses" should be taken from them, and they should "be only oppressed and crushed away," *ver. 29.* &c. And what frequent seizures have been made of their effects in almost all countries? how often have they been fined and fleeced by almost all governments? How often have they been forced to redeem their lives with what is almost as dear as their lives, their freedom? Instances are innumerable. *Herodotus*, our clear historian of our own, says that *Cleomenes III.* always polled the Jews at every low ebb of his fortunes. *Demetrius*, who was found delinquent, was forced to pay seven hundred marks for his redemption. *Aaron*, another Jew, was fined that the king had taken from him of silver thirty thousand marks of silver, and of two hundred marks of gold, which he had presented to the queen. And in the same manner he fined many others of the Jews. And when they were banished in the reign of *Edward I.* their estates were confiscated, and immense sums thereby accrued to the crown.

13. "Their sons and their daughters should be given unto another people," *ver. 32.* And in several countries, in Spain and Portugal particularly, their children have been taken from them by order of the government, to be educated in the popish religion. The fourth council of Toledo ordered that all their children should be taken from them, for fear they should partake of their errors, and that they should be shut up in monasteries, to be instructed in the Christian truths. And when they were banished from Portugal, the king, says Mariana, ordered all their children, under 14 years of age, to be taken from them, and baptized: a practice not at all justifiable, adds the historian, because none ought to be forced to become Christians, nor children to be taken from their parents.

14. "They should be mad for the sight of their eyes which they should see," *ver. 34.* And into what madness, fury, and desperation have they been pushed by the cruel usage, extortions, and oppressions which they have undergone? We will mention only two similar instances, one from ancient, and one from modern history. After the destruction of Jerusalem by *Titus*, some of the worst

of the Jews took refuge in the castle of Masada, where being closely besieged by the Romans, they at the persuasion of Eleazar their leader, first murdered their wives and children; then ten men were chosen by lot to slay the rest; this being done, one of the ten was chosen in like manner to kill the other nine; which having executed, he set fire to the place, and then stabbed himself. There were nine hundred and sixty who perished in this miserable manner; and only two women and five boys escaped by hiding themselves in the aqueducts under ground. Such another instance we have in our English history. For in the reign of Richard the First, when the people were in arms to make a general massacre of them, fifteen hundred of them seized on the city of York to defend themselves; but being besieged they offered to capitulate, and to ransom their lives with money. The offer being refused, one of them cried in despair, that it was better to die courageously for the law, than to fall into the hands of the Christians. Every one immediately took his knife, and stabbed his wife and children. The men afterwards retired into the king's palace, which they set on fire, in which they consumed themselves with the palace and furniture.

15. "They should serve other gods, wood and stone," ver. 36; and again ver. 64, "they should serve other gods, which neither they nor their fathers had known, even wood and stone." And is it not too common for the Jews in popish countries to comply with the idolatrous worship of the church of Rome, and to bow down to stocks and stones, rather than their effects should be seized and confiscated? Here again we must cite the author, who hath most studied, and hath best written their modern history, and whom we have had occasion to quote several times in this discourse. The Spanish and Portugal Inquisitions, saith he, reduce them to the dilemma of being either hypocrites or burnt. The numbers of these dissemblers is very considerable; and it ought not to be concluded, that there are no Jews in Spain or Portugal, because they are not known: they are so much the more dangerous, for not only being very numerous, but confounded with the ecclesiastics, and entering into all ecclesiastical dignities. In another place he saith, The most surprising thing is, that this religion spreads from generation to generation, and still

subsists in the persons of dissemblers in a remote posterity. In vain the great lords of Spain make alliances, change their names, and take ancient scutcheons; they are still known to be of Jewish race, and Jews themselves. The convents of monks and nuns are full of them. Most of the canons, inquisitors, and bishops proceed from this nation. This is enough to make the people and clergy of this country tremble, since such sort of churchmen can only profane the sacraments, and want intention in consecrating the host they adore. In the mean time Orobio, who relates the fact, knew these dissemblers. He was one of them himself, and bent the knee before the sacrament. Moreover he brings proofs of his assertion, in maintaining, that there are in the synagogue of Amsterdam, brothers and sisters and near relations to good families of Spain and Portugal; and even Franciscan monks, Dominicans, and Jesuits, who come to do penance, and make amends for the crime they have committed in dissembling.

16. "They should become an astonishment, a proverb, and a bye-word among all nations," ver. 37. And do we not hear and see this prophecy fulfilled almost every day? is not the avarice, usury, and hard-heartedness of a Jew grown proverbial? and are not their perions generally odious among all sorts of people? Mohammedans, Heathens, and Christians, however they may disagree in other points, yet generally agree in vilifying, abusing, and persecuting the Jews. In most places where they are tolerated, they are obliged to live in a separate quarter by themselves, (as they did here in the Old Jewry) and to wear some badge of distinction. Their very countenances commonly distinguish them from the rest of mankind. They are in all respects treated, as if they were of another species. And when a great master of nature would draw the portrait of a Jew, how detestable a character hath he represented in the person of his Jew of Venice!

17. Finally, "their plagues should be wonderful, even great plagues, and of long continuance," ver. 59. And have not their plagues continued now these 1700 years? Their former captivities were very tho't in comparison; and Ezekiel and Daniel prophesied in the land of the Chaldeans: but now they have no true prophet to foretel an end of their calamities, they have only false Messiahs to delude them and

and aggravate their misfortunes. In their former captivities they had the comfort of being conveyed to the same place; they dwelt together in the land of Goshen, they were carried together to Babylon: but now they are dispersed all over the face of the earth. What nation hath suffered so much, and yet endured so long? what nation hath subsisted as a distinct people in their own country, so long as these have done in their dispersion into all countries? and what a standing miracle is this exhibited to the view and observation of the whole world?

Here are instances of prophecies, of prophecies delivered above three thousand years ago, and yet as we see fulfilling in the world at this very time: and what stronger proofs can we desire of the divine legation of Moses? How these instances may affect others, I know not; but for myself I must acknowledge, they not only convince, but amaze and astonish me beyond expression. They are truly, as Moses foretold they would be, "a sign and a wonder for ever," ver. 45, 46. "Moreover all these curses shall come upon thee, and shall pursue thee and overtake thee, till thou be destroyed, because thou hearkenedst not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments, and his statutes which he commanded thee: and they shall be upon thee for a sign and for a wonder, and upon thy seed for ever."

Bishop Newton.

§ 176. *The Excellence of Scripture.*

The incomparable excellency which is in the Sacred Scriptures, will fully appear, if we consider the matters contained in them under this threefold capacity. 1. As matters of divine revelation. 2. As a rule of life. 3. As containing that covenant of grace which relates to man's eternal happiness.

1. Consider the Scripture generally, as containing in it matters of divine revelation, and therein the excellency of the Scriptures appears in two things. 1. The matters which are revealed. 2. The manner wherein they they are revealed.

1. The matters which are revealed in Scripture, may be considered these three ways. 1. As they are matters of the greatest weight and moment. 2. As matters of the greatest depth and mysteriousness. 3. As matters of the most universal satisfaction to the minds of men.

1. They are matters of the greatest moment and importance for men to know.

The wisdom of men is most known by the weight of the things they speak; and therefore that wherein the wisdom of God is discovered, cannot contain any thing that is mean and trivial; they must be matters of the highest importance, which the Supreme Ruler of the world vouchsafes to speak to men concerning: and such we shall find the matters which God hath revealed in his word to be, which either concern the rectifying our apprehensions of his nature, or making known to men their state and condition, or discovering the way whereby to avoid eternal misery. Now which is there of these three, which, supposing God to discover his mind to the world, it doth not highly become him to speak to men of?

1. What is there which doth more highly concern men to know, than God himself? or what more glorious and excellent object could he discover than himself to the world? There is nothing certainly which should more commend the Scriptures to us, than that thereby we may grow more acquainted with God; that we may know more of his nature, and all his perfections, and many of the great reasons of his acting in the world. We may by them understand with safety what the eternal purposes of God were as to the way of man's recovery by the death of his Son; we may there see and understand the great wisdom of God; not only in the contrivance of the world, and ordering of it, but in the gradual revelations of himself to his people, by what steps he trained up his church till the fulness of time was come; what his aim was in laying such a load of ceremonies on his people of the Jews; by what steps and degrees he made way for the full revelation of his will to the world by speaking in these last days by his Son, after he had spoke at sundry times and divers manners by the prophets, &c. unto the fathers. In the Scriptures we read the most rich and admirable discoveries of divine goodness, and all the ways and methods he useth in alluring sinners to himself; with what majesty he commands, with what condescension he intreats, with what importunity he woos men's souls to be reconciled to him; with what favour he embraceth, with what tenderness he chastiseth, with what bowels he pitieth those who have chosen him to be their God! With what power he supporteth, with what wisdom he directeth, with what cordials he refresheth the souls

of such who are dejected under the sense of his displeasure, and yet their love is sincere towards him! With what profound humility, what holy boldness, what becoming distance, and yet what restless importunity do we therein find the souls of God's people addressing themselves to him in prayer! With what cheerfulness do they serve him, with what confidence do they trust him, with what resolution do they adhere to him in all streights and difficulties, with what patience do they submit to his will in their greatest extremities! How fearful are they of sinning against God, how careful to please him, how regardless of suffering, when they must choose either that or sinning, how little apprehensive of men's displeasure, while they enjoy the favour of God! Now all these things which are so fully and pathetically expressed in Scripture, do abundantly set forth to us the exuberancy and pleonasm of God's grace and goodness towards his people, which makes them delight so much in him, and be so sensible of his displeasure. But above all other discoveries of God's goodness, his sending his Son into the world to die for sinners, is that which the Scripture sets forth with the greatest life and eloquence. By eloquence, I mean not an artificial composition of words, but the gravity, weight, and persuasiveness of the matter contained in them. And what can tend more to melt our frozen hearts into a current of thankful obedience to God, than the vigorous reflection of the beams of God's love through Jesus Christ upon us? Was there ever so great an expression of love heard of! nay, was it possible to be imagined, that that God who perfectly hates sin, should himself offer the pardon of it, and send his Son into the world to secure it to the sinner, who doth so heartily repent of his sins, as to deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Christ! Well might the Apostle say, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." How dry and sapless are all the voluminous discourses of philosophers, compared with this sentence! How jejune and unsatisfactory are all the discoveries they had of God and his goodness, in comparison of what we have by the Gospel of Christ! Well might Paul then say, "That he determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified." Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying in to all eternity. This is the only library which to commend

is the true *ιστηριον ψυχης*, that which cures the soul of all its maladies and distempers; other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent, this settles and composes them; other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceits and opinions of themselves, this brings them to the truest view of themselves, and thereby to humility and sobriety; other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them, this alters them and makes them better. So transcendent an excellency is there in the knowledge of Christ crucified above the sublimest speculations in the world.

And is not this an inestimable benefit we enjoy by the Scripture, that therein we can read and converse with all these expressions of God's love and goodness, and that in his own language? Shall we admire and praise what we meet with in Heathen philosophers, which is generous and handsome; and shall we not adore the infinite fulness of the Scriptures, which run over with continued expressions of that and a higher nature? What folly is it to magnify those lean kine, the notions of philosophers, and to contemn the fat, the plenty and fulness of the Scriptures? If there be not far more valuable and excellent discoveries of the divine nature and perfections, if there be not far more excellent directions and rules of practice in the Sacred Scriptures, than in the sublimest of all the philosophers, then let us leave our full ears, and feed upon the thin. But certainly no sober and rational spirit, that puts any value upon the knowledge of God, but on the same account that he doth prize the discourses of any philosophers concerning God, he cannot but set a value of a far higher nature on the Word of God. And as the goodness of God is thus discovered in Scripture, so is his justice and holiness: we have therein recorded the most remarkable judgments of God upon contumacious sinners, the severest denunciations of a judgment to come against all that live in sin, the exactest precepts of holiness in the world; and what can be desired more to discover the holiness of God, than we find in Scripture concerning him? If therefore acquaintance with the nature, perfection, designs of so excellent a being as God is, be a thing desirable to human nature, we have the greatest cause to admire the excellency and adore the fulness of the Scriptures, which gives so large, rational, and compleat account of the being and attributes of God. And which tends yet more

to commend the Scripture to us, those things which the Scripture doth most fully discover concerning God, do not at all contradict those prime and common notions which are in our natures concerning him, but do exceedingly advance and improve them, and tend the most to regulate our conceptions and apprehensions of God, that we may not miscarry therein, as otherwise men are apt to do. For it being natural to men so far to love themselves, as to set the greatest value upon those excellencies which they think themselves most masters of: thence men come to be exceedingly mistaken in their apprehensions of a deity, some attributing one thing as a perfection, another a different thing, according to their humours and inclinations. Thus imperious self-willed men are apt to cry up God's absolute power and dominion as his greatest perfection; easy and soft-spirited men his patience and goodness; severe and rigid men his justice and severity: every one according to his humour and temper, making his god of his own complexion: and not only so, but in things remote enough from being perfections at all, yet because they are such things as they prize and value, they suppose of necessity they must be in God, as is evident in the Epicureans ἀταραξία, by which they exclude providence, as hath already been observed. And wital considering how very difficult it is for one who really believes that God is of a pure, just, and holy nature, and that he hath grievously offended him by his sins, to believe that this God will pardon him upon true repentance: it is thence necessary that God should make known himself to the world, to prevent our misconceptions of his nature, and to assure a suspicious, because guilty creature, how ready he is to pardon iniquity, transgression and sin, to such as unfeignedly repent of their follies, and return unto himself. Though the light of nature may dictate much to us of the benignity and goodness of the divine nature, yet it is hard to conceive that that should discover farther than God's general goodness to such as please him: but no foundation can be gathered thence of his readiness to pardon offenders, which being an act of grace, must necessarily be discovered by his will. I cannot think the sun, moon, and stars are such ignorant preachers, as to unfold unto us the whole counsel and will of God in reference to man's acceptance with God upon repentance. It is not every star

in the firmament can do that which the star once did to the wise men, lead them unto Christ. The sun in the heavens is no Parelius to the sun of righteousness. The best astronomer will never find the day-star from on high in the rest of his number. What St. Austin said of Tully's works, is true of the whole volume of the creation. There are admirable things to be found in them: but the name of Christ is not legible there. The work of redemption is not engraven on the works of providence; if it had, a particular divine revelation had been unnecessary, and the apostles were sent on a needless errand, which the world had understood without their preaching, viz. "That God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to men their trespasses, and hath committed to them the ministry of reconciliation." How was the word of reconciliation committed to them, if it were common to them with the whole frame of the world? and the apostle's quare elsewhere might have been easily answered, How can men hear without a preacher? for then they might have known the way of salvation, without any special messengers sent to deliver it to them. I grant that God's long-suffering and patience is intended to lead men to repentance, and that some general collections might be made from providence of the placability of God's nature, and that God never left himself without a witness of his goodness in the world, being kind to the unthankful, and doing good, in giving rain and fruitful seasons. But though these things might sufficiently discover to such who were apprehensive of the guilt of sin, that God did not act according to his greatest severity, and thereby did give men encouragement to hearken out and enquire after the true way of being reconciled to God; yet all this amounts not to a firm foundation for faith as to the remission of sin, which doth suppose God himself publishing an act of grace and indemnity to the world, wherein he assures the pardon of sin to such as truly repeat and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel. Now is not this an inestimable advantage we enjoy by the Scriptures, that therein we understand what God himself hath discovered of his own nature and perfections, and of his readiness to pardon sin upon those gracious terms of faith and repentance, and that which necessarily follows from these two, hearty and sincere obedience?

2. The Scriptures give the most faithful representation of the state and condition of the soul of man. The world was almost lost in disputes concerning the nature, condition, and immortality of the soul before divine revelation was made known to mankind by the gospel of Christ; but "life and immortality was brought to light by the gospel," and the future state of the soul of man, not discovered in an uncertain Platonical way, but with the greatest light and evidence from that God who hath the supreme disposal of souls, and therefore best knows and understands them. The Scriptures plainly and fully reveal a judgment to come, in which God will judge the secrets of all hearts, when every one must give an account of himself unto God, and God will call men to give an account of their stewardship here or all the receipts they have had from him, and the expences they have been at, and the improvements they have made of the talents he put into their hands. So that the gospel of Christ is the fairest instrument of the discovery of the certainty of the future state of the soul, and the conditions which abide it, upon its being dislodged from the body. But this is not all which the Scripture discovers as to the state of the soul; for it is not only a prospective-glass, reaching to its future state, but it is the most faithful looking-glass, to discover all the spots and deformities of the soul: and not only shows where they are, but whence they came, what their nature is, and whither they tend. The true original of all that disorder and discomposure which is in the soul of man, is only fully and satisfactorily given us in the Word of God. The nature and working of this corruption in man, had never been so clearly manifested, had not the law and will of God been discovered to the world; that is the glass whereby we see the secret workings of those bees in our hearts, the corruptions of our natures; that sets forth the folly of our imaginations, the unruliness of our passions, the distempers of our wills, and the abundant deceitfulness of our hearts. And it is hard for the most Elephantine sinner (one of the greatest magnitude) so to trouble these waters, as not therein to discover the greatness of his own deformities. But that which tends most to awaken the drowsy, senseless spirits of men, the Scripture doth most fully describe the tendency of corruption, "that the wages of sin is death," and the issue of continuance in sin

will be the everlasting misery of the soul, in a perpetual separation from the presence of God, and undergoing the lashes and severities of conscience to all eternity. What a great discovery is this of the faithfulness of God to the world, that he suffers not men to undo themselves without letting them know of it before hand, that they might avoid it! God seeks not to entrap mens souls, nor doth he rejoice in the misery and ruin of his creatures, but fully declares to them what the consequence and issue of their sinful practices will be, assures them of a judgment to come, declares his own future severity against contumacious sinners, that they might not think themselves surpris'd, and that if they had known there had been so great danger in sin, they would never have been such fools as for the sake of it to run into eternal misery. Now God to prevent this, with the greatest plainness and faithfulness, hath shewed men the nature and danger of all their sins, and asks them before hand what they will do in the end thereof; whether they are able to bear his wrath, and writhle in everlasting burnings? if not, he bids them bechink themselves of what they have done already, and repent and amend their lives, lest iniquity prove their ruin, and destruction overtake them, and that without remedy. Now if men have cause to prize and value a faithful monitor, one that tenders their good, and would prevent their ruin, we have cause exceedingly to prize and value the Scriptures, which give us the truest representation of the state and condition of our souls.

3. The Scripture discovers to us the only way of pleasing God and enjoying his favour. That clearly reveals the way (which man might have sought for to all eternity without particular revelation) whereby sins may be pardoned, and whatever we do may be acceptable unto God. It shews us that the ground of our acceptance with God, is through Christ, whom he hath made "a propitiation for the sins of the world," and who alone is the true and living way, whereby we may "draw near to God with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." Through Christ we understand the terms on which God will shew favour and grace to the world, and by him we have ground of a *εὐπροσώπῳ* access with freedom and boldness unto God. On his account we may hope not only for grace to subdue our sins, resist temptations conquer the devil and the world;

world; but having "fought this good fight, and finished our course, by patient continuance in well doing, we may justly look for glory, honour, and immortality," and that "crown of righteousness which is laid up for those who wait in faith," holiness, and humility for the appearance of Christ from heaven. Now what things can there be of greater moment and importance for men to know, or God to reveal, than the nature of God and ourselves, the state and condition of our souls, the only way to avoid eternal misery and enjoy everlasting bliss!

The Scriptures discover not only matters of importance, but of the greatest depth and mysteriousness. There are many wonderful things in the law of God, things we may admire, but are never able to comprehend. Such are the eternal purposes and decrees of God, the doctrine of the Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, and the manner of the operation of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men, which are all things of great weight and moment for us to understand and believe that they are, and yet may be unsearchable to our reason, as to the particular manner of them.

The Scripture comprehends matters of the most universal satisfaction to the minds of men; though many things do much exceed our apprehensions, yet others are most suitable to the dictates of our nature. As Origen bid Celsus see, *εἰ μὴ τὰ τῆς πίστεως ἡμῶν τὰς κοινὰς ἐθνικὰς ἀρχὰς συναγορεύουσα, μετατίθησι τὰς ἐγγυμῶνας ἀπέροιας τῶν λογισμῶν*, whether it was not the agreeableness of the principles of faith with the common notions of human nature, which prevailed most upon all candid and ingenious auditors of them. And therefore, as Socrates said of Heraclitus's books, What he understood was excellent, and therefore he supposed that which he did not understand was so too: so ought we to say of the Scriptures: if those things which are within our capacity be so suitable to our natures and reasons, those cannot contradict our reason which yet are above them. There are many things which the minds of men were sufficiently assured that they were, yet were to seek for satisfaction concerning them, which they could never have had without divine revelation. As the nature of true happiness, wherein it lay, and how to be obtained, which the philosophers were so puzzled with, the Scriptures give us full satisfaction concerning

it. True contentment under the troubles of life, which the Scripture only acquaints us with the true grounds of; and all the prescriptions of Heathen moralists fall as much short of, as the directions of an empiric do of a wise and skilful physician. Avoiding the fears of death, which can alone be through a grounded expectation of a future state of happiness which death leads men to, which cannot be had but through the right understanding of the Word of God. Thus we see the excellency of the matters themselves contained in this revelation of the mind of God to the world.

As the matters themselves are of an excellent nature, so is the manner wherein they are revealed in the Scriptures; and that,

1. In a clear and perspicuous manner; not but there may be still some passages which are hard to be understood, as being either prophetic, or consisting of ambiguous phrases, or containing matters above our comprehension; but all those things which concern the terms of man's salvation, are delivered with the greatest evidence and perspicuity. Who cannot understand what these things mean, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—that "without faith it is impossible to please God"—that "without holiness none shall see the Lord"—that "unless we be born again we can never enter into the kingdom of heaven:" these and such like things are so plain and clear, that it is nothing but mens shutting their eyes against the light can keep them from understanding them; God intended these things as directions to men; and is he not able to speak intelligibly when he pleases? He that made the tongue, shall he not speak so as to be understood without an infallible interpreter? especially when it is his design to make known to men the terms of their eternal happiness? Will God judge men at the great day for not believing those things which they could not understand? Strange, that ever men should judge the Scriptures obscure in matters necessary, when the Scripture accounts it so great a judgment for men not to understand them. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should shine unto them." Sure Lot's door

was visible enough, if it were a judgment for the men of Sodom not to see it; and the Scriptures then are plain and intelligible enough, if it be so great a judgment not to understand them.

2. In a powerful and authoritative manner; as the things contained in Scripture do not so much beg acceptance as command it; in that the expressions wherein our duty is concerned, are such as awe men's consciences and pierce to their hearts and to their secret thoughts; all things are open and naked before this Word of God; every secret of the mind and thought of the heart lies open to its stroke and force; "it is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The word is a telescope to discover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of highest concernment to the souls of men, and it is such a microscope as discovers to us the smallest atom of our thoughts, and discerns the most secret intents of the heart. And as far as this light reacheth, it comes with power and authority, as it comes armed with the majesty of that God who reveals it, whose authority extends over the soul and conscience of man in its most secret and hidden recesses.

3. In a pure and unmixed manner; in all other writings, how good soever, we have a great mixture of dross and gold together; here is nothing but pure gold, diamonds without flaws, furs without spots. The most current coins of the world have their alloys of baser metals, there is no such mixture in divine truths; as they all come from the same author, so they all have the same purity. There is a Urim and Thummim upon the whole Scripture, light and perfection in every part of it. In the Philosophers we may meet, it may be, with some scattered fragments of purer metal, amidst abundance of dross and impure ore; here we have whole wedges of gold, the same vein of purity and holiness running through the whole book of Scriptures. Hence it is called "the form of sound words;" here have been no hucksters to corrupt and mix their own inventions with divine truths.

4. In an uniform and agreeable manner. This I grant is not sufficient of itself to prove the Scriptures to be divine, because all men do not contradict themselves in their writings, but yet here are

some peculiar circumstances to be considered in the agreeableness of the parts of Scripture to each other, which are not to be found in mere human writings.

1. That this doctrine was delivered by persons who lived in different ages and times from each other. Usually one age corrects another's faults, and we are apt to pity the ignorance of our predecessors, when it may be our posterity may think us as ignorant, as we do them. But in the Sacred Scripture we read not one age condemning another; we find light still increasing in the series of times in Scripture, but no reflections in any time upon the ignorance, or weakness of the precedent; the dimmest light was sufficient for its age, and was a step to further discovery. Quintilian gives it as the reason of the great uncertainty of Grammar rules, *quia non analogia dimissa cœlo formam loquendi dedit*; that which he wanted as to Grammar, we have as to divine truths; they are delivered from heaven, and therefore are always uniform and agreeable to each other.

2. By persons of different interests in the world. God made choice of men of all ranks to be inditers of his oracles, to make it appear it was no matter of state policy, or particular interest, which was contained in his word, which persons of such different interests could not have agreed in as they do. We have Moses, David, Solomon, persons of royal rank and quality; and can it be any mean thing, which these think it their glory to be penners of? We have Isaiah, Daniel, and other persons of the highest education and accomplishments, and can it be any trivial thing which these employ themselves in? We have Amos, and other prophets in the Old Testament, and the apostles in the New, of the meaner sort of men in the world, yet all these join in concert together; when God tunes their spirits, all agree in the same strain of divine truths, and give light and harmony to each other.

3. By persons in different places and conditions; some in prosperity in their own country, some under banishment and adversity, yet all agreeing in the same substance of doctrine; of which no alteration we see was made, either for the flattery of those in power, or for avoiding miseries and calamities. And under all the different dispensations before, under, and after the law, though the management of things was different, yet the doctrine and design was for substance the same in all.

All the different dispensations agree in the same common principles of religion; the same ground of acceptance with God, and obligation to duty was common to all, though the peculiar instances wherein God was served might be different according to the ages of growth in the church of God. So that this great uniformity considered in these circumstances, is an argument that these things came originally from the same Spirit, though conveyed through different instruments to the knowledge of the world.

5. In a persuasive and convincing manner: and that these ways, 1. Bringing divine truths down to our capacity, clothing spiritual matter in familiar expressions and similitudes, that so they might have the easier admission into our minds. 2. Propounding things as our interest, which are our duty: thence God so frequently in Scripture, recommends our duties to us under all those motives which are wont to have the greatest force on the minds of men; and annexeth gracious promises to our performance of them; and those of the most weighty and concerning things. Of grace, favor, protection, deliverance, audience of prayers, and eternal happiness, and if these will not prevail with men, what motives will? 3. Courting us to obedience, when he might not only command us to obey but punish presently for disobedience. Hence are all those most pathetic and affectionate strains we read in Scripture: "O that there were such a heart within them, that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, that it might go well with them, and with their children after them!—Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem, wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be?—Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel? How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim?—Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?" What majesty and yet what sweetness and condescension is there in these expressions! What obstinacy and rebellion is it in men for them to stand out against God, when he thus comes down from his throne of majesty and woos rebellious sinners to return unto him that they may be pardoned! Such a

matchless and unparalleled strain of rhetoric is there in the Scripture, far above the art and insinuations of the most admired orators. Thus we see the peculiar excellency of the manner wherein the matters contained in Scripture are revealed to us: thus we have considered the excellency of the Scripture, as it is a discovery of God's mind to the world.

The Scriptures may be considered as a rule of life, or as a law of God, which is given for the government of the lives of men, and therein the excellency of it lies in the nature of the duties, and the encouragements to the practice of them.

1. In the nature of the duties required, which are most becoming God to require, most reasonable for us to perform.

1. Most becoming God to require, as they are most suitable and agreeable to the divine nature, the imitation of which in our actions is the substance of our religion. Imitation of him in his goodness and holiness, by our constant endeavours of mortifying sin and growing in grace and piety. In his grace and mercy, by our kindness to all men, forgiving the injuries men do unto us, doing good unto our greatest enemies. In his justice and equity, by doing as we would be done by, and keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men. The first takes in the duties of the first, the other the duties of the second table. All acts of piety towards God, are a part of justice; for as Tully saith, *Quid aliud est pietas nisi justitia adversus deos?* And so our loving God with our whole hearts, our entire and sincere obedience to his will, is a part of natural justice; for thereby we do but render unto God that which is his due from us as we are his creatures. We see then the whole duty of man, the fearing God and keeping his commandments, is as necessary a part of justice, as the rendering to every man his own is.

2. They are most reasonable for us to perform, in that 1. Religion is not only a service of the reasonable faculties which are employed the most in it, the commands of the Scripture reaching the heart most, and the service required being a spiritual service, not lying in meats and drinks, or any outward observations, but in a sanctified temper of heart and mind, which discovers itself in the course of a Christian's life: but 2. The service itself of religion is reasonable; the commands of the gospel are such, as no man's reason which considers them,

them, can doubt of the excellency of them. All natural worship is founded from the dictates of nature, all instituted worship on God's revealed will; and it is one of the prime dictates of nature, that God must be univerſally obeyed. Beſides, God requires nothing but what is apparently man's intereſt to do; God prohibits nothing but what will deſtroy him if he doth it; ſo that the commands of the Scriptures are very juſt and reaſonable.

2. The encouragements are more than proportionable to the difficulty of obedience. God's commands are in themſelves eaſy, and moſt ſuitable to our natures. What more rational for a creature than to obey his Maker? All the difficulty of religion ariſeth from the corruption of nature. Now God, to encourage men to conquer the difficulties ariſing thence, hath propounded the ſtrongeſt motives, and moſt prevailing arguments to obedience. Such are the conſiderations of God's love and goodneſs manifeſted to the world by ſending his Son into it to die for ſinners, and to give them an example which they are to follow, and by his readineſs through him to pardon the ſins, and accept the perſons of ſuch who ſo receive him as to walk in him; and by his promiſes of grace to aſſiſt them in the wreſtling with the enemies of their ſalvation. And to all theſe add that glorious and unconceivable reward which God hath promiſed to all thoſe who ſincerely obey him, and by theſe things we ſee how much the encouragements overweigh the difficulties, and that none can make the leaſt pretence that there is no motive ſufficient to down-weigh the troubles which attend the exerciſe of obedience to the will of God. So that we ſee what a peculiar excellency there is in the Scriptures as a rule of life, above all the precepts of mere moralists, the foundation of obedience being laid deeper in man's obligation to ſerve his Maker, the practice of obedience being carried higher in thoſe moſt holy precepts which are in Scripture, the reward of obedience being incomparably greater than what men are able to conceive, much leſs to promiſe or beſtow.

The excellency of the Scriptures appears as they contain in them a covenant of grace, or the tranſactions between God and man in order to his eternal happineſs. The more memorable any tranſactions are, the more valuable are any authentic records of them. The Scriptures contain

in them the Magna Charta of heaven, an act of pardon with the royal aſſent of heaven, a proclamation of good-will from God towards men; and can we then ſet too great a value on that which contains all the remarkable paſſages between God and the ſouls of men, in order to their felicity, from the beginning of the world? Can we think, ſince there is a God in the world of infinite goodneſs, that he ſhould ſuffer all mankind to periſh inevitably without his propounding any means for eſcaping of eternal miſery? Is God ſo good to men as to this preſent life; and can we think, if man's ſoul be immortal, that he ſhould wholly neglect any offer of good to men as to their eternal welfare? Or is it poſſible to imagine that man ſhould be happy in another world without God's promiſing it, and preſcribing conditions in order to it? If ſo, then this happineſs is no free gift of God, unleſs he hath the beſtowing and promiſing of it; and man is no rational agent, unleſs a reward ſuppoſe conditions to be performed in order to the obtaining it; or man may be bound to conditions which were never required of him; or if they muſt be required, then there muſt be a revelation of God's will, whereby he doth require them: and if ſo, then there are ſome records extant, of the tranſactions between God and man, in order to his eternal happineſs: for what reaſon can we have to imagine that ſuch records, if once extant, ſhould not continue ſtill, eſpecially ſince the ſame goodneſs of God is engaged to preſerve ſuch records, which at firſt did cauſe them to be indited? Suppoſing then ſuch records extant ſomewhere in the world, of theſe grand tranſactions between God and men's ſouls, our buſineſs is brought to a period; for what other records are there in the world that can in the leaſt vie with the Scriptures, as to the giving ſo juſt an account of all the tranſactions between God and men from the foundation of the world? which gives us all the ſteps, methods, and ways whereby God hath made known his mind and will to the world, in order to man's eternal ſalvation? It remains only then that we adore and magnify the goodneſs of God in making known his will to us, and that we ſet a value and eſteem on the Scriptures, as the only authentic inſtruments of that Grand Charter of peace, which God hath revealed in order to man's eternal happineſs.

Stillingfleet.

§ 177. *The prevalence of Christianity an argument of its divinity.*

The establishment of the Christian religion among men is the greatest of all miracles. In spite of all the power of Rome; in spite of all the passions, interests, and prejudices of so many nations; so many philosophers; so many different religions; twelve poor fishermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, publish and spread their doctrine throughout the world. In spite of a persecution for three centuries, which seemed every moment ready to extinguish it; in spite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of persons of all conditions, sexes, and countries; the truth in the end triumphs over error, pursuant to the predictions both of the old and new law. Let any one shew some other religion, which has the same marks of a divine protection.

A powerful conqueror may establish, by his arms, the belief of a religion, which flatters the sensuality of men; a wise legislator may gain himself attention and respect by the usefulness of his laws; a sect in credit, and supported by the civil power, may abuse the credulity of the people: all this is possible: but what could victorious, learned, and superstitious nations see, to induce them so readily to Jesus Christ, who promised them nothing in this world but persecutions and sufferings; who proposed to them the practice of a morality, to which all darling passions must be sacrificed. Is not the conversion of the world to such a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greatest of those which some refuse to believe? *Feuilon.*

§ 178. *A summary of arguments for the truth of the Gospel.*

He that well considers the force of those arguments which are brought to establish the truth of the Christian religion; that sees how they all (though drawn from different topics) conspire in the most perfect manner to convince the world of the divine original of this faith; would scarce think it possible, that the reason and understanding of mankind should ever oppose it; will therefore conclude there is something more than pure insidelity at the bottom, and that they are not mere scruples of the mind which create so long and violent contention.

If he thinks on the excellency of the

precepts of the Christian religion, he finds them of the fittest nature possible to persuade him to receive it as the contrivance of heaven. They are all so worthy of God, so beneficial and improving to human nature, and so conducive to the welfare and happiness of society.

When he considers the strange and speedy propagation of this faith through the world, with its triumph over the wit and policy, the force and malice of its formidable enemies; and all this accomplished by such methods, as the reason of mankind would have pronounced the most foolish and absurd: he sees here the overruling hand of God, which alone could give it such astonishing successes, by those very ways and means from which its utter confusion was to be expected.

The exact accomplishment of express and unquestionable prophecies, concerning the most remarkable events of the world, is a solemn appeal to all reasonable nature, whether that revelation be not truly divine, which contains such plain and wonderful predictions.

Lastly, The miracles wrought by Jesus Christ and his apostle, in confirmation of this faith and doctrine, are such proofs of the near concern which heaven had therein; that he who considers them, and at the same time calls Christianity an imposture, must either take pains to avoid knowing the finger of God, when he sees it, or else do infinitely worse, by ascribing the manifest effects thereof to mean artifice, or diabolical power.

From these topics the truth of Christianity has been so substantially argued, and so clearly proved; that, by all the rules of right reason in use amongst mankind, it is rendered plainly absurd and irrational to reject it. One need not wish to see an adversary reduced to worse extremities, than one of those arguments well managed and pressed home would reduce him to; provided he were kept from excursions, and obliged to return no answers but what were directly to the purpose.

Humphrey Detton.

§ 179. *The facts related in the Evangelists may be depended on.*

That there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, in Galilee, in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, the Roman emperor; that he had a company of poor men for his disciples; that he and his disciples went about the country of Judea, teaching and preach-

ing; that he was put to death upon the cross, after the Roman manner, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea; that after his death, his disciples went about into all, or most parts of the then known world, teaching and preaching, that this Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, and Saviour of the world, and that he was risen from the dead, and gone into heaven; that in a few years they converted a very great number of people, in all places to this belief; that the professors of this belief were called Christians; that they were most cruelly persecuted, and many thousands of them put to death, and that with the most exquisite torments, for no other reason, but because they were Christians; that these persecutions were several times renewed against them, for the space of about three hundred years; and yet, for all this, that the number of Christians daily increased, and that not only idiots and unlearned men, but great scholars and philosophers were converted to Christianity, even in the times of persecution; all this, being merely matter of fact, was never yet denied by the greatest enemies of the Christian religion. And, indeed, these things are so abundantly testified by the histories, and other writings of those times; and have been so generally received for truth, as well by the opposers as believers of Christianity, by a constant, universal, and uninterrupted tradition, from those days, even unto this time; that a man may as well deny the truth of any, or of all, the histories of the world, as of this.

Archbishop Synge.

§ 180. *Superiority of the Gospel to all other writings, an argument of its truth.*

To what was it owing, that the Jewish writers should have such lovely and great ideas of God, and such just notions of the worship due to him, far above any thing which we meet with in the writings of the greatest lights of the Heathen world; every one of which either patronized idolatry, or fell into errors of worse consequence? Can it be accounted for by the force of natural or human assistances? No, the eminent philosophers of Athens and Rome equalled them, it is certain, in natural abilities, and exceeded them confessedly in the superstructures of acquired knowledge, and all the advantages of a refined education. It must be therefore owing to some supernatural or divine helps; and none, but he, in whom are contained all the treasures of

wisdom, could have enriched their minds to such a degree, and furnished such a vast expence of thought. If Judea was enobled by these exalted notions, of which other nations, who were sunk into the dregs of polytheism and idolatry, were destitute; if the kindly dew of heaven descended on this fleece only, while all the earth around betrayed a want of refreshing moisture; this was the Lord's doing, and ought to be marvellous in our eyes.

Had God revealed himself to the Greeks, or some other nation famed for their curious researches into every branch of literature, and for the depths of wisdom and policy; those truths, which were so many emanations from the great fountain of light, would have been looked upon as the result of their penetration, and their own discoveries: but by communicating his will to a people of no inventive and enterprising genius, of no enlarged reach and compass of thought; such suspicions are avoided, and the proofs of a revelation more conspicuous and illustrious. And this may be one reason among others, why, at a time when the rest of the world were bigoted to superstition, idolatry, and a false religion, God singled out this nation, in that point not so corrupt as others, to be the guardian and depositary of the true.

If nothing recommended the Scripture but this single consideration, that all those collected beams of spiritual light center in it alone, which were widely diffused amidst a variety of treatises, and lost amidst a crowd of palpable absurdities; even this would be no improbable argument of its divinity: but this is not all: let us, in order to compile an adequate, unerring standard of religious truths, take in all the assistances we can get from all the philosophers in Greece, from Tully at Rome, nay even from Confucius as far as China; and yet, after all, the scheme will be defective in what the Scriptures have recommended, a pure, rational worship of God only, in spirit and in truth, a fulness of pardon for every sin upon repentance, and the nobleness of the rewards hereafter. The love of God will not be required in so high a degree, as it is in the Scriptures; nor enforced by so strong a motive as our Saviour's dying for mankind has done; nor our charity and love to the distressed recommended by so powerful an incentive, as that our Redeemer has made them his representatives, and will place to his own

account, whatever was done for his sake to them.

One may challenge any man to produce, before Christianity, among the Heathen world, such a complete system of morality, reaching all the duties of life, without any defect; and full without overflowing, or any redundancy, as the scriptures contain.

—And it is needless to tell any man of plain sense, that there must be always a proportion between the cause and the effect. Now, if we exclude the divine power, what proportion can we find between the causes of Christianity, and Christianity itself? Christianity is a religion, which has disabused the world, and rescued it from those many vicious practices, such as the exposing of infants, polygamy, &c. which were universally defended among the Pagans, and from human sacrifices, and from innumerable abominable and brutal rites; a religion so perfective of human nature, and so expressive of the divine; that we want ideas to carry us to a conception of any thing beyond it. And who were the authors or causes of this religion? Why, a set of men bred up in low life to mean employments, which cramp the native powers of the mind. And can we seriously think, that a set of unlettered, unenterprising men, could open several rich mines of truth, which had escaped the laborious researches of the profoundest scholars, and the happy sagacity of the most penetrating wits?

Since therefore every effect must have a competent and proportionable cause; and since the supposed natural causes and authors of Christianity, considered as mere men, exclusive of divine inspiration, were plainly unequal to the task, nor could ever have brought to light such doctrines, as exceeded whatever the philosophers before had done; though, laying aside their dregs, we should draw off the very flower and spirit of their writings: it is evident, we must have recourse to some supernatural and adequate cause which interested itself in this affair. And to whom, but to the Father of Light, in whom there is no darkness at all, can we be indebted, that now, persons of the slenderest capacities may view those elevated and beneficial truths in the strongest point of light, which the finest spirits of the gentile world could not before fully ascertain; that our meanest mechanics, with a moderate share of application, may have juster and fuller notions of God's attributes, of eternal happiness, of every duty respecting their Maker, mankind, and

themselves, than the most distinguished scholars among the Heathens could attain to, after a life laid out in painful researches?

See.

§ 181. *Various reasonings in favour of Christianity.*

God only knows, and God only can tell, whether he will forgive, and upon what terms he will forgive the offences done against him; what mode of worship he requires; what helps he will afford us; and what condition he will place us in hereafter. All this God actually has told us in the gospel. It was to tell us this, he sent his Son into the world, whose mission was confirmed by the highest authority, by signs from heaven, and miracles on earth; whose life and doctrine are delivered down to us by the most unexceptionable witnesses, who sealed their testimony with their blood; who were too curious and incredulous to be themselves imposed upon, too honest and sincere, too plain and artless, to impose upon others.

What then can be the reason that men still refuse to see, and persist in "loving darkness rather than light?" They will tell you perhaps that it because the gospel is full of incredible mysteries; but our Saviour tells you, and he tells you much truer, that it is "because their deeds are evil." The mysteries and difficulties of the gospel can be no real objection to any man that considers what mysteries occur, and what insuperable objections may be started, in almost every branch of human knowledge; and how often we are obliged, in our most important concerns, to decide and to act upon evidence, incumbered with far greater difficulties than any that are to be found in Scripture. If we can admit no religion that is not free from mystery, we must, I doubt, be content without any religion. Even the religion of nature itself, the whole constitution both of the natural and the moral world, is full of mystery; and the greatest mystery of all would be, if, with so many irresistible marks of truth, Christianity should at last prove false. It is not then because the gospel has too little light for these men that they reject it, but because it has too much. For "every one that doth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." The light of the gospel is too prying and inquisitive for such an one. It reveals certain things which he could wish to conceal from all the world, and if possible from himself. Nor

is this all; it not only reveals, but it reproves them. It strikes him with an evidence he cannot bear; an evidence not only of its own truth, but of his unworthy conduct. The gospel does indeed offend him; but it is not his understanding, it is his conscience, that is shocked: he could easily credit what it requires him to believe; but he cannot, or rather he will not, practice what it commands him to do.

It is plain that such a man cannot possibly admit a revelation that condemns him; and it is as plain that the man of virtue cannot spurn the hand that is graciously stretched out to reward him. If he is a truly virtuous man, that is, one who sincerely labours to know his duty, and sincerely intends to perform it, he cannot but wish for more light to guide him in the investigation, more assistance to support him in the discharge of it, more happiness to crown his perseverance in it, than bare reason alone can afford him. This is what all the best and wisest Heathens most ardently desired, what nature has been continually looking out for with the utmost earnestness of expectation. When with a mind thus disposed he sits down to examine the gospel, suggest to me the least shadow of a reason why he should reject it? He finds in it a religion, pure, holy, and benevolent, as the God that gave it. He finds not only its moral precepts but even its sublimest mysteries, calculated to promote internal sanctity, vital piety, universal philanthropy. He finds it throughout so great and noble, so congenial to the finest feelings, and most generous sentiments of his soul; that he cannot but wish it may be true, and never yet, I believe, did any good man wish it to be true, but he actually found it so. He sees in it every expectation of nature answered, every infirmity supported, every want supplied, every terror dissipated, every hope confirmed; nay, he sees that God "has done exceeding abundantly above all that he could either ask or think;" that he has given him, what reason could hardly have the idea of, eternal happiness in a life to come.

It is not a matter of indifference whether you embrace Christianity or not. Though reason could answer all the purposes of revelation, which is far, very far from being the case, yet you are not at liberty to make it your sole guide, if there be such a thing as a true revelation. We are the subjects of the Almighty; and whether we will acknowledge it or not, we live, and cannot but live, under his government.

His will is the law of his kingdom. If he has made no express declaration of his will, we must collect it as well as we can from what we know of his nature and our own. But if he has expressly declared his will, that is the law we are to be governed by. We may indeed refuse to be governed by it; but it is at our peril if we do; for if it proves to be a true declaration of his will, to reject it is rebellion.

But to reject or receive it, you may alledge, is not a thing in your own power. Belief depends not on your will, but your understanding. And will the righteous judge of the earth condemn you for want of understanding? No; but he may and will condemn you for the wrong conduct of your understanding. It is not indeed in your power to believe whatever you please, whether credible or incredible; but it is in your power to consider thoroughly, whether a supposed incredibility be real or only apparent. It is in your power to bestow a greater or less degree of attention on the evidence before you. It is in your power to examine it with an earnest desire to find out the truth, and a firm resolution to embrace it wherever you do find it; or on the contrary, to bring with you a heart full of incorrigible depravity, or invincible prepossessions. Have you then truly and honestly done every thing that is confessedly in your power, towards forming a right judgment of revelation? Have you ever laid before yourself in one view the whole collective evidence of Christianity? The consistence, harmony, and connection, of all its various parts; the long chain of prophecies undeniably compleated in it; the astonishing and well-attested miracles that attended it; the perfect sanctity of its author; the purity of its precepts; the sublimity of its doctrines; the amazing rapidity of its progress; the illustrious company of confessors, saints, and martyrs, who died to confirm its truth; together with an infinite number of collateral proofs and subordinate circumstances, all concurring to form such a body of evidence, as no other truth in the world can shew; such as must necessarily bear down, by its own weight and magnitude, all trivial objections to particular parts? Surely these things are not trifles; surely they at least demand seriousness and attention. Have you then done the gospel this common piece of justice? Have you ever sat down to consider it with impartiality and candour; without any favourite vice or early prejudice, without any fondness

for applause, or novelty, or refinement, to mislead you? Have you examined it with the same care and diligence, that you would examine a title to an estate? Have you enquired for proper books? Have you read the defences of revelation as well as the attacks upon it? Have you in difficult points applied for the opinion of wise and learned friends; just as you would consult the ablest lawyers when your property was concerned, or the most skilful physicians when your life was at stake? If you can truly say, that you have done all these things; if you have faithfully bestowed on these enquiries, all the leisure and abilities you are master of, and called in every help within your reach, there is little danger of any material doubts remaining upon your mind.—St. John's affection for his departed friend did not terminate with his life. It was continued after his crucifixion, to his memory, his character, and his religion. After a long life spent in teaching and suffering for that religion, he concluded it with a work of infinite utility, the revival of the three gospels already written, and the addition of his own to supply what they had omitted. With this view principally he gives us several of our Saviour's discourses with his disciples, which are no where else to be met with; and it is very observable, that these, as well as the many other occurrences of his life, which he introduces as supplemental to the other evangelists, are such as set his beloved master in the most amiable and graceful point of view, such as a favourite disciple would be most likely to select, and most disposed to enlarge upon. Of this kind, for instance, are our Saviour's discourse with the woman of Samaria; the cure of the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda; the acquittal of the woman taken in adultery; the description of the good shepherd and his sheep; the affecting history of Lazarus; the descending and expressive act of washing his disciples feet; his inimitably tender and consolatory discourse to them just before his suffering; his most admirable prayer on the same occasion; and his pathetic recommendation of his sheep to St. Peter after his resurrection. These passages are to be found only in St. John's gospel, and whoever reads them with attention will discover in them plain indications not only of a heaven-directed hand, but of a feeling and a grateful heart, smitten with the love of a departed friend, penetrated with a sense of

his distinguished kindness, perfectly well informed and thoroughly interested, in every tender scene that it describes, soothing itself with the recollection of little domestic incidents and familiar conversations, and tracing out not only the larger and more obvious features of the favourite character, but even those finer and more delicate strokes in it, which would have eluded a less observing eye, or less faithful memory, than those of a beloved companion and friend.—

Our divine lawgiver showed his wisdom equally in what he enjoined, and what he left unnoticed. He knew exactly, what no Pagan philosopher ever knew, where to be silent and where to speak.—

That which principally attracts our notice in St. John's writings, and in his conduct, is, a simplicity and singleness of heart, a fervent piety, an unbounded benevolence, an unaffected modesty, humility, meekness, and gentleness of disposition. These are evidently the great characteristic virtues that took the lead in his soul, and break forth in every page of his gospel and his epistles.—To know what friendship really is, we must look for it in that sacred repository of every thing great and excellent, the gospel of Christ.—

Our Saviour has assured us that he will consider every real Christian as united to him by closer ties than even those of friendship. This assurance is given us in one of those noble strains of eloquence which are so common in the Sacred Writings. Our Lord being told that his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him, he gives a turn to this little incident, perfectly new, and inexpressibly tender and affectionate. "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hands towards his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." *Bishop Porteus.*

§ 182. *Difficulties in the Word of God to be expected, with the duty of examining its evidence.*

Origen has observed, with singular sagacity, that he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from him who is the Author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of nature. And in a like

way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been from him.—

Christianity being supposed either true or credible, it is unspeakable irreverence, and really the most presumptuous rashness, to treat it as a light matter. It can never justly be esteemed of little consequence, till it be positively supposed false. Nor do I know a higher and more important obligation which we are under, than that, of examining most seriously into the evidence of it, supposing its credibility; and of embracing it upon supposition of its truth.

Butler.

§ 183. *The information the Gospel gives most desirable.*

The Christian revelation has such pretences, at least, as may make it worthy of a particular consideration: it pretends, to come from heaven; to have been delivered by the Son of God; to have been confirmed by undeniable miracles and prophecies; to have been ratified by the blood of Christ and his apostles, who died in asserting its truth: it can shew likewise an innumerable company of martyrs and confessors: its doctrines are pure and holy, its precepts just and righteous; its worship is a reasonable service, refined from the errors of idolatry and superstition, and spiritual, like the God who is the object of it: it offers the aid and assistance of heaven to the weakness of nature; which makes the religion of the gospel to be as practicable, as it is reasonable; it promises infinite rewards to obedience, and threatens eternal punishment to obstinate offenders; which makes it of the utmost consequence to us soberly to consider it, since every one who rejects it stakes his own soul against the truth of it.—

Look into the Gospel; there you will find every reasonable hope of nature, nay every reasonable suspicion of nature, cleared up, and confirmed, every difficulty answered and removed. Do the present circumstances of the world lead you to suspect that God could never be the author of such corrupt and wretched creatures as men now are? Your suspicions are just and well founded. "God made man upright;" but through the temptation of the devil sin entered, and death and destruction followed after.

Do you suspect, from the success of virtue and vice in this world, that the providence of God does not interpose to protect the righteous from violence, or to punish the wicked? The suspicion is not without ground. God leaves his best servants here to be tried oftentimes with affliction and sorrow, and permits the wicked to flourish and abound. The call of the gospel is not to honour and riches here, but to take up our cross and follow Christ.

Do you judge, from comparing the present state of the world with the natural notion you have of God, and of his justice and goodness, that there must needs be another state in which justice shall take place? You reason right; and the gospel confirms the judgment. God has appointed a day to judge the world in righteousness: then those who mourn shall rejoice, those who weep shall laugh, and the persecuted and afflicted servants of God shall be heirs of his kingdom.

Have you sometimes misgivings of mind? Are you tempted to mistrust this judgment, when you see the difficulties which surround it on every side; some which affect the soul in its separate state, some which affect the body in its state of corruption and dissolution? Look to the gospel: there these difficulties are accounted for; and you need no longer puzzle yourself with dark questions concerning the state, condition, and nature of separate spirits, or concerning the body, however to appearance lost and destroyed; for the body and soul shall once more meet to part no more, but to be happy for ever. In this case the learned cannot doubt, and the ignorant may be sure, that 'tis the man, the very man himself, who shall rise again: for an union of the same soul and body is as certainly the restoration of the man, as the dividing them was the destruction.

Would you know who it is that gives this assurance? 'Tis one who is able to make good his word: one who loved you so well as to die for you; yet one too great to be held a prisoner in the grave. No; he rose with triumph and glory, the first-born from the dead, and will in like manner call from the dust of the earth all those who put their trust and confidence in him.

But who is this, you'll say, who was subject to death, and yet had power over death?

death? How could so much weakness and so much strength meet together? That God has the power of life, we know; but then he cannot die: that man is mortal, we know; but then he cannot give life.

Consider; does this difficulty deserve an answer, or does it not? Our blessed Saviour lived among us in a low and poor condition, exposed to much ill treatment from his jealous countrymen: when he fell into their power, their rage knew no bounds: they reviled him, insulted him, mocked him, scourged him, and at last nailed him to a cross, where by a shameful and wretched death he finished a life of sorrow and affliction. Did we know no more of him than this, upon what ground could we pretend to hope that he will be able to save us from the power of death? We might say with the disciples, "We trusted this had been he who should have saved Israel;" but he is dead, he is gone, and all our hopes are buried in his grave.

If you think this ought to be answered, and that the faith of a Christian cannot be a reasonable faith, unless it be able to account for this seeming contradiction; I beseech you then never more complain of the gospel for furnishing an answer to this great objection, for removing this stumbling-block out of the way of our faith. He was a man, and therefore he died. He was the Son of God, and therefore he rose from the dead, and will give life to all his true disciples. He it was who formed this world and all things in it, and for the sake of man was content to become man, and to taste death for all, that all through him may live. This is a wonderful piece of knowledge which God has revealed to us in his gospel; but he has not revealed it to raise our wonder, but to confirm and establish our faith in him to whom he hath committed all power, "whom he hath appointed heir of all things."

Had the gospel required of us to expect from Christ the redemption of our souls and bodies, and given us no reason to think that Christ was endowed with power equal to the work, we might justly have complained; and it would have been a standing reproach, that Christians believe they know not what. But to expect redemption from the Son of God, the resurrection of our bodies from the same hand which at first created and formed them, are rational and well-founded acts of faith;

and it is the Christian's glory, that he knows in whom he has believed.

That the world was made by the Son of God, is a proposition with which reason has no fault to find: that he who made the world should have power to renew it to life again, is highly consonant to reason. All the mystery lies in this, that so high and great a person should condescend to become man, and subject to death, for the sake of mankind. But are we fit persons to complain of this transcendent mysterious love? or, does it become us to quarrel with the kindness of our blessed Lord towards us, only because it is greater than we can conceive? No; it becomes us to bless and to adore this exceeding love, by which we are saved from condemnation, by which we expect to be rescued from death; knowing that the power of our blessed Lord is equal to his love, and that he is "able to subdue all things to himself."

Sherlock.

§ 184. *Christ and Mahomet compared.*

Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and ten thousands, who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements, shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her see his adulteries, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine commission to justify his lusts and his oppressions. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies, let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they

they do." When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God?—But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the Centurion who attended at the cross; by him she said, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Sherlock.

§ 185. *The absurdity and madness of infidelity.*

If a person that had a fair estate in reversion, which in all probability he would speedily be possessed of, and of which he might reasonably promise to himself a long and happy enjoyment, should be assured by some skilful physician, that in a very short time he would inevitably fall into a disease which would so totally deprive him of his understanding and memory, that he should lose the knowledge of all things without him, nay all consciousness and sense of his own person and being: if, I say, upon a certain belief of this indication, the man should appear overjoyed at the news, and be mightily transported with the discovery and expectation, would not all that saw him be astonished at such behaviour? Would they not be forward to conclude, that the distemper had seized him already, and even then the miserable creature was become a mere fool and an idiot? Now the carriage of our atheists is infinitely more amazing than this; no dotage so infatuate, no phrensy so extravagant as theirs. They have been educated in a religion that instructed them in the knowledge of a Supreme Being? a Spirit most excellently glorious, superlatively powerful, and wise, and good, Creator of all things out of nothing; that hath endued the sons of men, his peculiar favourites, with a rational spirit, and hath placed them as spectators in this noble theatre of the world, to view and applaud these glorious scenes of earth and heaven, the workmanship of his hands; that hath furnished them in general with a sufficient store of all things, either necessary or convenient for life; and, particularly to such as fear and obey him, hath promised a supply of all wants, a deliverance and protection from all dangers: that they that seek him, shall want no manner of thing that is good. Who, besides his munificence to them in this life, "hath so loved the world, that he sent his only-begotten Son, the express image of his substance," and partaker of his eternal nature and glory, to bring life

and immortality to light, and to tender them to mankind upon fair and gracious terms; that if they submit to his easy yoke, and light burden, and observe his commandments, which are not grievous, he then gives them the promise of eternal salvation; he hath reserved for them in heaven "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" he hath prepared for them an unspeakable, unconceivable perfection of joy and bliss, things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." What a delightful ravishing hypothesis of religion is this! And in this religion they have had their education. Now let us suppose some great professor in atheism to suggest to some of these men, that all this is mere dream and imposture; that there is no such excellent being, as they suppose, that created and preserves them; that all about them is dark senseless matter, driven on by the blind impulses of fatality and fortune; that men first sprung up, like mushrooms, out of the mud and slime of the earth; and that all their thoughts, and the whole of what they call soul, are only the various action and repercussion of small particles of matter, kept a-while a moving by some mechanism and clock-work, which finally must cease and perish by death. If it be true then (as we daily find it is) that men listen with complacency to these horrid suggestions; if they let go their hope of everlasting life with willingness and joy; if they entertain the thoughts of final perdition with exultation and triumph; ought they not to be esteemed most notorious fools, even destitute of common sense, and abandoned to a callousness and numbness of soul?

What then, is heaven itself, with its pleasures for evermore, to be parted with so unconcernedly? Is a crown of righteousness, a crown of life, to be surrendered with laughter? Is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory too light in the balance against the hopeless death of the atheist, and utter extinction?

Bentley.

§ 186. *The books of the New Testament could not have been forged in the dark ages.*

Some adversaries of the Christian doctrine have been so bold and shameless as to deny in a lump the antiquity claimed by each of the New Testament books, i. e.

to deny that they were written in the first century, by the writers to whom they are ascribed. Toland is charged with having betrayed a suspicion of this sort in his life of Milton: but in his Amyntor, or defence of the life of Milton, he disavows his having meant the writings, which we receive as inspired, by the words upon which the charge is grounded. But an anonymous Italian, ventured, in a letter to Le Clerc, to throw out the following suspicion: It is possible that in the fifth century, about the time when the Goths over-ran Italy, four men of superior understanding might unite in inventing and forging the writings of the apostles, as well as of the fathers, and falsify some passages of Josephus and Suetonius, in order to introduce into the world, by the means of this fraud, a new and more rational religion.

These four men, who must have been very conversant in the Jewish theology, and Heathen antiquity, are here charged with the immense labour of forging the writings of the fathers, and of inventing that diversity of style and sentiment, by which they were distinguished from each other. But it would not have been safe for our sceptic, to attribute to them a less laborious enterprize. His credulity, which in the present age men commonly affect to call by the name of unbelief, would have been shocked by the testimony of the fathers, had he confined his imputation of forgery to the apostles. Le Clerc returned a strong and sensible answer to his letter, in his *Bibliothèque ancienne et moderne*, tom xxi. p. 440.

However, there are very few unbelievers among Christians, who have thrown out this suspicion against the writings of the apostles; and indeed it is so manifestly groundless, that whoever does throw it out, must be impudently invincible by truth and argument. For,

1. The style of the apostles is so different, that their epistles could not without great difficulty be written by the same hand. St. Paul is uniform in all his epistles; his manner is plainly different from that of other writers, and very difficult to be imitated. At least all the epistles to which his name is prefixed are the work of one hand. St. John again is totally different from him; and whoever writes in a style like that of St. Paul, cannot imitate the style of St. John.

2. In order to invent writings, and as-

cribe them to persons who lived some centuries ago, it is necessary to have an understanding and judgment, and a knowledge of history and antiquity beyond the powers of man, else the inventor must commit frequent errors. Now the writings of the New Testament are unexceptionable in this respect. The better we are acquainted with Jewish and Heathen antiquity, with the history of the Romans, and the ancient geography of Palestine, the face of which country was totally changed by the conquests of the Romans; the more clearly we discern their agreement with the New Testament, even in some circumstances so minute, that probably they would have escaped the most artful and most circumspect imposture. The commentators abound with observations from antiquity, which may serve to exemplify this: the learned Dr. Lardner in particular has done eminent service in this respect.

3. The most ancient fathers, even those who were contemporary with the apostles, Clemens Romanus, for instance, and Ignatius, quote the books of the New Testament, and ascribe them to the apostles. We must therefore either suppose, with the Italian abovementioned, that all the writings of the fathers for some centuries were forged: a suspicion which may be more effectually removed by medicinal applications than by the force of argument; or we must admit the books of the New Testament, which they quote, to be in fact as ancient as they are pretended to be.

4. There are some very old versions of the New Testament; the Latin at least, seems to have been done so early as in the first century after the birth of Christ; and it is highly probable that the Syriac version is not less ancient.

Is it possible to suppose that some centuries after Christ, when the Hebrew tongue was not understood in the western church, either some blind chance proved so fortunate, or the cunning of some Italian impostors was attended with so much thought and learning, as to add to the credibility of the writings forged for the apostles, by an extempore Latin version full of Hebrew idioms, and by a Syriac interpretation? not to mention the Gothic translation of Ulphilas, which, besides, was done before the irruption of the Goths into Italy.

But if these writings are as ancient as they

they are pretended to be, they certainly carry with them an undeniable and indelible mark of their divine original: for the epistles refer to certain miraculous gifts, which are said to have been imparted by the imposition of hands, and to have been conferred by God, in confirmation of the oral and written doctrine of the apostles. If these epistles are ancient and genuine, and written by St. Paul to the churches to which they are addressed, then none can deny these miracles. The matter is important enough to merit further attention.

St. Paul's first epistle to the Thessalonians is addressed to a church which was hardly founded, to which he had not preached the gospel more than three Sabbath days, Acts xvii. 2. He had been obliged to quit this church abruptly, on account of an impending persecution, ver. 10. and being apprehensive lest the persecution should cause some to waver in the faith, he lays before them, in the three first chapters, arguments to prove the truth of his gospel. The first of these arguments is, that which confirmed his doctrine at Thessalonica, chap. i. 6—10. "For our gospel," says he, "came not to you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost." Power is an expression made use of elsewhere in the New Testament to signify miraculous acts. Admit him only to have been a rational man, and we cannot suppose him to write this to an infant church, if no member thereof had ever seen a miracle of his, or received a miraculous gift, of the Holy Ghost, by the imposition of his hands.

He appeals to the same proof, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, who were extremely dissatisfied with him and his manner of teaching, 1 Cor. ii. 4. "My speech, and my preaching, was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit, and of power." The spirit is a word he elsewhere uses to signify the extraordinary gifts of the "spirit," such as the gift of tongues, &c.—The Hebrews were on the point of falling off from Christianity, yet he confidently tells them how great their condemnation will be, if they deny a doctrine, to which God had borne "witness with signs and wonders, and gifts of the Holy Ghost." Heb. xi. 4. and chap. vi. 4, 5. He remonstrates to them, that they had been "made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and

had tasted the powers of the world to come." In like manner he endeavours to convince the Galatians, who had deserted the pure doctrine of the gospel, that the law of Moses was abolished; by putting to them this question, "Received ye the spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" Gal. iii. 2. Is it possible, that a deceiver of a sound understanding, such as St. Paul's epistles shew him to have possessed, should refer the enemies of his religion, of his office, and of the doctrines which distinguished him from other sects of his religion, not only to the miracles which he pretends to have wrought, but to miraculous gifts which he pretends to have communicated to them, if they had it in their power to answer, that they knew nothing of these miraculous gifts?

In the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of the first to the Corinthians, he reprehends the abuse of certain miraculous gifts of tongues, and prescribes a better application of them. If he actually wrote this to the Corinthians, and they had no miraculous gifts, no knowledge of foreign tongues, then St. Paul is not an impostor but a madman, which, I apprehend, is not the charge of unbelievers against him.

But if these miracles be true, then the doctrine, and the book in confirmation of which they were wrought, are divine; and the more certainly so, as there is no room for deception. A juggler may persuade me, that he performs miracles, but he can never persuade me, and a whole body of men of sound intellects, that he has communicated to us the gift of working miracles, and speaking foreign languages, unless we can work the miracles, and speak the languages. *Michaelis.*

§ 187. *The Extent, Object, and End of the prophetic scheme.*

If we look into the writings of the Old and New Testament we find, first, That prophecy is of a prodigious extent; that it commenced from the lapse of man, and reaches to the consummation of all things; that, for many ages, it was delivered darkly, to few persons, and with large intervals from the date of one prophecy to that of another; but, at length, became more clear, more frequent, and was uniformly carried on in the line of one people, separated from the rest of the world, among other reasons assigned, for this principally, to be the repository of the Divine Oracles; that, with
some

some intermission, the spirit of prophecy subsisted among that people, to the coming of Christ; that he himself and his apostles exercised this power in the most conspicuous manner; and left behind them many predictions, recorded in the books of the New Testament, which profess to respect very distant events, and even run out to the end of time, or, in St. John's expression, to that period, "when the mystery of God shall be perfected."

2. Further, besides the extent of this prophetic scheme, the dignity of the person, whom it concerns, deserves our consideration. He is described in terms, which excite the most august and magnificent ideas. He is spoken of, indeed, sometimes as being "the seed of the woman," and as "the son of man;" yet so as being at the same time of more than mortal extraction. He is even represented to us, as being superior to men and angels; as far above all principality and power, above all that is accounted great, whether in heaven or in earth; as the word and wisdom of God; as the eternal Son of the Father; as "the heir of all things, by whom he made the worlds;" as "the brightness of his glory," and "the express image of his person."

We have no words to denote greater ideas, than these; the mind of man cannot elevate itself to nobler conceptions. Of such transcendent worth and excellence is that Jesus said to be, to whom all the prophets bear witness!

3. Lastly, the declared purpose, for which the Messiah, prefigured by so long a train of prophecy, came into the world, corresponds to all the rest of the representation. It was not to deliver an oppressed nation from civil tyranny, or to erect a great civil empire, that is, to achieve one of those acts, which history accounts most heroic. No; it was not a mighty state, a victor people—

Non res Romanæ perituraque regna—

that was worthy to enter into the contemplation of this divine person. It was another and far sublimer purpose, which he came to accomplish; a purpose, in comparison of which, all our policies are poor and little, and all the performances of men as nothing. It was to deliver a world from ruin; to abolish sin and death; to purify and immortalize human nature; and thus, in the most exalted sense of the words, to be the Saviour of all men, and the blessing of all nations.

There is no exaggeration in this account. I deliver the undoubted sense, if not always the very words of Scripture.

Consider then to what this representation amounts. Let us unite the several parts of it, and bring them to a point. A spirit of prophecy pervading all time—characterizing one person, of the highest dignity—and proclaiming the accomplishment of one purpose, the most beneficent, the most divine, that imagination itself can project.—Such is the scriptural delineation, whether we will receive it or no, of that œconomy, which we call prophetic!

And now then (if we must be reasoning from our ideas of fit and right, to the rectitude of the divine conduct) let me ask, in one word, whether, on the supposition that it should ever please the moral Governor of the world to reveal himself by prophecy at all, we can conceive him to do it, in a "manner," or for "ends," more worthy of him? Does not the "extent" of the scheme correspond to our best ideas of that infinite Being, to whom all duration is but a point, and to whose view all time is equally present? Is not the "object" of this scheme, "the Lamb of God that was slain from the foundation of the world," worthy, in our conceptions, of all the honour that can be reflected upon him by so vast and splendid an œconomy? Is not the "end" of this scheme such as we should think most fit for such a scheme of prophecy to predict, and for so divine a person to accomplish?

You see, every thing here is of a piece; all the parts of this dispensation are astonishingly great, and perfectly harmonize with each other. *Hurd.*

§ 188. *Our philosophical principles must be learnt from the book of Nature, our religious from the book of Grace.*

In order to attain right conceptions of the constitution of Nature, as laid before us in the volume of Creation, we are not to assume hypotheses and notions of our own, and from them, as from established principles, to account for the several phenomena that occur; but we are to begin with the effects themselves, and from these, diligently collected in a variety of well-chosen experiments, to investigate the causes which produce them. By such a method, directed and improved by the helps of a sublime geometry, we may reasonably hope to arrive at certainty in our physical enquiries, and on the basis of fact and demonstration may erect a system of the world,

that

that shall be true, and worthy of its author. Whereas, by pursuing a contrary path, our conjectures at the best will be precarious and doubtful; nor can we ever be sure that the most ingenious theories we can frame are any thing more than a well-invented and consistent fable.

With the same caution we are to proceed in examining the constitution of Grace, as unfolded to our view in the volume of Redemption. Here also we are not to excogitate conceits and fancies of our own, and then distort the expressions of holy writ, to favour our mishapen imaginations; but we are first to advert to what God has actually made known of himself in the declarations of his word; and from this, carefully interpreted by the rules of sound criticism and logical deduction, to elicit the genuine doctrines of revelation. By such an exertion of our intellectual powers, assisted and enlightened by the aids which human literature is capable of furnishing, we may advance with ease and safety in our knowledge of the divine dispensations, and on the rock of Scripture may build a system of religion, that shall approve itself to our most enlarged understandings, and be equally secured from the injuries and insults of enthusiasts and unbelievers. On the other hand, previously to determine from our own reason what it is fit for a being of infinite wisdom to do, and from that pretended fitness to infer that he has really done it, is a mode of procedure that is little suited to the imbecility of our mental faculties, and still less calculated to lead us to an adequate comprehension of the will or works of Heaven.

Hallifax.

§ 189. *Comparison between Heathenism and Christianity.*

The apostle saith, "After the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God to save believers by the foolishness of preaching." That is to say, since the mere systems of reason were eventually insufficient for the salvation of mankind; and since it was impossible that their speculations should obtain the true knowledge of God; God took another way to intrust them: he revealed by preaching of the gospel what the light of nature could not discover, so that the system of Jesus Christ, and his apostles, supplied all, that was wanting in the systems of the ancient philosophers.

But, it is not in relation to the ancient

philosophers only, that we mean to consider the proposition in our text; we will examine it also in reference to modern philosophy. Our philosophers know more than all those of Greece knew: but their science, which is of unspeakable advantage, while it contains itself within its proper sphere, becomes a source of errors, when it is extended beyond it. Human reason now lodgeth itself in new entrenchments, when it refuseth to submit to the faith. It even puts on new armour to attack it, after it hath invented new methods of self-defence. Under pretence that natural science hath made greater progress, revelation is despised. Under pretence that modern notions of God the Creator are purer than those of the ancients, the yoke of God the Redeemer is broken off. We are going to employ the remaining part of this discourse in justifying the proposition of St. Paul, in the sense that we have given it: we are going to endeavour to prove, that revealed religion hath advantages infinitely superior to natural religion: that the greatest geniusses are incapable of discovering by their own reason all the truths necessary to salvation: and that it displays the goodness of God, not to abandon us to the uncertainties of our own wisdom, but to make us the rich present of revelation.

We will enter into this discussion, by placing on the one side a philosopher contemplating the works of nature: on the other, a disciple of Jesus Christ receiving the doctrines of revelation. To each we will give four subjects to examine: the attributes of God: the nature of man: the means of appeasing the remorse of conscience: and a future state. From their judgments on each of these subjects, evidence will arise of the superior worth of that revelation, which some minute philosophers affect to despise, and above which they prefer that rough draught, which they sketch out by their own learned speculations.

1. Let us consider a disciple of natural religion, and a disciple of revealed religion, meditating on the attributes of God. When the disciple of natural religion considers the symmetry of this universe; when he observes that admirable uniformity, which appears in the succession of seasons, and in the constant rotation of night and day; when he remarks the exact motions of the heavenly bodies; the flux and reflux of the sea, so ordered that billows, which

swell

swell into mountains, and seem to threaten the world with an universal deluge, break away on the shore, and respect on the beach the command of the Creator, who said to the sea, "hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed:" when he attends to all these marvellous works, he will readily conclude, that the Author of nature is a being powerful and wise. But when he observes winds, tempests, and earthquakes, which seem to threaten the reduction of nature to its primitive chaos; when he sees the sea overflow its banks, and burst the enormous moles, that the industry of mankind had raised; his speculations will be perplexed, he will imagine, he sees characters of infirmity among so many proofs of creative perfection and power.

When he thinks, that God, having enriched the habitable world with innumerable productions of infinite worth to the inhabitant, hath placed man here as a sovereign in a superb palace; when he considers how admirably God hath proportioned the divers parts of the creation to the construction of the human body, the air to the lungs, aliments to the different humours of the body, the medium, by which objects are rendered visible, to the eyes, that, by which sounds are communicated, to the ears; when he remarks how God hath connected man with his own species, and not with animals of another kind; how he hath distributed talents, so that some requiring the assistance of others, all should be mutually united together; how he hath bound men together by invisible ties, so that one cannot see another in pain without a sympathy, that inclines him to relieve him: when the disciple of natural religion meditates on these grand subjects, he concludes that the Author of nature is a beneficent being. But, when he sees the innumerable miseries, to which men are subject; when he finds, that every creature, which contributes to support, contributes at the same time to destroy us; when he thinks, that the air, which assists respiration, conveys epidemical diseases, and imperceptible poisons; that aliments, which nourish us, are often our bane; that the animals, that serve us, often turn savage against us; when he observes the perfidiousness of society, the mutual industry of mankind in tormenting each other; the arts, which they invent to deprive one another of life; when he attempts to reckon up the innumerable

maladies, that consume us; when he considers death, which bows the loftiest heads, dissolves the firmest cements, and subverts the best-founded fortunes: when he makes these reflections, he will be apt to doubt, whether it be goodness, or the contrary attribute, that inclineth the Author of our being to give us existence. When the disciple of natural religion reads those reverses of fortune, of which history furnisheth a great many examples; when he seeth tyrants fall from a pinnacle of grandeur; wicked men often punished by their own wickedness, the avaricious punished by the objects of their avarice, the ambitious by those of their ambition, the voluptuous by those of their voluptuousness; when he perceives, that the laws of virtue are so essential to public happiness, that without them society would become a banditti, at least, that society is more or less happy, or miserable, according to its looser or closer attachment to virtue; when he considers all these cases, he will probably conclude, that the Author of this universe is a just and holy being. But, when he sees tyranny established, vice enthroned, humility in confusion, pride wearing a crown, and love to holiness sometimes exposing people to many and intolerable calamities; he will not be able to justify God, amidst the darkness in which his equity is involved in the government of the world.

But, of all these mysteries, can one be proposed, which the Gospel doth not unfold; or, at least, is there one, on which it doth not give us some principles, that are sufficient to conciliate it with the perfections of the Creator, how opposite soever it may seem?

Do the disorders of the world puzzle the disciple of natural religion, and produce difficulties in his mind? With the principles of the Gospel I can solve them all. When it is remembered, that this world hath been defiled by the sin of man, and that he is, therefore, an object of divine displeasure; when the principle is admitted, that the world is not now what it was, when it came out of the hands of God; and that in comparison with its pristine state, it is only a heap of ruins, the truly magnificent, but actually ruinous heap of an edifice of incomparable beauty, the rubbish of which is far more proper to excite our grief for the loss of its primitive grandeur, than to suit our present wants. When these reflections are made,

can we find any objections, in the disorders of the world, against the wisdom of our Creator?

Are the miseries of man, and is the fatal necessity of death, in contemplation? With the principles of the Gospel, I solve the difficulties, which these sad objects produce in the mind of the disciple of natural religion. If the principles of Christianity be admitted, if we allow, that the afflictions of good men are profitable to them, and that, in many cases, prosperity would be fatal to them; if we grant, that the present is a transitory state, and that this momentary life will be succeeded by an immortal state; if we recollect the many similar truths, which the Gospel abundantly declares; can we find, in human miseries, and in the necessity of dying, objections against the goodness of the Creator?

Do the prosperities of bad men, and adversities of the good, confuse our ideas of God? With the principles of the Gospel, I can remove all the difficulties, which these different conditions produce in the mind of the disciple of natural religion. If the principles of the Gospel be admitted, if we be persuaded, that the tyrant, whose prosperity astonisheth us, fulfils the counsel of God; if ecclesiastical history assure us, that Herods, and Pilates, themselves contributed to the establishment of that very Christianity, which they meant to destroy; especially, if we admit a state of future rewards and punishments; can the obscurity, in which providence hath been pleased to wrap up some of its designs, raise doubts about the justice of the Creator?

In regard, then, to the first object of contemplation, the perfection of the nature of God, revealed religion is infinitely superior to natural religion; the disciple of the first religion is infinitely wiser than the pupil of the last.

II. Let us consider these two disciples examining the nature of man, and endeavouring to know themselves. The disciple of natural religion cannot know mankind; he cannot perfectly understand the nature, the obligations, the duration of man.

1. The disciple of natural religion can only imperfectly know the nature of man, the difference of the two substances, of which he is composed. His reason, indeed, may speculate the matter, and he may perceive that there is no relation between motion and thought, between the dissolution of a few fibres and violent sensations of pain, between an agitation of humours and pro-

found reflections; he may infer from two different effects, that there ought to be two different causes, a cause of motion, and a cause of sensation, a cause of agitating humours, and a cause of reflecting, that there is body, and that there is spirit.

But, in my opinion, those philosophers, who are best acquainted with the nature of man, cannot account for two difficulties, that are proposed to them, when, on the mere principles of reason, they affirm, that man is composed of the two substances of matter and mind. I ask, first, Do ye so well understand matter, are your ideas of it so complete, that ye can affirm, for certain, it is susceptible of nothing more than this, or that? Are ye sure that it implies a contradiction to affirm, it hath one property, which hath escaped your observation? And, consequently, can ye actually demonstrate, that the essence of matter is incompatible with thought? Since, when ye cannot discover the union of an attribute with a subject, ye instantly conclude, that two attributes, which seem to you to have no relation, suppose two different subjects: and since ye conclude that extent and thought compose two different subjects, body and soul, because ye can discover no natural relation between extent and thought; if I discover a third attribute, which appears to me entirely unconnected with both extent and thought, I shall have a right, in my turn, to admit three subjects in man; matter, which is the subject of extent; mind, which is the subject of thought; and a third subject, which belongs to the attribute, that seems to me to have no relation to either matter or mind. Now I do know such an attribute: but I do not know to which of your two subjects I ought to refer it: I mean sensation. I find it in my nature, and I experience it every hour. But I am altogether at a loss, whether I ought to attribute it to body, or to spirit. I perceive no more natural and necessary relation between sensation and motion, than between sensation and thought.

There are, then, on your principle, three substances in man, one the substratum, which is the subject of extension; another, which is the subject of thought; and a third, which is the subject of sensation: or rather, I suspect, there is only one substance in man, which is known to me very imperfectly, to which all these attributes belong, and which are united together, although I am not able to discover their relation.

Revealed religion removes these difficulties, and decides the question. It tells us, that there are two beings in man, and, if I may express myself so, two different men, the material man, and the immaterial man. The Scriptures speak, on these principles, thus; "The dust shall return to the earth as it was," this is the material man: "The spirit shall return to God who gave it," this is the immaterial man. "Fear not them which kill the body," that is to say, the material man: "fear him, which is able to destroy the soul," that is, the immaterial man. "We are willing to be absent from the body," that is from the material man: "and to be present with the Lord," that is to say, to have the immaterial man disembodied. "They stoned Stephen," that is, the material man: "calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that is to say, receive the immaterial man.

2. The disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the obligations, or duties of man. Natural religion may indeed conduct him to a certain point, and tell him, that he ought to love his benefactor, and various similar maxims. But is natural religion, think ye, sufficient to account for that contrariety, of which every man is conscious, that opposition between inclination and obligation? A very solid argument, I grant, in favour of moral rectitude ariseth from observing, that, to whatever degree a man may carry his sin, whatever efforts he may make to eradicate those seeds of virtue from his heart, which nature has sown there, he cannot forbear venerating virtue, and recoiling at vice. This is certainly a proof, that the Author of our being meant to forbid vice, and to enjoin virtue. But is there no room for complaint? Is there nothing specious in the following objection? As, in spite of all my endeavours to destroy virtuous dispositions, I cannot help respecting virtue, ye infer, that the Author of my being intended I should be virtuous: so, as, in spite of all my endeavours to eradicate vice, I cannot help loving vice, have I not reason for inferring, in my turn, that, the Author of my being designed I should be vicious; or, at least, that he cannot justly impute guilt to me for performing those actions, which proceed from some principles, that were born with me? Is there no shew of reason in this famous sophism? Reconcile the God of nature with the God of religion. Explain how the

God of religion can forbid what the God of nature inspires; and how he, who follows these dictates, which the God of nature inspires, can be punished for so doing by the God of religion.

The Gospel unfolds this mystery. It attributes this seed of corruption to the depravity of nature. It attributeth the respect, that we feel for virtue, to the remains of the image of God, in which we were formed, and which can never be entirely effaced. Because we were born in sin, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to apply all our attentive endeavours to eradicate the seeds of corruption. And, because the image of the Creator is partly erased from our hearts, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to give ourselves wholly to the retracing of it, and so to answer the excellence of our extraction.

3. A disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the duration of man, whether his soul be immortal, or whether it be involved in the ruin of matter. Reason, I allow, advanceth some solid arguments in proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. For what necessity is there for supposing, that the soul, which is a spiritual, indivisible, and immaterial being, that constitutes a whole, and is a distinct being, although united to a portion of matter, should cease to exist, when its union with the body is dissolved? A positive act of the Creator is necessary to the annihilation of a substance. The annihilating of a being, that subsists, requireth an act of power similar to that, which gave it existence at first. Now, far from having any ground to believe, that God will cause his power to intervene to annihilate our souls, every thing, that we know, persuadeth us, that he himself hath engraven characters of immortality on them, and that he will preserve them for ever. Enter into thy heart, frail creature! see, feel, consider those grand ideas, those immortal designs, that thirst for exsisting, which a thousand ages cannot quench, and in these lines and points behold the finger of thy Creator writing a promise of immortality to thee. But, how solid soever these arguments may be, however evident in themselves, and striking to a philosopher, they are objectionable, because they are not popular, but above vulgar minds, to whom the bare terms, spirituality and existence, are entirely barbarous, and convey no meaning at all.

Moreover, the union between the operations of the soul, and those of the body, is so close, that all the philosophers in the world cannot certainly determine, whether, the operations of the body ceasing, the operations of the soul do not cease with them. I see a body in perfect health, the mind, therefore, is sound. The same body is disordered, and the mind is disconcerted with it. The brain is filled, and the soul is instantly confused. The brisker the circulation of the blood is, the quicker the ideas of the mind are, and the more extensive its knowledge. At length death comes, and dissolves all the parts of the body; and how difficult is it to persuade one's self, that the soul, which was affected with every former motion of the body, will not be dissipated by its entire dissolution!

Are they the vulgar only, to whom philosophical arguments for the immortality of the soul appear deficient in evidence? Do not superior geniuses require, at least, an explanation of what rank ye assign to beasts, on the principle, that nothing capable of ideas and conceptions, can be involved in a dissolution of matter? Nobody would venture to affirm now, in an assembly of philosophers, what was some time ago maintained with great warmth, that beasts are mere self-moving machines. Experience seems to demonstrate the falsity of the metaphysical reasonings, that have been proposed in favour of this opinion; and we cannot observe the actions of beasts, without being inclined to infer one of these two consequences: either the spirit of man is mortal, like his body; or the souls of beasts are immortal, like those of mankind.

Revelation dissipates all our obscurities, and teacheth us clearly, and without a may-be, that God willeth our immortality. It carries our thoughts forward to a future state, as to a fixed period, whither the greatest part of the promises of God tend. It commandeth us, indeed, to consider all the blessings of this life, the aliments, that nourish us, the rays, which enlighten us, the air, that we breathe, sceptres, crowns, and kingdoms, as effects of the liberality of God, and as grounds of our gratitude. But, at the same time, it requireth us to surmount the most magnificent earthly objects. It commandeth us to consider light, air, and aliments, crowns, sceptres, and kingdoms, as unfit to constitute the felicity of a soul created

in the image of the blessed God, and with whom the blessed God hath formed a close and intimate union. It assureth us, that an age of life cannot fill the wish of duration, which it is the noble prerogative of an immortal soul to form. It doth not ground the doctrine of immortality on metaphysical speculations, nor on complex arguments, uninvestigable by the greatest part of mankind, and which always leave some doubts in the minds of the ablest philosophers. The Gospel grounds the doctrine on the only principle that can support the weight, with which it is encumbered. The principle, which I mean, is the will of the Creator, who, having created our souls at first by an act of his will, can either eternally preserve them, or absolutely annihilate them, whether they be material, or spiritual, mortal, or immortal, by nature. Thus the disciple of revealed religion doth not float between doubt and assurance, hope and fear, as the disciple of nature doth. He is not obliged to leave the most interesting question, that poor mortals can agitate, undecided; whether their souls perish with their bodies, or survive their ruins. He does not say, as Cyrus said to his children; I know not how to persuade myself, that the soul lives in this mortal body, and ceaseth to be, when the body expires. I am more inclined to think, that it requires after death more penetration and purity. He doth not say, as Socrates said to his judges; And now we are going, I to suffer death, and ye to enjoy life. God only knows which is the best. He doth not say as Cicero said, speaking on this important article; I do not pretend to say, that what I affirm is as infallible as the Pythian oracle, I speak only by conjecture. The disciple of revelation, authorized by the testimony of Jesus Christ, "who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel;" boldly affirms, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. We, that are in this tabernacle, do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that, which I have committed unto him, against that day."

III. We are next to consider the disciple of natural religion, and the disciple of revealed religion, at the tribunal of God

as penitents soliciting for pardon. The former cannot find, even by feeling after it, in natural religion, according to the language of St. Paul, the grand mean of reconciliation, which God hath given to the church; I mean the sacrifice of the cross. Reason, indeed, discovers, that man is guilty, as the confessions, and acknowledgments, which the Heathens made of their crimes, prove. It discerns, that a sinner deserves punishment, as the remorse and fear, with which their consciences were often excruciated, demonstrate. It presumes, indeed, that God will yield to the entreaties of his creatures, as their prayers, and temples, and altars testify. It even goes so far as to perceive the necessity of satisfying divine justice, this their sacrifices, this their burnt offerings, this their human victims, this the rivers of blood, that flowed on their altars, shew.

But, how likely soever all these speculations may be, they form only a systematic body without a head; for no positive promise of pardon from God himself belongs to them. The mystery of the cross is entirely invisible; for only God could reveal that, because only God could plan, and only he could execute that profound relief. How could human reason, alone, and unassisted, have discovered the mystery of redemption, when, alas! after an infallible God hath revealed it, reason is absorbed in its depth, and needs all its submission to receive it, as an article of faith?

But that, which natural religion cannot attain, revealed religion clearly discovers. Revelation exhibits a God-Man, dying for the sins of mankind, and setting grace before every penitent sinner: grace for all mankind. The schools have often agitated the questions, and sometimes very indiscreetly, Whether Jesus Christ died for all mankind, or only for a small number? Whether his blood were shed for all, who hear the gospel, or for those only, who believe it? We will not dispute these points now: but we will venture to affirm, that there is not an individual of all our hearers, who hath not a right to say to himself, If I believe, I shall be saved; I shall believe, if I endeavour to believe. Consequently, every individual hath a right to apply the benefits of the death of Christ to himself. The gospel reveals grace, that pardons the most atrocious crimes, those that have the most fatal influences. Although ye have denied Christ with Peter, betrayed him with Judas, per-

secuted him with Saul; yet the blood of a God-Man is sufficient to obtain your pardon, if ye be in the covenant of redemption. Grace which is accessible at all times, at every instant of life. Woe be to you, my brethren; woe be to you, if, abusing this reflection, ye delay your return to God till the last moments of your lives, when your repentance will be difficult, not to say impracticable and impossible! But it is always certain, that God every instant opens the treasures of his mercy, when sinners return to him by sincere repentance. Grace, capable of terminating all the melancholy thoughts, that are produced by the fear of being abandoned by God in the midst of our race, and of having the work of salvation left imperfect. For, after he hath given us a present so magnificent, what can he refuse? "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Grace, so clearly revealed in our Scriptures, that the most accurate reasoning, heresy the most extravagant, and infidelity the most obstinate, cannot enervate his declarations. For, the death of Christ may be considered in different views: it is a sufficient confirmation of his doctrine; it is a perfect pattern of patience, it is the most magnanimous degree of extraordinary excellencies, that can be imagined: but the gospel very seldom presents it to us in any of these views, it leaves them to our own perception; but when it speaks of his death, it usually speaks of it as an expiatory sacrifice. Need we repeat here a number of formal texts, and express decisions on this matter? Thanks be to God, we are preaching to a Christian auditory, who make the death of the Redeemer the foundation of faith! The gospel, then, assureth the penitent sinner of pardon. Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Porch, Academy, Lycaum, what have ye to offer to your disciples, equal to this promise of the gospel?

IV. But that, which principally displays the prerogatives of the Christian above those of the philosopher, is an all-sufficient provision against the fear of death. A comparison between a dying Pagan and a dying Christian will shew this. I consider a Pagan, in his dying-bed, speaking to himself what follows. On which side soever I consider my state, I perceive nothing but trouble and despair. If I observe the fore-runners of death, I see awful

ful symptoms, violent sickness, and intolerable pain, which surround my sick-bed, and are the first scenes of the bloody tragedy. As to the world, my dearest objects disappear; my closest connections are dissolving; my most specious titles are effacing; my noblest privileges are vanishing away; a dismal curtain falls between my eyes and all the decorations of the universe. In regard to my body, it is a mass without motion, and life; my tongue is about to be condemned to eternal silence; my eyes to perpetual darkness; all the organs of my body to entire dissolution; and the miserable remains of my carcase to lodge in the grave, and to become food for the worms. If I consider my soul, I scarcely know whether it be immortal; and could I demonstrate its natural immortality, I should not be able to say, whether my Creator would display his attributes in preserving, or in destroying it; whether my wishes for immortality be the dictates of nature, or the language of sin. If I consider my past life, I have a witness within me, attesting that my practice hath been less than my knowledge, how small soever the latter hath been; and that the abundant depravity of my heart hath thickened the darkness of my mind. If I consider futurity, I think I discover thro' many thick clouds a future state; my reason suggests, that the Author of nature hath not given me a soul so sublime in thought, and so expansive in desire, merely to move in this little orb for a moment: but this is nothing but conjecture; and, if there be another œconomy after this, should I be less miserable than I am here? One moment I hope for annihilation, the next I shudder with the fear of being annihilated; my thoughts and desires are at war with each other, they rise, they resist, they destroy one another. Such is the dying Heathen. If a few examples of those, who have died otherwise, be adduced, they ought not to be urged in evidence against what we have advanced; for they are rare, and very probably deceptive, their outward tranquillity being only a concealment of trouble within. Trouble is the greater for confinement within, and for an affected appearance without. As we ought not to believe, that philosophy hath rendered men insensible of pain, because some philosophers have maintained that pain is no evil, and have seemed to triumph over it: so neither ought we to believe, that it hath

disarmed death in regard to the disciples of natural religion, because some have affirmed, that death is not an object of fear. After all, if some Pagans enjoyed a real tranquillity at death, it was a groundless tranquillity, to which reason contributed nothing at all.

O! how differently do Christians die! How doth revealed religion triumph over the religion of nature in this respect! May each of our hearers be a new evidence of this article! The whole, that troubles an expiring Heathen, revives a Christian in his dying bed.

Thus speaks the dying Christian. When I consider the awful symptoms of death, and the violent agonies of dissolving nature, they appear to me as medical preparations, sharp, but salutary; they are necessary to detach me from life, and to separate the remains of inward depravity from me. Beside, I shall not be abandoned to my own frailty; but my patience and constancy will be proportional to my sufferings, and that powerful arm, which hath supported me through life, will uphold me under the pressure of death. If I consider my sins, many as they are, I am invulnerable; for I go to a tribunal of mercy, where God is reconciled, and justice is satisfied. If I consider my body, I perceive, I am putting off a mean and corruptible habit, and putting on robes of glory. Fall, fall ye imperfect senses, ye frail organs, fall ye house of clay into your original dust; ye will be "sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, but raised in glory; sown in weakness, but raised in power." If I consider my soul, it is passing, I see, from slavery to freedom. I shall carry with me that, which thinks and reflects. I shall carry with me the delicacy of taste, the harmony of sounds, the beauty of colours, the fragrance of odoriferous smells. I shall surmount heaven and earth, nature and all terrestrial things, and my ideas of all their beauties will multiply and expand. If I consider the future œconomy, to which I go, I have, I own, very inadequate notions of it: but my incapacity is the ground of my expectation. Could I perfectly comprehend it, it would argue its resemblance to some of the present objects of my senses, or its minute proportion to the present operations of my mind. If worldly dignities and grandeurs, if accumulated treasures, if the enjoyments of the most refined voluptuousness, were to represent

represent to me celestial felicity, I should suppose, that, partaking of their nature, they partook of their vanity. But, if nothing here can represent the future state, it is because that state surpasseth every other. My ardour is increased by my imperfect knowledge of it. My knowledge, and virtue, I know, will be perfected; I know I shall comprehend truth, and obey order; I know, I shall be free from all evils, and in possession of all good; I shall be present with God, I know, and with all the happy spirits, who surround his throne; and this perfect state, I am sure, will continue for ever and ever.

Such are the all-sufficient supports, which revealed religion affords against the fear of death. Such are the meditations of a dying Christian; not of one, whose whole Christianity consists of dry speculations, which have no influence over his practice: but of one, who applies his knowledge to relieve the real wants of his life.

Christianity, then, we have seen, is superior to natural religion, in these four respects. To these we will add a few more reflections in farther evidence of the superiority of revealed religion to the religion of nature.

1. The ideas of the ancient philosophers concerning natural religion were not collected into a body of doctrine. One philosopher had one idea, another studious man had another idea; ideas of truth and virtue, therefore lay dispersed. Who doth not see the pre-eminence of revelation, on this article? No human capacity either hath been, or would ever have been equal to the noble conception of a perfect body of truth. There is no genius so narrow, as not to be capable of proposing some clear truth, some excellent maxim: but to lay down principles, and to perceive at once a chain of consequences, these are the efforts of great geniuses; this capability is philosophical perfection. If this axiom be incontestible, what a fountain of wisdom does the system of Christianity argue! It represents us, in one lovely body, of perfect symmetry, all the ideas, that we have enumerated. One idea supposeth another idea; and the whole is united in a manner so compact, that it is impossible to alter one particle without defacing the beauty of all.

2. Pagan philosophers never had a system of natural religion comparable with that of modern philosophers, although the latter glory in their contempt of revela-

tion. Modern philosophers have derived the clearest and best parts of their systems from the very revelation, which they affect to despise. We grant, the doctrines of the perfections of God, of providence, and of a future state, are perfectly conformable to the light of reason. A man, who should pursue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmost power, would discover, we own, all these doctrines: but it is one thing to grant, that these doctrines are conformable to reason; and it is another to affirm, that reason actually discovered them. It is one thing to allow, that a man, who should pursue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmost power, would discover all these doctrines: and it is another to pretend, that any man hath pursued these tracks to the utmost, and hath actually discovered them. It was the gospel that taught mankind the use of their reason. It was the gospel, that assisted men to form a body of natural religion. Modern philosophers avail themselves of these aids; they form a body of natural religion by the light of the gospel, and then they attribute to their own penetration what they derive from foreign aid.

3. What was most rational in the natural religion of the Pagan philosophers was mixed with fancies and dreams. There was not a single philosopher, who did not adopt some absurdity, and communicate it to his disciples. One taught, that every being was animated with a particular soul, and on this absurd hypothesis he pretended to account for all the phenomena of nature. Another took every star for a god, and thought the soul a vapour, that passed from one body to another, expiating in the body of a beast the sins that were committed in that of a man. One attributed the creation of the world to a blind chance, and the government of all events in it to an inviolable fate. Another affirmed the eternity of the world, and said, there was no period in eternity, in which heaven and earth, nature and elements, were not visible. One said, every thing is uncertain; we are not sure of our own existence; the distinction between just and unjust, virtue and vice, is fanciful, and hath no real foundation in the nature of things. Another made matter equal to God; and maintained, that it concurred with the supreme Being in the formation of the universe. One took the world for a prodigious body, of which he thought God was the soul. Another affirmed the materiality of the soul, and attributed

tributed to matter the faculties of thinking and reasoning. Some denied the immortality of the soul, and the intervention of providence; and pretended, that an infinite number of particles of matter, indivisible, and indestructible, revolved in the universe; that from their fortuitous concurrence arose the present world; that in all this there was no design; that the feet were not formed for walking, the eyes for seeing, nor the hands for handling. The gospel is light without darkness. It hath nothing mean; nothing false; nothing that doth not bear the characters of that wisdom, from which it proceeds.

4. What was pure in the natural religion of the Heathens was not known, nor could be known to any but philosophers. The common people were incapable of that penetration and labour, which the investigating of truth, and the distinguishing of it from that falshood, in which passion and prejudice had enveloped it, required. A mediocrity of genius, I allow, is sufficient for the purpose of inferring a part of those consequences from the works of nature, of which we form the body of natural religion: but none, but geniuses of the first order, are capable of kenning those distant consequences, which are in-folded in darkness. The bulk of mankind wanted a short way proportional to every mind. They wanted an authority, the infallibility of which all mankind might easily see. They wanted a revelation founded on evidence plain and obvious to all the world. Philosophers could not shew the world such a short way: but revelation hath shewed it. No philosopher could assume the authority, necessary to establish such a way: it became God alone to dictate in such a manner, and in revelation he hath done it.

Saurin.

§ 190. *The Gospel superior to the writings of the Heathens in oratory.*

Objection to the Holy Scriptures. If Christ were the Son of God, and his apostles inspired by the Holy Ghost, and the Scriptures were God's Word, they would excel all other men and writings in all true rational worth and excellency; whereas Aristotle excelleth them in logic and philosophy, and Cicero and Demosthenes in oratory, and Seneca in ingenious expressions of morality, &c.

Answer. You may as well argue, that Aristotle was no wiser than a minstrel, be-

cause he could not fiddle so well; or than a painter, because he could not limn so well; or than a harlot, because he could not dress himself so neatly. Means are to be estimated according to their fitness for their ends. Christ himself excelled all mankind, in all true perfections; and yet it became him not to exercise all men's arts, to shew that he excelleth them. He came not into the world to teach men architecture, navigation, medicine, astronomy, grammar, music, logic, rhetoric, &c. and therefore shewed not his skill in these. The world had sufficient helps and means for these in nature. It was to save men from sin and hell, and bring them to pardon, holiness and heaven, that Christ was incarnate, and that the apostles were inspired, and the Scriptures written: and to be fitted to these ends, is the excellency to be expected in them: and in this they excel all persons and writings in the world. As God doth not syllogize or know by our imperfect way of ratiocination, but yet knoweth all things better than syllogizers do; so Christ hath a more high and excellent kind of logic and oratory, and a more apt and spiritual and powerful Style, than Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cicero, or Seneca. He shewed not that skill in methodical healing, which Hypocrates and Galen shewed: but he shewed more and better skill, when he could heal with a word, and raise the dead, and had the power of life and death; so did he bring more convincing evidence than Aristotle, and persuaded more powerfully than Demosthenes or Cicero. And though this kind of formal learning was below him, and below the inspired messengers of his Gospel, yet his inferior servants (an Aquinas, a Scotus, an Ockam, a Scaliger, a Ramus, a Gassendus) do match or excel the old philosophers, and abundance of Christians equalize or excel a Demosthenes or Cicero, in the truest oratory.

Baxter.

§ 191. *Obscurities in the Scriptures no proof of their not being genuine.*

That there are obscurities and difficulties in Holy Writ is acknowledged by all persons that are conversant in the Sacred Volume. And truly, if we consider things aright, we shall find, this is not unworthy either of God or of his Holy Word. Not of God himself, who indited the Sacred Scriptures; for he hath most wisely ordered, that there should be some things ob-

scure and mysterious in them, to create a becoming reverence, and to let us know, that these writings are not penned after an ordinary manner. These clouds and darkness are suitable to the majesty of heaven; they are proper to beget in us humility, and mean thoughts of ourselves, to convince us of the shallowness of our intellects, to shew us how short sighted we are, to give check to our presumption, to quash our towering conceits of our knowledge, to supersede our vain boasting, to repel our vaunting pride and insolence. They are serviceable also to rebuke our sloth and negligence, to provoke our care and study, and to excite our utmost diligence. Thus it hath pleased God to exercise the understandings of men, and to make trial of their industry by these difficult passages which occur in Scripture. If all places were easy, this book would be liable to contempt, and there would be no room left for our diligent search and enquiry. But now at every reading of it we still find something to employ our understandings afresh, and to improve our most inquisitive faculties. Here our minds may be perpetually busied; here is enough to entertain our greatest leisure and most earnest study. Here are many mysteries to be unfolded, many depths to be fathomed, many abstrusities, both in the things and in the words that convey the notice of them to our minds, to be discovered: so that to the greatest student and most ambitious enquirer, that will happen which the Son of Sirach saith in another case, "When a man hath done, then he beginneth." Here are not only fords and shallows which we may easily wade through, but here are unpassable depths and abysses. It hath seemed good to the wise Governor of the world, that there should be in the Holy Scripture some things hard to be understood, that hereby the excellency of these sacred writings might appear, and that by this means it might be seen of what universal use they are: for those places which are plain and clear are fitted to ordinary capacities, and those other portions which are deep and intricate are the proper entertainment of the learned; and thus the whole book is calculated for the general benefit of all. St. Chrysostom hath summed it up thus very briefly: All passages in Scripture are not plain and perspicuous, lest we should be lazy; nor are all obscure, lest we should despair. This excellent tem-

pering of the sacred writ is a high commendation of it, and is no other than the wise contrivance of Heaven.

And as this obscurity of some parts of Scripture is not unworthy of God himself, so neither is it any disparagement to his sacred word. For we must know, that this difficulty happens from the very nature of the things themselves, which are here recorded. It cannot be otherwise but that some portions of Scripture must be dark and obscure, and consequently must labour under different and contrary expositions, because they were written so long ago, and contain in them so many old customs and usages, so many relations concerning different people, so many and various idioms of tongues, such diversity of ancient expressions, laws, and manners of all nations in the world. It is unreasonable to expect that we should exactly understand all these. It is not to be wondered at, that these occasion doubts, difficulties, mistakes. And it is certain, that the being ignorant of some of these, is no blemish, either to the sacred writings, or to the persons who read and study them. Suppose I do not know what the house of Alupim is, 1 Chron. xxvi. 15. or what kind of trees the Almug or Algum trees are, 1 Kings x. 12. 1 Chron. xii. 8. or who are meant by the Gamma-dim, Ezek. xxvii. 11. What though I am not so well skilled in the Jewish modes and fashions, as to tell what kind of women's ornament the houses of the soul are, in Is. iii. 20. or what particular idols or Pagan deities Gad and Meni are, Is. lxxv. 11. or which of the Heathen gods is meant by Chiun or Remphan, Amos v. 26. Acts vii. 43. Some of the most learned expositors and critics have confessed their ignorance as to these places of scripture; particularly upon the last of them our profound antiquary, Selden, hath these despairing words: For my part I perceive my blindness to be such, that I can see nothing at all! And to the same purpose this admirable person speaks concerning several other passages in Scripture, as of Nisroc, Nergal, and other idols mentioned there, the origin and meaning of which names are hid from us. Many other reasons might be alledged of the real or seeming difficulty of some places, namely, the sublimity of the matter, the ambiguity and different significations of the words, the inadvertency of expositors, and sometimes their unskillfulness, and oftentimes their wilful

wilful designing to pervert the words, in order to the maintaining some opinions or practices which they adhere to. But no man of a sedate mind and reason can think, that the Scriptures themselves are disparaged by these difficulties and mistakes; for they are not arguments of the Scripture's imperfection, but of man's. Besides, these obscurities, which are accompanied with the various ways of rendering some expressions, and determining the sense, are no proof of the imperfection of this holy book, because in matters of faith and manners, which are the main things we are concerned in, and for which the Bible was chiefly writ, these writings are plain and intelligible. All necessary and fundamental points of religion are set down here in such expressions as are suitable to the capacities of the most simple and vulgar. God hath graciously condescended to the infirmities of the meanest and most unlearned by speaking to them in these writings after the manner of men, and by propounding the greatest mysteries in a familiar style and way. The Scripture, so far as it relates to our belief and practice, is very easy and plain, yea, much plainer than the glosses and comments upon it oftentimes are. In a word, most of the places of Scripture call not for an interpreter, but a practiser. As for other passages, which are obscure and intricate, but which are very few in respect of those that are plain, they were designed, as hath been already suggested, to employ our more inquisitive and elaborate thoughts, and to whet our industry in the studying of this holy volume; that at last, when we have the happiness of retrieving the lost sense of the words, and restoring them to their genuine meaning, we may the more prize our acquiescence which hath cost us some pains. Or, if after all our attempts we cannot reach the true meaning, we have reason to entertain reverend thoughts of those difficult texts of Scripture, and to persuade ourselves, that they are worthy of the divine Enditer, though our weak minds cannot comprehend them. If human authors delight to darken their writings sometimes, and it is accounted no blemish, surely we may conclude, that the mysteries of the sacred and inspired style are rather an enhancement than a diminution of its excellency. Shall we not think it fit to deal as fairly with the sacred code, as Socrates did with Heraclitus' writings, that is, not only

pronounce so much as we understand of them to be excellent and admirable, but believe also, that what we do not understand is so too? It is certainly an undeniable truth, that neither the wisdom of God, nor the credit of this inspired book, are impaired by any difficulties we find in it.

Edwards.

§ 192. *The Bible superior to all other books.*

In what other writings can we descry those excellencies which we find in the Bible? None of them can equal it in antiquity; for the first penman of the Sacred Scripture hath the start of all philosophers, poets and historians, and is absolutely the ancientest writer extant in the world. No writings are equal to these of the Bible, if we mention only the stock of human learning contained in them. Here linguists and philologists may find that which is to be found no where else. Here rhetoricians and orators may be entertained with a more lofty eloquence, with a choicer composure of words, and with a greater variety of style, than any other writers can afford them. Here is a book, where more is understood than expressed, where words are few, but the sense is full and redundant. No books equal this in authority, because it is the Word of God himself, and dictated by an unerring Spirit. It excels all other writings in the excellency of its matter, which is the highest, noblest, and worthiest, and of the greatest concern to mankind. Lastly, the Scriptures transcend all other writings in their power and efficacy.—

Wherefore, with great seriousness and importunity, I request the reader that he would entertain such thoughts and persuasions as these, that Bible-learning is the highest accomplishment, that this book is the most valuable of any upon earth, that here is a library in one single volume, that this alone is sufficient for us, though all the libraries in the world were destroyed.

Edwards.

§ 193. *All the religious knowledge in the world derived from Revelation.*

Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah; and our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find

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out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support. It is to take away the pillars from our faith, and prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model, and of his own materials. Reason is always striving, always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures. To apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

Dryden.

§ 194. *The weakness of Infidels, with the Unbeliever's Creed.*

The publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our ca-

chism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transfertation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of those volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was—Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater services to mankind by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?—As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprized at such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot king, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the gospel by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have indeed induced me to wish that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than that they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair

to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; for else, said he, how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts? In answer to this, a barber-surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lie; for he had sailed round the world with lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea he must have met with it. I know a brick-layer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade, than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the supper at Cana.

This affectation of free thinking among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toying at the ale-house, the good women, their wives, think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient that they are taught to believe themselves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heavens they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls; though, perhaps, our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions, which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here

throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathan; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Anonymous.

§ 195. *A moral demonstration of the truth of the Christian religion.*

This discourse, of all the disputables in the world, shall require the fewest things to be granted; even nothing but what was evident; even nothing but the very subject of the question, viz. That there was such a man as Jesus Christ; that he pretended such things, and taught such doctrines: for he that will prove these things to be from God, must be allowed that they were from something or other.

But this postulate I do not ask for need, but for order's sake and art; for what the histories of that age reported as a public affair, as one of the most eminent transactions of the world, that which made so much noise, which caused so many changes, which occasioned so many wars, which divided so many hearts, which altered so many families, which procured so many deaths, which obtained so many laws in favour, and suffered so many rescrites in the disfavour, of itself; that which was not

not done in a corner, but was thirty-three years and more in acting; which caused so many sects, and was opposed by so much art, and so much power that it might not grow, which filled the world with noise, which effected such great changes in the bodies of men by curing the diseased, and smiting the contumacious or the hypocrites, which drew so many eyes, and filled so many tongues, and employed so many pens, and was the care and the question of the whole world at that time, and immediately after; that which was consigned by public acts and records of courts, which was in the books of friends and enemies, which came accompanied and remarked with eclipses and stars and prodigies of heaven and earth; that which the Jews even in spite and against their wills confessed, and which the witty adversaries intending to overthrow, could never so much as challenge of want of truth in the matter of fact and story; that which they who are infinitely concerned that it should not be believed, or more, that it had never been, do yet only labour to make it appear not to have been divine: certainly, this thing is so certain that it was, that the defenders of it need not account it a kindness to have it presupposed; for never was any story in the world that had so many degrees of credibility, as the story of the person, life, and death, of Jesus Christ: and if he had not been a true prophet, yet that he was in the world, and said and did such things, cannot be denied; for even concerning Mahomet we make no question but he was in the world, and led a great part of mankind after him, and what was less proved we infinitely believe: and what all men say, and no man denies, and was notorious in itself, of this we may make further inquiries whether it was all that which it pretended; for that it did make pretences and was in the world, needs no more probation.

But now, whether Jesus Christ was sent from God and delivered the will of God, we are to take accounts from all the things of the world which were on him, or about him, or from him.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 196. *Considerations respecting the Person of Jesus Christ.*

I. Consider, first, his person: he was foretold by all the prophets: he, I say, for that appears by the event, and the correspondencies of their sayings to

this person: he was described by infallible characterisms, which did fit him, and did never fit any but him; for, when he was born, then was the fulness of time, and the Messiah was expected at the time when Jesus did appear, which gave occasion to many of the godly then to wait for him, and to hope to live till the time of his revelation: and they did so, and with a spirit of prophecy, which their own nation did confess and honour, glorified God at the revelation: and the most excellent and devout persons that were conspicuous for their piety did then rejoice in him, and confess him; and the expectation of him at that time was so public and famous, that it gave occasion to divers impostors to abuse the credulity of the people, in pretending to be the Messiah; but not only the predictions of the time, and the perfect Synchronisms, did point him out, but at his birth a strange star appeared, which guided certain Levantine princes and sages to the inquiry after him; a strange star, which had an irregular place and an irregular motion, that came by design, and acted by counsel, the council of the Almighty Guide, it moved from place to place, till it stood just over the house where the babe did sleep; a star, of which the Heathen knew much, who knew nothing of him; a star, which Chalcidius affirmed to have signified the descent of God for the salvation of man; a star, that guided the wise Chaldees to worship him with gifts (as the same disciple of Plato does affirm, and) as the holy Scriptures deliver; and this star could be no secret; it troubled all the country; it put Herod upon strange arts of security for his kingdom; it effected a sad tragedy accidentally, for it occasioned the death of all the little babes in the city, and voisinage of Bethlehem: but the birth of this young child, which was thus glorified by a star, was also signified by an angel, and was effected by the holy Spirit of God, in a manner which was in itself supernatural; a virgin was his mother, and God was his father, and his beginning was miraculous; and this matter of his birth of a virgin was proved to an interested and jealous person, even to Joseph, the supposed father of Jesus; it was affirmed publicly by all his family, and by all his disciples, and published in the midst of all his enemies, who by no artifice could reprove it; a matter so famous, that when it was urged as an argument to prove Jesus to be

be the Messias, by the force of a prophecy in Isaiah, "A Virgin shall conceive a Son," they who obstinately refused to admit him, did not deny the matter of fact, but denied that it was so meant by the prophet, which, if it were true, can only prove that Jesus was more excellent than was foretold by the prophets, but that there was nothing less in him than was to be in the Messias; it was a matter so famous, that the Arabian physicians, who can affirm no such things of their Mahomet, and yet not being able to deny it to be true of the holy Jesus, endeavour to alleviate and lessen the thing, by saying, It is not wholly beyond the force of nature, that a virgin should conceive; so that it was on all hands undeniable, that the mother of Jesus was a virgin, a mother without a man.

This is that Jesus, at whose presence, before he was born, a babe in his mother's belly also did leap for joy, who was also a person extraordinary himself, conceived in his mother's old age, after a long barrenness, signified by an angel in the temple, to his father officiating his priestly office, who was also struck dumb for his not present believing; all the people saw it, and all his kindred were witnesses of his restitution, and he was named by the angel, and his office declared to be the fore-runner of the holy Jesus; and this also was foretold by one of the old prophets; for the whole story of this divine person is a chain of providence and wonder, every link of which is a verification of a prophecy, and all of it is that thing which, from Adam to the birth of Jesus, was pointed at and hinted by all the prophets, whose words in him passed perfectly into the event.

This is that Jesus, who, as he was born without a father, so he was learned without a master: he was a man without age, a doctor in a child's garment, disputing in the sanctuary at twelve years old. He was a sojourner in Egypt, because the poor babe, born of an indigent mother, was a formidable rival to a potent King; and this fear could not come from the design of the infant, but must needs arise from the illustriousness of the birth, and the prophecies of the child, and the sayings of the learned, and the journey of the wise men, and the decrees of God; this journey and the return were both managed by the conduct of an angel

and a divine dream, for to the Son of God all the angels did rejoice to minister.

This blessed person, made thus excellent by his Father, and glorious by miraculous consignations, and illustrious by the ministry of heavenly spirits, and proclaimed to Mary and to Joseph by two angels, to the shepherds by a multitude of the heavenly host, to the wise men by a prophecy and by a star, to the Jews by the shepherds, to the Gentiles by the three wise men, to Herod by the doctors of the law, and to himself perfectly known by the inhabiting his human nature in the bosom and heart of God, and by the fulness of the Spirit of God, was yet pleased for thirty years together to live an humble, a laborious, a chaste and a devout, a regular and an even, a wife and an exemplar, a pious and an obscure life, without complaint, without sin, without design of fame, or grandeur of spirit, till the time came that the clefts of the rock were to open, and the diamond give its lustre, and be worn in the diadems of kings, and then this person was wholly admirable; for he was ushered into the world by the voice of a loud crier in the wilderness, a person austere and wise, of a strange life, full of holiness and full of hardness, and a great preacher of righteousness, a man believed by all the people that he came from God, one who in his own nation gathered disciples publicly, and (which amongst them was a great matter) he was the doctor of a new institution, and baptized all the country; yet this man, so great, so revered, so followed, so listened to by king and people, by doctors and by idiots, by Pharisees and Sadducees, this man preached Jesus to the people, pointed out the Lamb of God, told that he must increase, and himself from all that fame must retire to give him place; he received him to baptism, after having with duty and modesty declared his own unworthiness to give, but rather a worthiness to receive baptism from the holy hands of Jesus; but at the solemnity God sent down the Holy Spirit upon his holy Son, and by a voice from heaven, a voice of thunder (and God was in that voice) declared that this was his Son, and that he was delighted in him.

This voice from heaven was such, so evident, so certain a conviction of what it did intend to prove, so known and accepted as the way of divine revelation

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under the second temple, that at that time every man that desired a sign honestly, would have been satisfied with such a voice; it being the testimony, by which God made all extraordinaries to be credible to his people, from the days of Ezra, to the death of the nation; and that there was such a voice, not only then, but divers times after, was as certain, and made as evident, as things of that nature can ordinarily be made. For it being a matter of fact, cannot be supposed infinite, but limited to time and place, heard by a certain number of persons, and was as a clap of thunder upon ordinary accounts, which could be heard but by those who were within the sphere of its own activity; and reported by those to others, who are to give testimony, as testimonies are required, which are credible under the test of two or three disinterested, honest, and true men; and, though this was done in the presence of more, and oftener than once, yet it was a divine testimony but at first, but is to be conveyed by the means of men; and, as God thundered from heaven at the giving of the law (though that he did so, we have notice only from the books of Moses, received from the Jewish nation,) so he did in the days of the Baptist, and so he did to Peter, James, and John, and so he did in the presence of the Pharisees and many of the common people; and, as it is not to be supposed that all these would join their divided interests, for and against themselves, for the verification of a lie; so, if they would have done it, they could not have done it without reproof of their own parties, who would have been glad by the discovery only to disgrace the whole story. But, if the report of honest and just men so reputed, may be questioned for matter of fact, or may not be accounted sufficient to make faith, when there is no pretence of men to the contrary, besides, that we can have no story transmitted to us, no records kept, no acts of courts, no narratives of the days of old, no traditions of our fathers; so there could not be left in nature any usual instrument, whereby God could after the manner of men declare his own will to us, but either we should never know the will of Heaven upon earth, or it must be, that God must not only tell it once but always, and not only always to some men, but always to all men; and then, as there would be no use of history, or the honesty

of men, and their faithfulness in telling any act of God in declaration of his will, so there would be perpetual necessity of miracles, and we could not serve God directly with our understanding; for there would be no such thing as faith, that is, of assent without conviction of understanding, and we could not please God with believing, because there would be in it nothing of the will, nothing of love and choice; and that faith which is, would be like that of Thomas, to believe what we see or hear, and God should not at all govern upon earth, unless he did continually come himself; for thus, all government, all teachers, all apostles, all messengers would be needless, because they could not shew to the eye what they told to the ears of men; and it might as well be disbelieved in all courts and by all princes, that this was not the letter of a prince, or the act of a man, or the writing of his hand, and so all human intercourse must cease, and all senses, but the eye, be useless as to this affair, or else to the ear all voices must be strangers but the principal, if, I say, no reports shall make faith. But it is certain, that when these voices were sent from heaven and heard upon earth, they prevailed amongst many that heard them not, and disciples were multiplied upon such accounts; or else it must be that none, that did hear them, could be believed by any of their friends and neighbours; for, if they were, the voice was as effective at the reflex and rebound, as in the direct emission, and could prevail with them that believed their brother or their friend, as certainly as with them that believed their own ears and eyes.

I need not speak of the vast numbers of miracles which he wrought; miracles, which were not more demonstrations of his power, than of his mercy; for they had nothing of pompousness and ostentation, but infinitely of charity and mercy, and that permanent and lasting and often: he opened the eyes of the blind, he made the crooked straight, he made the weak strong, he cured fevers with the touch of his hand, and an issue of blood with the hem of his garment, and sore eyes with the spittle of his mouth and the clay of the earth; he multiplied the loaves and fishes, he raised the dead to life, a young maiden, the widow's son of Naim, and Lazarus, and cast out devils by the word of his mouth, which he could never do,

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but by the power of God. For Satan does not cast out Satan, nor a house fight against itself, if it means to stand long; and the devil could not help Jesus, because the holy Jesus taught men virtue, called them from the worshipping devils, taught them to resist the devil, to lay aside all those abominable idolatries by which the devil doth rule in the hearts of men: he taught men to love God, to fly from temptations to sin, to hate and avoid all those things of which the devil is guilty; for Christianity forbids pride, envy, malice, lying, and yet affirms, that the devil is proud, envious, malicious, and the father of lies; and therefore, wherever Christianity prevails, the devil is not worshipped, and therefore, he that can think that a man without the power of God could overturn the devil's principles, cross his designs, weaken his strength, baffle him in his policies, beset him and turn him out of possession, and make him open his own mouth against himself, as he did often, and confess himself conquered by Jesus, and tormented, as the oracle did to Augustus Cæsar, and the devil to Jesus himself; he, I say, that thinks a mere man can do this, knows not the weaknesses of a man, nor the power of an angel; but he that thinks this could be done by compact, and by consent of the devil, must think him to be an intelligence without understanding, a power without force, a fool and a sot to assist a power against himself, and to persecute the power he did assist, to stir up the world to destroy the Christians, whose Master and Lord he did assist to destroy himself; and, when we read that Porphyrius an Heathen, a professed enemy to Christianity, did say, *Ἰησοῦ τιμωμένῃ τις θεῶν δημοσίας ὠφιλίας ἐκ ἤσθελο*, that since Jesus was worshipped, the gods could help no man, that is, the gods which they worshipped; the poor baffled enervated dæmons: he must either think that the devils are as foolish as they are weak, or else, that they did nothing towards this declination of their power; and therefore that they suffer it by a power higher than themselves, that is, by the power of God in the hand of Jesus.

But, besides that God gave testimony from heaven concerning him, he also gave this testimony of himself to have come from God, because that "he did God's will;" for he that is a good man and lives, by the laws of God and of his nation, a life inno-

cent and simple, prudent and wise, holy and spotless, unproved and unsuspected, he is certainly by all wise men said in a good sense to be the son of God; but he who does well and speaks well, and calls all men to glorify and serve God, and serves no ends but of holiness and charity, of wisdom of hearts and reformation of manners, this man carries great authority in his sayings, and ought to prevail with good men in good things, for good ends, which is all that is here required.

But his nature was so sweet, his manners so humble, his words so wise and composed, his comportment so grave and winning, his answers so seasonable, his questions so deep, his reproof so severe and charitable, his pity so great and merciful, his preachings so full of reason and holiness, of weight and authority, his conversation so useful and beneficent, his poverty great but his alms frequent, his family so holy and religious, his and their employment so profitable, his meekness so incomparable, his passions without difference, save only where zeal or pity carried him on to worthy and apt expressions, a person that never laughed, but often wept in a sense of the calamities of others; he loved every man and hated no man, he gave counsel to the doubtful, and instructed the ignorant, he bound up the broken hearts, and strengthened the feeble knees, he relieved the poor, and converted the sinners, he despised none that came to him for relief, and as for those that did not, he went to them; he took all occasions of mercy that were offered him, and went abroad for more; he spent his days in preaching and healing, and his nights in prayers and conversation with God: he was obedient to laws and subject to princes, though he was the Prince of Judæa in right of his mother, and of all the world in right of his father; the people followed him, but he made no conventions; and when they were made, he suffered no tumults; when they would have made him a king, he withdrew himself; when he knew they would put him to death, he offered himself; he knew men's hearts, and conversed secretly, and gave answer to their thoughts and prevented their questions; he would work a miracle rather than give offence, and yet suffer every offence rather than see God his father dishonoured; he exactly kept the law of Moses, to which he came to put a period, and yet chose to

signify

signify his purpose only by doing acts of mercy upon their sabbath, doing nothing which they could call a breach of a commandment, but healing sick people, a charity, which themselves would do to beasts, and yet they were angry at him for doing it to their brethren.

In all his life, and in all his conversation with his nation, he was innocent as an angel of light; and when, by the greatness of his worth, and the severity of his doctrine, and the charity of his miracles, and the noises of the people, and his immense fame in all that part of the world, and the multitude of his disciples, and the authority of his sermons, and his free reproach of their hypocrisy, and his discovery of their false doctrines and weak traditions, he had branded the reputation of the vicious rulers of the people, and they resolved to put him to death, they who had the biggest malice in the world, and the weakest accusations, were forced to supply their want of articles against him by making truth to be his fault, and his office to be his crime, and his open confession of what was asked him to be his article of condemnation; and yet after all this they could not persuade the competent judge to condemn him, or to find him guilty of any fault, and therefore they were forced to threaten him with Cæsar's name, against whom then they would pretend him to be an enemy, though in their charge they neither proved, nor indeed laid it against him; and yet to whatsoever they objected he made no return, but his silence and his innocence were remarkable and evident, without labour and reply, and needed no more argument, than the sun needs an advocate to prove, that he is the brightest star in the firmament.

Well, so it was, they crucified him; and, when they did, they did as much put out the eye of heaven, as destroy the Son of God: for, when with an incomparable sweetness, and a patience exemplar to all ages of sufferers, he endured affronts, examinations, scorns, insolencies of rude ungentle tradesmen, cruel whippings, injurious, unjust, and unreasonable usages from those whom he obliged by all the arts of endearment and offers of the biggest kindness, at last he went to death, as to the work which God appointed him, that he might become the world's sacrifice, and the great example of holiness, and the instance of representing by what way the world was to be made happy (even by

sufferings and so entering into heaven;) that he might (I say) become the Saviour of his enemies, and the elder brother to his friends, and the Lord of Glory, and the fountain of its emanation. Then it was, that God gave new testimonies from heaven: the sun was eclipsed all the while he was upon the cross, and yet the moon was in the full; that is, he lost his light, not because any thing in nature did invest him, but because the God of nature (as a Heathen at that very time confessed, who yet saw nothing of this sad iniquity) did suffer. The rocks did rend, the veil of the temple divided of itself and opened the inclosures, and disparked the sanctuary, and made it pervious to the Gentiles eye; the dead arose, and appeared in Jerusalem to their friends, the Centurion and divers of the people smote their hearts, and were by these strange indications convinced that he was the Son of God. His garments were parted, and lots cast upon his inward coat, they gave him vinegar and gall to drink, they brake not a bone of him, but they pierced his side with a spear, looking upon him whom they had pierced; according to the prophecies of him, which were so clear, and descended to minutes and circumstances of his passion, that there was nothing left by which they could doubt whether this were he or no who was to come into the world: but after all this, that all might be finally verified, and no scruple left, after three days burial, a great stone being rolled to the face of the grave, and the stone sealed, and a guard of soldiers placed about it, he arose from the grave, and for forty days together conversed with his followers and disciples, and beyond all suspicion was seen of five hundred brethren at once, which is a number too great to give their consent and testimony to a lie, and, it being so publicly and confidently affirmed at the very time it was done, and for ever after urged by all Christians, used as the most mighty demonstration, proclaimed, preached, talked of, even upbraided to the gainfayers, affirmed by eye-witnesses, persuaded to the kindred and friends and the relatives and companions of all those five hundred persons who were eye-witnesses, it is infinitely removed from a reasonable suspicion; and at the end of those days was taken up into heaven in the sight of many of them, as Elias was in the presence of Elisha.

Now he, of whom all these things are true, must needs be more than a mere man;

man; and, that they were true, was affirmed by very many eye-witnesses, men, who were innocent, plain men, men that had no bad ends to serve; men, that looked for no preferment by the thing in this life; men, to whom their master told they were to expect not crowns and sceptres, not praise of men or wealthy possessions, not power and ease, but a voluntary casting away care and attendance upon secular affairs, that they might attend their ministry; poverty and prisons, trouble and vexation, persecution and labour, whippings and banishment, bonds and death; and for a reward they must stay till a good day came, but that was not to be at all in this world; and, when the day of restitution and recompense should come, they should never know till it came, but upon the hope of this and the faith of Jesus, and the word of God so taught, so conformed, they must rely wholly and forever.

Now let it be considered, how could matters of fact be proved better? and how could this be any thing, but such as to rely upon matters of fact? what greater certainty can we have of any thing that was ever done which we saw not, or heard not, but by the report of wise and honest persons? especially, since they were such whose life and breeding was so far from ambition and pompousness, that, as they could not naturally and reasonably hope for any great number of proselytes, so the fame that could be hoped for amongst them, as it must be a matter of their own procuring, and consequently uncertain, so it must needs be very inconsiderable, not fit to outweigh the danger and the loss, nor yet at all valuable by them whose education and pretences were against it? These we have plentifully. But if these men are numerous and united, it is more. Then we have more; for so many did affirm these things which they saw and heard, that thousands of people were convinced of the truth of them: but then, if these men offer their oath, it is yet more, but yet not so much as we have, for they sealed those things with their blood; they gave their life for a testimony; and what reward can any man expect, if he gives his life for a lie? who shall make him recompense, or what can tempt him to do it knowingly? but, after all, it is to be remembered, that as God hates lying, so he hates incredulity; as we must not believe a lie, so neither stop up our eyes and

ears against truth; and what we do every minute of our lives in matters of little and of great concernment, if we refuse to do in our religion, which yet is to be conducted as other human affairs are, by human instruments and arguments of persuasion, proper to the nature of the thing, it is an obstinacy, that is as contrary to human reason, as it is to divine faith.

These things relate to the person of the holy Jesus, and prove sufficiently that it was extraordinary, that it was divine, that God was with him, that his power wrought in him; and therefore that it was his will which Jesus taught, and God signed. But then if nothing of all this had been, yet even the doctrine itself proves itself divine, and to come from God.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 197. *Considerations respecting the doctrine of Jesus Christ.*

II. For it is a doctrine perfective of human nature, that teaches us to love God and to love one another, to hurt no man, and to do good to every man; it propines to us the noblest, the highest, and the bravest pleasures of the world; the joys of charity, the rest of innocence, the peace of quiet spirits, the wealth of beneficence, and forbids us only to be beasts and to be devils; it allows all that God and nature intended, and only restrains the excrescencies of nature, and forbids us to take pleasure in that which is the only entertainment of devils, in murders and revenges, malice and spiteful words and actions; it permits corporal pleasures, where they can best minister to health and societies, to conservation of families and honour of communities; it teaches men to keep their words, that themselves may be secured in all their just interests, and to do good to others, that good may be done to them; it forbids biting one another, that we may not be devoured by one another; and commands obedience to superiors, that we may not be ruined in confusion; it combines governments, and confirms all good laws, and makes peace, and opposes and prevents wars where they are not just, and where they are not necessary. It is a religion that is life and spirit, not consisting in ceremonies and external amusements, but in the services of the heart, and the real fruit of lips and hands, that is, of good words and good deeds; it bids us to do that to God which is agreeable to his excellencies,

cellencies, that is, worship him with the best thing we have, and make all things else minister to it; it bids us do that to our neighbour, by which he may be better: it is the perfection of the natural law, and agreeable to our natural necessities, and promotes our natural ends and designs: it does not destroy reason, but instructs it in very many things, and complies with it in all; it hath in it both heat and light, and is not more effectual than it is beautiful: it promises every thing that we can desire, and yet promises nothing but what it does effect; it proclaims war against all vices, and generally does command every virtue; it teaches us with ease to mortify those affections which reason durst scarce reprove, because she hath not strength enough to conquer; and it does create in us those virtues which reason of herself never knew, and after they are known, could never approve sufficiently: it is a doctrine, in which nothing is superfluous or burdensome; nor yet is there any thing wanting, which can procure happiness to mankind, or by which God can be glorified: and, if wisdom, and mercy, and justice, and simplicity, and holiness, and purity, and meekness, and contentedness, and charity, be images of God and rays of divinity, then that doctrine, in which all these shine so gloriously, and in which nothing else is ingredient, must needs be from God; and that all this is true in the doctrine of Jesus needs no other probation, but the reading the words.

For, that the words of Jesus are contained in the gospels, that is, in the writings of them, who were eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the actions and sermons of Jesus, is not at all to be doubted; for in every sect we believe their own records of doctrine and institution: for it is madness to suppose the Christians to pretend to be servants of the laws of Jesus, and yet to make a law of their own which he made not: no man doubts but that the Alcoran is the law of Mahomet, that the Old Testament contains the religion of the Jews; and the authority of these books is proved by all the arguments of the religion, for all the arguments persuading to the religion are intended to prove no other, than is contained in those books; and, these having been, for fifteen hundred years and more, received absolutely by all Christian assemblies, if any man shall offer to make a question of their authority, he must declare his reasons, for the disciples of the

religion have sufficient presumption, security and possession, till they can be reasonably disturbed; but, that now they can never be, is infinitely certain, because we have a long, immemorial, universal tradition that these books were written in those times, by those men whose names they bear, they were accepted by all churches at the very first notice, except some few of the later, which were first received by some churches, and then consented to by all; they were acknowledged by the same, and by the next age for genuine, their authority published, their words cited, appeals made to them in all questions of religion, because it was known and confessed that they wrote nothing but that they knew, so that they were not deceived; and to say, they would lie, must be made to appear by something extrinsecal to this inquiry, and was never so much as plausibly pretended by any adversaries, and it being a matter of another man's will, must be declared by actions, or not at all.

But, besides, the men, that wrote them, were to be believed, because they did miracles, they wrote prophecies, which are verified by the event, persons were cured at their sepulchres, a thing so famous that it was confessed even by the enemies of the religion: and, after all, that which the world ought to rely upon, is the wisdom and the providence, and the goodness of God; all which it concerned to take care that the religion, which himself so adorned and proved by miracles and mighty signs, should not be lost, nor any false writings be obtruded instead of true, lest, without our fault, the will of God become impossible to be obeyed.

But to return to the thing: all those excellent things, which singly did make famous so many sects of philosophers, and remarked so many princes of their sects, all them united, and many more, which their eyes, *ὀφθαλμοὶ σκοτεινοὶ*, dark and dim, could not see, are heaped together in this system of wisdom and holiness. Here, are plain precepts full of deepest mystery; here, are the measures of holiness and approaches to God described; obedience and conformity, mortification of the body, and elevations of the spirit, abstractions from earth, and arts of society, and union with heaven, degrees of excellencies, and tendencies to perfection, imitations of God, and conversations with him; these are the heights and descents, upon the plain grounds of
natural

natural reason, and natural religion; for there is nothing commanded but what our reason by nature ought to choose, and yet nothing of natural reason taught but what is heightened and made more perfect by the Spirit of God; and, when there is any thing in the religion, that is against flesh and blood, it is only when flesh and blood is against us, and against reason, when flesh and blood either would hinder us from great felicity, or bring us into great misery: to conclude, it is such a law, that nothing can hinder men to receive and entertain, but a pertinacious baseness and love to vice, and none can receive it but those who resolve to be good and excellent; and, if the holy Jesus had come into the world with less splendor of power and mighty demonstrations, yet, even the excellency of what he taught, makes him alone fit to be the master of the world.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 198. *Considerations respecting the effects, and the instruments, of Christ's religion.*

III. But then let us consider what this excellent person did effect, and with what instruments he brought so great things to pass. He was to put a period to the rites of Moses, and the religion of the temple, of which the Jews were zealous even unto pertinacy; to reform the manners of all mankind, to confound the wisdom of the Greeks, to break in pieces the power of the devil, to destroy the worship of all false gods, to pull down their oracles, and change their laws, and by principles wise and holy to reform the false discourses of the world.

But see what was to be taught, A trinity in the unity of the Godhead, $\tau\epsilon\iota\varsigma \epsilon\nu \kappa\alpha\iota \epsilon\nu \tau\epsilon\iota\varsigma$, that is the Christian arithmetic, Three are one, and one are three, so Lucian in his *Philopatris*, or some other, derides the Christian doctrine; see their philosophy. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* No: *Ex nihilo omnia*, all things are made of nothing; and a man-god and a god-man, the same person finite and infinite, born in time, and yet from all eternity the Son of God, but yet born of a woman, and she a maid, but yet a mother; resurrection of the dead, reunion of soul and body; this was part of the Christian physicks or their natural philosophy.

But then certainly 'their moral was easy and delicious.' It is so indeed, but not to flesh and blood, whose appetites it

pretends to regulate or to destroy, to restrain or else to mortify: "fasting and penance, and humility, loving our enemies, restitution of injuries, and self-denial, and taking up the cross, and losing all our goods, and giving our life for Jesus:" as the other was hard to believe, so this is as hard to do.

But for whom and under whose conduct was all this to be believed, and all this to be done, and all this to be suffered? Surely, for some glorious and mighty prince, whose splendor as far outshines the Roman empire, as the jewels of Cleopatra outshined the swaddling clothes of the babe at Bethlehem. No, it was not so neither. For all this was for Jesus, whom his followers preached; a poor babe, born in a stable, the son of a carpenter, cradled in a cratch, swaddled in poor clouts; it was for him whom they indeed called a God, but yet whom all the world knew, and they themselves said, was whipped at a post, nailed to a cross; he fell under the malice of the Jews his countrymen, and the power of his Roman lords, a cheap and a pitiful sacrifice, without beauty and without splendor.

The design is great, but does not yet seem possible; but therefore let us see what instruments the Holy Jesus chose, to effect these so mighty changes, to persuade so many propositions, to endear so great sufferings, to overcome so great enemies, to master so many impossibilities which this doctrine and this law from this Master were sure to meet withal.

Here, here it is that the Divinity of the power is proclaimed. When a man goes to war, he raises as great an army as he can to out-number his enemy; but, when God fights, three hundred men, that lap like a dog, are sufficient; nay, one word can dissolve the greatest army. He that means to effect any thing must have means of his own proportionable; and if they be not, he must fail, or derive them from the mighty. See then with what instruments the holy Jesus sets upon this great reformation of the world.

Twelve men of obscure and poor birth, of contemptible trades and quality, without learning, without breeding; these men were sent into the midst of a knowing and wise world, to dispute with the most famous philosophers of Greece, to out-wit all the learning of Athens, to out-preach all the Roman orators; to introduce into a newly-

settled empire, which would be impatient of novelties and change, such a change as must destroy all their temples, or remove thence all their gods: against which change all the zeal of the world, and all the passions, and all the seeming pretences which they could make, must needs be violently opposed: a change, that introduced new laws, and caused them to reverse the old, to change that religion under which their fathers long did prosper, and under which the Roman empire obtained so great a grandeur, for a religion, which in appearance was silly and humble, meek and peaceable, not apt indeed to do harm, but exposing men to all the harm in the world, abating their courage, blunting their swords, teaching peace and unactiveness, and making the soldiers arms in a manner useless, and untying their military girdle: a religion, which contradicted their reasons of state, and erected new judicatories, and made the Roman courts to be silent and without causes; a religion, that gave countenance to the poor and pitiful (but in a time when riches were adored, and ambition esteemed the greatest nobleness, and pleasure thought to be the chiefest good) it brought no peculiar blessing to the rich or mighty, unless they would become poor and humble in some real sense or other; a religion, that would change the face of things, and would also pierce into the secrets of the soul, and unravel all the intrigues of hearts, and reform all evil manners, and break vile habits into gentleness and counsel: that such a religion in such a time, preached by such mean persons, should triumph over the philosophy of the world, and the arguments of the subtle, and the sermons of the eloquent, and the power of princes, and the interest of states, and the inclinations of nature, and the blindness of zeal, and the force of custom, and the pleasures of sin, and the busy arts of the devil, that is, against wit, and power, and money, and religion, and wisdom, and fame, and empire, which are all the things in the world that can make a thing impossible; this, I say, could not be by the proper force of such instruments; for no man can span heaven with an infant's palm, nor govern wise empires with diagrams.

It were impudence to send a footman to command Caesar to lay down his arms, to disband his legions, and throw himself into Tyber, or keep a tavern next to Pompey's

theatre; but, if a sober man shall stand alone, unarmed, undefended, or unprovided, and shall tell that he will make the sun stand still, or remove a mountain, or reduce Xerxes's army to the scantling of a single troop, he that believes he will and can do this, must believe he does it by a higher power, than he can yet perceive; and so it was in the present transaction. For that the holy Jesus made invisible powers to do him visible honours, that his apostles hunted the daemons from their tripods, their navels, their dens, their hollow pipes, their temples, and their altars; that he made the oracles silent, as Lucian, Porphyry, Celsus, and other Heathens confess; that, against the order of new things, which let them be never so profitable or good do yet suffer reproach, and cannot prevail unless they commence in a time of advantage and favour; yet, that this should flourish like the palm by pressure, grow glorious by opposition, thrive by persecution, and was demonstrated by objections, argues a higher cause than the immediate instrument. Now how this higher cause did intervene, is visible and notorious: the apostles were not learned, but the holy Jesus promised that he would send down wisdom from above, from the father of spirits; they had no power, but they should be invested with power from on high; they were ignorant and timorous, but he would make them learned and confident, and so he did: he promised that in a few days he would send the Holy Ghost upon them, and he did so; after ten days they felt and saw glorious immision from heaven, lights of moveable fire sitting upon their heads, and that light did illuminate their hearts, and the mighty rushing wind inspired them with a power of speaking divers languages, and brought to their remembrances all that Jesus did and taught, and made them wise to conduct souls, and bold to venture, and prudent to advise, and powerful to do miracles, and witty to convince gainfayers, and hugely instructed in the scriptures, and gave them the spirit of government, and the spirit of prophecy.

This thing was so public, that at the first notice of it three thousand souls were converted on that very day, at the very time when it was done; for it was certainly a visible demonstration of an invisible power, that ignorant persons, who were never taught, should in an instant speak all the languages of the Roman empire; and indeed

deed this thing was so necessary to be so, and so certain that it was so, so public and so evident, and so reasonable, and so useful, that it is not easy to say whether it was the indication of a greater power, or a greater wisdom; and now the means was proportionable enough to the biggest end: without learning, they could not confute the learned world; but therefore God became their teacher: without power, they could not break the devil's violence; but therefore God gave them power: without courage, they could not contest against all the violence of the Jews and Gentiles; but therefore God was their strength, and gave them fortitude: without great caution and providence, they could not avoid the traps of crafty persecutors; but therefore God gave them caution, and made them provident, and, as Beseleel and Aholiab received the spirit of God, the spirit of understanding to enable them to work excellently in the Tabernacle, so had the apostles to make them wise for the work of God and the ministries of this diviner tabernacle, which God pitched, not man.

Immediately upon this, the apostles, to make a fulness of demonstration and an undeniable conviction, gave the spirit to others also, to Jews and Gentiles, and to the men of Samaria, and they spake with tongues and prophesied; then they preached to all nations, and endured all persecutions; and cured all diseases, and raised the dead to life, and were brought before tribunals, and confessed the name of Jesus, and convinced the blasphemous Jews out of their own prophets, and not only prevailed upon women and weak men, but even upon the bravest and wisest. All the disciples of John the Baptist, the Nazarenes and Ebionites, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, Sergius the president, Dionysius an Athenian judge, and Polycarpus, Justinus and Irenæus, Athenagoras and Origen, Tertullian and Clemens of Alexandria, who could not be such fools as, upon a matter not certainly true but probably false, to unravel their former principles, and to change their liberty for a prison, wealth for poverty, honour for disreputation, life for death, if by such exchange they had not been secured of truth and holiness and the will of God.

But, above all these, was Saul, a bold and a witty, a zealous and learned young man, who, going with letters to persecute the Christians of Damascus, was by a light

from heaven called from his furious march, reproved by God's angel for persecuting the cause of Jesus, was sent to the city, baptized by a Christian minister, instructed and sent abroad; and he became the prodigy of the world, for learning and zeal, for preaching and writing, for labour and sufferance, for government and wisdom; he was admitted to see the holy Jesus after the Lord was taken into heaven, he was taken up into Paradise, he conversed with angels, he saw unspeakable rays of glory; and besides that himself said it, who had no reason to lie, who would get nothing by it here but a conjugation of troubles, and who should get nothing by it hereafter if it were false; besides this, I say, that he did all those acts of zeal and obedience for the promotion of the religion, does demonstrate he had reason extraordinary for so sudden a change, so strange a labour, so frequent and incomparable sufferings; and therefore, as he did and suffered so much upon such glorious motives, so he spared not to publish it to all the world, he spake it to kings and princes, he told it to the envious Jews; he had partners of his journey, who were witnesses of the miraculous accident; and in his publication he urged the notoriousness of the fact, as a thing not feigned, not private, but done at noon-day under the test of competent persons; and it was a thing that proved itself, for it was effective of a present, a great, and a permanent change.

But now it is no new wonder, but a pursuance of the same conjugation of great and divine things, that the fame and religion of Jesus was with so incredible a swiftness scattered over the face of the habitable world, from one end of the earth unto the other; it filled all Asia immediately, it passed presently to Europe, and to the furthest Africans; and all the way it went it told nothing but an holy and an humble story, that he who came to bring it into the world, died an ignominious death, and yet this death did not take away their courage, but added much: for they could not fear death for that Master, whom they knew to have for their sakes suffered death, and came to life again. But now infinite numbers of persons of all sexes, and all ages, and all countries, came in to the Holy crucifix; and he that was crucified in the reign of Tiberius, was in the time of Nero, even in Rome itself, and in

Nero's family by many persons esteemed for a God; and it was upon public record that he was so acknowledged; and this was by a Christian, Justin Martyr, urged to the senate, and to the emperors themselves, who if it had been otherwise could easily have confuted the bold allegation of the Christian, who yet did die for that Jesus who was so speedily reputed for a God; the cross was worn upon breasts, printed in the air, drawn upon foreheads, carried on banners, put upon crowns imperial; and yet the Christians were sought for to punishments, and exquisite punishments sought forth for them; their goods were confiscate, their names odious, prisons were their houses, and so many kinds of tortures invented for them that Domitius Ulpianus hath spent seven books in describing the variety of tortures the poor Christian was put to at his first appearing; and yet, in despite of all this, and ten thousand other objections and impossibilities, whatsoever was for them made the religion grow, and whatsoever was against them made it grow; if they had peace, the religion was prosperous; if they had persecution, it was still prosperous; if princes favoured them, the world came in, because the Christians lived holily; if princes were incensed, the world came in, because the Christians died bravely. They sought for death with greediness, they desired to be grinded in the teeth of lions; and with joy they beheld the wheels and the bended trees, the racks and the gibbets, the fires and the burning irons, which were like the chair of Elias to them, instruments to carry them to heaven, into the bosom of their beloved Jesus.

Who would not acknowledge the divinity of this person, and the excellency of this institution, that should see infants to weary the hands of hangmen for the testimony of Jesus; and wise men preach this doctrine for no other visible reward, but shame and death, poverty and banishment? and hangmen converted by the blood of martyrs, springing upon their faces, which their impious hands and cords have strained through their flesh? Who would not have confessed the honour of Jesus, when he should see miracles done at the tombs of martyrs, and devils tremble at the mention of the name of Jesus, and the world running to the honour of the poor Nazarene, and kings and queens kissing the feet of the poor servants of Jesus?

Could a Jew fisherman and a publican effect all this, for the son of a poor maiden of Judea? can we suppose all the world, or so great a part of mankind, can consent by chance, or suffer such changes for nothing? or for any thing less than this? The son of the poor maiden was the Son of God: and the fishermen spake by a divine spirit; and they caught the world with holiness and miracles, with wisdom and power bigger than the strength of all the Roman legions. And what can be added to all this, but this thing alone to prove the divinity of Jesus? He is a God, or at least is taught by God, who can foretel future contingencies; and so did the holy Jesus, and so did his disciples.

Our blessed Lord, while he was alive, foretold that after his death his religion should flourish more than when he was alive: he foretold persecutions to his disciples; he foretold the mission of the Holy Ghost to be in a very few days after his ascension, which within ten days came to pass; he prophesied that the fact of Mary Magdalene, in anointing the head and feet of her Lord, should be public and known as the gospel itself, and spoken of in the same place; he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and the signs of its approach, and that it should be by war, and particularly after the manner of prophets, symbolically, named the nation should do it, pointing out the Roman eagles; he foretold his death, and the manner of it, and plainly before-hand published his resurrection, and told them it should be the sign to that generation, viz. the great argument to prove him to be the Christ; he prophesied that there should arise false Christs after him, and it came to pass to the extreme great calamity of the nation; and lastly, he foretold that his beloved disciple St. John should tarry upon the earth till his coming again, that is, to his coming to judgment upon Jerusalem; and that his religion should be preached to the Gentiles, that it should be scattered over all the world, and be received by all nations; that it should stay upon the face of the earth till his last coming to judge all the world, and that "the gates of hell should not be able to prevail against his church;" which prophecy is made good thus long, till this day, and is as a continual argument to justify the divinity of the author: the continuance of the religion helps to continue it, for it proves that it came from God,
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who foretold that it should continue; and therefore it must continue, because it came from God; and therefore it came from God, because it does and shall for ever continue according to the word of the holy Jesus.

But, after our blessed Lord was entered into glory, the disciples also were prophets. Agabus foretold the dearth that was to be in the Roman empire in the days of Claudius Casar, and that St. Paul should be bound at Jerusalem: St. Paul foretold the entering-in of Hereticks into Asia after his departure; and he and St. Peter and St. Jude, and generally the rest of the apostles, had two great predictions, which they used not only as a verification of the doctrine of Jesus, but as a means to strengthen the hearts of the disciples, who were so broken with persecution: the one was, that there should arise a sect of vile men, who should be enemies to religion and government, and cause a great apostacy, which happened notoriously in the sect of the Gnostics, which those three apostles and St. John notoriously and plainly do describe: and the other was, that although the Jewish nation did mightily oppose the religion, it should be but for a while, for they should be destroyed in a short time, and their nation made extremely miserable; but, for the Christians, if they would fly from Jerusalem and go to Pella, there should not a hair of their head perish: the verification of this prophecy the Christians extremely longed for, and wondered it stayed so long, and began to be troubled at the delay, and suspected all was not well, when the great proof of their religion was not verified; and, while they were in thoughts of heart concerning it, the sad catalysis did come, and swept away eleven hundred thousand of the nation; and from that day forward the nation was broken in pieces with intolerable calamities: they are scattered over the face of the earth, and are a vagabond nation, but yet, like oil in a vessel of wine, broken into bubbles but kept in their own circles; and they shall never be an united people, till they are servants of the holy Jesus; but shall remain without priest or temple, without altar or sacrifice, without city or country, without the land of promise, or the promise of a blessing, till our Jesus is their high Priest, and the Shepherd to gather them into his fold: and this very thing is a mighty demonstration against the Jews

by their own prophets; for when Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Malachi, had prophesied the rejection of the Jews and the calling of the Gentiles, and the change of the old law, and the introduction of a new by the Messias; that this was he, was therefore certain, because he taught the world a new law, and presently after the publication of this, the old was abrogate, and not only went into desuetude, but into a total abolition among all the world; and for those of the remnant of the scattered Jews who obstinately blaspheme, the law is become impossible to them, and they placed in such circumstances, that they need not dispute concerning its obligation; for it being external and corporal, ritual and at last made also local, when the circumstances are impossible, the law, that was wholly ceremonial and circumstantial, must needs pass away: and when they have lost their priesthood, they cannot retain the law, as no man takes care to have his beard shaved, when his head is off.

And it is a wonder to consider how the anger of God is gone out upon that miserable people, and that so great a blindness is fallen upon them; it being evident and notorious that the Old Testament was nothing but a shadow and umbrage of the New; that the prophecies of that are plainly verified in this; that all the predictions of the Messias are most undeniably accomplished in the person of Jesus Christ, so that they cannot with any plausibleness or colour be turned any other way, and be applied to any other person, although the Jews make illiterate allegations, and prodigious dreams, by which they have fooled themselves for sixteen hundred years together, and still hope without reason, and are confident without revelation, and pursue a shadow while they quit the glorious body; while, in the mean time, the Christian prays for his conversion, and is at rest in the truth of Jesus, and hath certain unexpressible confidences and internal lights, clarities of the Holy Spirit of God, and loves to the holy Jesus produced in his soul that he will die when he cannot dispute, and is satisfied and he knows not how, and is sure by comforts, and comforted by the excellency of his belief, which speaks nothing but holiness, and light and reason, and peace and satisfactions infinite, because he is sure that all the world can be happy if they would live by the religion of Jesus, and that neither societies of men nor single persons can have

felicity but by this ; and that therefore God, who so decrees to make men happy, hath also decreed that it shall for ever be upon the face of the earth, till the earth itself shall be no more. Amen.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 199. *Considerations on the weak Pretences of other Religions.*

IV. Now, if against this vast heap of things any man shall but confront the pretences of any other religion, and see how they fail both of reason and holiness, of wonder and divinity, how they enter by force, and are kept up by human interests, how ignorant and unholy, how unlearned and pitiful are their pretences; the darkneses of these must add great eminency to the brightness of that.

For the Jews religion, which came from heaven, is therefore not now to be practised, because it did come from heaven, and was to expire into the Christian, it being nothing but the image of this perfection: and the Jews needed no other argument but this. that God hath made theirs impossible now to be done; for he that ties to ceremonies and outward usages, temples and altars, sacrifices and priests, troublesome and expensive rites and figures of future signification, means that there should be an abode and fixt dwelling, for these are not to be done by an ambulatory people; and therefore, since God hath scattered the people into atoms and crumbs of society, without temple or priest, without sacrifice or altar, without Urim or Thummim, without prophet or vision, even communicating with them no way but by ordinary providence, it is but too evident, that God hath nothing to do with them in the matter of that religion; but that it is expired, and no way obligatory to them or pleasing to him, which is become impossible to be acted: whereas, the Christian religion is as eternal as the soul of a man, and can no more cease than our spirits can die, and can worship upon mountains and caves, in fields and churches, in peace and war, in solitude and society, in persecution and in sun-shine, by night and by day, and be solemnized by clergy and laity in the essential parts of it, and is the perfection of the soul, and the highest reason of man, and the glorification of God.

But for the Heathen religions, it is evidently to be seen, that they are nothing

but an abuse of the natural inclination which all men have to worship a God, whom because they know not, they guess at in the dark; for that they know there is and ought to be something that hath the care and providence of their affairs. But the body of their religion is nothing but little arts of governments, and stratagems of princes, and devices to secure the government of new usurpers, or to make obedience to the laws sure, by being sacred, and to make the yoke that was not natural, pleasant by something that is. But yet, for the whole body of it, who sees not, that their worshippings could not be sacred, because they were done by something that is impure? They appeased their gods with adulteries and impure mixtures, by such things which Cato was ashamed to see, by gluttonous eatings of flesh, and impious drinkings, and they did litare in humano sanguine, they sacrificed men and women and children to their demons, as is notorious in the rites of Bacchus Omesta amongst the Greeks, and of Jupiter, to whom a Greek and a Greekefs, a Galatian and a Galatefs, were yearly offered; in the answers of the oracles to Calchas, as appears in Homer and Virgil. Who sees not, that crimes were warranted by the example of their immortal gods; and that what did dishonour themselves, they sang to the honour of their gods, whom they affirmed to be passionate and proud, jealous and revengeful, amorous and lustful, fearful and impatient, drunken and sleepy, weary and wounded? that the religions were made lasting by policy and force, by ignorance, and the force of custom; by the preferring an inveterate error, and loving of a quiet and prosperous evil; by the arguments of pleasure and the correspondencies of sensuality; by the fraud of oracles, and the patronage of vices; and because they feared every change as an earthquake, as supposing overturnings of their old error to be the eversion of their well-established governments? And it had been ordinarily impossible that ever Christianity should have entered, if the nature and excellency of it had not been such as to enter like rain into a fleece of wool, or the sun into a window, without noise or violence, without emotion and disordering the political constitution, without causing trouble to any man but what his own ignorance or peevishness was pleased to spin out of his own bowels;

bowels; but did establish governments, secure obedience, made the laws firm, and the persons of princes to be sacred; it did not oppose force by force, nor strike princes for justice; it defended itself against enemies by patience, and overcame them by kindness; it was the great instrument of God to demonstrate his power in our weaknesses, and to do good to mankind by the imitation of his excellent goodness.

Lastly, he that considers concerning the religion and person of Mahomet; that he was a vicious person, lustful and tyrannical; that he propounded incredible and ridiculous propositions to his disciples; that it entered by the sword, by blood and violence, by murder and robbery; that it propounds sensual rewards, and allures to compliance by bribing our basest lusts; that it conserves itself by the same means it entered; that it is unlearned and foolish, against reason, and the discourses of all wise men; that it did no miracles, and made false prophecies; in short, that in the person that founded it, in the article it persuades, in the manner of prevailing, in the reward it offers, it is unholy and foolish and rude: it must needs appear to be void of all pretence; and that no man of reason can ever be fairly persuaded by arguments, that it is the daughter of God, and came down from heaven.

CONCLUSION.

Since therefore there is so nothing to be said for any other religion, and so very much for Christianity, every one of whose pretences can be proved, as well as the things themselves do require, and as all the world expects such things should be proved; it follows, that the holy Jesus is the Son of God; that his religion is commanded by God, and is that way by which he will be worshipped and honoured; and that "there is no other name under heaven by which we can be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus."

Bishop Taylor.

§ 200. *To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age.*

Gentlemen,

Suppose the mighty work accomplished, the cross trampled upon, Christianity every where proscribed, and the religion of nature once more become the religion of

Europe; what advantage will you have derived to your country, or to yourselves, from the exchange? I know your answer—you will have freed the world from the hypocrisy of priests, and the tyranny of superstition.—No; you forget that Lycurgus, and Numa, and Odin, and Mangocopac, and all the great legislators of ancient or modern story, have been of opinion, that the affairs of civil society could not well be conducted without some religion; you must of necessity introduce a priesthood, with, probably, as much hypocrisy; a religion, with, assuredly, more superstition, than that which you now reprobate with such indecent and ill-grounded contempt. But I will tell you, from what you will have freed the world; you will have freed it from its abhorrence of vice, and from every powerful incentive to virtue; you will, with the religion, have brought back the depraved morality, of Paganism; you will have robbed mankind of their firm assurance of another life; and thereby you will have despoiled them of their patience, of their humility, of their charity, of their chastity, of all those mild and silent virtues, which (however despicable they may appear in your eyes) are the only ones, which meliorate and sublime our nature; which Paganism never knew, which spring from Christianity alone, which do or might constitute our comfort in this life, and without the possession of which, another life, if after all there should happen to be one, must be more vicious and more miserable than this is, unless a miracle be exerted in the alteration of our disposition.

Perhaps you will contend, that the universal light of reason, that the truth and fitness of things, are of themselves sufficient to exalt the nature, and regulate the manners of mankind. Shall we never have done with this groundless commendation of natural law? Look into the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, and you will see the extent of its influence over the Gentiles of those days; or if you dislike Paul's authority, and the manners of antiquity; look into the more admired accounts of modern voyagers; and examine its influence over the Pagans of our own times, over the sensual inhabitants of Otahcitè, over the cannibals of New Zeland, or the remorseless savages of America. But these men are Barbarians.—Your law of nature, notwithstanding, extends even

to them:—but they have misused their reason;—they have then the more need of, and would be the more thankful for that revelation, which you, with an ignorant and fallacious self-sufficiency deem useless.—But, they might of themselves, if they thought fit, become wise and virtuous.—I answer with Cicero, *Ut nihil interest, utrum nemo valeat, an nemo valere possit; sic non intelligo quid interest, utrum nemo sit sapiens, an nemo esse possit.*

These, however, you will think, are extraordinary instances; and that we ought not from these, to take our measure of the excellency of the law of nature; but rather from the civilized states of China and Japan, or from the nations which flourished in learning and in arts, before Christianity was heard of in the world. You mean to say, that by the law of nature, which you are desirous of substituting in the room of the gospel, you do not understand those rules of conduct, which an individual, abstracted from the community, and deprived of the imitation of mankind, could excogitate for himself; but such a system of precepts, as the most enlightened men of the most enlightened ages, have recommended to our observance. Where do you find this system? We cannot meet with it in the works of Stobæus, or the Scythian Anacharsis; nor in those of Plato, or of Cicero, nor in those of the emperor Antoninus, or the slave Epictetus; for we are persuaded, that the most animated considerations of the *επισημον*, and the honestum, of the beauty of virtue, and the fitness of things, are not able to furnish, even a Brutus himself, with permanent principles of action; much less are they able to purify the polluted recesses of a vitiated heart, to curb the irregularities of appetite, or restrain the impetuosity of passion in common men. If you order us to examine the works of Grotius, or Puffendorf, of Burlamaqui, or Hutchinson, for what you understand by the law of nature; we apprehend that you are in a great error, in taking your notions of natural law, as discoverable by natural reason, from the elegant systems of it, which have been drawn up by Christian philosophers; since they have all laid their foundations, either tacitly or expressly, upon a principle derived from revelation. A thorough knowledge of the being and attributes of God: and even those amongst

yourself, who, rejecting Christianity, still continue Theists, are indebted to revelation (whether you are either aware of, or disposed to acknowledge the debt, or not) for those sublime speculations concerning the deity, which you have fondly attributed to the excellency of your own unassisted reason. If you would know the real strength of natural reason, and how far it can proceed in the investigation or enforcement of moral duties, you must consult the manners and the writings of those, who have never heard of either the Jewish or the Christian dispensation, or of those other manifestations of himself, which God vouchsafed to Adam and to the patriarchs, before and after the flood. It would be difficult perhaps any where, to find a people entirely destitute of traditional notices concerning a deity, and of traditional fears or expectations of another life; and the morals of mankind may have, perhaps, been no where quite so abandoned, as they would have been, had they been left wholly to themselves in these points: however, it is a truth, which cannot be denied, how much soever it may be lamented, that though the generality of mankind have always had some faint conceptions of God, and his providence; yet they have been always greatly inefficacious in the production of good morality, and highly derogatory to his nature, amongst all the people of the earth, except the Jews and Christians; and some may perhaps be desirous of excepting the Mahometans, who derive all that is good in their Koran from Christianity.

The laws concerning justice, and the reparation of damages, concerning the security of property, and the performance of contracts; concerning, in short, whatever affects the well-being of civil society, have been every where understood with sufficient precision; and if you choose to stile Justinian's code, a code of natural law, though you will err against propriety of speech, yet you are so far in the right, that natural reason discovered, and the depravity of human nature compelled human kind, to establish by proper sanctions the laws therein contained; and you will have moreover Carneades, no mean philosopher, on your side; who knew of no law, of nature, different from that which men had instituted for their common utility; and which was various according to the
manners

manners of men in different climates, and changeable with a change of times in the same. And in truth, in all countries where Paganism has been the established religion, though a philosopher may now and then have stepped beyond the paltry precept of civil jurisprudence, in his pursuit of virtue; yet the bulk of mankind have ever been contented with that scanty pittance of morality, which enabled them to escape the lash of civil punishment: I call it a scanty pittance; because a man may be intemperate, iniquitous, impious, a thousand ways a profligate and a villain, and yet elude the cognizance, and avoid the punishment of civil laws.

I am sensible, you will be ready to say, what is all this to the purpose? though the bulk of mankind may never be able to investigate the laws of natural religion, nor disposed to reverence their sanctions when investigated by others, nor solicitous about any other standard of moral rectitude, than civil legislation; yet the inconveniences which may attend the extirpation of Christianity, can be no proof of its truth.—I have not produced them, as a proof of its truth; but they are a strong and conclusive proof, if not of its truth, at least of its utility; and the consideration of its utility, may be a motive to yourselves for examining, whether it may not chance to be true; and it ought to be a reason with every good citizen, and with every man of sound judgment, to keep his opinions to himself, if from any particular circumstances in his studies or in his education he should have the misfortune to think that it is not true. If you can discover to the rising generation, a better religion than the Christian, one that will more effectually animate their hopes, and subdue their passions, make them better men, or better members of society, we importune you to publish it for their advantage; but till you can do that, we beg of you, not to give the reins to their passions, by instilling into their unsuspecting minds your pernicious prejudices: even now, men scruple not, by their lawless lust, to ruin the repose of private families, and to fix a stain of infamy on the noblest: even now, they hesitate not, in lifting up a murderous arm against the life of their friend, or against their own, as often as the fever of intemperance stimulates their resentment, or the satiety of an

useless life excites their despondency: even now, whilst we are persuaded of a resurrection from the dead, and of a judgment to come, we find it difficult enough to resist the solicitations of sense, and to escape unspotted from the licentious manners of the world: But what will become of our virtue, what of the consequent peace and happiness of society, if you persuade us, that there are no such things? in two words,—you may ruin yourselves by your attempt, and you will certainly ruin your country by your success.

But the consideration of the inutility of your design, is not the only one, which should induce you to abandon it; the argument a tuto ought to be warily managed, or it may tend to the silencing our opposition to any system of superstition, which has had the good fortune to be sanctified by public authority; it is, indeed, liable to no objection in the present case; we do not, however, wholly rely upon its cogency. It is not contended, that Christianity is to be received, merely because it is useful: but because it is true. This you deny, and think your objections well grounded; we conceive them originating in your vanity, your immorality, or your misapprehension. There are many worthless doctrines, many superstitious observances, which the fraud or folly of mankind have every where annexed to Christianity, (especially in the church of Rome) as essential parts of it; if you take these serry appendages to Christianity, for Christianity itself, as preached by Christ, and by the apostles; if you confound the Roman, with the Christian religion, you quite misapprehend its nature; and are in a state similar to that of men, (mentioned by Plutarch, in his treatise of superstition) who flying from superstition, leapt over religion, and sunk into downright atheism.—Christianity is not a religion very palatable to a voluptuous age; it will not conform its precepts to the standard of fashion; it will not lessen the deformity of vice by lenient appellations; but calls keeping, whoredom; intrigue, adultery; and duelling, murder; it will not pander the lust, it will not license the intemperance of mankind; it is a troublesome monitor to a man of pleasure; and your way of life may have made you quarrel with your religion.—As to your vanity, as a cause of your infidelity, suffer me

me to produce the sentiments of M. Bayle upon that head; if the description does not suit your character, you will not be offended at it; and if you are offended with its freedom, it will do you good. This inclines me to believe, that libertines, like Des-Barreaux, are not greatly persuaded of the truth of what they say. They have made no deep examination; they have learned some few objections, which they are perpetually making a noise with; they speak from a principle of ostentation, and give themselves the lie in the time of danger.—Vanity has a greater share in their disputes, than conscience; they imagine, that the singularity and boldness of the opinions which they maintain, will give them the reputation of men of parts:—by degrees, they get a habit of holding impious discourses; and if their vanity be accompanied by a voluptuous life, their progress in that road is the swifter.’

The main stress of your objections, rests not upon the insufficiency of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity; for few of you, though you may become the future ornaments of the senate, or of the bar, have ever employed an hour in its examination; but it rests upon the difficulty of the doctrines, contained in the New Testament: they exceed, you say, your comprehension; and you felicitate yourselves, that you are not yet arrived at the true standard of orthodox faith,—*credo quia impossibile*. You think, it would be taking a superfluous trouble, to enquire into the nature of the external proofs, by which Christianity is established; since, in your opinion, the book itself carries with it its own refutation. A gentleman as acute, probably, as any of you; and who once believed, perhaps, as little as any of you, has drawn a quite different conclusion from the perusal of the New Testament; his book (however exceptionable it may be thought in some particular parts) exhibits, not only a distinguished triumph of reason over prejudice, of Christianity over deism; but it exhibits, what is infinitely more rare, the character of a man, who has had courage and candour enough to acknowledge it.

But what if there should be some incomprehensible doctrines in the Christian religion; some circumstances, which in their causes, or their consequences, sur-

pass the reach of human reason; are they to be rejected upon that account? You are, or would be thought, men of reading, and knowledge, and enlarged understandings; weigh the matter fairly; and consider whether revealed religion be not, in this respect, just upon the same footing, with every other object of your contemplation. Even in mathematics, the science of demonstration itself, though you get over its first principles, and learn to digest the idea of a point without parts, a line without breadth, and a surface without thickness; yet you will find yourselves at a loss to comprehend the perpetual approximation of lines, which can never meet; the doctrine of incommensurables, and of an infinity of infinites, each infinitely greater, or infinitely less, not only than any finite quantity, but than each other. In physics, you cannot comprehend the primary cause of any thing; not of the light, by which you see; nor of the elasticity of the air, by which you hear; nor of the fire, by which you are warmed. In physiology, you cannot tell, what first gave motion to the heart; nor what continues it; nor why its motion is less voluntary, than that of the lungs; nor why you are able to move your arm, to the right or left, by a simple volition: you cannot explain the cause of animal heat; nor comprehend the principle, by which your body was at first formed, nor by which it is sustained, nor by which it will be reduced to earth. In natural religion, you cannot comprehend the eternity or omnipresence of the Deity; nor easily understand, how his presence can be consistent with your freedom, or his immutability with his government of moral agents; nor why he did not make all his creatures equally perfect; nor why he did not create them sooner: In short, you cannot look into any branch of knowledge, but you will meet with subjects above your comprehension. The fall and the redemption of human kind, are not more incomprehensible, than the creation and the conservation of the universe; the infinite author of the works of providence, and of nature, is equally inscrutable, equally past our finding out in them both. And it is somewhat remarkable, that the deepest inquirers into nature, have ever thought with most reverence, and spoken with most diffidence, concerning those things, which

in revealed religion, may seem hard to be understood; they have ever avoided that self-sufficiency of knowledge, which springs from ignorance, produces indifference, and ends in infidelity. Admirable to this purpose, is the reflection of the greatest mathematician of the present age, when he is combating an opinion of Newton's, by an hypothesis of his own, still less defensible than that which he opposes:—*Tous les jours que je vois de ces esprits-forts, qui critiquent les verités de notre religion, et s'en moquent même avec la plus impertinente suffisance, je pense, chetifs mortel! combien et combien des choses sur lesquels vous raisonnez si légèrement, sont elles plus sublimes, et plus élevés, que celles sur lesquelles le grand Newton s'égare si grossièrement.*

Plato mentions a set of men, who were very ignorant, and thought themselves supremely wise; and who rejected the argument for the being of a God, derived from the harmony and order of the universe, as old and trite; there have been men, it seems, in all ages, who in affecting singularity, have overlooked truth: an argument, however, is not the worse for being old; and surely it would have been a more just mode of reasoning, if you had examined the external evidence for the truth of Christianity, weighed the old arguments from miracles, and from prophecies, before you had rejected the whole account from the difficulties you met with in it. You would laugh at an Indian, who in peeping into a history of England, and meeting with the mention of the Thames being frozen, or of a shower of hail, or of snow, should throw the book aside, as unworthy of his further notice, from his want of ability to comprehend these phenomena.

In considering the argument from miracles, you will soon be convinced, that it is possible for God to work miracles; and you will be convinced, that it is as possible for human testimony to establish the truth of miraculous, as of physical or historical events; but before you can be convinced that the miracles in question are supported by such testimony as deserves to be credited, you must inquire at what period, and by what persons, the books of the Old and New Testament were composed; if you reject the account, without making this examination, you reject it from prejudice, not from reason.

There is, however, a short method of examining this argument, which may, perhaps, make as great an impression on your minds, as any other. Three men of distinguished abilities, rose up at different times, and attacked Christianity with every objection which their malice could suggest, or their learning could devise; but neither Celsus in the second century, nor Porphyry in the third, nor the emperor Julian himself in the fourth century, ever questioned the reality of the miracles related in the gospels. Do but you grant us what these men (who were more likely to know the truth of the matter, than you can be) granted to their adversaries, and we will very readily let you make the most of the magic, to which, as the last wretched shift, they were forced to attribute them. We can find you men, in our days, who from the mixture of two colourless liquors, will produce you a third as red as blood, or of any other colour you desire; et dicto citius, by a drop resembling water, will restore the transparency; they will make two fluids coalesce into a solid body; and from the mixture of liquors colder than ice, will instantly raise you a horrid explosion, and a tremendous flame: these, and twenty other tricks they will perform, without having been sent with our Saviour to Egypt to learn magic; nay, with a bottle or two of oil, they will compose the undulations of a lake; and by a little art, they will restore the functions of life to a man, who has been an hour or two under water, or a day or two buried in the snow: but in vain will these men, or the greatest magician that Egypt ever saw, say to a boisterous sea, "Peace, be still;" in vain will they say to a carcase rotting in the grave, "Come forth;" the winds and the sea will not obey them, and the putrid carcase will not hear them. You need not suffer yourselves to be deprived of the weight of this argument; from its having been observed, that the Fathers have acknowledged the supernatural part of Paganism; since the Fathers were in no condition to detect a cheat, which was supported both by the disposition of the people, and the power of the civil magistrate; and they were, from that inability, forced to attribute to infernal agency what was too cunningly contrived to be detected, and contrived for too impious a purpose, to be credited as the work of God.

With respect to prophecy, you may, perhaps, have accustomed yourselves to consider it, as originating in Asiatic enthusiasm, in Chaldean mystery, or in the subtle stratagem of interested priests; and have given yourselves no more trouble concerning the predictions of sacred, than concerning the oracles of Pagan history. Or, if you have ever cast a glance upon this subject, the dissensions of learned men concerning the proper interpretation of the revelation, and other difficult prophecies, may have made you rashly conclude, that all prophecies were equally unintelligible; and more indebted for their accomplishment, to a fortunate concurrence of events, and the pliant ingenuity of the expositor, than to the inspired foresight of the prophet. In all that the prophets of the Old Testament have delivered, concerning the destruction of particular cities, and the desolation of particular kingdoms, you may see nothing but shrewd conjectures, which any one acquainted with the history of the rise and fall of empires, might certainly have made: and as you would not hold him for a prophet, who should now affirm, that London or Paris would afford to future ages, a spectacle just as melancholy, as that which we now contemplate, with a sigh, in the ruins of Agrigentum or Palmyra; so you cannot persuade yourselves to believe, that the denunciations of the prophets against the haughty cities of Tyre or Babylon, for instance, proceeded from the inspiration of the Deity. There is no doubt, that by some such general kind of reasoning, many are influenced to pay no attention to an argument, which, if properly considered, carries with it the strongest conviction.

Spinoza said, That he would have broken his atheistic system to pieces, and embraced without repugnance the ordinary faith of Christians, if he could have persuaded himself of the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead; and I question not, that there are many disbelievers, who would relinquish their deistic tenets, and receive the gospel, if they could persuade themselves, that God had ever so far interfered in the moral government of the world, as to illumine the mind of any one man with the knowledge of future events. A miracle strikes the senses of the persons who see it, a prophecy addresses itself to the understandings of those

who behold its completion; and it requires, in many cases, some learning, in all some attention, to judge of the correspondence of events with the predictions concerning them. No one can be convinced, that what Jeremiah and the other prophets foretold of the fate of Babylon, that it should be besieged by the Medes; that it should be taken, when her mighty men were drunken, when her springs were dried up; and that it should become a pool of water, and should remain desolate for ever; no one, I say, can be convinced, that all these, and other parts of the prophetic denunciation, have been minutely fulfilled, without spending some time in reading the accounts, which profane historians have delivered down to us concerning its being taken by Cyrus; and which modern travellers have given us of its present situation.

Porphiry was so persuaded of the coincidence between the prophecies of Daniel and the events, that he was forced to affirm the prophecies were written after the things prophesied of had happened; another Porphyry has, in our days, been so astonished at the correspondence between the prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, as related by St. Matthew, and the history of that event, as recorded by Josephus; that, rather than embrace Christianity, he has ventured to assert (contrary to the faith of all ecclesiastical history, the opinion of the learned of all ages, and all the rules of good criticism) that St. Matthew wrote his Gospel after Jerusalem had been taken and destroyed by the Romans. You may from these instances perceive the strength of the argument from prophecy; it has not been able indeed to vanquish the prejudices of either the antient or the modern Porphyry; but it has been able to compel them both, to be guilty of obvious falsehoods, which have nothing but impudent assertions to support them.

Some over-zealous interpreters of scripture have found prophecies in simple narrations, extended real predictions beyond the times and circumstances to which they naturally were applied, and perplexed their readers with a thousand quaint allusions and allegorical conceits; this proceeding has made unthinking men pay less regard to prophecy in general; there are some predictions however, such as those

Concerning the present state of the Jewish people, and the corruption of Christianity, which are now fulfilling in the world; and which, if you will take the trouble to examine them, you will find of such an extraordinary nature, that you will not perhaps hesitate to refer them to God as their author; and if you once become persuaded of the truth of any one miracle, or of the completion of any one prophecy, you will resolve all your difficulties (concerning the manner of God's interposition, in the moral government of our species, and the nature of the doctrines contained in revelation) into your own inability fully to comprehend the whole scheme of divine providence.

We are told however, that the strangeness of the narration, and the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Testament, are not the only circumstances which induce you to reject it; you have discovered, you think, so many contradictions, in the accounts which the Evangelists have given of the life of Christ, that you are compelled to consider the whole as an ill-digested and improbable story. You would not reason thus upon any other occasion; you would not reject as fabulous the accounts given by Livy and Polybius of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, though you should discover a difference betwixt them in several points of little importance. You cannot compare the history of the same events as delivered by any two historians, but you will meet with many circumstances, which, though mentioned by one, are either wholly omitted or differently related by the other; and this observation is peculiarly applicable to biographical writings: But no one ever thought of disbelieving the leading circumstances of the lives of Vitellius or Vespasian, because Tacitus and Suetonius did not in every thing correspond in their accounts of these emperors; and if the memoirs of the life and doctrines of M. de Voltaire himself, were some twenty or thirty years after his death, to be delivered to the world by four of his most intimate acquaintance; I do not apprehend that we should discredit the whole account of such an extraordinary man, by reason of some slight inconsistencies and contradictions, which the avowed enemies of his name might chance to discover in the several narrations. Though we should grant you then, that the Evangelists had fallen into some trivial con-

traditions, in what they have related concerning the life of Christ; yet you ought not to draw any other inference from our concession, than that they had not plotted together, as cheats would have done, in order to give an unexceptionable consistency to their fraud. We are not however disposed to make you any such concession; we will rather shew you the futility of your general argument, by touching upon a few of the places, which you think are most liable to your censure.

You observe, that neither Luke, nor Mark, nor John have mentioned the cruelty of Herod in murdering the infants of Bethlehem; and that no account is to be found of this matter in Josephus, who wrote the life of Herod; and therefore the fact recorded by Matthew is not true. —The concurrent testimony of many independent writers concerning a matter of fact, unquestionably adds to its probability; but if nothing is to be received as true, upon the testimony of a single author, we must give up some of the best writers, and disbelieve some of the most interesting facts of ancient history.

According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, there was only an interval of three months, you say, between the baptism and crucifixion of Jesus; from which time, taking away the forty days of the temptation, there will only remain about six weeks for the whole period of his public ministry; which lasted however, according to St. John, at the least above three years. —Your objection fairly stated stands thus; Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in writing the history of Jesus Christ, mention the several events of his life, as following one another in continued succession, without taking notice of the times in which they happened; but is it a just conclusion from their silence, to infer that there really were no intervals of time between the transactions which they seem to have connected? Many instances might be produced from the most admired biographers of antiquity, in which the events are related, as immediately consequent to each other, which did not happen but at very distant periods: we have an obvious example of this manner of writing in St. Matthew; who connects the preaching of John the Baptist with the return of Joseph from Egypt, though we are certain, that the latter event preceded the former by a great many years.

John has said nothing of the institution of the Lord's supper; the other Evangelists have said nothing of the washing of the disciples' feet:—What then? are you not ashamed to produce these facts, as instances of contradiction? if omissions are contradictions, look into the history of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, or into the general history of M. de Voltaire, and you will meet with a great abundance of contradictions.

John, in mentioning the discourse which Jesus had with his mother and his beloved disciple, at the time of his crucifixion, says, that she, with Mary Magdalene, stood near the cross; Matthew, on the other hand, says, that Mary Magdalene and the other women were there, beholding afar off: this you think a manifest contradiction; and scornfully inquire, whether the women and the beloved disciple, which were near the cross, could be the same with those, who stood far from the cross:—It is difficult not to transgress the bounds of moderation and good manners, in answering such sophistry: what! have you to learn, that though the Evangelists speak of the crucifixion, as of one event, it was not accomplished in one instant, but lasted several hours? And why the women, who were at a distance from the cross, might not, during its continuance, draw near the cross; or from being near the cross, might not move from the cross, is more than you can explain to either us, or yourselves. And we take from you your only refuge, by denying expressly, that the different Evangelists, in their mention of the women, speak of the same point of time.

The Evangelists, you affirm, are fallen into gross contradictions, in their accounts of the appearances, by which Jesus manifested himself to his disciples, after his resurrection from the dead; for Matthew speaks of two, Mark of three, Luke of two, and John of four. That contradictory propositions cannot be true, is readily granted; and if you will produce the place, in which Matthew says, that Jesus Christ appeared twice, and no oftener, it will be further granted, that he is contradicted by John, in a very material part of his narration; but till you do that, you must excuse me, if I cannot grant, that the Evangelists have contradicted each other in this point; for to common understandings it is pretty evident, that if Christ

appeared four times, according to John's account, he must have appeared twice, according to that of Matthew and Luke, and thrice, according to that of Mark.

The different Evangelists are not only accused of contradicting each other, but Luke is said to have contradicted himself; for in his gospel he tells us, that Jesus ascended into heaven from Bethany; and in the Acts of the Apostles, of which he is the reputed author, he informs us, that Jesus ascended from Mount Olivet.—Your objection proceeds either from your ignorance of geography, or your ill will to Christianity; and upon either supposition, deserves our contempt: be pleased, however, to remember for the future, that Bethany was not only the name of a town, but of a district of Mount Olivet adjoining to the town.

From this specimen of the contradictions, ascribed to the historians of the life of Christ, you may judge for yourselves, what little reason there is to reject Christianity upon their account; and how sadly you will be imposed upon (in a matter of more consequence to you than any other) if you take every thing for a contradiction, which the uncandid adversaries of Christianity think proper to call one.

Before I put an end to this address, I cannot help taking notice of an argument, by which some philosophers have of late endeavoured to overturn the whole system of revelation: and it is the more necessary to give an answer to their objection, as it is become a common subject of philosophical conversation, especially amongst those, who have visited the continent. The objection tends to invalidate, as is supposed, the authority of Moses; by shewing, that the earth is much older, than it can be proved to be from his account of the creation, and the scripture chronology. We contend, that six thousand years have not yet elapsed, since the creation; and these philosophers contend, that they have indubitable proof of the earth's being at the least fourteen thousand years old; and they complain, that Moses hangs as a dead weight upon them, and blunts all their zeal for inquiry.

The Canonico Recuperio, who, it seems, is engaged in writing the history of mount Etna, has discovered a stratum of lava, which flowed from that mountain, according

According to his opinion, in the time of the second Punic war, or about two thousand years ago; this stratum is not yet covered with soil, sufficient for the production of either corn or vines; it requires then, says the Canon, two thousand years, at least, to convert a stratum of lava into a fertile field. In sinking a pit near Jaci, in the neighbourhood of Etna, they have discovered evident marks of seven distinct lavas, one under the other; the surfaces of which are parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth; now, the eruption, which formed the lowest of these lavas (if we may be allowed to reason, says the Canon, from analogy,) flowed from the mountain at least fourteen thousand years ago.—It might be briefly answered to this objection, by denying, that there is any thing in the history of Moses repugnant to this opinion concerning the great antiquity of the earth; for though the rise and progress of arts and sciences, and the small multiplication of the human species, render it almost to a demonstration probable, that man has not existed longer upon the surface of this earth, than according to the Mosaic account; yet, that the earth was then created out of nothing, when man was placed upon it, is not, according to the sentiments of some philosophers, to be proved from the original text of sacred scripture; we might, I say, reply, with these philosophers, to this formidable objection of the Canon, by granting it in its fullest extent; we are under no necessity, however, of adopting their opinion, in order to shew the weakness of the Canon's reasoning. For in the first place, the Canon has not satisfactorily established his main fact, that the lava in question, is the identical lava, which Diodorus Siculus mentions to have flowed from Etna, in the second Carthaginian war; and in the second place, it may be observed, that the time necessary for converting the lavas into fertile fields, must be very different, according to the different consistencies of the lavas, and their different situations, with respect to elevation or depression; to their being exposed to winds, rains, and to other circumstances; just as the time, in which the heaps of iron slag (which resembles lava) are covered with verdure, is different at different furnaces, according to the nature of the slag, and situation of the furnace; and something of this kind is deducible from

the account of the Canon himself; since the crevices of this famous stratum are really full of rich, good soil, and have pretty large trees growing in them.

But if all this should be thought not sufficient to remove the objection, I will produce the Canon an analogy, in opposition to his analogy, and which is grounded on more certain facts. Etna and Vesuvius resemble each other, in the causes which produce their eruptions, and in the nature of their lavas, and in the time necessary to mellow them into soil fit for vegetation; or if there be any slight difference in this respect, it is probably not greater than what subsists between different lavas of the same mountain. This being admitted, which no philosopher will deny, the Canon's analogy will prove just nothing at all, if we can produce an instance of seven different lavas (with interjacent strata of vegetable earth) which have flowed from mount Vesuvius, within the space, not of fourteen thousand, but of somewhat less than seventeen hundred years; for then, according to our analogy, a stratum of lava may be covered with vegetable soil, in about two hundred and fifty years, instead of requiring two thousand for the purpose. The eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, is rendered still more famous by the death of Pliny, recorded by his nephew, in his letter to Tacitus; this event happened in the year 79; it is not yet then quite seventeen hundred years, since Herculaneum was swallowed up: but we are informed by unquestionable authority, that the matter which covers the ancient town of Herculaneum, is not the produce of one eruption only; for there are evident marks, that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over that which lies immediately above the town, and was the cause of its destruction. These strata are either of lava or burnt matter, with veins of good soil betwixt them.—I will not add another word upon this subject; except that the bishop of the diocese, was not much out in his advice to Canonico Recupero—to take care, not to make his mountain older than Moses; though it would have been full as well, to have shut his mouth with a reason, as to have stopped it with the dread of an ecclesiastical censure.

You perceive, with what ease a little attention will remove a great difficulty; but

had we been able to say nothing, in explanation of this phenomenon, we should not have acted a very rational part, in making our ignorance the foundation of our infidelity, or suffering a minute philosopher to rob us of our religion.

Your objections to revelation, may be numerous; you may find fault with the account, which Moses has given of the creation and the fall; you may not be able to get water enough for an universal deluge; nor room enough in the ark of Noah, for all the different kinds of aerial and terrestrial animals; you may be dissatisfied with the command for sacrificing of Isaac, for plundering the Egyptians, and for extirpating the Canaanites; you may find fault with the Jewish economy, for its ceremonies, its sacrifices, and its multiplicity of priests; you may object to the imprecations in the Psalms, and think the immorality of David, a fit subject for dramatic ridicule; you may look upon the partial promulgation of Christianity, as an insuperable objection to its truth; and waywardly reject the goodness of God toward yourselves, because you do not comprehend, how you have deserved it more than others; you may know nothing of the entrance of sin and death into the world, by one man's transgression; nor be able to comprehend the doctrine of the cross and of redemption by Jesus Christ; in short, if your mind is so disposed, you may find food for your scepticism in every page of the Bible, as well as in every appearance of nature; and it is not in the power of any person, but yourselves, to clear up your doubts; you must read, and you must think for yourselves; and you must do both with temper, with candour, and with care. Infidelity is a rank weed; it is nurtured by our vices, and cannot be plucked up as easily as it may be planted: your difficulties, with respect to revelation, may have first arisen, from your own reflection on the religious indifference of those, whom, from your earliest infancy, you have been accustomed to revere and imitate; domestic irreligion may have made you willing hearers of libertine conversation; and the uniform prejudices of the world, may have finished the business at a very early age; and left you to wander through life without a principle to direct your conduct, and to die without hope. We are far from wishing you to trust the word of the clergy for the truth of your re-

ligion; we beg of you to examine it to the bottom, to try it, to prove it, and not to hold it fast unless you find it good. Till you are disposed to undertake this task, it becomes you to consider with great seriousness and attention, whether it can be for your interest to esteem a few witty sarcasms, or metaphysical subtleties, or ignorant misrepresentations, or unwarranted assertions, as unanswerable arguments against revelation; and a very slight reflection will convince you, that it will certainly be for your reputation, to employ the flippancy of your rhetoric, and the poignancy of your ridicule, upon any subject, rather than upon the subject of religion.

I take my leave with recommending to your notice, the advice which Mr. Locke gave to a young man, who was desirous of becoming acquainted with the doctrines of the Christian religion. 'Study the holy scripture, especially the New Testament: Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; Salvation for its end; and Truth without any mixture of error for its matter.'

Bishop Watson.

§ 201. *Mistakes in judging of the Scripture style, &c.*

The books of the Old Testament, which were written by the divine will and inspiration, were by the Jews of old usually divided into three several classes, whereof the first comprehended the five books of Moses; the second, all the prophets; and the third, those writings which they called Chetubim, the Greeks Hagiographa; or books that were written by holy men, but not with such fulness of spirit as to be ranked among the prophets. In this division they reckoned five books in the first class; eight in the second; and nine in the third; in all two-and-twenty; according to the number of the letters of their alphabet, and as fully comprehending all that was necessary to be known and believed, as the number of their letters did all that was requisite to be said or written; for in this method it is that they range them.

The books of Moses.	}	Genesis.
		Exodus.
		Leviticus.
		Numbers.
		Deuteronomy.

5.

Four books of the former prophets.	}	Joshua.
4.		Judges, and Ruth.
		Samuel 1. and 2.
		Kings 1. and 2.
Four books of the latter prophets.	}	Isaiah.
4.		Jeremiah, and his Lamentations.
		Ezekiel.
		The books of the 12 lesser prophets,
		King David's Psalms.
And the rest of the holy writers.	}	King Solomon's Proverbs.
9.		His Ecclesiastes.
		His Song of Songs.
		The book of Job.
		The book of Daniel.
		The book of Ezra and Nehemiah.
	The book of Esther.	
	The book of Chronicles 1. and 2.	

But be the books ever so genuine, and their tradition ever so certain, yet we cannot suppose them wrote by persons divinely inspired, so long as we see in them certain characters inconsistent with such a supposition. Surely the purest language, the most perfect style, the greatest clearness, the most exact method, the soundest reasoning, the man of apparent consistency, and, in a word, all the excellencies of good writing, might be expected in a piece composed or dictated by the Spirit of God; but books wherein we find the reverse of all this, it is idle, if not impious, to ascribe to the Deity.

I. One great mistake which the generality of readers run into, is, to judge of the composition of the Scripture, not from its original, but from its translations: for, besides that in ancient writings, such as the Bible is, there are allusions to many rites and customs that are now laid aside, and, for this reason, must needs seem flat or impertinent; which, when they were in use, had a great deal of spirit and propriety in them; and besides that the Hebrew, in particular, is a language of a peculiar cast, both in the contexture of its words, and the cadence of its periods, and contains certain expressions, whose emphasis can no more be translated into another language, than the water of a diamond can be painted, without detracting from the original: besides all this, I say, the translators themselves, sometimes by running into mistakes, and at all times by adhering too religiously to the letter of the text, have contributed not a little to make the style of the Sacred Writings appear less advantageous. For, whereas other

translators have taken a liberty to accommodate the beauties of the language whereinto they translate, to the idiotisms of that wherein their author wrote; these have thought themselves restrained from using such freedom in a divine composition; and have therefore left several Hebraic, and other foreign phrases in their version, which seem a little uncouth, and give the reader, who can look no farther, a very odd notion of the original: though it is certainly manifest, that the most elegant piece of oratory that ever was framed, if we render it literally, and not give it the true genius of the language whereunto we are admitting it, we lose all its beauty, and appear with the same disadvantage.

II. Another mistake that we run into, is, when we confine eloquence to any nation, and account that the only proof of it, which is accommodated to the present taste. We indeed, in these European countries, whose languages, in a great measure, are derived from Greek and Latin, make them the patterns for our imitation, and account them the standard of perfection: but there is no reason why the eastern nations, whose languages have no affinity with them, should do the same; much less is it reasonable to expect it in writers who lived long before these Greek or Latin authors, we so much admire, were born. It is sufficient for them that they wrote according to the fashionable, and esteemed eloquence of their own times: but that the Holy Ghost should inspire with certain schemes of speech, adapted to the modern taste, and such as were utterly unknown in the countries where they lived, is a thing

that can never enter into any sober man's consideration. The truth is, since Moses was bred up in all the refined learning and wisdom of the Egyptians; since Solomon was excellent in all kind of knowledge, and in a manner idolized by the eastern world; and since Daniel's promising youth was improved by the learning of the Chaldean fages; we have all the reason imaginable to believe, that they wrote according to the perfection of style which was then in use; that though their eloquence differs from ours, yet it is excellent in its kind; and that, if we have other notions of it, it is only because we are unacquainted with those bold allegories, and figurative ways of discourse; those dark sentences, surprising brevities, and unconnected transitions, wherein the nature of their true sublime did consist.

III. Another mistake we run into is, when we suppose that the critical rules of eloquence are any ways necessary in divine compositions. The design of God, in recording his laws, was to inform our understandings, to cure our passions, and rectify our wills; and if this end be but attained, it is no great matter in what form of diction the prescription be given. We never expect that a physician's receipt should be wrote in a Ciceronian style: and if a lawyer has made us a firm conveyance of an estate, we never inquire what elegancies there are in the writing. When, therefore, God intends to do us far greater things than these; when he is delivering the terms of our salvation, and prescribing the rules of our duty; why should we expect that he should insist on the niceties of style and expression, and not rather account it a diminution of his authority, to be elaborate in trifles, when he has the momentous issues of another life to command our attention, and affect our passions? In some of the greatest works of nature, God has not confined himself to any such order and exactness. The stars, we see, are not cast into regular figures; lakes and rivers are not bounded by straight lines; nor are hills and mountains exact cones or pyramids. When a mighty prince declares his will by laws and edicts to his subjects, is he, do we think, careful at all about a pure style, or elegant composition? Is not the phrase thought proper enough, if it conveys as much as was intended? And would not the fine strains of some modern critics be thought pedantic and affected on

such occasions? Why then should we expect in the Oracles of God an exactness that would be unbecoming, and beneath the dignity of an earthly monarch, and which bears no proportion or resemblance to the magnificent works of the creation? A strict observation of the rules of grammar and rhetoric, in elegant expressions, harmonious periods, and technical definitions and partitions, may gratify indeed some readers; but then it must be granted that these things have the air of human contrivance in them; whereas in the simple, unaffected, artless, unequal, bold, figurative style of the Holy Scriptures, there is a character singularly great and majestic, and what looks more like divine inspiration, than any other form of composition.

These observations being premised, if we should now consider the nature of eloquence in general, as it is defined by Aristotle to be a faculty of persuasion, which Cicero makes to consist in three things, instructing, delighting, and moving our readers or hearers mind, we shall find that the Holy Scriptures have a fair claim to these several properties.

For where can we meet with such a plain representation of things, in point of history, and such cogent arguments, in point of precept, as this one volume furnishes us with? Where is there an history written more simply and naturally, and at the same time more nobly and loftily, than that of the creation of the world? Where are the great lessons of morality taught with such force and perspicuity (except in the sermons of Christ, and the writings of the apostles) as in the book of Deuteronomy? Where is the whole compass of devotion, in the several forms of confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, vows, and praises, so punctually taught us, as in the book of Psalms? Where are the rules of wisdom and prudence so convincingly laid down, as in the Proverbs of Solomon, and the choice sentences of Ecclesiastes? Where is vice and impiety of all kinds more justly displayed, and more fully confuted, than in the threats and admonitions of the prophets? And what do the little warmths, which may be raised in the fancy by an artificial composure and vehemence of style, signify in comparison of those strong impulses and movements which the Holy Scriptures make upon good men's souls, when they represent the fright-
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ful justice of an angry God to stubborn offenders, and the bowels of his compassion, and unspeakable kindness, to all true penitents and faithful servants?

The Holy Scripture indeed has none of those stately ornaments of speech, where-with human compositions so plentifully abound; but then it has a sufficient stock of real and peculiar beauties to recommend it. To give one instance for all out of the history of Joseph and his family: the whole relation indeed is extremely natural: but the manner of his discovering himself to his brethren is inimitable. "And Joseph could no longer refrain himself—but, lifting up his voice with tears, said—I am Joseph—doth my father yet live?—And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said to his brethren, come near me, I pray you: and they came near, and he said I am Joseph—your brother—whom ye sold into Egypt." Nothing certainly can be a more lively description of Joseph's tender respect for his father, and love for his brethren: and, in like manner, when his brethren returned, and told their father in what splendor and glory his son Joseph lived, it is said, "that Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; but when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent for him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Israel said, it is enough—Joseph my son is yet alive—I will go—and see him—before I die." Here is such a contrast of different passions, of utter despondency, dawning hope, and confirmed faith, triumphant joy, and paternal affection, as no orator in the world could express more movingly, in a more easy manner, or shorter compass of words.

Nay more, had I leisure to gratify the curious, I might easily shew, that those very figures and schemes of speech, which are so much admired in profane authors, as their great beauties and ornaments, are no where more conspicuous than in the sacred.

One figure, for instance, esteemed very florid among the masters of art, is, when all the members of a period begin with the same word. The figure is called anaphora; and yet (if I mistake not) the 15th psalm affords us a very beautiful passage of this kind. "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly; he that back-biteth not with his

tongue; he that maketh much of them that fear the Lord; he that sweareth to his hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that does these things shall never be moved."

The ancient orators took a great deal of pride in ranging finely their antitheta. Cicero is full of this, and uses it many times to a degree of affectation; and yet I cannot find any place wherein he has surpassed that passage of the prophet. "He that killeth an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood." But above all other figures, that whereon poets and orators love chiefly to dwell, is the hypotyposis, or lively description; and yet we shall hardly find in the best classic authors, any thing comparable, in this regard, to the Egyptians' destruction in the Red Sea, related in the song of Moses and Miriam; to the description of the Leviathan in Job; to the descent of God, and a storm at sea in the Psalmist; to the intrigues of an adulterous woman in the Proverbs; to the pride of the Jewish ladies in Isaiah; and to the plague of locusts in Joel; which is represented like the ravaging of a country; and storming a city by an army: "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, and nothing shall escape them. Before their face people shall be pained; all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every one in his way, and they shall not break their ranks. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter into the windows as a thief." The description is more remarkable, because the analogy is carried quite throughout without straining, and the whole processes of a conquering army in the manner of their march, their destroying the provision, and burning the country, in their scaling the walls, breaking into houses, and running about the vanquished city, are fully delineated and set before our eyes.

From these few examples (for it would be endless to proceed in instances of this kind) it appears, that the Holy Bible is far from being defective in point of eloquence; and (what is a peculiar commendation of it) its style is full of a grateful

variety; sometimes majestic as becomes that "high and holy one who inhabiteth eternity;" sometimes so low as to answer the other part of his character, "who dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit;" and, at all times so proper, and adapted so well to the several subjects it treats of, that whoever considers it attentively will perceive, in the narrative parts of it, a strain so simple and unaffected; in the prophetic and devotional, something so animated and sublime; and in the doctrinal and preceptive, such an air of dignity and authority, as seems to speak its original divine.

We allow indeed, that method is an excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but then we affirm, that it is an art of modern invention in comparison to the times when the sacred penmen wrote, and incompatible with the manner of writing which was then in vogue. We indeed in Europe, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from Greece, can hardly read any thing with pleasure that is not digested into order, and sorted under proper heads; but the eastern nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by methodical limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind, as much as we do a school-boy's theme, with all the formalities of its exordiums, ratios, and confirmations. And, if this was no precedent for other nations, much less can we think, that God Almighty's methods ought to be confined to human laws, which, being designed for the narrowness of our conceptions, might be improper and injurious to his, whose "thoughts are as far above ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth."

The truth is, inspiration is, in some measure, the language of another world, and carries in it the reasoning of spirits, which, without controversy, is vastly different from ours. We indeed, to make things lie plain before our understandings, are forced to sort them out into distinct partitions, and consider them by little and little, that so at last, by gradual advances, we may come to a tolerable conception of them; but this is no argument for us to think that pure spirits do reason after this manner. Their understandings are quick and intuitive: they see the whole compass of rational inferences at once; and have no need of those little methodical distinc-

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tions which oftentimes help the imperfection of our intellects. Now, though we do not assert, that the language of the Holy Scriptures is an exact copy of the reasoning of the spiritual world; yet, since they came by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it is but reasonable to expect that they should preserve some small relish of it; as books translated into another tongue always retain some marks of their originals. And hence it comes to pass, that though the Holy Ghost does vouchsafe to speak in the language of men, yet, in his divine compositions, there are some traces to be found of that bold and unlimited ratiocination which is peculiar to the heavenly inhabitants, whose noble and flaming thoughts are never clogged with the cold and jejune laws of human method.

Stackhouse.

§ 202. *A Prayer or Psalm.*

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 acknowledgedst the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and 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 hath walked before thee; remember what I have first fought, 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. This 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 her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine 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 displeasures, 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 temples.

Thousands.

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 an unquenched coal 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 a 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 mis-spent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may 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 into thy bosom, or guide me into thy ways.

Lord Bacon.

§ 203. *The doctrine of Christ a doctrine of truth and simplicity.*

The Gospel of Christ, as taught by himself and his apostles, in its original plainness and purity, is a doctrine of truth and simplicity, a doctrine so easy to be understood, so reasonable to be practised, so agreeable to the natural notions and reason of mankind, so beneficial in its effects, if men were really governed by it; teaching them nothing but the worship of the true God, through the mediation of Christ; and towards each other, justice, righteousness, meekness, charity, and universal good-will; in expectation of a future judgment, and of a lasting state of happiness in a better world, for them who love God and keep his commandments;

this doctrine of Christ, I say, in its native simplicity and purity, is so reasonable, so excellent, and of such irrefutable evidence, that had it never been corrupted by superstitions from within, it never could have been opposed by power from without; but it must of necessity have captivated mankind to the obedience of faith; 'till the knowledge of the Lord had filled the earth, as the waters cover the sea.—

Whatever difficulties there may be in some of the historical, or prophetic, or controversial parts of the books of Scripture, yet as to the practical part, the duties required of a Christian in order to salvation, there is no man that ever read the sermons of Christ and his apostles, or ever heard them read, but understood perfectly well what our Saviour meant by commanding us to worship the one true God of nature, the Author and Lord of the universe, and to do to all men as we would they should do to us; and that, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;" in expectation of being righteously and impartially adjudged, according to our works, to a state of happiness or misery in the world to come; by our Saviour himself, our merciful and compassionate judge. There never was any man in the christian world, but felt the reasonableness and importance of this doctrine; and, whenever these things have been repeated to him, was immediately conscious to himself, either of having followed or transgressed these precepts.

Dr. Clark.

§ 204. *On the superiority of Sacred History and Christian Philosophy.*

In the histories which have been left us by men, we see nothing but the agency of man. They are men who obtain the victories, who take towns, who subdue kingdoms, who dethrone sovereigns, to elevate themselves to the supreme power: God appears in no part, men are the sole actors of all these things. But in the history of the Holy Books it is God alone who performs the whole; God alone causeth kings to reign, placeth them upon their thrones, or deposeth them again. It is God alone who opposeth the enemy, who sacks towns, who disposeth of kingdoms and empires, who giveth peace or exciteth war: God alone appeareth in this Sacred History: it is he, if I may so speak, who is the sole hero. The kings and the conquerors of

the earth appear but as the ministers of his will. In short, these Divine Books unfold the ways of Providence. God, who conceals himself in the other events recorded in our histories, seems to reveal himself in these: and it is in this book alone that we ought to learn to read the other histories which men have left us.

The Holy Books which have preserved religion to our times, contain the first monuments of the origin of things. They are more ancient than all the fabulous productions of the human mind, which have since, in so melancholy a manner, amused the credulity of the following ages. And as error always springs from truth, and is a corrupt imitation of it, it is in the principal actions of this Divine History, that the fables of Paganism find their foundation; so that one may say, there is no error which pays not thereby homage to the antiquity and authority of our Sacred Writings.

The sincerity of Moses appears in the simplicity of his history. He used no precautions to gain credit, because he supposes those for whom he wrote were not destitute of faith, and because he relates none but facts which were publicly known, to preserve the memory of them rather among their descendants, than to instruct that generation in the nature of them.

He concealeth not in a mysterious manner the holy books from the people, lest they should discover the falsehood of them, like as the vain oracles of the Sybils were laid up with care in the Capitol, which was built to keep up the pride of the Romans, exposed to the eyes of the priests alone, and produced from time to time by fragments to justify to the minds of the people, either a dangerous enterprise, or an unjust war. Here the prophetic books were daily read by a whole people; the young and old, the women and children, the priests and the common people, the kings and subjects, were bound without ceasing to have them in their hands; every one had right to study their duty, and to discover their hopes there. Far from flattering their pride, they declared fully the ingratitude of their fathers; they announced in every page their misfortunes to be the just chastisement of their crimes; they reproached kings with their lewdness; priests with their injustice; the great with their profusion; the people with their inconstancy and infidelity, and this notwithstanding these holy books

were dear to them; and by the oracles which they saw there to be accomplished every day, they waited with confidence the fulfilment of those of which all the world at this day are the witnesses.—

There is a nobleness, and an elevation in the maxims of the Gospel, to which mean and grovelling minds cannot attain. The religion which forms great souls, appears to be made only for them: and in order to be great, or to become so, there is a necessity of being a Christian.—

Philosophy discovered the shame of the passions; but she did not teach how to conquer them: her pompous precepts were rather the eulogium of virtue, than the remedy of vice. It was even necessary for the glory and triumph of religion, that the greatest geniusses, and all the power of human reason should have exhausted themselves, in order to render men virtuous. If the Socrateses and the Platos, had not been teachers of the world before Jesus Christ, and had not in vain attempted to regulate manners, and correct men by the sole force of reason, man might have been able to do honour by his virtue to the superiority of reason, or the beauty of virtue itself: but these preachers of wisdom did not make wise men; and it was necessary that the vain efforts of philosophy should prepare new triumphs for grace.

In short, it was religion, which exhibited to the world the true wise man, so long since announced to us, by all the pomp and parade of human reason. She has not limited all her glory, like philosophy, to the essay of hardly forming one sage in a century amongst men: she hath peopled with them cities, empires, desarts; and the whole universe has been to her another Lycæum, where in the midst of public places she hath preached wisdom to all mankind. It is not only amongst the most polite nations that she hath chosen her wise men: the Greek and Barbarian, the Roman and Scythian, have been equally called to her divine philosophy: it is not only for the learned that she hath reserved the sublime knowledge of her mysteries; the simple have prophesied as well as the sage; and the ignorant themselves have become her doctors and apostles. It was necessary that the true wisdom should become the wisdom of all men.

But further still: her doctrine was foolishness in appearance; and yet, the philosophers submitted their proud reason to this holy folly: she announced nothing but crosses

crosses and sufferings; and yet the Cæsars became her disciples. She alone came to teach mankind that chastity, humility, temperance might be seated on the throne, and that the seat of the passions and of pleasures, might become the seat of virtue and innocence. What a glory was this for religion. *Massillon, Bishop of Clermont.*

§ 205. *The Light of Reason imperfect.*

If the glorious light of the Gospel be sometimes overcast with clouds of doubt, so is the light of our reason too. But shall we deprive ourselves of the advantage of either, because those clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? Shall we obstinately and forwardly shut our eyes against that day-spring from on high that has visited us, because we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? Indeed, not even in heaven itself, not in the highest state of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counsels of Providence, all the height and the depth of the infinite wisdom of God, be ever disclosed or understood. Faith, even then, will be necessary; and there will be mysteries which cannot be penetrated by the most exalted archangel, and truths which cannot be known by him otherwise than from revelation, or believed upon any other ground of assent than a submissive confidence in the divine wisdom. What, then, shall man presume that his weak and narrow understanding is sufficient to guide him into all truth, without any deed of revelation or faith? Shall he complain that the ways of God are not like his ways, and past his finding out? True philosophy, as well as true Christianity, would teach us a wiser and modeſter part. It would teach us to be content within those bounds which God has assigned to us, "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." *Lord Littleton.*

§ 206. *The simplicity of the Sacred Writers.*

I cannot forbear taking notice of one other mark of integrity which appears in all the compositions of the sacred writers, and particularly the Evangelists; and that is, the simple, unaffected, unornamental, and unostentatious manner, in which they deliver truths so important and sublime, and facts so magnificent and wonderful, as are capable, one would think, of

lighting up a flame of oratory, even in the dullest and coldest breasts. They speak of an angel descending from heaven to foretell the miraculous conception of Jesus; of another proclaiming his birth, attended by a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, "and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men;" of his star appearing in the East; of angels ministering to him in the wilderness; of his glory in the mount; of a voice twice heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son;" of innumerable miracles performed by him, and by his disciples in his name; of his knowing the thoughts of men; of his foretelling future events; of prodigies accompanying his crucifixion and death; of an angel descending in terrors, opening his sepulchre, and frightening away the soldiers who were set to guard it; of his rising from the dead, ascending into heaven, and pouring down, according to his promise, the various and miraculous gifts of the Holy Spirit upon his apostles and disciples. All these amazing incidents do these inspired historians relate nakedly and plainly, without any of the colourings and heightenings of rhetoric, or so much as a single note of admiration; without making any comment or remark upon them, or drawing from them any conclusion in honour either of their master or themselves, or to the advantage of the religion they preached in his name; but contenting themselves with relating the naked truth, whether it seems to make for them or against them; without either magnifying on the one hand, or palliating on the other, they leave their cause to the unbiassed judgment of mankind, seeking, like genuine apostles of the Lord of truth, to convince rather than to persuade; and therefore coming, as St. Paul speaks of his preaching, "not with excellency of speech,—not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but with demonstration of the Spirit, and of power, that," adds he, "your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." And let it be remembered that he, who speaks this, wanted not learning, art or eloquence, as is evident from his speeches recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and from the testimony of that great critic Longinus, who, in reckoning up the Grecian orators, places among them Paul of Tarsus; and surely, had they been left solely to the suggestions and guidance of human wisdom,

wisdom, they would not have failed to lay hold on such topics, as the wonders of their master's life, and the transcendent purity and perfection of the noble, generous, benevolent morality contained in his precepts, furnished them with. These topics, I say, greater than ever Tully, or Demosthenes, or Plato, were possessed of, mere human wisdom would doubtless have prompted them to make use of, in order to recommend, in the strongest manner, the religion of Jesus Christ to mankind, by turning their attention to the divine part of his character, and hiding, as it were, in a blaze of heavenly light and glory, his infirmities, his sufferings, and his death. And had they upon such topics as these, and in such a cause, called into their assistance all the arts of composition, rhetoric, and logic, who would have blamed them for it? Not those persons, I presume, who, dazzled and captivated with the glittering ornaments of human wisdom, make a mock at the simplicity of the Gospel, and think it wit to ridicule the style and language of the Holy Scriptures. But the all-wise Spirit of God, by whom these sacred writers were guided into all truth, thought fit to direct or permit them to proceed in a different method; a method, however, very analogous to that, in which he hath been pleased to reveal himself to us in the great book of nature, the stupendous frame of the universe; all whose wonders he hath judged it sufficient to lay before us in silence, and expects from our observations the proper comments and deductions, which, having endued us with reason, he hath enabled us to make. And though a careless and superficial spectator may fancy he perceives even in this fair volume many inconsistencies, defects, and superfluities; yet to a diligent, unprejudiced, and rational enquirer, who will take pains to examine the laws, consider and compare the several parts, and regard their use and tendency, with reference to the whole design of this amazing structure, as far as his short abilities can carry him, there will appear, in those instances which he is capable of knowing, such evident characters of wisdom, goodness, and power, as will leave him no room to doubt of their author, or to suspect that in those particulars which he hath not examined, or to a thorough knowledge of which he cannot perhaps attain, there is nothing but folly, weakness, and malignity. The same thing might be said of the written book, the second vo-

lume, if I may so speak, of the revelation of God, the Holy Scriptures. For as in the first, so also in this are there many passages, that to a cursory, unobserving reader appear idle, unconnected, unaccountable, and inconsistent with those marks of truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, and benevolence, which in others are so visible, that the most careless and inattentive cannot but discern them. And even these, many of them at least, will often be found, upon a closer and stricter examination, to accord and coincide with the other more plain and more intelligible passages, and to be no heterogeneous parts of one and the same wise and harmonious composition. In both, indeed, in the natural as well as the moral book of God, there are, and ever will be many difficulties, which the wit of man may never be able to resolve; but will a wise philosopher, because he cannot comprehend every thing he sees, reject for that reason all the truths that lie within his reach, and let a few inexplicable difficulties over-balance the many plain and infallible evidences of the finger of God, which appear in all parts, both of his created and written works? Or will he presume so far upon his own wisdom, as to say, God ought to have expressed himself more clearly? The point and exact degree of clearness, which will equally suit the different capacities of men in different ages and countries, will, I believe, be found more difficult to fix than is imagined; since what is clear to one man in a certain situation of mind, time, and place, will inevitably be obscure to another, who views it in other positions, and under other circumstances. How various and even contradictory are the readings and comments, which several men, in the several ages and climates of the world, have made upon nature! And yet her characters are equally legible, and her laws equally intelligible, in all times and in all places: "There is no speech nor language where her voice is not heard: her sound is gone out through all the earth, and her words to the end of the world." All these misrepresentations therefore, and misconstructions, of her works, are chargeable only upon mankind, who have set themselves to study them with various degrees of capacity, application, and impartiality. The question then should be, Why hath God given men such various talents? And not, Why hath not God expressed himself more clearly?

clearly? And the answer to this question, as far as it concerns man to know, is, that God will require of him according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not. If what is necessary for all to know, is knowable by all; those men, upon whom God hath been pleased to bestow capacities and faculties superior to the vulgar, have certainly no just reason to complain of his having left them materials for the exercise of those talents, which, if all things were equally plain to all men, would be of no great advantage to the possessors. If, therefore, there are in the sacred writings, as well as in the works of nature, many passages hard to be understood, it were to be wished, that the wise and learned, instead of being offended at them, and teaching others to be so too, would be persuaded, that both God and man expect that they would set themselves to consider and examine them carefully and impartially, and with a sincere desire of discovering and embracing the truth, not with an arrogant unphilosophical conceit of their being already sufficiently wise and knowing. And then I doubt not but most of these objections to revelation, which are now urged with the greatest confidence, would be cleared up and removed, like those formerly made to Creation, and the Being and Providence of God, by those most ignorant, most absurd, and yet most self-sufficient pretenders to reason and philosophy, the Atheists and Sceptics.

West.

§ 207. *The superiority of Christian philosophy over the Stoical.*

Epicetetus often lays it down as a maxim, that it is impossible for one person to be in fault, and another to be the sufferer. This, on the supposition of a future state, will certainly be made true at last; but in the stoical sense, and system, is an absolute extravagance. Take any person of plain understanding, with all the feelings of humanity about him, and see whether the subtlest Stoic will ever be able to convince him, that while he is insulted, oppressed, and tortured, he doth not suffer. See what comfort it will afford him, to be told, that, if he supports his afflictions and ill-treatment with fortitude and patience, death will set him free, and then he and his persecutor will be equally rewarded; will equally lose all personal existence, and return to the elements. How different

are the consolations proposed by Christianity, which not only assures its disciples, that they shall rest from their labours in death, but that their works shall follow them: and by allowing them to rejoice in hope, teaches them the most effectual way of becoming patient in tribulation.

The Stoical doctrine, that human souls are literally parts of the Deity, was equally shocking, and hurtful; as it supposed portions of his being to be wicked and miserable; and by debasing men's ideas of the divine dignity, and teaching them to think themselves essentially as good as he, nourished in their minds an irreligious and fatal presumption. Far differently the Christian system represents mankind, not as a part of the essence, but a work of the hand of God: as created in a state of improveable virtue and happiness; fallen by an abuse of free will, into sin, misery, and weakness; but redeemed from them by an Almighty Saviour; furnished with additional knowledge and strength; commanded to use their best endeavours; made sensible, at the same time, how wretchedly defective they are; yet assured of endless felicity on a due exertion of them. The Stoic philosophy insults human nature and discourages all our attempts, by enjoining and promising a perfection in this life, of which we feel ourselves incapable. The Christian religion shows compassion to our weakness, by prescribing to us only the practicable task of aiming continually at further improvements, and animates our endeavours, by the promise of a divine aid, equal to every trial.

Specifying thus the errors and defects of so celebrated a system, is an unpleasing employment: but in an age, fond of preferring the guesses of human sagacity before the unerring declarations of God, it seemed on this occasion necessary to observe, that the Christian morality is agreeable to reason and nature; that of the Stoics, for the most part, founded on notions, intelligible to few; and which none could admit, without contradiction to their own hearts. They reasoned, many times, admirably well, but from false principles; and the noblest of their practical precepts, being built on a sandy basis, lay at the mercy of every strong temptation.

Stoicism is indeed in many points inferior to the doctrine of Socrates, which did not teach, that all externals were indifferent, which did teach a future state of recompence;

recompence; and agreeably to that, forbid suicide. It doth not belong to the present subject to show, how much even this best system is excelled by Christianity. It is sufficient just to observe, that the author of it died in a profession, which he had always made of his belief in the popular deities, whose superstitions, and impure worship was the great source of corruption in the Heathen world; and the last words he uttered, were a direction to his friend, for the performance of an idolatrous ceremony. This melancholy instance of ignorance and error, in the most illustrious character for wisdom and virtue in all heathen antiquity, is not mentioned as a reflection on his memory, but as a proof of human weakness in general. Whether reason could have discovered the great truths, which in these days are ascribed to it, because now seen so clearly by the light of the Gospel, may be a question; but that it never did, is an undeniable fact; and that is enough to teach us thankfulness for the blessing of a better information. Socrates, who had, of all mankind, the fairest pretensions to set up for an instructor, and reformer of the world, confessed that he knew nothing, referred to tradition, and acknowledged the want of a superior guide: and there is a remarkable passage in Epictetus, in which he represents it, as the office of his supreme God, or of one deputed by him, to appear among mankind, as a teacher and example.

Upon the whole, the several sects of Heathen philosophy serve, as so many striking instances of the imperfection of human wisdom; and of the extreme need of a divine assistance, to rectify the mistakes of depraved reason, and to replace natural religion on its true foundation. The Stoics every where testify the noblest zeal for virtue, and the honour of God; but they attempted to establish them on principles inconsistent with the nature of man, and contradictory to truth and experience. By a direct consequence of these principles, they were liable to be seduced, and in fact, often were seduced into pride, hard-heartedness, and the last dreadful extremity of human guilt, self-murder.

But however indefensible the philosophy of the Stoics in several instances may be, it appears to have been of very important use, in the heathen world; and they are, on many accounts, to be considered in a very respectable light. Their doctrine of

evidence and fixed principles, was an excellent preservative from the mischiefs, that might have arisen from the scepticism of the Academics and Pyrrhonists, if unopposed; and their zealous defence of a particular providence, a valuable antidote to the atheistical scheme of Epicurus. To this may be added, that their strict notions of virtue in most points, (for they sadly failed in some) and the lives of several among them, must contribute a good deal to preserve luxurious states from an absolutely universal dissoluteness; and the subjects of arbitrary government, from a wretched and contemptible pusillanimity.

Even now, their compositions may be read with great advantage, as containing excellent rules of self-government, and of social behaviour; of a noble reliance on the aid and protection of heaven, and of a perfect resignation and submission to the divine will; points, which are treated with great clearness, and with admirable spirit, in the lessons of the Stoics; and though their directions are seldom practicable on their principles, in trying cases, may be rendered highly useful in subordination to Christian reflections.

If, among those, who are so unhappy as to remain unconvinced of the truth of Christianity, any are prejudiced against it by the influence of unwarrantable inclinations; such persons will find very little advantage in rejecting the doctrines of the New Testament for those of the Portico; unless they think it an advantage to be laid under moral restraints, almost equal to those of the Gospel, while they are deprived of its encouragements and supports. Deviations from the rules of sobriety, justice, and piety, meet with small indulgence in the stoic writings; and they, who profess to admire Epictetus, unless they pursue that severely virtuous conduct which he every where prescribes, will find themselves treated by him with the utmost degree of scorn and contempt. An immoral character is indeed, more or less, the out-cast of all sects of philosophy; and Seneca quotes even Epicurus, to prove the universal obligation of a virtuous life. Of this great truth, God never left himself without witness. Persons of distinguished talents and opportunities seem to have been raised, from time to time, by Providence, to check the torrent of corruption, and to preserve the sense of moral obligations on the minds of the multitude, to whom

whom the various occupations of life left but little leisure to form deductions of their own. But then they wanted a proper commission to enforce their precepts; they intermixed with them, through false reasoning, many gross mistakes; and their unavoidable ignorance, in several important points, entangled them with doubts, which easily degenerated into pernicious errors.

If there are others, who reject Christianity, from motives of dislike to its peculiar doctrines, they will scarcely fail of entertaining more favourable impressions of it, if they can be prevailed on, with impartiality, to compare the Holy Scriptures, from whence alone the christian religion is to be learned, with the stoic writings; and then fairly to consider, whether there is any thing to be met with in the discoveries of our blessed Saviour, in the writings of his apostles, or even in the obscurest parts of the prophetic books, by which, equitably interpreted, either their senses, or their reason are contradicted, as they are by the paradoxes of these philosophers: and if not, whether notices from above, of things in which, though we comprehend them but imperfectly, we are possibly much more interested, than at present we discern, ought not to be received with implicit veneration; as useful exercises and trials of that duty, which finite understandings owe to infinite wisdom.

Miss Carter.

§ 208. *The more we study the Scriptures the more we shall perceive their divine origin, and the more we shall admire them.*

The more we read, the more we meditate on the Holy Scriptures, the more we shall discover in them an inexhaustible source of light, and of all manner of instruction; that their language is not the language of men, nor the subject a production of their ingenuity; that they have a character peculiar to themselves, and different from the compositions even of the greatest and best men; that they are exempt from all vulgar passions and interests, and to the ordinary views of human prudence and forecast; in fine, that no man ever raised himself so much above humanity as to produce a work, in which all is so superior to man.

The most accurate of the Pagan authors are justly charged with errors, dark-

ness, and uncertainties, with respect both to facts and doctrine: but it became the wise and great Being, who inspired the sacred penmen, to exempt their works from all such imputations; and, accordingly, he has favoured them with every argument of truth and persuasion, adorned them with the graces of language and sentiment, lighted up and enlivened them with the brightest examples of virtue and sanctity, annexed to their study and meditation such helps and communications of his Holy Spirit as cannot be described, and made the belief and practice of them the only foundation of true peace and happiness.—

Every one readily allows no subject can be equal to the life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that is, to the incarnation and birth; the miracles and doctrine; the sufferings and death; the resurrection and ascension of a God become man to reform and save a sinful and lost world: And whoever imagines this history can be better wrote than it is by the Evangelists, has it yet to learn. But though it becomes a Christian to be particularly conversant in this and the other writings of the New Testament, yet there is not any part of the Old which does not furnish ample matter of instruction.—The book of Genesis, in the account it gives of the creation, of the fall and punishment of our first parents, of the righteousness of Noah, of the deluge, of the wonderful obedience of Abraham, and the promise made by God to reward it, of the destruction of Sodom, and the providence of God over the patriarch Joseph, presents to our minds the most suitable subjects to fill them with every christian sentiment of reverence for the Supreme Being and his laws, love of his goodness, and dread of his justice. When we go on to Exodus, we see the wonders wrought by the Almighty in favour of his people, the impenitence of Pharaoh, and the various chastisements by which the murmurings and idolatry of the Israelites in the desert were punished. Leviticus and Numbers set forth the accuracy which God exacts in his worship: Deuteronomy, the sanctity of his laws; Joshua, the accomplishment of his promises. In the book of Judges, we see the strength and weakness of Sampson; in that of Ruth, the plain-dealing and equity of Boaz; in those of Kings, the holiness of Samuel, of Elijah, of Elisha, and the other prophets; the reprobation of Saul; the fall and repentance

penitance of David, his mildness and patience; the wisdom and sin of Solomon; the piety of Hezekiah and Josiah. In Esdras, the zeal for the law of God; in Tobit, the conduct of a holy family; in Judith, the power of grace; in Esther, prudence; in Job, a pattern of admirable patience. The Maccabees afford such instances of personal and national bravery; such an exalted and generous love of our country, and all this grounded on the true principles of valour and patriotism, as the most boasted achievements in profane story are perfect strangers to. The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and the other two books which go under the title of the Wisdom of Solomon and of the Son of Sirach, teach a more useful and sublime philosophy than all the writings which Greece and Rome have published. The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings on human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, sufficiently witness their inspired origin. This treasure, indeed, is thrown together in a confused magnificence, above all order, that every one may collect and digest such observations as chiefly tend to his own particular instruction. And though it behoves us to reverence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, rather than pretend to assign the reasons for his dispensing it in this or that manner, yet, I think, we perceive the fitness of the method here taken, in setting forth the nature, substance, and end of our obligations; and, without entering on minute discussions, in taking in the whole compass of duty; for by this means the paths of life are not only pointed out to each individual, and his personal character formed; but the minds of mankind, in general, are furnished and enriched with the beauty, copiousness, and variety of all virtues.—The Prophets announce not only the promises, but also the characteristic marks of the Messiah, with the threats against sinners, and those calamities which were to befall the Jews and other nations. The Psalms unite in themselves the chief subjects, and all the different excellencies of the Old Testament. In a word, every thing in the Sacred Writings will appear, as it truly is, holy, grand, and profitable, provided it be read with suitable dispositions,

Phillips.

§ 209. *Beautiful instances of Friendship in the Scriptures.*

One of the strongest and most affecting instances of a faithful attachment to be met with in history, occurs in the friendship which subsisted between two females. The instance alluded to, is recorded in the Jewish annals, and most pathetically related by one of the sacred pen-men. The reader need not be told, that this is the friendship of Naomi and Ruth.

Two very remarkable instances of friendship occur, in the history of our Saviour's life: it may not perhaps be altogether unnecessary to state them in all their striking circumstances.

The Evangelist, in relating the miracles which Christ performed at Bethany, by restoring a person to life who had lain some days in the grave, introduces his narrative by emphatically observing, that "Jesus loved Lazarus;" intimating, it should seem, that the sentiments which Christ entertained of Lazarus, were a distinct and peculiar species of that general benevolence with which he was actuated towards all mankind. Agreeably to this explication of the sacred historian's meaning, when the sisters of Lazarus went to acquaint Jesus with the state in which their brother lay; they did not even mention his name; but pointed him out by a more honourable and equally notorious designation; the terms of their message were, "behold! he whom thou lovest is sick!" Accordingly, when he informs his disciples of the notice he had thus received, his expression is, "our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Now that Christ did not upon this occasion use the word friend in its loose undistinguishing acceptation, but in a restrained and strictly appropriated sense; is not only manifest from this plain account of the fact itself, but appears farther evident from the sequel. For, as he was advancing to the grave, accompanied with the relations of the deceased, he discovered the same emotions of grief as swelled the bosoms of those with whom Lazarus had been most intimately connected; and sympathizing with their common sorrow, he melted into tears. This circumstance was too remarkable to escape particular observation: and it drew from the spectators, what one should think it must necessarily draw from every reader, this natural

and

and obvious reflection, " behold ! how he loved him ! "

But in the concluding catastrophe of our Saviour's life, he gave a still more decisive proof, that sentiments of the strongest personal attachment and friendship, were not unworthy of being admitted into his sacred bosom. They were too deeply, indeed, impressed, to be extinguished even by the most excruciating torments. In those dreadful moments, observing among the afflicted witnesses of his painful and ignominious sufferings, that faithful follower, who is described by the historian as " the disciple whom he loved ; " he distinguished him by the most convincing instance of superior confidence, esteem, and affection that ever was exhibited to the admiration of mankind. For, under circumstances of the most agonizing torments, when it might be thought impossible for human nature to retain any other sensibility but that of its own inexpressible sufferings ; he recommended to the care and protection of this his tried and approved friend, in terms of peculiar regard and endearment, the most tender and sacred object of his private affections. But no language can represent this pathetic and affecting scene, with a force and energy equal to the sublime simplicity of the Evangelist's own narrative : " Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother and his mother's sister, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple by, whom he loved ; he saith to his mother, Behold thy son ! Then he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother ! And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home. "

It may safely be asserted, that among all those memorable examples of friendship, which have been celebrated with the highest encomiums by the ancients ; there cannot be produced a single instance, in which the most distinguishing features of exalted amity are so strongly displayed, as in the foregoing relation. The only one, perhaps, that bears even a faint resemblance to it, is that famous transaction, recorded by Lucian in his dialogue intitled *Toxaris*. Eudamidas being on his death bed made his will, by which he bequeathed his aged mother to the care and protection of Aretheus ; and his daughter to Charixenus, to be disposed of in marriage according to his discretion ; injoining him, at the same time, to give her as ample a portion as his circumstances would admit.

He added, that in case either of the legatees should happen to die, he substituted the survivor in his stead. Charixenus died very soon after the testator : in consequence of which, Aretheus took each of these singularly confidential legacies to himself ; and celebrating the marriage of his only daughter and that of his friend, on the same day, he divided his fortune equally between them.

When the very different circumstances attending these respective examples, are duly considered ; it must be acknowledged, that the former rises as much above the latter in the proof it exhibits of sublime friendship, as it does in the dignity of the characters concerned. Upon the whole then it appears, that the divine founder of the Christian religion, as well by his own example, as by the spirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged but consecrated friendship.

Melmoth.

§ 210. *Fine Morality of the Gospel.*

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith ? I glory in such bigotry : I would not part with it for a thousand worlds : I congratulate the man who is possessed of it ; for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

—There is not a book on earth so favourable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence as the Gospel.—It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.—

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the heart. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the Divine nature they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.—

Such

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, to this, all other moral and theological wisdom

loses discountenanced, and like folly
shews. *Beattie.*

§ 211. *Benevolence to the poor more forcibly enjoined by the Gospel, than by any other writings.*

The Christian Scriptures are more copious and explicit upon our obligation to bestow relief upon the poor than almost any other. The description which Christ hath left us of the proceedings of the last day, establishes the obligation of bounty, so far as his authority can be depended upon, beyond controversy. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another.—Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—And inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is not necessary to understand this passage as a literal account of what will actually pass on that day. Supposing it only a scencal description of the rules and principles, by which the supreme arbiter of our destiny will regulate his decisions, it conveys the same lesson to us; it equally demonstrates of how great value and importance these duties in the sight of God are, and what stress will be laid upon them. The apostles also describe this virtue as propitiating the divine favour in an eminent degree: and these recommendations have produced their effect. It does not appear that before the times of Christianity, a hospital, infirmary,

or public charity of any kind, existed in the world; whereas most countries in Christendom have long abounded with these institutions. To which may be added, that a spirit of private liberality seem to flourish amidst the decay of many other virtues: not to mention the legal provision for the poor, which obtains in this country, and which was unknown and unthought of by the most polished nations of antiquity.

Rev. W. Paley.

§ 212. *The simplicity of the Gospel gives it an air of sublimity.*

The graceful negligence of nature always pleases beyond the truest ornaments that art can devise. Indeed, they are then truest, when they approach the nearest to this negligence. To attain it, is the very triumph of art. The wise artist, therefore, always compleats his studies in the great school of creation, where the forms of elegance lie scattered in an endless variety: and the writer who wishes to possess some portion of that sovereign excellence, simplicity, even though he were an infidel, would have recourse to the Scriptures, and make them his model.—

The pathetic and sublime simplicity of our Saviour's whole description of the last judgment cannot be paralleled in any writing of any age.

—In the Gospel we find no pompous displays of reasoning; no laboured and difficult distinctions; no long and learned enquiries concerning the nature and kinds of virtue; but virtue itself represented to the life; in examples, and precepts, which are level to the plainest understandings; in familiar occurrences; in short and simple narrations; in actions, or discourses, real or imagined. And perhaps, among other things, it is this unsystematic form, this neglect of art and method, which produces that graceful ease, that venerable, majestic simplicity, that air of truth and originality, which distinguish the Scriptures from all human writings. *Rev. J. Mainwaring.*

§ 213. *The Bible, as a very curious and ancient history, worthy our attention.*

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and consequently,

frequently, curious collection of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected: in a word, as the being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, to say nothing of their happiness in the next, it is to be hoped, that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, in their riper years, among those volumes which pass through their hands either for amusement or instruction. And should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently the happiness of mankind!

Rev. S. Croxall.

§ 214. *Excellence of the Sacred Writings.*

If we examine the Sacred Records, we shall find they consist of four different kinds, the poetic, oratorical, historical, and didactic forms. The poetic lies chiefly in the book of Psalms, of Job, and several detached passages in the Prophets, particularly of Isaiah. They contain many noble efforts of unmixed poetry or pure imitation; yet these, being all centered in one intention, that of extolling the works, and celebrating the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, do generally partake of the character of eloquence, being chiefly of the lyric kind. In all these, the great character of simplicity is so strongly predominant, that every attempt to embellish them, by adding the supernumerary decorations of style in translation, hath ever been found to weaken and debase them.

As to the oratorical or pathetic parts, innumerable might be produced, equal, if not superior to any recorded by profane antiquity. In these, the leading character of simplicity is no less remarkable. Our Saviour's parables and exhortations are generally admirable in this quality. Filled with unfeigned compassion for the weakness and miseries of man, they breathe nothing but the purest benevolence. St. Paul's last conversation with his friends at Ephesus, on his departure for Jerusalem; his discourse on the resurrection, and on charity; his reproofs, his commendations, his apologies, especially that before Agrip-

pa, are wrote in the noblest strain of simplicity. And as a perfect model of this kind, we may give the story of Joseph and his brethren, which for tenderness, true pathos, and unmixed simplicity, is beyond compare, superior to any thing that appears in ancient story.

But as the most important part of Scripture lies in the historical and preceptive part; especially in the New Testament, whence chiefly our idea of duty must be drawn; so we find this uniform and simple manner eminently prevailing throughout, in every precept and narration. The history is conveyed in that artless strain which alone could adapt it to the capacities of all mankind; the precepts delivered by our Saviour are drawn from the principles of common sense, improved by the most exalted love of God and man; and either expressed in clear and direct terms, or couched under such images and allusions, as are every where to be found in nature, such as are, and must ever be universally known, and familiar to all mankind; in which we may further observe, his manner of teaching was greatly superior to the justly applauded Socrates, who, for the most part drew his images and allusions from the less known arts and manners of the city. Through all this variety of striking allusion and moral precept the style ever continues the same, unadorned, simple, vehement and majestic; yet never drawing the reader's attention on itself, but on the divine sentiments it conveys.

To this we may further add, that these several kinds of composition are mixed and united with such propriety and force, as is scarce to be equalled in any other writings. The poetical parts are heightened by the greatest strokes of eloquence and precept; the pathetic by the noblest imagery and strictest morals; and the preceptive is strengthened and enforced by all the aids of poetry, eloquence and parable; calculated at once to engage the imagination, to touch the passions, and command the reason of mankind.

Rev. J. Brown.

§ 215. *Queen Anne's Prayer.*

Almighty and eternal God, the disposer of all the affairs in the world, there is nothing so great as not to be subject to thy power, nor so small, but it comes within thy care; thy goodness and wisdom shew themselves through all thy works,

and thy loving kindness and mercy do appear in the several dispensations of thy providence, of which, at this time I earnestly desire to have a deep and humble sense. It has pleased thee to take to thy mercy my dearest husband, who was the comfort and joy of my life, after we had lived together many years happily in all conjugal love and affection. May I readily submit myself to thy good pleasure, and sincerely resign mine own will to thine, with all Christian patience, meekness and humility. Do thou graciously pardon the errors and failings of my life, which have been the occasion of thy displeasure; and let thy judgments bring me to sincere and unfeigned repentance, and to answer the wise ends for which thou hast sent them. Be thou pleased so to assist me with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that I may continue to govern the people which thou hast committed to my charge, in godliness, righteousness, justice, and mercy. In the management of all affairs, public and private, grant I may have a strict regard to thy holy will, that I may diligently and heartily advance thy glory, and ever entirely depend on thy providence. Do thou, O gracious Father, be pleased to grant I may do the greatest good I can in all my capacity, and be daily improving every Christian grace and virtue: so that when thou shalt think fit to put an end to this short and uncertain life, I may be made a partaker of those gracious, endless joys, which thou hast prepared for those that love and fear thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 216. *Prince Eugene's Prayer.*

I believe in thee, O my God! Do thou strengthen my faith: I hope in thee; confirm my hopes: I love thee; inflame my love more and more: I repent of all my sins; but do thou encrease my repentance! As my first beginning I worship thee; as my last end I long for thee: as my eternal benefactor, I praise thee; and as my supreme protector I pray unto thee; that it may please thee, O Lord, to guide and lead me by thy providence, to keep me in obedience to thy justice; to comfort me by thy mercy, and to protect me by thy almighty power. I submit unto thee all my thoughts, words, and actions, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings, and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for

thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I will nothing but what thou willest, O God; because 'tis agreeable unto thee. O give me grace that I may be attentive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and unmoveable in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord, that I may be true and faithful to those that have entrusted me with their secrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men, and that both in my words and actions, I may shew unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to admire and praise thy goodness, to hate all errors and evil works, to love my neighbour, and to despise the world. Assist me good God, in subduing lust by mortification, covetousness by liberality, anger by mildness, and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions, and to shew courage in danger, patience in adversity, and in prosperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my soul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections, zealous in imploring thy grace, careful in keeping thy commandments, and constant in working out my own salvation. Finally, O God, make me sensible how little is the world, how great thy heavens, how short time, and how long will be the blessed eternity. O that I may prepare myself for death! that I may dread thy judgments, that I may avoid the torments of hell, and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 217. *The gay, young Altamont dying.*

The sad evening before the death of this noble youth I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said;

You, and the physician, are come too late.—I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead,

Heaven, I said, was merciful.—

Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin!

I said, The blessed Redeemer—

Hold! hold! you wound me!—This is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.

Refusing

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence;

Oh, time! time! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever!—A month!—Oh, for a single week! I ask not for years; tho' an age were too little for the much I have to do.

On my saying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place—

So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!

Soon after I proposed prayer.

Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said:

Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

No, stay. Thou still mayest hope.—Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly hast thou listened and believed? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless, immortal.—And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary, confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately:

No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought: remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou

wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless heaven for the flames;—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we struck! Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out:

My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell?—Oh! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.

Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.

Young.

§ 218, *The Majesty and Supremacy of the Scriptures confessed by a Sceptic.*

I will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if

his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known amongst the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it: it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

Rossetum.

§ 219. *John Earl of Rochester's dying Recantation.*

When John Earl of Rochester came to see and consider his prodigious guilt and danger, what invectives did he use against himself, terming himself an ungrateful dog, and the vilest wretch that the sun shone upon; wishing he had been a crawling leper in a ditch, a link-boy, or a beggar, or had lived in a dungeon, rather than offended God as he had done! He sent awful messages to his copartners in sin, and advised a gentleman of character, that came to visit him in these words: O remember that you condemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins; and will, I hope, in mercy, touch your conscience as he hath done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, therefore I am the more free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless, therefore God grant you repentance. And seeing the same gentleman the next day, he said, Perhaps you were disoblige'd by my plainness with you yesterday: I spake the words of truth and soberness; and striking his hand on his breast, added, I hope God will touch your heart.

He condemned that foolish and absurd philosophy which the world so much admired, propagated by the late Thomas Hobbs; which, he said, had undone him, and many more of the best parts in the nation.

He commanded that his profane writings and obscene pictures should be burnt.

He wished his sin might never be a wit; which is, as he explained it, one of those wretched creatures, who pride themselves in abusing God and religion.

He protested he would not commit any known sin to gain a kingdom.

And for the admonition of others, he subscribed the following recantation, and ordered it to be published, (viz.)

For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged: That from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked

wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope, and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the Holy Spirit of grace: and that the greatest testimony of my charity to such, is, to warn them, in the name of God, as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever blessed Redeemer, thro' whose merits alone, I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness. Amen.

Declared and signed in the presence of Ann Rochester, Robert Parsons, June 19, 1680.

J. ROCHESTER.

§ 220. *To the Biographer of Hume.*

Upon the whole, Doctor, your meaning is good; but I think you will not succeed, this time. You would persuade us, by the example of David Hume, Esq; that atheism is the only cordial for low spirits, and the proper antidote against the fear of death. But surely, he who can reflect, with complacency, on a friend thus misemploying his talents in his life, and then, amusing himself with Lucian, Whist, and Charon, at his death, may smile over Babylon in ruins; esteem the earthquake, which destroyed Lisbon, an agreeable occurrence; and congratulate the hardened Pharaoh, on his overthrow in the Red Sea. Drollery in such circumstances, is neither more nor less, than

Moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

Would we know the baneful and pestilential influences of false philosophy on the human heart? We need only contemplate them in this most deplorable instance of Mr. Hume. These sayings, Sir, may appear harsh; but they are salutary. And if departed spirits have any knowledge of what is passing upon earth, that person will be regarded by your friend as rendering him the truest services, who, by energy of expression, and warmth of exhortation, shall most contribute to prevent his writings from producing those effects upon mankind which he no longer wishes they should

produce. Let no man deceive himself, or be deceived by others. It is the voice of eternal Truth, which crieth aloud, and saith to you, Sir, and to me, and to all the world—"He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

By way of contrast to the behaviour of Mr. Hume, at the close of a life, passed without God in the world, permit me, Sir, to lay before yourself, and the public, the last sentiments of the truly learned, judicious, and admirable Hooker, who had spent his days in the service of his Maker and Redeemer.

After this manner, therefore, spake the author of the Ecclesiastical Polity, immediately before he expired:—

I have lived to see, that this world made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gaining comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence, towards him, and towards all men; yet, "if thou, Lord, shouldest be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it?" And therefore, where I have failed, Lord shew mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it. "Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done!"—God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me. From such blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give, nor take from me. My conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live, to do the church more service; but cannot hope it; for "my days are past, as a shadow that returns not."

His worthy Biographer adds:—

More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict between nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so, he fell asleep—And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me

here draw his curtain, till, with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, and the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, and most holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Christians shall be made partakers of!—

Doctor Smith, when the hour of his de-

parture hence shall arrive, will copy the example of the believer, or the infidel, as it liketh him best. I must freely own, I have no opinion of that reader's head, or heart, who will not exclaim, as I find myself obliged to do—

“ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!”

Rev. G. Horne.

PHYSICO-THEOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS.

§ 1. *Reflections on the Heavens.*

THE planets and comets which move round the Sun as their centre, constitute what is called, the Solar System. Those planets which are near the Sun not only finish their circuits sooner, but likewise move faster in their respective orbits, than those which are more remote from him. The motions of the planets are all performed from west to east, in orbits nearly circular. Their names, distances, bulks, and periodical revolutions, are as follow :

The Sun, an immense globe of fire, is placed near the common centre of the orbits of all the planets and comets; and turns round his axis in 25 days 6 hours. His diameter is computed to be 763,000 miles.

Mercury, the nearest planet to the Sun, goes round him in 87 day 23 hours, which is the length of his year. But, being seldom seen, and no spots appearing on his surface, the time of his rotation on his axis, is as yet unknown. His distance from the Sun is computed to be 32,000,000 of miles, and his diameter 2,600. In his course round the Sun, he moves at the rate of 95,000 miles every hour. His light and heat are almost seven times as great as ours; and the Sun appears to him almost seven times as large as to us.

Venus, the next planet in order, is computed to be 59,000,000 miles from the sun; and by moving at the rate of 69,000 miles every hour in her orbit, she goes round the Sun in 225 of our days nearly. Her diameter is 7,906 miles; and by her motion upon her axis the inhabitants are carried 43 miles every hour.

The Earth is the next planet above Venus in the system. It is 82,000,000 miles from the Sun, and goes round him in a little more than 365 days. It travels at the rate of 1,000 miles every hour on its axis; is about 8,000 miles in diameter. In its

orbit it moves at the rate of 58,000 every hour; which motion, though 120 times swifter than that of a cannon ball, is little more than half as swift as Mercury's motion in his orbit.

The Moon is not a planet, but only an attendant upon the Earth; going round it in a little more than 29 days, and round the Sun with it every year. The Moon's diameter is 2,180 miles, and her distance from the Earth's centre 240,000. She goes round her orbit in about 27 days, at the rate of near 2,300 miles every hour.

Mars is the planet next in order, being the first above the Earth's orbit. His distance from the Sun is computed to be 125,000,000 miles; and by travelling at the rate of 47,000 miles every hour, he goes round the Sun in about 687 of our days. His diameter is 4,444 miles, and by his diurnal rotation the inhabitants are carried 556 miles every hour.

Jupiter, the biggest of all the planets, is still higher in the system, being about 426,000,000 miles from the Sun; and going at the rate of 25,000 miles every hour in his orbit. His annual period is finished in about 12 of our years. He is above 1,000 times as big as the Earth, for his diameter is 81,000 miles; which is more than ten times the diameter of the Earth. Jupiter turns round his axis in near 10 hours, and his year contains upwards of 10,000 of our days. His equatorial inhabitants are carried nearly 26,000 miles every hour, besides the 25,000 above mentioned by his annual motion.

Jupiter has four moons. The first goes round him in about two of our days, at the distance of 22,900 miles from his centre: the second performs its revolution in about three days and a half, at 364,000 miles distance: the third in a little more than seven days, at the distance of 580,000 miles: and the fourth in near 17 days, at the

the distance of 1,000,000 miles from his centre.

Besides these moons, Jupiter is surrounded by faint substances, called belts, in which so many changes appear, that philosophers are not agreed either concerning their nature or use.

Saturn, the next to Jupiter, is about 780,000,000 miles from the Sun; and travelling at the rate of 18,000 miles every hour, performs its annual circuit in about 30 years. Its diameter is 67,000 miles; and therefore it is near 600 times as big as the Earth.

This planet has five moons: the first goes round him in near two days, at the distance of 140,000 miles from its centre: the second in near three days, at the distance of 187,000 miles: the third in four days and a half, at the distance of 263,000 miles: the fourth in about 16 days, at the distance of 600,000 miles: and the fifth in about 80 days, at the distance of 1,800,000 miles.

Besides these moons, Saturn is attended with a thin broad ring, as an artificial globe is by an horizon; the nature and use of which are but little known at present.

Georgium Sidus, the remotest of all the planets yet discovered, is near 40,000 miles in diameter, and upwards of 83 years in performing its revolution. How many moons this planet is attended by is unknown. Two have been already discovered. And, if the ingenious and indefatigable Mr. Herschel is spared with life and health, we may expect to be favoured with still further discoveries.

Every person who looks upon, and compares the systems of moons together, which belong to Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, must be amazed at the vast magnitude of these three planets, and the noble attendance they have in respect to our little Earth: and can never bring himself to think, that an infinitely wise Creator should dispose of all his animals and vegetables here, leaving the other planets bare and destitute of rational creatures. To suppose that he had any view to our benefit, in creating these moons, and giving them their motions round their respective primaries; to imagine, that he intended these vast bodies for any advantage to us, when he well knew, that they could never be seen but by a few astronomers peeping through telescopes; and that he gave to the planets regular returns of day and night,

and different seasons to all, where they would be convenient; but of no manner of service to us, except only what immediately regards our own planet, the Earth; to imagine, I say, that he did all this on our account, would be charging him impiously with having done much in vain: and as absurd, as to imagine that he has created a little sun and a planetary system within the shell of our Earth, and intended them for our use. These considerations amount to little less than a positive proof, that all the planets are inhabited: for if they are not, why all this care in furnishing them with so many moons, to supply those with light, which are at the greater distances from the Sun? Do we not see, that the farther a planet is from the Sun, the greater apparatus it has for that purpose? save only Mars, which being but a small planet, may have moons too small to be seen by us. We know that the Earth goes round the Sun, and turns round its own axis, to produce the vicissitudes of summer and winter by the former, and of day and night by the latter motion, for the benefit of its inhabitants. May we not then fairly conclude, by parity of reason, that the end and design of all the other planets is the same? And is not this agreeable to the beautiful harmony which exists throughout the universe? Surely it is: and raises in us the most magnificent ideas of the Supreme Being, who is every where, and at all times present; displaying his power, wisdom and goodness, among all his creatures! and distributing happiness to innumerable ranks of various beings!

The comets are solid opaque bodies, with long transparent tails or trains, issuing from that side which is turned away from the Sun. They move about the Sun, in very eccentric ellipses, and are of a much greater density than the Earth; for some of them are heated in every period to such a degree, as would vitrify or dissipate any substance known to us. Sir Isaac Newton computed the heat of the comet, which appeared in the year 1680, when nearest the Sun to be 2,000 times hotter than red-hot iron, and that, being thus heated, it must retain its heat until it comes round again, although its period should be more than 20,000 years; and it is computed to be only 575.

It is believed, that there are at least 21 comets belonging to our system, mov-

ing in all sorts of directions. But of all these the periods of three only are known with any degree of certainty. The first of the three appeared in the years 1531, 1607, 1682, and 1758, and is expected to appear every 75th year. The second of them appeared in 1532 and 1661, and may be expected to return in 1789, and every 129th year afterwards. The third, having last appeared in 1680, and its period being no less than 575 years, cannot return until the year 2255. This comet, at its greatest distance, is about 11,200,000,000 miles from the Sun; and at its least distance from the Sun's centre, which is 49,000 miles, is within less than a third part of the Sun's semi-diameter from his surface. In that part of its orbit which is nearest the Sun, it flies with the amazing swiftness of 880,000 miles in an hour; and the Sun, as seen from it, appears an 100 degrees in breadth, consequently 40,000 times as large as he appears to us. The astonishing length that this comet runs out into empty space, suggests to our minds an idea of the vast distance between the Sun and the nearest fixed stars; of whose attractions all the comets must keep clear, to return periodically, and go round the Sun; and it shews us also, that the nearest stars, which are probably those that seem the largest, are as big as our Sun, and of the same nature with him; otherwise, they could not appear so large and bright to us as they do at such an immense distance.

The extreme heat, the dense atmosphere, the gross vapours, the chaotic state of the comets, seem at first sight to indicate them altogether unfit for the purposes of animal life, and a most miserable habitation for rational beings; and therefore some are of opinion, that they are so many hells for tormenting the damned with perpetual vicissitudes of heat and cold. But when we consider, on the other hand, the infinite power and goodness of the Deity; the latter inclining, the former enabling him to make creatures suited to all states and circumstances; that matter exists only for the sake of intelligent beings; and that wherever we find it, we always find it pregnant with life, or necessarily subservient thereto; the numberless species, the astonishing diversity of animals in earth, air, water, and even on other animals; every blade of grass, every tender leaf, every natural fluid, swarming with life;

and every one of these enjoying such gratifications as the nature and state of each requires; when we reflect moreover, that some centuries ago, till experience undeceived us, a great part of the earth was judged uninhabitable; the torrid zone, by reason of excessive heat, and the two frigid zones because of their intolerable cold; it seems highly probable, that such numerous and large masses of durable matter as the comets are, however unlike they be to our earth, are not destitute of beings capable of contemplating with wonder, and acknowledging with gratitude, the wisdom, symmetry, and beauty of the creation; which is more plainly to be observed in their extensive tour though the heavens, than in our more confined circuit. If farther conjecture is permitted, may we not suppose them instrumental in recruiting the expended fuel of the Sun; and supplying the exhausted moisture of the planets?—However difficult it may be, circumstanced as we are, to find out their particular destination, this is an undoubted truth, that wherever the Deity exerts his power, there he also manifests his wisdom and goodness.

The fixed stars, as appears from several considerations, are placed at an immense distance from us. Our Earth is at so great a distance from the Sun, that if seen from thence, it would appear no bigger than a point, although its circumference is known to be upwards of 25,000 miles. Yet that distance is so small, compared with the Earth's distance from the fixed stars, that if the orbit in which the Earth moves round the Sun were solid, and seen from the nearest star, it would likewise appear no bigger than a point, although it is at least 162,000,000 miles in diameter. For the Earth in going round the Sun is 162,000,000 miles nearer to some of the stars at one time of the year, than at another; and yet their apparent magnitudes, situations, and distances from one another still remain the same; and a telescope which magnifies above 200 times, does not sensibly magnify them: which proves them to be at least 400,000 times farther from us than we are from the Sun.

It is not to be imagined, that all the stars are placed in one concave surface, so as to be equally distant from us; but that they are scattered at immense distances from one another through unlimited space. So that there may be as great a distance between

between any two neighbouring stars, as between our Sun and those which are nearest to him. Therefore an observer, who is nearest any fixed star, will look upon it alone as a real sun; and consider the rest as so many shining points, placed at equal distances from him in the firmament.

By the help of telescopes we discover thousands of stars which are invisible to the naked eye; and the better our glasses are, still the more become visible; so that we can set no limits either to their number or their distances. The celebrated Huygens carries his thoughts so far, as to believe it not impossible, that there may be stars at such inconceivable distances, that their light has not yet reached the Earth since its creation, although the velocity of light be a million of times greater than the velocity of a cannon-bullet: and Mr. Addison very justly observes, this thought is far from being extravagant, when we consider, that the universe is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness; having an infinite space to exert itself in; so that our imagination can set no bounds to it.

The Sun appears very bright and large in comparison of the fixed stars, because we keep constantly near the Sun, in comparison of our immense distance from the stars. For a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the Sun, would see that star a body as large and bright as the Sun appears to us: and a spectator, as far distant from the Sun as we are from the stars, would see the Sun as small as we see a star, divested of all its circumvolving planets; and would reckon it one of the stars in numbering them.

The stars, being at such immense distances from the Sun, cannot possibly receive from him so strong a light as they seem to have; nor any brightness sufficient to make them visible to us. For the Sun's rays must be so scattered and dissipated before they reach such remote objects, that they can never be transmitted back to our eyes, so as to render these objects visible by reflection. The stars therefore shine with their own native and unborrowed lustre, as the Sun does; and since each particular star, as well as the Sun, is confined to a particular portion of space, it is plain, that the stars are of the same nature with the Sun.

It is no ways probable, that the Al-

mighty, who always acts with infinite wisdom, and does nothing in vain, should create so many glorious suns, fit for so many important purposes, and place them at such distances from one another, without proper objects near enough to be benefited by their influences. Whoever imagines they were created only to give a faint glimmering light to the inhabitants of this globe, must have a very superficial knowledge of astronomy, and a mean opinion of the Divine Wisdom: since, by an infinitely less exertion of creating power, the Deity could have given our Earth much more light by one single additional moon.

Instead then of one sun and one world only in the universe, as the unskilful in astronomy imagine, that science discovers to us such an inconceivable number of suns, systems and worlds, dispersed through boundless space, that if our Sun, with all the planets, moons, and comets belonging to it, were annihilated, they would be no more missed, by an eye that could take in the whole creation, than a grain of sand from the sea shore. The space they possess being comparatively so small, that it would scarce be a sensible blank in the universe, although Saturn, the outermost of our planets, revolves about the Sun in an orbit of 488,400,000 miles in circumference, and some of our comets make excursions upwards of 10,000,000,000 miles beyond Saturn's orbit; and yet, at that amazing distance, they are incomparably nearer to the Sun than to any of the stars; as is evident from their keeping clear of the attractive power of all the stars, and returning periodically by virtue of the Sun's attraction.

From what we know of our own system, it may be reasonably concluded, that all the rest are with equal wisdom contrived, situated, and provided with accommodations for rational inhabitants. Let us therefore take a survey of the system to which we belong; the only one accessible to us; and from thence we shall be the better enabled to judge of the nature and end of the other systems of the universe. For although there is almost an infinite variety in the parts of the creation which we have opportunities of examining, yet there is a general analogy running through and connecting all the parts into one scheme, one design, one whole!

And then, to an attentive considerer, it will appear highly probable, that the planets

planets of our system, together with their moons, are much of the same nature with our Earth, and destined for the like purposes. For they are solid opaque globes, capable of supporting animals and vegetables. Some of them are bigger, some less, and some much about the size of our Earth. They all circulate round the Sun, as the Earth does, in a shorter or longer time, according to their respective distances from him; and have, where it would not be inconvenient, regular returns of summer and winter, spring and autumn. They have warmer and colder climates, as the various productions of our Earth require: and, in such as afford a possibility of discovering it, we observe a regular motion round their axes like that of our Earth, causing an alternate return of day and night; which is necessary for labour, rest, and vegetation, and that all parts of their surfaces may be exposed to the rays of the Sun.

Such of the planets as are farthest from the Sun, and therefore enjoy least of his light, have that deficiency made up by several moons, which constantly accompany, and revolve about them, as our Moon revolves about the Earth. The remotest planet has, over and above, a broad ring encompassing it; which, like a lucid zone in the heavens, reflects the Sun's light very copiously on that planet: so that if the remoter planets have the Sun's light fainter by day than we, they have an addition made to it morning and evening by one or more of their moons, and a greater quantity of light in the night-time.

On the surface of the Moon, because it is nearer us than any other of the celestial bodies are, we discover a nearer resemblance of our Earth. For, by the assistance of telescopes, we observe the Moon to be full of high mountains, large valleys, deep cavities, and even volcanoes. These similarities leave us no room to doubt, but that all the planets and moons in the system are designed as commodious habitations for creatures endowed with capacities of knowing and adoring their beneficent Creator.

Since the fixed stars are prodigious spheres of fire, like our Sun, and at inconceivable distances from one another, as well as from us, it is reasonable to conclude, they are made for the same purposes that the Sun is; each to bestow light, heat, and vegetation on a certain number of inhabited planets, kept by gravitation within the sphere of its activity.

What an august! what an amazing conception, if human imagination can conceive it, does this give of the works of the Creator! Thousands of thousands of suns, multiplied without end, and ranged all around us, at immense distances from each other, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings, formed for endless progression in perfection and felicity.

If so much power, wisdom, goodness, and magnificence is displayed in the material creation, which is the least considerable part of the universe, how great, how wise, how good must he be, who made and governs the whole! *Ferguson.*

§ 2. *Reflections on the Earth and Sea.*

It has been already observed, that the Earth ranks as a planet in the solar system; that its diameter is near 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000. The surface of it is divided into land and water; the land is again divided into four parts, which are called, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The seas and unknown parts of its surface contain 160,522,026 square miles; the inhabited parts 38,990,509: Europe 4,456,065; Asia 10,768,823; Africa 9,654,807; America 4,110,874; in all 199,512,595: which is the number of square miles on the whole surface of our globe.

And if we examine it a little farther, what an admirable specimen have we of the divine skill and goodness? This globe is intended, not only for an habitation, but for a storehouse of conveniences. And if we examine the several apartments of our great abode, we shall find reason to be charmed with the displays both of nice economy and boundless profusion.

The surface of the ground, coarse as it may seem, is yet the laboratory where the most exquisite operations are performed. And though a multitude of generations have been accommodated by it, it still continues inexhaustible.

The unevenness of the ground, far from being a defect, heightens its beauty and augments its usefulness. Here it is scooped into deep and sheltered vales, almost constantly covered with verdure, which yields an easy couch and agreeable food to the various tribes of cattle. There it extends into a wide, open country, which annually bears a copious harvest; an harvest not only

only of the principal wheat, which is the staff of our life, but of the appointed barley, and various other grain, which are food for our animals.

The furrows vary their produce. They bring forth flax and hemp, which help us to some of the most necessary accommodations of life. These are wove into ample volumes of cloth, which fixed to the mast, give wings to our ships. It is twisted into vast lengths of cordage, which gives nerves to the crane, and sinews to the pulley, or else adhering to the anchor, secure the vessel, even amidst the driving tempest. It covers our tables with a graceful elegance, and furrounds our bodies with a cherishing warmth.

Yonder arise the hills, like a grand amphitheatre! Some are clad with mantling vines, some crowned with towering cedars, some ragged with mis-shapen rocks or yawning with subterraneous caves. And even those inaccessible crags, those gloomy cavities, are not only a refuge for wild goats, but sometimes for those of whom the world was not worthy.

At a greater distance the mountains penetrate the clouds, with their aspiring brows. Their sides arrest and condense the vapours as they float along. Their carved bowels collect the dripping treasures, and send them gradually abroad by trickling springs: and hence the waters increasing roll down, till they have swept through the most extensive climes, and regained their native seas.

The vine requires a strong reflection of the sun-beams and a large proportion of warmth. How commodiously do the hills and mountains minister to this purpose! May we not call those vast declivities the garden-walls of nature? These concentrate the solar fire, and completely ripen the grape! O that any should turn so valuable a gift of God into an instrument of sin!

What is nature but a series of wonders? That such a variety of fruits should rise from the insipid, sordid earth? I take a walk through my garden or orchard in December. There stand several logs of wood on the ground. They have neither sense nor motion; yet in a little time they are beautified with blossoms, they are covered with leaves, and at last loaded with fruit. I have wondered at the account of those prodigious engines, invented by Archimedes. But what are all the inventions of men, to those nice automata of nature?

The forest rears myriads of massy bodies, which, though neither gay with blossoms, nor rich with fruit, supply us with timber of various kinds. But who shall cultivate them? The toil were endless. See therefore the ever wise and gracious ordination of Providence! They have no need of the spade or the pruning-knife. They want no help from man.

When sawed into beams, they sustain the roofs of our houses. They make carriages to convey our heaviest loads. Their substance is so pliant, that they are easily formed into every kind of furniture: yet their texture so solid, that they compose the most important parts of the largest engines. At the same time their pressure is so light, that they float upon the waters. Thus while they serve all the ends of architecture, and bestow numberless conveniences on the family, they constitute the very basis of navigation, and give being to commerce.

If we descend from the ground floor of our habitation into the subterraneous lodgments, we shall find there also the most exquisite contrivance acting in concert with the most profuse goodness. Here are various minerals of sovereign efficacy: beds fraught with metals of richest value: and mines, which yield a metal of a meaner aspect, but superior usefulness. Without the assistance of iron, what would become of all our mechanic skill? without this we could scarce either fix the mast, or drop the faithful anchor. We should scarce have any ornament for polite, or utensil for common life.

Here is an inexhaustible fund of combustible materials. These mollify the most stubborn bars. They melt even the most stubborn flint, and make it more ductile than the softest clay. By this means we are furnished with the most curious and serviceable manufacture in the world; which admits into our houses the cheering light, yet excludes the wind and rain: which gives new eyes to decrepit age, and more enlarged views to philosophy; bringing near what is immensely remote, and making visible what is immensely small.

Here are quarries stocked with stones, which do not sparkle like gems, but are more eminently useful. These form houses for peace, fortifications for war. These constitute the arches of the bridge, the arms of the mole or quay, which screen our ships from the most tempestuous seas.

seas. These are comparatively soft in the bowels of the earth, but harden when in the open air. Was this remarkable peculiarity reversed, what difficulties would attend the labours of the mason? His materials could not be extracted from their bed, nor fashioned without infinite toil. And were his work completed, it could not long withstand the fury of the elements.

Here are various assortments and beds of clay, which however contemptible in its appearance, is abundantly more beneficial than the rocks of diamond or veins of gold: this is moulded into vessels of any shape and size: some so delicately fine as to suit the table of a princess; others so remarkably cheap, that they minister to the convenience of the poorest peasant: all so perfectly neat, as to give no disgust even to the nicest palate.

A multiplicity of other valuable stores is locked up in these ample vaults. But the key of all is given to industry, in order to produce each as necessity demands.

Which shall we most admire, the bounty or wisdom of our great Creator? How admirable is his precaution in removing these cumbrous wares from the surface, and bestowing them under the ground in proper repositories? Were they scattered over the surface of the soil, it would be embarrassed with the enormous load. Our roads would be blocked up, and scarce any room left for the operations of husbandry. Were they, on the other hand, buried at a great depth, it would cost us immense pains to procure them. Were they uniformly spread into a pavement for nature, universal barrenness must ensue: whereas at present we have a magazine of metallic, without lessening our vegetable treasures. Fossils of every kind enrich the bowels, verdure adorns the face of the earth.

Well then may even the inhabitants of heaven lift up their voice and sing, *Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!* And is there not infinite reason for us to join this triumphant choir? Since all these things are to us, not only a noble spectacle, bright with the display of our Creator's wisdom, but likewise an inestimable gift, rich with the emanations of his goodness. The earth hath he set before the inhabitants of his glory: but he hath given it to the children of men. Has he not then an undoubted right to make that

tender demand, *My son, give me thine heart?*

The rocks which bound the sea, are here prodigiously high and strong, an everlasting barrier against both winds and waves. Not that the omnipotent engineer has any need of these here. It is true, they intervene, and not only repress the rolling billows, but speak the amazing Majesty of the Maker. But in other places the Creator shews, he is confined to no expedient. He bids a bank of despicable sand repel the most furious flocks of assailing seas. *And though the waves test themselves, they cannot prevail: though they roar, yet they cannot pass over.*

Nay, is it not remarkable, that sand is a more effectual barrier against the sea than rock? Accordingly the sea is continually gaining upon a rocky shore: but it is continually losing on a sandy shore: unless where it sets in with an eddy. Thus it has been gaining, from age to age, upon the isle of Portland and the Land's End in Cornwall, undermining, throwing down, and swallowing up one huge rock after another. Mean time the sandy shores both on our southern and western coasts, gain continually upon the sea.

Beneath the rocks frequently lies a smooth, level sand, almost as firm as a well compacted causeway: inasmuch that the tread of an horse scarce impresses it, and the waters never penetrate it. Without this wise contrivance the searching waves would insinuate into the heart of the earth; and the earth itself would in some places be hollow as an honey-comb, in others bibulous as a sponge. But this closely-cemented pavement is like claying the bottom of the universal canal: so that the returning tides only consolidate its substance, and prevent the sun from cleaving it with chinks.

Here the main rolls its furies from world to world. What a spectacle of magnificence and terror! How it fills the mind and amazes the imagination! It is the most august object under the whole heaven. What are all the canals on earth, to this immense reservoir? What are the proudest palaces on earth, to yonder concave of the skies? What the most pompous illuminations, to this source of day? They are a spark, an atom, a drop. Nay in every spark, and atom, and drop, that proceeds from the hand of the Almighty, there is the manifestation of a wisdom
and

and a power absolutely incomprehensible.

Let us examine a single drop of water, only so much as will adhere to the point of a needle. In this speck an eminent philosopher computes no less than thirteen thousand globules. And if so many thousands exist in so small a speck, how many in the unmeasured extent of the ocean? Who can count them? As well may we grasp the wind in our fist, or mete out the universe with our span.

Nor are these regions without their proper inhabitants, clothed in exact conformity to the climate: not in swelling wool, or buoyant feathers, but with as much compactness and as little superfluity as possible. They are clad, or rather sheathed in scales, which adhere close, and are laid in a kind of natural oil: than which apparel nothing can be more light, and at the same time nothing more solid. It hinders the fluid from penetrating their flesh: it prevents the cold from chilling their blood; and enables them to make their way through the waters, with the utmost facility. And they have each an air-bladder, a curious instrument, by which they rise to what height or sink to what depth they please.

It is impossible to enumerate the scaly herds. Here are animals of monstrous shapes, and amazing qualities. The upper jaw of the sword-fish is lengthened into a strong and sharp sword, with which (though not above sixteen feet long) he scruples not to engage the whale himself. The tun-fish is one round mass of flesh; only it has two fins, which act the part of oars. The polypus, with its numerous feet and claws, seems fitted only to crawl. Yet an excrescence rising on the back enables it to steer a steady course in the waves. The shell of the nautilus forms a kind of boat, and he unfurls a membrane to the wind for a sail. He extends also two arms, with which, as with oars, he rows himself along. When he is disposed to dive, he strikes sail, and at once sinks to the bottom. When the weather is calm, he mounts again, and performs his voyage without either chart or compass.

Here are shoals upon shoals of every size and form. Some lodged in their shells, seem to have no higher employ, than imbibing nutriment, and are almost rooted to the rocks on which they lie: while others shoot along the yielding flood, and range

the spacious regions of the deep. How various is their figure! The shells of some seem to be the rude production of chance, rather than of skill or design. Yet even in these we find the nicest dispositions. Uncouth as they are, they are exactly suited to the exigencies of their respective tenants. Some on the other hand are extremely neat. Their structure is all symmetry and elegance. No enamel is comparable to their polish. Not a room in all the palaces of Europe is so adorned as the bed-chamber of the little fish that dwells in mother of pearl. Where else is such a mixture of red, blue and green, so delightfully staining the most clear and glittering ground?

But what I admire more than all their beauty, is the provision made for their safety. As they have no speed to escape, so they have no dexterity to elude their foe. So that were they naked, they must be an easy prey to every free-booter. To prevent this, what is only cloathing to other animals, is to them a cloathing, an house, and a castle. They have a fortification which grows with them, and is a part of themselves. And by means of this they live secure amidst millions of ravenous jaws.

Here dwell mackerel, herring, and various other kinds, which when lean wander up and down the ocean: but when fat they throng our creeks and bays, or haunt the running streams. Who bids these creatures leave our shores when they become unfit for our service? Who rallies and recalls the undisciplined vagrants, as soon as they are improved into desirable food? Surely the furrow is sown, the summons issued, and the point of re-union settled, by a providence ever indulgent to mankind, ever loading us with benefits.

These approach, while those of enormous size and appearance abandon our shores. The latter would fright the valuable fish from our coasts; they are therefore kept in the abysses of the ocean: just as wild beasts, impelled by the same overruling power, hide themselves in the recesses of the forest.

One circumstance relating to the natives of the deep is very astonishing. As they are continually obliged to devour one another for necessary subsistence, without extraordinary recruits, the whole watery race must soon be totally extinct. Were they to bring forth no more at a birth than land animals, the increase would be far too

small.

small for the consumption. The weaker species would soon be destroyed by the stronger, and the stronger themselves must soon after perish. Therefore to supply millions of animals with their food, and yet not depopulate the watery realms, the issue produced by every breeder is almost incredible. They spawn not by scores, but by millions: a single female is pregnant with a nation. Mr. Lewenhock counted in an ordinary cod, 9,384,000 eggs. By this amazing expedient, constant reparation is made, proportionable to the immense havock.

And as the sea abounds with animal inhabitants, so it does also with vegetable productions: some soft as wool, others hard as stone. Some rise like a leafless shrub, some are expanded in the form of a net; some grow with their heads downward, and seem rather hanging on, than springing from the jutting of the rocks. But as we know few particulars concerning these, I would only offer one remark in general. The herbs and trees on the dry land are fed by the juices that permeate the soil, and fluctuate in the air. For this purpose they are furnished with leaves to collect the one, and with roots to attract the other. Whereas the sea plants, having sufficient nourishment in the circumambient waters, have no need to detach roots into the ground, or forage the earth for sustenance. Instead therefore of penetrating, they are but just tacked to the bottom, and adhere to some solid substance only with such a degree of tenacity, as may secure them from being tost to and fro by the agitation of the waves.

We see from this and numberless other instances, what diversity there is in the operations of the great Creator. Yet every alteration is an improvement, and each new pattern has a peculiar fitness of its own.

Considered in another view, the sea is that grand reservoir which supplies the earth with its fertility: and the air and sun are the mighty engines, which work without intermission, to raise the water from this inexhaustible cistern. The clouds as aqueducts convey the genial stores along the atmosphere, and distribute them in seasonable and regular proportions, through all the regions of the globe.

How hardly do we extract a drop of perfectly sweet water from this vast pit of

brine? Yet the sun draws off every moment millions of tons in vaporous exhalations, which being securely lodged in the bottles of heaven, are sent abroad sweetened and refined, without the least brackish tincture, or bituminous sediment: sent abroad upon the wings of the wind, to distil in dews and rain, to ooze in fountains, to trickle along in rivulets, to roll from the sides of mountains, to flow in copious streams amidst burning deserts, and through populous kingdoms, in order to refresh and fertilize, to beautify and enrich every soil in every clime.

How amiable is the goodness, how amazing the power, of the world's adorable Maker! How amiable his goodness, in distributing so largely what is so extensively beneficial! That water, without which we can scarce perform any business, or enjoy any comfort, should stream by our houses, start up from the ground, drop down from the clouds! Should come from the ends of the earth, to serve us, from the extremities of the ocean! How amazing his power! That this boundless mass of fluid salt, so intolerably nauseous to the taste, should be the original spring, which quenches the thirst both of man and every animal! Doubtless the power by which this is effected, can make all things work together for our good.

Vast and various are the advantages which we receive from this liquid element. The waters glide on in spacious currents, which not only clear the adjacent country, but by giving a brisk motion to the air, prevent the stagnation of the vapours. They pass by large cities, and quietly rid them of a thousand nuisances. But they are also fit for more honourable services. They enter the gardens of a prince, float in the canal, ascend in the jet d'eau, or fall in the grand cascade. In another kind they ply at our mills, toil incessantly at the wheel, and by working the largest engines, take upon them an unknown share of our fatigue, and save us both labour, time, and expence.

So forcibly do they act when collected. And how do they insinuate when detached? They penetrate the minutest tubes of a plant, and find a passage through all its meanders. With how much difficulty does the labourer push his way up the rounds of a ladder? While these carry their loads to a much greater height, and climb with the utmost ease. They convey nourishment

nourishment from the lowest fibres that are plunged in the earth, to the topmost twigs that wave amidst the clouds. Thus they furnish the whole vegetable world with necessary provision, by means of which *the trees of the Lord are full of sap, even the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted.* And notwithstanding their vast elevation and prodigious diffusion, not a single branch is destitute of leaves, nor a single leaf of moisture.

Besides the salutary and useful circulation of the rivers, the sea has a motion no less advantageous. Daily for five or six hours, it flows toward the land, and for the same time, retires to its inmost caverns. How great is the power that protrudes to the shores such an inconceivable weight of waters, without any concurrence from the winds, often in direct opposition to them? Which bids the mighty element revolve with the most exact punctuality? Did it advance with a lawless and unlimited swell, it might deluge whole continents. Was it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a stand. But being constant in its stated period, and never exceeding its appointed bounds, it does no prejudice to the country, and serves all the ends of traffic.

Is the sailor returned from his voyage? The flux is ready to convey his vessel to the very doors of the owner, without any hazard of striking on the rocks, or of being fastened in the sands. Has the merchant freighted his ship? The reflux bears it away with the utmost expedition and safety. Behold, O man, how highly thou art favoured by thy Maker! *He hath put all things in subjection under thy feet. All sheep and oxen, all the beasts of the field: the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea.* Yea, the furies of the sea are subservient to thee. Even these, wild and impetuous as they are, are ready to receive thy load, and like an indefatigable beast of burden, carry it to the place which thou choolest.

What preserves this vast flood in perpetual purity? It receives the refuse and filth of the whole world. Whatever would defile the land and pollute the air, is transmitted to the ocean. How then is this receptacle of every nuisance kept clean, kept from contracting a noisome and pestifential taint? 'Tis partly by its incessant motion, and partly by its saltness. By the one it is secured from any internal

principle of corruption; by the other it works itself clear of any adventitious defilement.

Consider the sea in another capacity, and it connects the remotest realms of the universe, by facilitating the intercourse between their respective inhabitants. The ancients indeed looked on the ocean as an impassable gulph. But we find it just the reverse; not a bar of separation, but the great bond of union. For this purpose it is never exhausted, though it supplies the whole earth with rain: nor overflows, though all the rivers in the universe are perpetually augmenting its stores. By means of this we travel farther, than birds of the strongest pinions fly. We cross the flaming line, visit the frozen pole, and wing our way even round the globe.

What a multitude of ships are continually passing and repassing this universal thorough-fare! Whole harvests of corn, and vintages of wine, lodged in volatile store-houses, are waisted by the breath of heaven, to the very ends of the earth: waisted, enormous and unwieldy as they are, almost as speedily as the roe bounds over the hills.

Astonishing, that an element so unstable, should bear so immense a weight! That the thin air should drive on with such speed those vast bodies, which the strength of a legion could scarce move! That the air and water should carry to the distance of many thousand miles, what the united force of men and machines could scarce drag a single yard!

How are the mariners conducted thro' this fluid common, than which nothing is more wide or more wild? Here is no tract, no posts of direction, nor any hut where the traveller may ask his way. Are they guided by a pillar of fire? No, but by a mean and otherwise worthless fossil. 'Till this surprising stone was discovered, ships crept timorously along the coasts. But this guides them, when nothing but skies are seen above, and nothing but seas below. This gives intelligence that shines clear in the thickest darkness, and remains steady in the most tempestuous agitations. This emboldens us to launch into the heart of the ocean, and to range from pole to pole. By this means are imported to our islands the choice productions of every nation under heaven. Every tide conveys into our ports, the treasures of the remotest climes. And almost every private

house in the kingdom, is accommodated from the four quarters of the globe. At the same time that the sea adorns the abodes of the rich, it employs the hands of the poor. What a multitude of people acquire a livelihood, by preparing commodities for exportation? And what a multitude by manufacturing the wares imported from abroad? Thus, though it is a false supposition, that the waters themselves are strained through subterranean passages into the inland countries, yet it is true, that their effects are transfused into every town, every hamlet, and every cottage.

§ 3. *Reflections on the Atmosphere.*

If we turn our thoughts to the atmosphere, we find a most curious and exquisite apparatus of air. This is a source of innumerable advantages; all which are fetched from the very jaws of ruin. To explain this. The pressure of the air on a person of a moderate size is equal to the weight of twenty thousand pounds. Tremendous consideration! Should an house fall upon us with half that force, it would break every bone of our bodies. Yet so admirably has the Divine wisdom contrived the air, and so nicely counterpoised its dreadful power, that we suffer no manner of inconvenience; we even enjoy the load. Instead of being as a mountain on our loins, it is as wings to our feet, or sinews to our limbs. Is not this common ordination of Providence somewhat like the miracle of the burning bush? Well may we say unto God, O how terrible, yet how beneficent, art thou in thy works!

The air, though too weak to support our flight, is a thoroughfare for innumerable wings. Here the whole commonwealth of birds expatiate, beyond the reach of their adversaries. Were they to run upon the earth, they would be in ten thousand dangers, without strength to resist, or speed to escape them: whereas by mounting the skies, they are secure from peril, they scorn the horse and his rider. Some of them perching on the boughs, or soaring aloft, entertain us with their notes. Many of them yield us wholesome and agreeable food, and yet give us no trouble, put us to no expence; but till the time we want them, are wholly out of the way.

The air is charged also with several offices, absolutely needful for mankind. In our lungs it ventilates the blood,

qualifies its warmth, promotes the animal secretions. We might live even months, without the light of the sun, yea, or the glimmering of a star. Whereas, if we are deprived but a few minutes of this, we sicken, we faint, we die. The same universal nurse has a considerable share in cherishing the several tribes of plants. It transfuses vegetable vigour into the trunk of an oak, and a blooming gaiety into the leaves of a rose.

The air likewise conveys to our nostrils the extremely subtle effluvia which exhale from odoriferous bodies: particles so small, that they elude the most careful hand. But this receives and transmits the invisible vagrants, without losing even a single atom; entertaining us with the delightful sensations that arise from the fragrance of flowers, and admonishing us to withdraw from an unwholesome situation, to beware of pernicious food.

The air by its undulating motion conducts to our ear all the diversities of sound. While danger is at a considerable distance, this advertises us of its approach; and with a clamorous but kind importunity, urges us to provide for our safety.

The air wafts to our sense all the modulations of music, and the more agreeable entertainments of conversation. It distributes every musical variation with the utmost exactness, and delivers the message of the speaker with the most punctual fidelity: whereas, without this interuncio, all would be sullen and unmeaning silence. We should neither be charmed by the harmonious, nor improved by the articulate accents.

How gentle are the breezes of the air when unconfined! but when collected, they act with such immense force, as is sufficient to whirl round the hugest wheels, though clogged with the most incumbering loads. They make the ponderous millstones move as swiftly as the dancer's heel; and the massy beams play as nimbly as the musician's fingers.

In the higher regions there is an endless succession of clouds, fed by evaporations from the ocean. The clouds are themselves a kind of ocean, suspended in the air. They travel in detached parties, over all the terrestrial globe. They fructify, by proper communications of moisture, the spacious pastures of the wealthy, and gladden with no less liberal showers the cottager's little spot.

Nay, they satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth: that the natives of the lonely desert, the herds which know no master's stall, may nevertheless experience the care of an all-supporting parent.

How wonderful! that pendant lakes should be diffused, fluid mountains heaped over our heads, and both sustained in the thinnest part of the atmosphere! How surprising is the expedient which without vessels of stone or brass, keeps such loads of water in a buoyant state! Job considered this with holy admiration. *Doft thou know the balancings of the clouds?* How such ponderous bodies are made to hang in even poise, and hover like the lightest down? *He bindeib up the waters in his thick cloud:* and the cloud, though nothing is more loose and fluid, becomes by his order tenacious, as calks of iron, is not rent under all the weight.

When the sluices are opened and the waters descend, one would think they should pour down in torrents. Whereas instead of this, which would be infinitely pernicious, they coalesce into globules, and are dispensed in gentle showers. They spread themselves as if strained through the orifices of the finest watering pot, and form those small drops of rain which the clouds distil upon man abundantly. Thus instead of drowning the earth, and sweeping away its fruits, they cherish universal nature, and (like their great Master) distribute their stores, to men, animals, vegetables, as they are able to bear them.

But beside waters, here are canted various parties of winds, mild or fierce, gentle or boisterous, furnished with breezy wings, to fan the glowing firmament, or else fitted to act as an universal besom, and by sweeping the chambers of the atmosphere to cleanse the fine aerial fluid. Without this wholesome agency of the winds, the air would stagnate and become putrid: so that all the great cities in the world, instead of being seats of elegance, would degenerate into sinks of corruption.

At sea, the winds swell the mariner's sails, and speed his course along the watery way. By land they perform the office of an immense seeds-man, scattering abroad the seeds of numberless plants, which, though the support of many animals, are too small for the management, or too mean for the attention of man.

Here are lightnings stationed, in act to spring whenever their piercing flash is

necessary, either to destroy the sulphureous vapours, or dislodge any other noxious matter, which might prejudice the delicate temperature of the ether, and obscure its more than chryselline transparency.

Above all is situate a radiant and majestic orb, which enlightens and cheers the inhabitants of the earth: while the air, by a singular address, amplifies its usefulness. Its reflecting power augments that heat, which is the life of nature: its refracting power prolongs that splendor, which is the beauty of the creation.

I say, augments the heat. For the air is a cover which, without oppressing us with any perceivable weight, confines, reflects, and thereby increases the vivifying heat of the sun. The air increases this, much in the same manner as our cloaths give additional heat to our body: whereas when it is less in quantity, when it is attenuated, the solar heat is very sensibly diminished. Travellers on the lofty mountains of America, sometimes experience this to their cost. Though the climate at the foot of those vast mountains, is extremely hot and sultry, yet at the top he cold is so excessive, as often to freeze both the horse and rider to death. We have therefore great reason to praise God, for placing us in the commodious concavity, the cherishing wings of an atmosphere.

The emanations of light, though formed of inactive matter, yet (astonishing power of divine wisdom!) are refined almost to the subtilty of spirit, and are scarce inferior even to thought in speed. By which means they spread, with almost instantaneous swiftness, through an whole hemisphere: and though they fill whatever they pervade, yet they straiten no place, embarrass no one, encumber nothing.

Every where indeed, and in every element we may discern the footsteps of the Creator's wisdom. The spacious canopy over our heads is painted with blue; and the ample carpet under our feet is tinged with green. These colours, by their soft and cheering qualities, yield a perpetual refreshment to the eye. Whereas had the face of nature glistered with white, or glowed with scarlet, such dazzling hues, instead of cheering, would have fatigued the sight. Besides, as the several brighter colours are interspersed, and form the pictures in this magnificent piece, the green and the blue make an admirable ground, which shews them all to the utmost advantage.

Had the air been much grosser, it would have dimmed the rays of the sun and darkened the day. Our lungs would have been clogged in their vital function, and men drowned or suffocated therein. Were it much more subtle, birds would not be able to wing their way through the firmament: neither could the clouds be sustained, in so thin an atmosphere. It would clude likewise the organs of respiration: we should gasp for breath with as much difficulty and as little success as fishes do, when out of their native element.

§ 4. *Reflections on the Vegetable creation.*

As to vegetation itself, we are sensible all our reasonings about the wonderful operations of nature, are so full of uncertainty, that as the wise man truly observes, *Hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* This is abundantly verified in vegetable nature. For though its productions are so obvious to us, yet are we strangely in the dark concerning them, because the texture of their vessels is so fine and intricate, that we can trace but few of them, though assisted with the best microscope. But although we can never hope to come to the bottom and first principle of things, yet may we every where see plain signatures of the hand of a Divine Architect.

All vegetables are composed of water and earth, principles which strongly attract each other: and a large portion of air, which strongly attracts when fixed, but strongly repels when in an elastic state. By the combination, action, and re-action of those few principles, all the operations in vegetables are effected.

The particles of air distend each ductile part, and invigorate their sap, and meeting with the other mutually attracting principles, they are by gentle heat and motion enabled to assimilate into the nourishment of the respective parts. Thus nutrition is gradually advanced, by the nearer and nearer union of these principles, till they arrive at such a degree of consistency, as to form the several parts of vegetables. And at length, by the flying off of the watery vehicle, they are compacted into hard substances.

But when the watery particles again soak into and disunite them, then is the union of the parts of vegetables dissolved, and they are prepared by putrefaction, to appear in some new form, whereby the

nutritive fund of nature can never be exhausted.

All these principles are in all the parts of vegetables. But there is more oil in the more exalted parts of them. Thus seeds abound with oil, and consequently with sulphur and air. And indeed as they contain the rudiments of future vegetables, it was necessary they should be stored with principles, that would both preserve them from putrefaction, and also be active in promoting germination and vegetation.

And as oil is an excellent preservative against cold, so it abounds in the sap of the more northern trees. And it is this by which the ever-greens are enabled to keep their leaves all the winter.

Leaves not only bring nourishment from the lower parts within the attraction of the growing fruit, (which like young animals is furnished with proper instruments to suck it thence) but also carry off the redundant watery fluid, while they imbibe the dew and rain, which contain much silt and sulphur: for the air is full of acid and sulphureous particles; and the various combinations of these, are doubtless very serviceable in promoting the work of vegetation. Indeed so fine a fluid as the air, is a more proper medium, wherein to prepare and combine the more exalted principles of vegetables, than the gross watery fluid of the sap. And that there is plenty of these particles in the leaves is evident, from the sulphureous exudations often found on their edges. To these refined aerial particles, not only the most racy, generous taste of fruits, but likewise the most grateful odours of flowers, yea and their beautiful colours are probably owing.

In order to supply tender shoots with nourishment, nature is careful to furnish, at small distances, the young shoots of all sorts of trees, with many leaves throughout their whole length: which as so many jointly rising powers, draw plenty of sap to them.

The like provision has nature made, in the corn, grass, and seed-kind: the leafy joints, which draw nourishment to each joint, being provided long before the stem shoots: the tender stems would easily break, or dry up, so as to prevent their growth, had not these scabbards been provided, which both support and keep them in a supple and ductile state.

The growth of a young bud to a shoot, consists in the gradual dilatation and extension of every part, till it is stretched out

to its full length. And the capillary tubes still retain their hollowness, notwithstanding their being extended, as we see melted glass tubes remain hollow, though drawn out to the finest thread.

The pith of trees is always full of moisture while the shoot is growing, by the expansion of which, the tender, ductile shoot is distended in every part. But when each year's shoot is fully grown, then the pith gradually dries up. Mean time nature carefully provides for the growth of the succeeding year, by preserving a tender, ductile part in the bud, replete with succulent pith. Great care is likewise taken to keep the parts between the bark and wood always supplied with slimy moisture, from which ductile matter the woody fibres, vesicles, and buds are formed.

The great variety of different substances in the same vegetable, proves, that there are peculiar vessels for conveying different sorts of nutriment. In many vegetables some of those vessels are plainly seen full of milky, yellow, or red nutriment.

Where a secretion is designed to compose an hard substance, viz. the kernel or seed of hard-stone fruits, it does not immediately grow from the stone, which would be the shortest way to convey nourishment to it. But the umbilical vessel fetches a compass round the concave of the stone, and then enters the kernel near its cone. By this artifice the vessel being much prolonged, the motion of the sap is thereby retarded, and a viscid nutriment conveyed to the seed, which turns to an hard substance.

Let us trace the vegetation of a tree, from the seed to its full maturity. When the seed is sown, in a few days it imbibes so much moisture, as to swell with very great force, by which it is enabled both to strike its roots down, and to force its stem out of the ground. As it grows up, the first, second, third, and fourth order of lateral branches shoot out, each lower order being longer than those immediately above them, not only as shooting first, but because inserted nearer the root, and so drawing greater plenty of sap. So that a tree is a complicated engine, which has as many different powers as it has branches. And the whole of each yearly growth of the tree, is proportioned to the whole of the nourishment they attract.

But leaves also are so necessary to promote its growth, that nature provides

small, thin expansions, which may be called primary leaves, to draw nourishment to the buds and young shoots, before the leaf is expanded. These bring nutriment to them in a quantity sufficient for their small demand: a greater quantity of which is afterward provided, in proportion to their need, by the greater expansion of the leaves. A still more beautiful apparatus we find in the curious expansions of blossoms and flowers, which both protect and convey nourishment to the embryo, fruit and seeds. But as soon as the calix is formed into a small fruit, containing a minute, seminal tree, the blossom falls off, leaving it to imbibe nourishment for itself, which is brought within the reach of its function, by the adjoining leaves.

Let us proceed to make some additional reflections upon the vegetable kingdom.

All plants produce seeds: but they are entirely unfit for propagation, till they are impregnated: This is performed within the flower, by the dust of the anthera falling upon the moist stigmata, where it bursts and sends forth a very subtle matter, which is absorbed by the style, and conveyed down to the seed. As soon as this operation is over, those organs wither and fall. But one flower does not always contain all these: often the male organs are on one, the female on another. And that nothing may be wanting, the whole apparatus of the anthera and stigmata is in all flowers contrived with wonderful wisdom. In most, the stigmata surround the pistil, and are of the same height. But where the pistil is longer than the stigmata, the flowers recline, that the dust may fall into the stigmata, and when impregnated rise again, that the seeds may not fall out. In other flowers the pistil is shorter, and there the flowers preserve an erect situation. Nay, when the flowering season comes on, they become erect though they were drooping before. Lastly, when the male flowers are placed below the female, the leaves are very small and narrow, that they may not hinder the dust from flying upwards like smoke: and when in the same species one plant is male, and the other female, there the dust is carried in abundance by the wind from the male to the female. We cannot also without admiration observe, that most flowers expand themselves when the sun shines, and close when either rain, clouds, or evening is coming on, lest the genital dust should be coagulated, or otherwise rendered useless. Yet when the impregnation is

over, they do not close, either upon showers, or the approach of evening.

For the scattering of seed, nature has provided numberless ways. Various berries are given for food to animals: but while they eat the pulp, they sow the seed. Either they disperse them at the same time: or if they swallow them, they are returned with interest. The mistletoe always grows on the other trees; because the thrush that eats the seeds of them, casts them forth with his dung. The junipers also, which fill our woods, are sown in the same manner. The cross-bill that lives on fir-cones, and the hawfinch which feeds on pine-cones, sow many of those seeds, especially when they carry the cone to a stone or stump, to strip off its scales. Swine likewise and moles, by throwing up the earth, prepare it for the reception of seeds.

The great Parent of all decreed that the whole earth should be covered with plants. In order to this he adapted the nature of each to the climate where it grows. So that some can bear intense heat, others intense cold. Some love a moderate warmth. Many delight in dry, others in moist ground. The Alpine plants love mountains whose tops are covered with eternal snow. And they blow and ripen their seeds very early, lest the winter should overtake and destroy them. Plants which will grow no where else, flourish in Siberia, and near Hudson's Bay. Grass can bear almost any temperature of the air: in which the good providence of God appears: this being so necessary all over the globe, for the nourishment of cattle.

Thus neither the scorching sun nor the pinching cold hinders any country from having its vegetables. Nor is there any soil which does not bring forth some. Pond-weed and water-lilies inhabit the waters. Some plants cover the bottom of rivers and seas: others fill the marshes. Some clothe the plains: others grow in the driest woods, that scarce ever see the sun. Nay, stones and the trunks of trees are not void, but covered with liverwort.

The wisdom of the Creator appears no where more than in the manner of the growth of trees. As the roots descend deeper than those of other plants, they do not rob them of nourishment. And as their stems shoot up so high, they are easily preserved from cattle. The leaves

falling in autumn guard many plants against the rigour of winter: and in the summer afford both them and us a defence against the heat of the sun. They likewise imbibe the water from the earth, part of which transpiring through their leaves, is insensibly dispersed, and helps to moisten the plants that are round about. Lastly, the particular structure of trees contributes very much to the propagation of insects. Multitudes of these lay their eggs upon their leaves, where they find both food and safety.

Many plants and shrubs are armed with thorns, to keep the animals from destroying their fruits. At the same time these cover many other plants, under their branches, so that while the adjacent grounds are robbed of all plants, some may be preserved to continue the species.

The mosses which adorn the most barren places, preserve the smaller plants, when they begin to shoot, from cold and drought. They also hinder the fermenting earth from forcing the roots of plants upward in the spring, as we see happen annually to trunks of trees. Hence few mosses grow in southern climates, not being necessary there to these ends.

Sea-matweed will bear no soil but pure sand. Sand is often blown by violent winds, so as to deluge as it were meadows and fields. But where this grows, it fixes the sand, and gathers it into hillocks. Thus other lands are formed, the ground increased, and the sea repelled, by this wonderful disposition of nature.

How careful is nature to preserve that useful plant grass! The more its leaves are eaten, the more they increase. For the Author of nature intended, that vegetables which have slender stalks and erect leaves should be copious and thick set, and thus afford food for so vast a quantity of grazing animals. But what increases our wonder is, that although grass is the principal food of such animals, yet they touch not the flower and seed-bearing stems, that so the seeds may ripen and be sown.

The caterpillar of the moth, which feeds upon grass, for the great destruction thereof, seems to be formed in order to keep a due proportion between this and other plants. For grass when left to grow freely, increases to that degree as to exclude all other plants, which would consequently be extirpated, unless the insect sometimes prepared a place for them. And hence

hence it is, that more species of plants appear, when this caterpillar has laid waste the pasture the preceding year, than at any other time.

But all plants, sooner or later, must submit to death. They spring up, they grow, they flourish, they bear fruit, and having finished their course, return to the dust again. Almost all the black mould which covers the earth, is owing to dead vegetables. Indeed, after the leaves and stems are gone, the roots of plants remain: but these too at last rot and change into mould. And the earth thus prepared, restores to plants what it has received from them. For when seeds are committed to the earth, they draw and accommodate to their own nature the more subtle parts of this mould: so that the tallest tree is in reality nothing but mould wonderfully compounded with air and water. And from these plants when they die, just the same kind of mould is formed as gave them birth. By this means fertility remains continually uninterrupted: whereas the earth could not make good its annual consumption, were it not constantly recruited.

In many cases the crustaceous liverworts are the first foundation of vegetation. Therefore however despised, they are of the utmost consequence, in the œconomy of nature. When rocks first emerge out of the sea, they are so polished by the force of the waves, that hardly any herb is able to fix its habitation upon them. But the minute crustaceous liverworts soon begin to cover these dry rocks, though they have no nourishment but the little mould and imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. These liverworts dying turn into fine earth, in which a larger kind of liverworts strike their roots. These also die, and turn to mould: and then the various kinds of mosses find nourishment. Lastly, these dying yield such plenty of mould, that herbs and shrubs easily take root and live upon it.

That trees, when dry or cut down, may not remain useless to the world, and lie melancholy spectacles, nature hastens on their destruction, in a singular manner. First the liverworts begin to strike root in them; afterward the moisture is drawn out of them, whence putrefaction follows. Then the mushroom-kind find a fit place to grow on, and corrupt them still more. A particular sort of beetle next makes himself a way between the bark and the wood.

Then a sort of caterpillar, and several other sorts of beetles, bore numberless holes through the trunk. Lastly, the woodpeckers come, and while they are seeking for insects, shatter the tree, already corrupted, and exceedingly hasten its return to the earth from whence it came. But how shall the trunk of a tree, which is emersed in water ever return to earth? A particular kind of worm performs this work, as sea-faring men well know.

But why is so inconsiderable a plant as thistles, so armed and guarded by nature? Because it is one of the most useful plants that grows. Observe an heap of clay, on which for many years no plant has sprung up: let but the seeds of a thistle fix there, and other plants will quickly come thither, and soon cover the ground: for the thistles by their leaves attract moisture from the air, and by their roots send it into the clay, and by that means not only thrive themselves, but provide a shelter for other plants.

Indeed, there is such a variety of wisdom, and profusion of goodness, displayed in every object of nature, even in those that seem useless or insignificant, and what is more, in many of those which to an ignorant and superficial observer, appear noxious, that it is past doubt to the true philosopher, nothing has been made in vain. That is a fine as well as pious observation of Sir John Pringle, founded on the experiments of Dr. Priestley, that no vegetable grows in vain, but that from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole, which cleanses and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage, nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions, unprofitable to us, nor we to them; considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief, and their nourishment. And if ever these salutary gales rise to storms and hurricanes, let us still trace and revere the ways of a beneficent being; who not fortuitously but with design, not in wrath but in mercy, thus shakes the waters and the air together, to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia, which the vegetables upon the face of the earth had been insufficient to consume.

§ 5. *General Reflections and Observations on Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and other inferior parts of the Works of God.*

No part of nature is destitute of inhabitants. The woods, the waters, the depths of the earth, have their respective tenants; while the yielding air, and those tracts where man can never, but with much art and danger, ascend, are also passed through by multitudes of the most beautiful beings of the creation.

Every order of animals is fitted for its situation in life; but none more apparently than birds. Though they fall below beasts in the scale of nature, yet they hold the next rank, and far surpass fishes and insects, both in the structure of their bodies, and in their sagacity.

The body of man presents the greatest variety: beasts less perfectly formed, discover their defects in the simplicity of their conformation: the mechanism of birds is yet less complex: fishes are furnished with fewer organs still; while insects, more imperfect than all, fill up the chasm between animal and vegetable nature. Of man, the most perfect animal, there are but three or four species; the kinds of beasts are more numerous; birds are more various still; fishes yet more; but insects afford an immense variety.

As to the number of animals, the species of beasts, including also serpents, are not very numerous. Such as are certainly known and clearly described, are not above an hundred and fifty. And yet probably not many that are of any considerable bigness, have escaped the notice of the curious.

The species of birds, known and described, are near five hundred, and the species of fishes, including shell-fish, as many: but if the shell-fish are taken in, above six times the number. How many of each genus remain undiscovered, we cannot very nearly conjecture. But we may suppose, the whole sum of beasts and birds to exceed by a third part, and fishes by one half, those that are known.

The insects, taking in the exsanguious, both terrestrial and aquatic, may for number vie even with plants themselves. The exsanguious alone, by what Dr. Lister has observed and delineated, we may conjecture cannot be less, if not many more, than three thousand species. Indeed this computation seems much too low: for if there

are a thousand species in this island and the sea near it; and if the same proportion hold between the insects natives of England, and those of the rest of the world: the species of insects on the whole globe, will amount to ten thousand.

Now if the number of creatures even in this lower world, be so exceedingly great; how great, how immense must be the power and wisdom of him that formed them all! For as it argues far more skill in an artificer, to be able to frame both clocks and watches, and pumps, and many other sorts of machines, than he could display in making but one of those sorts of engines: so the Almighty declares more of his wisdom, in forming such a multitude of different sorts of creatures, and all with admirable and unproveable art, than if he had created but a few.

Again: The superiority of knowledge would be displayed, by contriving engines for the same purposes after different fashions, as the moving clocks or other engines by springs instead of weights: and the infinitely wise Creator, has shewn by many instances, that he is not confined to one only instrument, for the working one effect, but can perform the same thing by divers means. So though most flying creatures have feathers, yet hath he enabled several to fly without them; as the bat, one sort of lizard, two sorts of fishes, and numberless sorts of insects. In like manner, although the air bladder in fishes seems necessary for swimming; yet are many so formed as to swim without it, as first, the cartilaginous kind, which nevertheless ascend and descend at pleasure, although by what means we cannot tell: secondly, the cetaceous kind: the air which they receive into their lungs, in some measure answering the same end.

Yet again: Though God has tempered the blood and bodies of most fishes to their cold element, yet to shew he can preserve a creature as hot as beasts themselves in the coldest water, he has placed a variety of these cetaceous fishes in the northernmost seas. And the copious fat wherewith their bodies is inclosed, by reflecting the internal heat, and keeping off the external cold, keeps them warm even in the neighbourhood of the pole. Another proof that God can by different means produce the same effect, is the various ways of extracting the nutritious juice out of the aliment in various creatures,

In man and beasts the food, first chewed, is received into the stomach, where it is concocted and reduced into chyle, and so evacuated into the intestines, where being mixed with the choler and pancreate juice, it is farther subtilized, and rendered so fluid, that its finer parts easily enter the mouth of the lacteal veins. In birds there is no chewing: but in such as are not carnivorous, it is immediately swallowed into the crop, or anti-stomach (which is observed in many, especially piscivorous birds) where it is moistened by some proper juice, and then transferred to the gizzard, by the working of whole muscles, assisted by small pebbles, which they swallow for that purpose, it is ground small, and so transmitted to the intestines.

In oviparous reptiles, and all kind of serpents, there is neither chewing nor comminution in the stomach, but as they swallow animals whole, so they void the skins unbroken, having extracted the nutritious juices. Here, by the by, we may observe the wonderful delatibility of the throats and gullets of serpents. Two entire adult mice have been taken out of the stomach of an adder, whose neck was no bigger than one's little finger.

Fishes, which neither chew, nor grind their meat, do, by means of a corrosive juice in their stomach, reduce skin, bones, and all into chyle. And yet this juice shews no acidity to the taste. But how mild soever it tastes, it corrodes all animal substances, as aqua fortis does iron.

Several eminent men have been of opinion, that all brutes are mere machines. This may be agreeable enough to the pride of man; but it is not agreeable to daily observation. Do we not continually observe in the brutes which are round about us, a degree of reason? Many of their actions cannot be accounted for without it: as that commonly noted of dogs, that running before their masters, they will stop at the parting of the road, till they see which way their masters take. And when they have gotten what they fear will be taken from them, they run away and hide it. Nay, what account can be given, why a dog being to leap on a table, which he sees he cannot reach at once, if a stool or chair stands near it, first mounts that, and thence proceeds to the table? If he were mere clock-work, and his motion caused by a material spring, that spring being once set to work, would carry the machine in

a right line, towards the object that put it in motion.

Were it true, that brutes were mere machines, they could have no perception of pleasure or pain. But how contrary is this, to the doleful significations they give, when beaten or tormented? How contrary to the common sense of mankind? For do we not all naturally pity them, apprehending them to feel pain just as we do? Whereas no man is troubled to see a plaut torn, or cut, or mangled how you please. And how contrary to Scripture? *A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Prov. 12. 10. The former clause is usually rendered, a good man is merciful to his beast. And this is the true rendering, as appears by the opposite clause, that the wicked is cruel. Cruelty then may be exercised towards beasts. But this could not be, were they mere machines.

The natural instinct of all creatures, and the special provision made for some of the most helpless, do in a particular manner demonstrate the great Creator's care.

First, What an admirable principle is the natural affection of all creatures toward their young! By means of this, with what care do they nurse them up, thinking no pains too great to be taken for them, no danger too great to be ventured upon, for their guard and security! How will they cherish them with their affectionate notes, put food into their mouths, suckle them, cherish and keep them warm, teach them to pick and eat, and gather food for themselves: and in a word, perform the whole part of so many nurses, deputed by the sovereign Lord of the world, to help such young and shiftless creatures till they are able to shift for themselves.

Other animals, insects in particular, whose offspring is too numerous for the parent's provision, are so generated as to need none of their care. For they arrive immediately at their perfect state, and so are able to shift for themselves. Yet thus far the parental instinct (equal to the most rational foresight) extends, that they do not drop their eggs any where, but in commodious places, suitable to their species. And some include in their nests sufficient and agreeable food, to serve their young till they come to maturity.

And for the young themselves: as the parent is not able to carry them about, to clothe them and dandle them, as man

doth: how admirably is it contrived, that they can soon walk about, and begin to shift for themselves! How naturally do they hunt for their teat, suck, pick and take in their proper food!

On the other hand, the young of man, (as their parent's reason is sufficient to help, to nurse, feed and clothe them) are born utterly helpless, and are more absolutely than any creature cast upon their parent's care.

Secondly, What admirable provision is made for some of the most helpless creatures, at a time when they must otherwise utterly perish! The winter is an improper season to afford food for insects and many other animals. When the fields, trees, and plants are naked, and the air is chilled with frost; what would become of such animals, whose tender bodies are impatient of cold, and who are nourished only by the produce of the spring or summer? To prevent their total destruction, the wise Preserver of the world has so ordered, that in the first place, those who are impatient of cold, should have such a peculiar structure of body, as during that season, not to suffer any waste, nor consequently need any recruit. Hence many sorts of birds, and almost all insects, pass the whole winter without any food: and most of them without any respiration. It seems all motion of the animal juices is extinct. For though cut in pieces they do not awake, nor does any fluid ooze out at the wound. This sleep therefore is little less than death, and their waking, than a resurrection: when the returning sun revives them and their food together.

The next provision is for such creatures as can bear the cold, but would want food. This is provided against in some, by a long patience of hunger, in others by their wonderful instinct, in laying up food before hand, against the approaching winter. By some of these, their little treasuries are at the proper season well stocked with provisions. Yea, whole fields are here and there bespread with the fruits of the neighbouring trees laid carefully up in the earth, and covered safe by provident little animals.

And what a prodigious act is it of the Creator's indulgence to the poor, shiftable, irrational, that they are already furnished with such cloathing, as is proper to their place and business! with hair, with feathers, with shells, or with firm armature,

all nicely accommodated, as well to the element wherein they live, as to their several occasions there! To beasts, hair is a commodious cloathing; which together with the apt texture of their skin, fits them in all weathers to lie on the ground, and to do their service to man. The thick and warm fleeces of others, are a good defence against the cold and wet, and also a soft bed: yea, and to many, a comfortable covering for their tender young.

All the animals near Hudson's Bay are clothed with a close, soft, warm fur. But what is still more surprising, and what draws all attentive minds to admire the wisdom and goodness of Providence is, that the very dogs and cats which are brought thither from England, on the approach of winter change their appearance, and acquire a much longer, softer, and thicker coat of hair than they originally had.

And as hair is a commodious dress for beasts, so are feathers for birds. They are not only a good guard against wet and cold, but nicely placed every where on the body, to give them an easy passage through the air, and to waft them through that thin medium. How curious is their texture for lightness, and withal close and firm for strength! and where it is necessary they should be filled, what a light, medullary substance are they filled with! so that even the strongest parts, far from being a load to the body, rather help to make it light and buoyant. And how curiously are the vanes of the feathers wrought with capillary filaments, neatly interwoven together, whereby they are sufficiently close and strong, both to guard the body against the injuries of the weather, and to empower the wings, like so many sails, to make strong impulses on the air in their flight.

No less curious is the cloathing of reptiles. How well adapted are the rings of some, and the contortions of the skin of others, not only to fence the body sufficiently, but to enable them to creep, to perforate the earth, and to perform all the offices of their state, better than any other covering!

Observe, for instance, the tegument of the earth-worms, made in the compleatest manner, for making their passage through the earth, wherever their occasions lead them. Their body is made throughout of small rings, which have a curious apparatus of muscles, that enable them with
great

great strength to dilate, extend, or contract their whole body. Each ring is likewise armed with stiff, sharp prickles, which they can open at pleasure, or shut close to their body. Lastly, under their skin there is a slimy juice, which they emit as occasion requires, to lubricate the body, and facilitate their passage into the earth. By all these means they are enabled, with ease and speed, to work themselves into the earth, which they could not do, were they covered with hair, feathers, scales, or such cloathing as any of the other creatures.

How wisely likewise are the inhabitants of the waters cloathed! The shells of some fishes, are a strong guard to their tender bodies, and consistent enough with their slow motion: while the scales and fins of others afford them an easy and swift passage through the waters.

Admirable likewise is the sagacity of brute animals, in the conveniency and method of their habitations. Their architectonic skill herein exceeds all the skill of man. With what inimitable art do some of these poor, untaught creatures, lay a parcel of rude ugly sticks or straws together! With what curiosity do they line them within, yea, wind and place every hair, feather, or lock of wool, to guard and keep warm the tender bodies, both of themselves and their young! And with what art do they thatch over and coat their nests without, to deceive the eye of the spectators, as well as to guard and fence them against the injuries of the weather!

Even insects, those little, weak, tender creatures, what artists are they in building their habitations! How does the bee gather its comb from various flowers, the wasp from solid timber! With what accuracy do other insects perforate the earth, wood, yea stone itself! Farther yet, with what care and neatness do most of them line their houses within, and seal them up and fence them without! How artificially do others fold up the leaves of trees; others glue light bodies together, and make floating houses, to transport themselves to and fro, as their various occasions require!

Another instance of the wisdom of him that made and governs the world, we have in the balance of creatures. The whole surface of the terraqueous globe, can afford room and support, to no more

than a determinate number of all sorts of creatures. And if they should increase to double or treble the number, they must starve or devour one another. To keep the balance even, the great Author of nature hath determined the life of all creatures to such a length, and their increase to such a number, proportioned to their use in the world. The life indeed of some hurtful creatures is long; of the lion in particular. But then their increase is exceeding small: and by that means they do not overstock the world. On the other hand, where the increase is great, the lives of those creatures are generally short. And beside this, they are of great use to man, either for food or on other occasions. This indeed should be particularly observed, as a signal instance of divine providence, that useful creatures are produced in great plenty: others in smaller numbers. The prodigious increase of insects, both in and out of the waters, may exemplify the former observation. For innumerable creatures feed upon them, and would perish were it not for this supply. And the latter is confirmed by what many have remarked: that creatures of little use, or by their voraciousness, pernicious, either seldom bring forth, or have but one or two at a birth.

How remarkable is the destruction and reparation of the whole animal creation! The surface of the earth is the inexhaustible source whence both man and beast derive their subsistence. Whatever lives, lives on what vegetates, and vegetables, in their turn, live on whatever has lived or vegetated: it is impossible for any thing to live, without destroying something else. It is thus only that animals can subsist themselves, and propagate their species.

God in creating the first individual of each species, animal or vegetable, not only gave a form to the dust of the earth, but a principle of life, inclosing in each a greater or smaller quantity of organical particles, indestructible and common to all organized beings. These pass from body to body, supporting the life, and ministering to the nutrition and growth of each. And when any body is reduced to ashes, these organical particles, on which death hath no power, survive and pass into other beings, bringing with them nourishment and life. Thus every production, every renovation, every increase by generation

ration or nutrition, suppose a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, an accession of these organical particles, which ever subsisting in an equal number, render nature always equally full of life.

The total quantity of life in the universe is therefore perpetually the same. And whatever death seems to destroy, it destroys no part of that primitive life, which is diffused through all organized beings. Instead of injuring nature, it only causes it to shine with the greater lustre. If death is permitted to cut down individuals, it is only, in order to make of the universe, by the reproduction of beings, a theatre ever crowded, a spectacle ever new. But it is never permitted to destroy the most inconsiderable species.

That beings may succeed each other, it is necessary that there be a destruction among them. Yet like a provident mother, nature in the midst of her inexhaustible abundance, has prevented any waste, by the few species of carnivorous animals, and the few individuals of each species; multiplying at the same time both the species and individuals of those that feed on herbage. In vegetables she seems to be profuse, both with regard to the number and fertility of the species.

In the sea indeed all the species are carnivorous. But though they are perpetually preying upon, they never destroy each other, because their fruitfulness is equal to their depredation.

Thus thro' successive ages stands
Firm fixt thy providential care!
Pleas'd with the works of thine own hands
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

Let us add a few more reflections on the world in general. The same wise Being, who was pleas'd to make man, prepar'd for him also an habitation so advantageously plac'd, that the heavens and the rest of the universe might serve it both as an ornament and a covering. He construct'd likewise the air which man was to breathe, and the fire which was to sustain his life. He prepar'd also metals, salts, and all terrestrial elements to renew and maintain throughout all ages, whatever might be on any account necessary for the inhabitants of the earth.

The same Divine Ruler is manifest in all the objects that compose the universe. It is he that caus'd the dry land to appear, above the surface of the ocean, gaug'd the

capacity of that amazing reservoir, and proportion'd it to the fluid it contains. He collect's the rising vapours, and causes them to distil in gentle showers. At his command the sun darts his enlivening rays, and the winds scatter the noxious effluvia, which if they were collect'd together might destroy the human race.

He form'd those hills and lofty mountains which receive and retain the water within their bowels, in order to distribute it with economy to the inhabitants of the plains, and to give it such an impulse, as might enable it to overcome the unevenness of the lands, and convey it to the remotest habitations.

He spread under the plains beds of clay, or compact earth, there to stop the waters, which, after a great rain, make their way through innumerable little passages. These sheets of water frequently remain in a level with the neighbouring rivers, and fill our wells with their redundancy, or as those subside, flow into them again.

He proportion'd the variety of plants in each country, to the exigencies of the inhabitants, and adapt'd the variety of the soils, to the nature of those plants.

He endued numerous animals with mild dispositions, to make them the domestics of man; and taught the other animals to govern themselves, with an aversion to dependence, in order to continue their species without loading man with so many cares.

If we more nearly survey the animal and vegetable world, we find all animals and plants, have a certain and determin'd form, which is invariably the same. So that if a monster ever appear, it cannot propagate its kind, and introduce a new species into the universe. Great indeed is the variety of organized bodies. But their number is limited. Nor is it possible to add a new genus either of plants or animals, to those of which God has created the germina, and determin'd the form.

The same Almighty power has created a precise number of simple elements, essentially different from each other, and invariably the same. By these he varies the scene of the universe, and at the same time prevents its destruction, by the very immutability of the nature and number of these elements, so that the world is for ever chang'd, and yet eternally the same.

Yet if we would account for the origin

of these elements, we are involved in endless uncertainty. We can only say, he who has appointed their different uses in all ages, has rendered those uses infallible, by the impossibility of either destroying or increasing them.

Herein we read the characters of his power, which is invariably obeyed; of his wisdom, which has abundantly provided for every thing; and of his tender kindness toward man, for whom he has provided services equally various and infallible. It is an additional proof of his continual care of his creatures, that though every thing be composed of simple elements, all placed within our reach, yet no power is able to destroy the least particle of them. Nothing but the same cause which was able to give them birth, can annihilate them, or change their nature. In truth, the design and will of the Creator, is the only physical cause of the general œconomy of the world: the only physical cause of every organized body, every germ that flourishes in it; the only physical cause of every minute elementary particle, which enters into the composition of all.

We must not then expect ever to have a clear and full conception of effects, natures, and causes. For where is the thing which we can fully conceive? We can no more comprehend either what body in general is, or any particular body, suppose a mass of clay, or a ball of lead, than what a spirit, or what God is.

If we turn our eyes to the minutest parts of animal life, we shall be lost in astonishment! And though every thing is alike easy to the Almighty, yet to us it is matter of the highest wonder, that in those specks of life, we find a greater number of members to be put in motion, more wheels and pulleys to be kept going, and a greater variety of machinery, more elegance and workmanship (so to speak) in the composition, more beauty and ornament in the finishing, than are seen in the enormous bulk of the crocodile, the elephant, or the whale. Yea, they seem to be the effects of an art, as much more exquisite, as the movements of a watch are, than those of a coach or a waggon.

Hence we learn, that an atom to God is as a world, and a world but as an atom; just as to him, *one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years but as one day.* Every species likewise of these animalculæ may serve

to correct our pride, and shew how inadequate our notions are, to the real nature of things. How extremely little can we possibly know, either of the largest or smallest part of the creation? We are furnished with organs capable of discerning, to a certain degree of great or little only. All beyond is as far beyond the reach of our conceptions, as if it had never existed.

Proofs of a wise, a good, and powerful Being are indeed deducible from every thing around us: but the extremely great and the extremely small, seem to furnish us with those that are most convincing. And perhaps, if duly considered, the fabric of a world, and the fabric of a mite, may be found equally striking and conclusive.

Glasses discover to us numberless kinds of living creatures, quite indiscernible to the naked eye. And how many thousand kinds may there be, gradually decreasing in size, which we cannot see by any help whatever? Yet to all these we must believe God has not only appointed the most wise means for preservation and propagation, but has adorned them with beauty equal, at least, to any thing our eyes have seen.

In short, the world around us is the mighty volume wherein God has declared himself. Human languages and characters are different in different nations. And those of one nation are not understood by the rest. But the book of nature is written in an universal character, which every man may read in his own language. It consists not of words, but things, which picture out the divine perfections. The firmament every where expanded, with all its starry host, declares the immensity and magnificence, the power and wisdom of its Creator. Thunder, lightning, storms, earthquakes and volcanoes, shew the terror of his wrath. Seasonable rains, sunshine and harvest, denote his bounty and goodness, and demonstrate how *he opens his hand, and fills all living things with plenteousness.* The constantly succeeding generations of plants and animals, imply the eternity of their first cause. Life, subsisting in millions of different forms, shews the vast diffusion of his animating power, and death the infinite disproportion between him and every living thing.

Even the actions of animals are an eloquent and a pathetic language. Those that want the help of man have a thousand engaging ways, which like the voice of God speaking to his heart, command him

to preserve and cherish them. In the mean time the motions or looks of those which might do him harm, strike him with terror, and warn him, either to fly from or arm himself against them. Thus it is, that every part of nature directs us to nature's God.

The reader will easily excuse our concluding this chapter also, with an extract from Mr. Hervey.

In all the animal world, we find no tribe, no individual neglected by its Creator. Even the ignoble creatures are most wisely circumstanced and most liberally accommodated.

They all generate in that particular season, which supplies them with a stock of provisions, sufficient not only for themselves, but for their increasing families. The sheep year, when there is herbage to fill their udders, and create milk for their lambs. The birds hatch their young, when new-born insects swarm on every side. So that the caterer, whether it be the male or the female parent, needs only to alight on the ground, or make a little excursion into the air, and find a feast ready dressed for the mouths at home.

Their love to their offspring, while they are helpless, is invincibly strong: whereas the moment they are able to shift for themselves it vanishes as though it had never been. The hen that marches at the head of her little brood, would fly at a mastiff in their defence. Yet within a few weeks, she leaves them to the wide world, and does not even know them any more.

If the God of Israel inspired Bezaleel and Aholiah with wisdom and knowledge in all manner of workmanship, the God of nature has not been wanting, in his instructions to the fowls of the air. The skill with which they erect their houses, and adjust their apartments is inimitable. The caution with which they hide their abodes from the searching eye, or intruding hand, is admirable. No general, though fruitful in expedients, could build so commodious a lodgement. Give the most celebrated artificer the same materials, which these weak and unexperienced creatures use. Let a Jones or a Demouivre have only some rude stones or ugly sticks, a few bits of dirt or scraps of hair, a lock of wool, or a coarse sprig of moss: and what works could they produce? We extol the commander, who knows how to take advantage of the ground; who by every

circumstance embarrasses the forces of his enemy, and advances the success of his own. Does not this praise belong to the feathered leaders? Who fix their pensile camp, on the dangerous branches that wave aloft in the air, or dance over the stream? By this means the vernal gales rock their cradle, and the murmuring waters lull the young, while both concur to terrify their enemies, and keep them at a distance. Some hide their little household from view, amidst the shelter of intangled furze. Others remove it from discovery, in the centre of a thorny thicket. And by one stratagem or another they are generally as secure, as if they intrenched themselves in the earth.

If the swan has large sweeping wings, and a copious stock of feathers, to spread over his callow young, the wren makes up by contrivance what is wanting in her bulk. Small as she is, she will be obliged to nurse up a very numerous issue. Therefore with surprising judgment she designs, and with wonderful diligence finishes her nest. It is a neat oval, bottomed and vaulted over with a regular concave: within made soft with down, without thatched with moss, only a small aperture left for her entrance. By this means the enlivening heat of her body is greatly increased during the time of incubation. And her young no sooner burst the shell, than they find themselves screened from the annoyance of the weather, and comfortably reposed, till they gather strength in the warmth of a bagnio.

Perhaps we have been accustomed to look upon insects, as so many rude scraps of creation, but if we examine them with attention, they will appear some of the most polished pieces of divine workmanship. Many of them are decked with the richest finery. Their eyes are an assemblage of microscopes: the common fly, for instance, who, surrounded with enemies, has neither strength to resist, nor a place of retreat to secure herself. For this reason she has need to be very vigilant, and always upon her guard. But her head is so fixed that it cannot turn to see what passes, either behind or around her. Providence therefore has given her, not barely a retinue, but more than a legion of eyes: inasmuch that a single fly is supposed to be mistress of no less than eight thousand. By the help of this truly amazing apparatus, she sees on every side, with the
utmost

utmost ease and speed, though without any motion of the eye, or flexion of the neck.

The dress of insects is a vesture of resplendent colours set with an arrangement of the brightest gems. Their wings are the finest expansion imaginable, compared to which lawn is as coarse as sackcloth. The cases, which enclose their wings, glitter with the finest varnish, are scooped into ornamental flutings, are studded with radiant spots, or pinked with elegant holes. Not one but is endowed with weapons to seize their prey, and dexterity to escape their foe, to dispatch the business of their station, and enjoy the pleasure of their condition.

What if the elephant is distinguished by his huge proboscis? The use of this is answered in these his meanest relations, by their curious feelers, remarkable, if not for their enormous size, yet for their ready flexion and quick sensibility. By these they explore their way in the darkest road: by these they discover and avoid, whatever might defile their neat apparel, or endanger their tender lives.

Every one admires the majestic horse. With how rapid career does he bound along the plain! Yet the grass-hopper springs forward with a bound abundantly more impetuous. The ant too, in proportion to his size, excels him both in swiftness and strength: and will climb precipices, which the most courageous courser dares not attempt to scale. If the snail moves more slowly, she has however no need to go the same way twice over: because whenever she departs, wherever she removes, she is always at home.

The eagle, it is true, is privileged with pinions that out-strip the wind. Yet neither is that poor outcast, the groveling mole, disregarded by Divine Providence. Because she is to dig her cell in the earth, her paws serve for a pick-axe and spade. Her eye is sunk deep into its socket, that it may not be hurt by her rugged situation. And as it needs very little light, she has no reason to complain of her dark abode. So that her subterranean habitation, which some might call a dungeon, yields her all the safety of a fortified castle, and all the delights of a decorated grot.

Even the spider, though abhorred by man, is the care of all-sustaining heaven. She is to support herself by trepanning the wandering fly. Suitably to her employ, she has bags of glutinous moisture.

From this she spins a clammy thread, and weaves it into a tenacious net. This she spreads in the most opportune place. But knowing her appearance would deter him from approaching, she then retires out of sight. Yet she constantly keeps within distance; so as to receive immediate intelligence when any thing falls into her toils, ready to spring out in the very instant. And it is observable, when winter chills the air, and no more insects rove through it, knowing her labour would be in vain, she leaves her stand, and discontinues her work.

I must not forget the inhabitants of the hive. The bees subsist as a regular community. And their indulgent Creator has given them all implements necessary either for building their combs, or composing their honey. They have each a portable vessel, in which they bring home their collected sweets: and they have the most commodious store-houses, wherein they deposit them. They readily distinguish every plant, which affords materials for their business: and are complete practitioners in the arts of separation and refinement. They are aware that the vernal bloom and summer sun continue but for a season. Therefore they improve to the utmost every shining hour, and lay up a stock sufficient to supply the whole state, till their flowery harvest returns.

If the master of this lower creation is ennobled with the powers of reason, the meanest classes of sensitive beings, are endowed with the faculty of instinct: a sagacity which is neither derived from observation, nor waits the finishing of experience: which without a tutor teaches them all necessary skill, and enables them, without a pattern to perform every needful operation. And what is more remarkable, it never misleads them, either into erroneous principles, or pernicious practices: nor ever fails them in the most nice and difficult of their undertakings.

Let us step into another element, and just visit the watery world. There is not one among the innumerable myriads, that swim the boundless ocean, but is watched over by the sovereign eye, and supported by his Almighty hand. He has condescended even to beautify them. He has given the most exact proportion to their shape, the gayest colours to their skin, and a polished surface to their scales. The eyes of some are surrounded with a scarlet circle:

circle: the back of others diversified with crimson stains. View them when they glance along the stream, or when they are fresh from their native brine, the silver is not more bright, nor the rainbow more glowing than their vivid, glossy hues.

But as they have neither hands nor feet, how can they help themselves, or escape their enemies? By the beneficial, as well as ornamental furniture of fins. These when expanded, like masts above, and ballasts below, poise their floating bodies, and keep them steadily upright. They are likewise greatly assisted by the flexibility and vigorous activity of their tails: with which they shoot through the paths of the sea, swifter than a vessel with all its sails. But we are lost in wonder at the exquisite contrivance and delicate formation of their gills: by which they are accommodated, even in that dense medium, with the benefits of respiration! A piece of mechanism this, indulged to the meanest of the fry: yet infinitely surpassing, in the fineness of its structure and operation, whatever is curious in the works of art, or commodious in the palaces of princes.

§ 6. *Observations on the difference between things natural and artificial.*

If we examine the finest needle by the microscope, the point of it appears about a quarter of an inch broad, and its figure neither round nor flat, but irregular and unequal. And the surface, however smooth and bright it may seem to the naked eye, is then seen full of raggedness, holes, and scratches, like an iron bar from the forge. But examine in the same manner the sting of a bee, and it appears to have in every part a polish most amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, or inequality; and ends in a point too fine to be discerned by any glass whatever: and yet this is only the outward sheath of far more exquisite instruments.

A small piece of the finest lawn, from the distance and holes between its threads, appears like a lattice or hurdle. And the threads themselves seem coarser than the yarn wherewith ropes are made for anchors. Fine Brussels lace will look as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, intertwined or clotted together in a very awkward and unartful manner. But a silkworm's web on the nicest examination appears perfectly smooth and shining, and as much finer than any spinner in the world

can make, as the smallest twine is than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk winds into nine hundred and thirty yards. And as it is two threads twisted together all the length, so it really contains one thousand eight hundred and sixty; and yet weighs but two grains and an half. What an exquisite fineness! and yet this is nothing to the silk that issued from the worm's mouth when newly hatched.

The smallest dot which can be made with a pen, appears through a glass, a vast irregular spot, rough, jagged, and uneven about all its edges. The finest writing (such as the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny) seems as shapeless and uncouth as if wrote in Runic characters. But the specks of moths, beetles, flies, and other insects, are most accurately circular: and all the lines and marks about them are drawn to the utmost possibility of exactness.

Our finest miniature paintings appear before a microscope, as mere daubings, plaitered on with a trowel. Our smoothest polishings are shown to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws. Thus do the works of art sink, upon an accurate examination. On the contrary, the nearer we examine the works of nature, even in the least and meanest of her productions, the more we are convinced, nothing is to be found there but beauty and perfection. View the numberless species of insects, what exactness and symmetry shall we find in all their organs! What a profusion of colouring, azure, green, vermilion; what fringe and embroidery on every part! How high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we every where behold! Yea, view the animalcule, invisible to the naked eye, those breathing atoms so small, they are almost all workmanship: in them too we discover the same multiplicity of parts, diversity of figures, and variety of motions, as in the largest animals. How amazingly curious must the internal structure of these creatures be! how minute the bones, joints, muscles, and tendons! how exquisitely delicate the veins, arteries, nerves! what multitudes of vessels and circulations must be contained in this narrow compass! and yet all have sufficient room for their several offices, without interfering with each other!

The same regularity and beauty is found in vegetables. Every stalk, bud, flower, and seed, displays a figure, a proportion,

portion, an harmony, beyond the reach of art. There is not a weed whose every leaf does not shew a multiplicity of pores and vessels curiously disposed for the conveyance of juices, to support and nourish it, and which is not adorned with innumerable graces to embellish it.

But some may ask, to what purpose has nature bestowed so much expence on so insignificant creatures? I answer, this very thing proves they are not so insignificant, as we fondly suppose. This beauty is given them either for their own sake, that they themselves may be delighted with it, or for ours, that we may observe in them the amazing power and goodness of the Creator. If the former, they are of consequence in the account of their Maker, and therefore deserve our regard. If the latter, then it is certainly our duty to take notice of, and admire them.

In short, the whole universe is a picture, in which are displayed the perfections of the Deity. It shews not only his existence, but his unity, his power, his wisdom, his independence, his goodness. His unity appears in the harmony we cannot but see in all the parts of nature; in that one simple end to which they are directed, and the conformity of all the means thereto. On every side we discern either simple elements or compound bodies, which have all different actions and offices. What the fire inflames, the water quenches: what one wind freezes, another thaws. But these and a thousand other operations, so seemingly repugnant to each other, do nevertheless all concur, in a wonderful manner, to produce one effect. And all are so necessary to the main design, that were the agency of any one destroyed, an interruption of the order and harmony of the creation must immediately ensue.

Suppose, for instance, the wind to be taken away, and all society is in the utmost disorder. Navigation is at a stand, and all our commerce with foreign nations destroyed. On the other hand the vapours raised from the sea would remain suspended, just where they rose. Consequently we should be deprived of that useful covering the clouds, which now screens us from the scorching heat: yea, and of the fruitful rains. So our land would be parched up, the fruits of the earth wither, animals die, through hunger and thirst, and all nature languish and

droop. All the parts of nature therefore were-constituted for the assistance of each other, and all undeniably prove the unity of their Omniscient Creator.

His power appears in the whole frame of creation, and his wisdom in every part of it. His independence is pointed out in the inexhaustible variety of beasts, birds, fishes and insects: and his goodness, in taking care of every one of these, *opening his hand, and filling all things living with plenteousness.*

Every thing is calculated by Divine Wisdom, to make us wiser and better. And this is the substance of true philosophy. We cannot know much. In vain does our shallow reason attempt to fathom the mysteries of nature, and to pry into the secrets of the Almighty. His ways are past finding out. The eye of a little worm is a subject capable of exhausting all our boasted speculations. But we may love much. And herein we may be assisted by contemplating the wonders of his creation. Indeed he seems to have laid the highest claim to this tribute of our love, by the care he has taken to manifest his goodness in the most conspicuous manner, while at the same time he has concealed from us the most curious particulars, with regard to the essences and structure of his works. And to this our ignorance it is owing, that we fancy so many things to be useless in the creation. But a deep sense of his goodness will satisfy all our doubts, and resolve all our scruples.

§ 7. *Considerations on the nature of Man.*

Near 6000 years are elapsed since the creation. At first there were only two human beings. When the flood came upon the earth, which was 1656 years from the beginning of time, these two had increased, according to a moderate computation, to the number of 10,737,418,240 persons. From Noah and his family are sprung the present race of men, and are generally supposed to be only about 358,000,000 persons.

If we proceed from the number to the nature of reasonable beings, we shall find much of the wisdom and goodness of God displayed in the structure of the human body, as well as in the all-directing mind.

Let us begin with the less adorned, but more solid parts, those which support, and which contain the rest. First, you have a system

system of bones, cast in a variety of moulds, in a variety of sizes: all strong, that they may bear up the machine, yet light, that they may not weigh us down: bored with an inward cavity to contain the moistening marrow, and perforated with fine ducts, to admit the nourishing vessels. Insensible themselves, they are covered with a membrane, exquisitely sensible, which warns them of, and secures them from the annoyance of any hurtful friction; and also preserves the muscles from being fretted in their action, by the hard and rough substance of the bone. They are largest at the extremities, that they may be joined more firmly, and not so easily dislocated. The manner of their articulation is truly admirable, and remarkably various: yet never varied without demonstrating some wise design, and answering some valuable end. Frequently when two are united, the one is nicely rounded and capped with a smooth substance; the other is scooped into an hollow of the same dimensions to receive it. And both are lubricated with an unctuous fluid, to facilitate the rotation.

The feet compose the firmest pedestal, infinitely beyond all that statuary can accomplish; capable of altering its form, and extending its size, as different circumstances require. They likewise contain a set of the nicest springs, which help to place the body in a variety of attitudes, and qualify it for a multiplicity of motions. The undermost part of the heel, and the extremity of the sole, are shod with a tough insensible substance: a kind of natural sandal, which never wears out, never wants repair: and which prevents an undue compression of the vessels by the weight of the body. The legs and thighs are like stately columns, so articulated that they are commodious for walking, and yet do not obstruct the easy posture of sitting. The legs swell out towards the top with a general projection, and are neatly wrought off towards the bottom: a variation which lessens their bulk, while it increases their beauty.

The ribs, turned into a regular arch, are gently moveable, for the act of respiration. They form a safe lodgement for the lungs and heart, some of the most important organs of life. The back bone is designed, not only to strengthen the body, and sustain its most capacious store-rooms, but also to bring down the continuation of the brain, usually termed the spinal mar-

row. It both conveys and guards this silver cord, as Solomon terms it, and by commodious outlets transmits it to all parts. Had it been only frail and hollow, it might have served these purposes. But then the loins must have been inflexible: to avoid which, it consists of very short bones, knit together by cartilages. This peculiarity of structure gives it the pliancy of an osier, with the firmness of an oak. By this means it is capable of various inflections, without bruising the soft marrow, or diminishing that strength which is necessary to support all the upper stories. Such a formation in any other of the solids, must have occasioned great inconvenience. Here it is unspeakably useful, a masterpiece of creating skill.

The arms are exactly proportioned to each other, to preserve the equilibrium of the structure. These being the guards that defend, and the ministers that serve the whole body, are fitted for the most diversified and extensive operations: firm with bone, yet not weighty with flesh, and capable of performing all useful motions. They bend inwards and turn outwards: they move upwards or downwards. They wheel about in whatever direction we please. To these are added the hands, terminated by the fingers, not of the same length, nor of equal bigness, but in both respects different, which gives the more beauty, and far greater usefulness. Were they all flesh, they would be weak: were they one entire bone, they would be utterly inflexible: but consisting of various little bones and muscles, what shape can they not assume? Being placed at the end of the arm, the sphere of their action is exceedingly enlarged. Their extremities are an assemblage of fine tendinous fibres, acutely sensible: which notwithstanding are destined to almost incessant employ, and frequently among rugged objects. For this reason they are overlaid with nails, which preserve them from any painful impressions.

In the hand we have a case of the finest instruments. To those we owe those beautiful statues, this melodious trumpet. By the strength of the hand the tallest firs fall, and the largest oaks descend from the mountains. Fashioned by the hand they are a floating warehouse, and carry the productions of art and nature from Britain to Japan.

The hand is the original and universal sceptre, which not only represents, but
ascertains

ascertains our dominion over all the elements and over every creature. Though we have not the strength of the horse, the swiftness of the greyhound, or the quick scent of the spaniel, yet directed by the understanding, and enabled by the hand, we can as it were make them all our own. These short hands have found a way to penetrate the bowels of the earth, to touch the bottom of the sea. These feeble hands can manage the wings of the wind, arm themselves with the violence of fire, and press into their service the forcible impetuosity of water. How greatly then are we indebted to our wise Creator, for this distinguishing, this invaluable member!

Above all is the head, for the residence of the brain, ample to receive, and firm to defend it. It has a communication with all, even the remotest parts; has outlets for dispatching couriers to all quarters, and avenues for receiving speedy intelligence, on all needful occasions. It has lodgements wherein to post centinels, for various offices: to expedite whose operations the whole turns on a curious pivot, nicely contrived to afford the largest and freest circulations.

This is screened from heat, defended from cold, and at the same time beautified by the hair: a decoration so delicate, as no art can supply, so perfectly light, as no way to encumber the wearer.

While other animals are prone in their aspect, the attitude of man is erect, which is by far the most graceful, and bespeaks superiority. It is by far the most commodious, for prosecution of all our extensive designs. It is likewise safest, less exposed to dangers, and better contrived to repel or avoid them. Does it not also remind us of our noble original, and our sublime end? Our original, which was the breath of the Almighty: our end, which was the enjoyment of him in glory?

Thus much for the rafters and beams of the house. Let us now survey the lodgings within. Here are ligaments, a tough and strong arrangement of fibres, to unite the several parts and render what would otherwise be an unwieldy jumble, a well-compacted and self-manageable system: membranes, thin and flexible tunics, to inwrap the fleshy parts, to connect some, and form a separation between others: arteries, the rivers of our little world, that striking out as they go, into numberless small canals, visit every street, yea, every apartment in the

vital city. These being wide at first, and growing narrower and narrower, check the rapidity of the blood. This thrown from the heart, dilates the arteries, and their own elastic force contracts them: by which means they vibrate against the finger, and much assist both in the discovery and cure of diseases. The larger arteries, wherever the blood is forced to bend, are situate on the bending side; lest being stretched to an improper length, the circulation should be retarded. They are not, like several of the veins, near the surface, but placed at a proper depth. And hereby they are more secure from external injuries. In those parts which are most liable to pressure, an admirable expedient takes place. The arteries inosculate with each other: breaking into a new track, they fetch a little circuit, and afterwards return into the main road. So that if any thing block up or straiten the direct passage, the current by diverting to this new channel, eludes the impediment, flows on, and soon regains its wonted course.

The veins receive the blood from the arteries, and re-convey it to the heart. The pressure of the blood is not near so forcible in these as in the arteries. Therefore their texture is considerably slighter. Such an exact economist is nature, amidst all her liberality! In many of these canals, the current, though widening continually, is obliged to push its way against the perpendicular: hereby it is exposed to the danger of falling back and overloading the vessels. To prevent this, valves are interposed at proper distances, which are no hindrance to the regular passage, but prevent the reflux, and facilitate the passage of the blood to the grand receptacle. But these valves are only where the blood is constrained to climb: where the ascent ceases, they cease also.

Here are glands to filtrate the passing fluids, each of which is an assemblage of vessels, complicated with seeming confusion, but with perfect regularity. Each forms a secretion far more curious than the most admired operations of chymistry. Muscles, composed of the finest fibres, yet endued with incredible strength, fashioned after a variety of patterns, but all in the highest taste for elegance and convenience. These are the instruments of motion, and at the command of the will, execute their functions quick as lightning: nerves, surprisngly minute, which set the muscles at

work, diffuse the power of sensation through the body, and upon any impression from without, give all needful intelligence to the soul: Vesicles, distended with an unctuous matter, in some places compose a soft cushion; as in the calf of the leg, whose large muscles, mixt with fat, are of singular service to those important bones. This flanks and fortifies them, like a strong bastion, supports and cherishes them, like a soft pillow. In other places they fill up the vacuities, and smooth the inequalities of the flesh. Inwardly they supply the machine for motion; outwardly they render it smooth and graceful.

The skin, like a curious surtout, covers the whole, formed of the most delicate network, whose meshes are minute, and whose threads are multiplied, even to a prodigy: the meshes are so minute, that nothing passes them, which is discernible by the eye; though they discharge every moment myriads and myriads of superfluous incumbrances. The threads are so multiplied, that neither the point of the smallest needle, nor the infinitely finer lance of a gnat, can pierce any part without drawing blood, and causing an uneasy sensation. Consequently, without wounding by so small a puncture, both a nerve and a vein!

But a course of incessant action must exhaust the solids and waste the fluids, and unless both are properly recruited, in a short time destroy the machine. For this reason it is furnished with the organs, and endued with the powers of nutrition: teeth, the foremost, thin and sharp, to bite asunder the food; the hindermost, broad and strong, indented with small cavities, the better to grind in pieces what is transmitted to them. But in children the formation of teeth is postponed till they have occasion for them.

Were the teeth, like other bones, covered with the periosteum, chewing would give much pain. Were they quite naked, they would soon decay and perish. To guard against both, they are overlaid with a neat enamel, harder than the bone itself, which gives no pain in chewing, and yet secures them from various injuries.

The lips prevent the food from slipping out of the mouth, and, assisted by the tongue, return it to the grinders. While they do this in concert with the cheeks, they squeeze a thin liquor from the adjacent glands. This moistens the food and prepares it for digestion. When the mouth

is inactive these are nearly closed: but when we speak or eat, their moisture being then necessary, is express as need requires.

But the food could not descend merely by its own weight, through a narrow and clammy passage into the stomach. Therefore to effect this, muscles both strait and circular are provided. The former enlarge the cavity, and give an easy admittance. The latter, closing behind the descending aliment, press it downward. But before the food enters the gullet, it must of necessity pass over the orifice of the windpipe: whence it is in danger of falling upon the lungs, which might occasion instant death. To obviate this, a moveable lid is placed, which when the smallest particle advances, is pulled down and shut close, but as soon as it is swallowed, is let loose and stands open. Thus the important pass is always made sure against any noxious approaches; yet always left free for the air, and open for respiration.

The food descending into the stomach, is not yet ready for the bowels. Therefore that great receiver is strong to bear, and proper to detain it, till it is wrought into the smoothest pulp imaginable. From hence it is discharged by a gentle force, and passes gradually into the intestines.

Near the entrance waits the gall-bladder, ready to pour its salutary juice upon the aliment, which dissolves any thing viscid, scours the intestines, and keeps all the fine apertures clear. This bag, as the stomach fills, is prest thereby, and then only discharges its contents. It is also furnished with a valve of a very peculiar, namely, of a spiral form: through which the detentive liquid cannot hastily pour, but must gently ooze. Admirable construction! which, without any care of ours, gives the needful supply, and no more.

The nutriment then pursues its way through the mazes of the intestines: which by a wormlike motion protrude it and force its small particles into the lacteal vessels. These are a series of the finest strainers, ranged in countless multitudes all along the sides of the winding passage. Had this been strait or short, the food could not have resigned a sufficient quantity of its nourishing particles. Therefore it is artfully convolved and greatly extended, that whatever passes may be sifted thoroughly. As the aliment proceeds, it is more and more drained of its nutritious juices. In consequence of this, it would become hard and

and pain the tender parts, but that glands are posited in proper places, to discharge a lubricated fluid. These are smaller or fewer near the stomach, because there the aliment is moist enough: whereas in the bowels remote from the stomach, they are either multiplied or enlarged.

The chyle drawn off by the lacteals is carried through millions of ducts, too fine even for the microscope to discover. To this it is owing that nothing enters the blood, but what is capable of passing through the finest vessels. It is then lodged in several commodious cells (the glands of the mesentery) and there mixt with a thin diluting lymph, which makes it more apt to flow. Hence it is conveyed to the common receptacle, and mounts through a perpendicular tube into the last subclavian vein. This tube lies contiguous to the great artery, whose strong pulsation drives on the fluid, and enables it to ascend and unload its treasure, at the very door of the heart.

But the chyle is as yet in too crude a state, to be fit for the animal functions. Therefore it is thrown into the lungs. In the spongy cells of this amazing laboratory, it mixes with the external air, and its whole substance is made more smooth and uniform. Thus improved it enters the left ventricle of the heart, a strong, active, indefatigable muscle. The large muscles of the arm or of the thigh are soon wearied: a day's labour, or a day's journey, exhausts their strength. But the heart toils whole weeks, whole months, nay years, unwearied: is equally a stranger to intermission and fatigue. Impelled by this, part of the blood shoots upward to the head; part rolls through the whole body.

But how shall a stream divided into myriads of channels, be brought back to its source? Should any portion of it be unable to return, putrefaction, if not death, must ensue. Therefore the all-wise Creator has connected the extremities of the arteries, with the beginning of the veins: so that the same force which darts the blood through the former, helps to drive it through the latter. Thus it is re-conducted to the great cistern, and there played off afresh.

Where two opposite currents would be in danger of clashing, where the streams from the vena cava and vena ascendens coincide, a fibrous excrescence interposes, which like a projecting pier, breaks the

stroke of each, and throws both into their proper receptacle. Where the motion is to be speedy, the channels either forbear to wind (as in the great artery, which descends to the feet) or lessen in their dimensions, as in every interval between all the ramifications. When the progress is to be retarded, the tubes are variously convolved or their diameter contracted. Thus guarded, the living flood never discontinues its course, but night and day, whether we sleep or wake, still perseveres to run briskly through the arteries, and return softly through the veins.

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable present of the senses, to be the inlets of innumerable pleasures, and the means of the most valuable advantages.

The eye, in its elevated station, commands the most enlarged prospects. Consisting only of fluids inclosed within coats, it shews us all the graces and glories of nature. How wonderful, that an image of the highest mountains, and the widest landscapes should enter the small pupil! that the rays of light should paint on the optic nerve, paint in an instant of time, paint in their truest colours and exactest lineaments, every species of external objects!

The eye is so tender, that the slightest touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with a peculiar care, intrenched deep and barricaded round with bones. As the smallest fly might incommode its polished surface, it is farther protected by two substantial curtains. In sleep, when there is no occasion for the sense, but a necessity to guard the organ, these curtains close of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extremely fine sponge, moist with its own dew. Its brittle palisades keep out the least mote, and moderate the too strong impressions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almost incessant need for these little orbs, they run upon the finest castors, rolling every way with the utmost ease: which circumstance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as useful as a thousand.

The ear consists of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, somewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous substance, covered with tight membranes, and wrought into sinuous cavities.

These, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and transmit them with a vigorous impulse, to the finely stretched membrane of the drum. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a polished reverberating cavity. It is furnished with braces that strain or relax, as the sound is faint or strong. The hammer and the anvil, the winding labyrinth, and the sounding galleries, these and other pieces of mechanism, all instrumental to hearing, are inexpressibly curious.

Amazingly exact must be the tension of the auditory nerves, since they answer the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and distinguish their most subtle variations. These living chords, tuned by an almighty hand, and spread through the echoing isles, receive all the impressions of sound, and propagate them to the brain. These give existence to the charms of music, and the still nobler charms of discourse.

The eye is useless amidst the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkest medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours: but the ear is always accessible.

As there are concussions of the air, which are discernible only by the instruments of hearing, so there are odoriferous particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the smell. The nostrils are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter, narrow at the top, that, when entered, they may act more strongly. The steams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microscopes that shew thousands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of these to our sight. Yet so judiciously are the olfactory nets set, that they catch the vanishing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of spring, and make us banquet even on the invisible dainties of nature.

Another capacity for pleasure our bountiful Creator has bestowed, by granting us the powers of taste. This is circumstanced in a manner so benign and wise, as to be a standing plea for temperance, which sets the finest edge on the taste, and adds the most poignant relish to its enjoyments.

And these senses are not only so many sources of delight, but a joint security to our health. They are the inspectors that examine our food, and enquire into the properties of it. For the discharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and

most commodiously situated. So that nothing can gain admission, till it has past their scrutiny.

To all these, as a most necessary supplement, is added the sense of Feeling. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuse! Indeed all the senses are exactly adapted to the exigencies of our present state. Were they strained much higher, they would be avenues of anguish, were they much relaxed, they would be well-nigh useless.

The crowning gift which augments the benefits accruing from all the senses, is speech. Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and ears of others; by their ideas and observations. And what an admirable instrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into speech, is the tongue? This little collection of muscular fibres, under the direction of the Creator, is the artificer of our words. By this we communicate the secrets of our breasts, and make our very thoughts audible. This likewise is the efficient cause of music; it is soft as the lute, or shrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an easy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the shell of a violin to the sound of the strings.

Wonderfully wise is the regulation of voluntary and involuntary motions. The will in some cases has no power: in others she is an absolute sovereign. If she command, the arm is stretched, the hand closed. How easily, how punctually are her orders obeyed!—To turn the screw, or work the lever, is laborious and wearisome. But we work the vertebrae of the neck, with all their appendant chambers: we advance the leg with the whole incumbent body; we rise, we spring from the ground, and though so great a weight is raised, we meet with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this should be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the will, is very surprising. But that it should be done, even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is most astonishing! Who can play a single tune upon the spinet, without learning the differences of the keys? Yet the mind touches every spring of the human machine, with the most masterly skill, though she knows nothing at all of the nature of her instrument, or the process of her operations.

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The eye of a rustic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, shall lengthen and shorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the least hesitation, and with the utmost propriety: exactly adapting itself to the particular distance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs some of the most curious experiments in the Newtonian philosophy, without the least knowledge of the science, or consciousness of its own dexterity!

Which shall we admire most, the multitude of organs; their finished form and faultless order; or the power which the soul exercises over them? Ten thousand reins are put into her hands: and she manages all, conducts all, without the least perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a consistency and speed, that nothing can equal!

So fearfully and wonderfully are we made! Made of such complicated parts, each so nicely fashioned, and all so exactly arranged; every one executing such curious functions, and many of them operating in so mysterious a manner! And since health depends on such a numerous assemblage of moving organs; since a single secretion stopped may spoil the temperature of the fluid, a single wheel clogged may put an end to the solids: with what holy fear should we pass the time of our sojourning here below! Trusting for continual preservation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency, and supports its being!

This is an ingenious description of the casket, it is fit we should attend to the jewel it contains. If the House is so curiously and wonderfully made by the all-wise Architect, what may we not expect the Inhabitants to be?

Know'st thou th' importance of a soul immortal?

Behold the midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,

And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor. YOUNG.

The reasoning of Mr. Addison on this subject is very flattering to human nature, and deserves the serious consideration of every intelligent Being. The

perpetual progress of the soul, says that elegant writer, to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it, seems to me to carry a great weight with it for the immortality thereof. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

————— Heres,
Heredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
HORACE. Ep. 2.
——— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. GREEK.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences,

such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity: that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition that is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks, this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior nature, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well, that a period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means perceives his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered

with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

§ 8. *Considerations on the Chain of Being justified to be in Nature.*

The chain of being, which some worthy persons have supposed to exist in nature, is a very pleasing idea, and has been ably handled by the late Soame Jenyns, Esq. in his Disquisition upon that subject. The farther we enquire, says that able writer, into the works of our great Creator, the more evident marks we shall discover of his infinite wisdom and power, and perhaps in none more remarkable, than in that wonderful chain of beings, with which this terrestrial globe is furnished; rising above each other, from the senseless clod, to the brightest genius of human kind, in which though the chain itself is sufficiently visible, the links, which compose it, are so minute, and so finely wrought, that they are quite imperceptible to our eyes. The various qualities, with which these various beings are endued, we perceive without difficulty, but the boundaries of those qualities, which form this chain of subordination, are so mixed, that where one ends, and the next begins, we are unable to discover. The manner by which this is performed, is a subject well worthy of our consideration, and on an accurate examination appears to be this.

In order to diffuse all possible happiness, God has been pleased to fill this earth with innumerable orders of beings, superior to each other in proportion to the qualities and faculties which he has thought proper to bestow upon them: to mere matter he has given extension, solidity, and gravity; to plants, vegetation; to animals, life and instinct; and to man, reason; each of which superior qualities augments the excellence and dignity of the possessor, and places him higher in the scale of universal existence. In all these, it is remarkable, that he has not formed this necessary, and beautiful subordination, by placing beings of quite different natures above each other, but by granting some additional quality to each superior order, in conjunction with all those possessed by their inferiors; so that, tho' they rise above each other in excellence,

lence, by means of these additional qualities, one mode of existence is common to them all, without which they never could have coalesced in one uniform and regular system.

Thus, for instance, in plants we find all the qualities of mere matter, the only order below them, solidity, extension, and gravity, with the addition of vegetation; in animals, all the properties of matter, together with the vegetation of plants, to which is added, life and instinct; and in man we find all the properties of matter, the vegetation of plants, the life and instinct of animals, to all which is superadded, reason.

That man is endued with these properties of all inferior orders, will plainly appear by a slight examination of his composition; his body is material, and has all the properties of mere matter, solidity, extension, and gravity; it is also vested with the quality of plants, that is, a power of vegetation, which it incessantly exercises without any knowledge or consent of his: it is sown, grows up, expands, comes to maturity, withers and dies, like all other vegetables: he possesses likewise the qualities of lower animals, and shares their fate; like them, he is called into life without his knowledge or consent; like them, he is compelled by irresistible instincts, to answer the purposes for which he was designed; like them, he performs his destined course, partakes of its blessings, and ensures its sufferings for a short time, then dies, and is seen no more: in him instinct is not less powerful, than in them, tho' less visible, by being confounded with reason, which it sometimes concurs with, and sometimes counteracts; by this, with the concurrence of reason, he is taught the belief of a God, of a future state, and the difference between moral good and evil; to pursue happiness, to avoid danger, and to take care of himself, and his offspring; by this too he is frequently impelled, in contradiction to reason, to relinquish ease, and safety, to traverse inhospitable deserts and tempestuous seas, to inflict, and suffer all the miseries of war, and, like the herring, and the mackarel, to hasten to his own destruction, for the public benefit, which he neither understands, or cares for. Thus is this wonderful chain extended from the lowest to the highest order of terrestrial beings, by links so nicely fitted, that the beginning and end of each is invisible to the most inquisitive eye, and yet they all together compose one

vast and beautiful system of subordination.

The manner by which the consummate wisdom of the divine artificer has formed this gradation, so extensive in the whole, and so imperceptible in the parts, is this:—He constantly unites the highest degree of the qualities of each inferior order to the lowest degree of the same qualities, belonging to the order next above it; by which means, like the colours of a skilful painter, they are so blended together, and shaded off into each other, that no line of distinction is any where to be seen. Thus, for instance, solidity, extension, and gravity, the qualities of mere matter, being united with the lowest degree of vegetation, compose a stone; from whence this vegetative power ascending thro' an infinite variety of herbs, flowers, plants, and trees, to its greatest perfection in the sensitive plant, joins there the lowest degree of animal life in the shell-fish, which adheres to the rock; and it is difficult to distinguish which possesses the greatest share, as the one shews it only by shrinking from the finger, and the other by opening to receive the water, which surrounds it. In the same manner this animal life rises from this low beginning in the shell-fish, thro' innumerable species of insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, to the confines of reason, where, in the dog, the monkey, and the chimpanzè, it unites so closely with the lowest degree of that quality in man, that they cannot easily be distinguished from each other. From this lowest degree in the brutal Hottentot, reason, with the assistance of learning and science, advances, thro' the various stages of human understanding, which rise above each other, till in a Bacon, or a Newton, it attains the summit.

Here we must stop, being unable to pursue the progress of this astonishing chain beyond the limits of this terrestrial globe with the naked eye; but thro' the perspective of analogy and conjecture, we may perceive, that it ascends a great deal higher, to the inhabitants of other planets, to angels, and archangels, the lowest orders of whom may be united by a like easy transition with the highest of our own, in whom, to reason may be added intuitive knowledge, insight into futurity, with innumerable other faculties, of which we are unable to form the least idea; through whom it may ascend, by gradations almost infinite, to those most exalted of created beings, who are seated on the footstool of the celestial throne.

§ 221. *Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.*

As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion; and that you will be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At present, such enquiries would demand more study, and greater powers of reasoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of understanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the holy Scriptures are writings inspired by God, containing a true history of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true recital of the laws given by God to Moses, and of the precepts of our blessed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his apostles—who were men chosen from amongst those who had the advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection—and who, after his ascension, were assisted and inspired by the Holy Ghost. This sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed; and plain and easy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible, then, must be your chief study and delight: but, as it contains many various kinds of writing—some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent perusal such parts of the sacred writings as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people amongst the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned: for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed. Of the same kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moses; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner, yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence.

I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament—provided you read them as an history, in a regular course,

and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, interesting, and affecting; or that is told in so short and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some brief directions, concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a task, nor as the dull employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue! Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be understood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said that it consists of various matter, and various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without understanding it, in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilst you read, correspond with those of mine, whilst I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 222. *Of Genesis.*

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the course in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events,

events, that ever happened in the universe : —The creation of the world, and of man : —The deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue : —The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour : —The account of the early state of the world : —Of the universal deluge : —The division of mankind into different nations and languages : —The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people ; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed—that is, in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations. —It is amazing that the Jews, possessing this prophecy, among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans : It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular sect or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world. —The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God, is affecting in the highest degree ; and sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate, in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under afflicting dispensations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be assured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us ; if we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against the bosom of an only child ; but if the almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to resign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will. —This action of Abraham has been censured by some, who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices

of the Heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their gods. An absolute command from God himself—as in the case of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action ; since he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind : and we may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition ; and remains the noblest instance of religious faith and submission, that was ever given by a mere man : we cannot wonder that the blessings bestowed on him for it should have been extended to his posterity. —This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene I have mentioned—and still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and history of his two sons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Esau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumeans—the exquisitely affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 223. *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a series of wonders, wrought by the Almighty, to rescue the oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having first received them as guests, by degrees reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his chosen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the solemn restitution of those primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate descendants, or which, at least, he had made known by the dictates of conscience ; but which time, and

and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderness of Sinah; there, assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded "with blackness, and darkness, and tempest," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements, and those excellent promises, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them transmitted to other nations; and by that means a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of those past deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were surrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this series of events, and to establish these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet Moses, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprises; and to pursue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed: his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpse vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the saints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages.

Mrs. Chapman.

§ 224. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now:

you may pass it over entirely—and, for the same reason, you may omit the first eight chapters of Numbers. The rest of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God, who had worked such amazing wonders for them: he promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient; and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forsake the true God. I have before observed, that the sanctions of the Mosaic law were temporal rewards and punishments: those of the New Testament are eternal; these last, as they are so infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last, best gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Messiah, in the fullest and clearest manner. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their profligacy and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the standing municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moses's song and death.

Ibid.

§ 225. *Of Joshua.*

The book of Joshua contains the conquests of the Israelites over the seven nations, and their establishment in the promised land.—Their treatment of these conquered nations must appear to you very cruel and unjust, if you consider it as their own act, unauthorized by a positive command: but they had the most absolute injunctions, not to spare these corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor show mercy to them, but utterly to destroy them:"—and the reason is given,—"lest they should turn away the Israelites from following the Lord, that they might serve other gods." The children of Israel are to be considered as instruments, in the hand of the Lord, to punish those whose idolatry and wickedness had deservedly brought destruction on them; this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to these

these seven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city submitted, it became tributary, and the people were spared; if it resisted, the men were to be slain, but the women and children saved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty cannot be justly laid to their charge on this occasion, you will observe, in the course of their history, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the chosen people of God, if you supposed them selected on account of their own merit: their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not chosen for their superior righteousness — “for they were a stiff-necked people; and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day they left Egypt.” — “You have been rebellious against the Lord,” says Moses, “from the day that I knew you.” — And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themselves that their success was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the scourge of other nations, whose crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chastisement. For the sake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wise reasons, undiscovered to us, they were selected from a world over-run with idolatry, to preserve upon earth the pure worship of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Messiah amongst them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended, by a great number of peculiar rites and observances, from falling into the corrupt worship practised by their neighbours. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 226. *Of Judges, Samuel, and Kings.*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting stories of Sampson and Jephtha, carries on the history from the death of Joshua, about two hundred and fifty years; but the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes some confusion; and it will be necessary to consult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the succession of events during that period.

The history then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and those of Kings: nothing can be more interesting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon: but, after

the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam, and became a separate kingdom, you will find some difficulty in understanding distinctly the histories of the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah, which are blended together; and by the likeness of the names, and other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: the index here will be of great use to you. The second book of Kings concludes with the Babylonish captivity, 588 years before Christ—till which time the kingdom of Judah had descended uninterruptedly in the line of David. *Ibid.*

§ 227. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther.*

The first book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Israel and Judah; and the remainder is the same history which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the separation of the ten tribes. From that period, it proceeds with the history of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may pass over the first book of Chronicles, and the nine first chapters of the second book; but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and distinct ideas of the history of Judah, than that you read in the second book of Kings. The second of Chronicles ends, like the second of Kings, with the Babylonish captivity.

You must pursue the history in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return of some of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the history for about twelve years, when he himself was governor of Jerusalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The story of Esther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will see by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the seventy years captivity, and is a kind of episode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the last of the canonical books that is properly historical; and I would therefore advise, that you pass over what follows, till you have continued the history through the apocryphal books. *Ibid.*

§ 228. *Of Job.*

The story of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obscure; but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer, from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt, by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment, Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alledging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of: and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 229. *Of the Psalms.*

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford

you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to select some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart: or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany's *Life of David* will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs: which being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think “one day in his courts better than a thousand!”—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprized at the folly of those, who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unfulled by any great or wilful crimes,

crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in these divine songs, particularly in Psalm xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 230. *Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom, from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding: if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this study—which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament; besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral

and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pursued, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision: the second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that it may be entirely omitted, unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Messiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But, in the course of reading which I advise, these must be omitted till after you have gone through the Gospels and Acts, that you may not lose the historical thread. *Ibid.*

§ 231. *Of the New Testament, which is constantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of scripture, which is the most important of all, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but all your life long; because, how often soever repeated, it is impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his “are the words of eternal life!” They must therefore be laid up in your heart,

heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, “whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.”—There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness. The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts—“To love the Lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our strength; and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourselves.” “Love worketh no ill to his neighbour.” Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible to love God without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree; and, we may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do these few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Gospel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 232. *Of the Example set by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue! When you see him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and astonishing them all with his understanding and answers—you will say, perhaps, — “Well might the Son of

God, even at those years, be far wiser than the aged; but, can a mortal child emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can such a pattern be proposed to my imitation?”—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to understand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become “wise unto salvation.”—Unmoved by the praise he acquired amongst these learned men, you see him meekly return to the subjection of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord: you see him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and solace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that scene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had sent him from his own right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter’s son. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Most High, he enters on his public ministry, what an example does he give us, of the most extensive and constant benevolence!—how are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men!—not the meanest sinner is below his notice:—to reclaim and save them, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other use of it than to heal and to save.

When you come to read of his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the sorrow of mind, and torment of body, which he submitted to—when you consider that it was all for our sakes—“that by his stripes we are healed”—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?—No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists.

gests. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human;—but the emotions of tenderness and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end—unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection towards your blessed Lord—with a firm resolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful disciple—and ever to renounce and abhor those sins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at so dear a rate. Remember that the title of Christian, or follower of Christ, implies a more than ordinary degree of holiness and goodness. As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes, in descending from his glory and dwelling amongst men. The first, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The second, to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it, by “bringing life and immortality to light;” by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God’s laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain, by his death, the remission of our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing on his sincere followers the inestimable gift of immortal happiness.

Mrs. Chapon.

§ 233. *A comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed at the Last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in presence of all mankind, of those holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the desolation, shame, and anguish, of those wretched souls, who shall hear

these dreadful words;—“Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”—Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of those undone, lost creatures!—I trust in God’s mercy, that you will make a better use of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchsafed you, and of those amiable dispositions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this insupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your soul, if you shall hear our heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words—“Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.”—Think, what it must be, to become an object of the esteem and applause—not only of all mankind assembled together—but of all the host of heaven, of our blessed Lord himself—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your soul cleansed from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the purest and noblest affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and disposition of mind and body adapted to the highest relish of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety;—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though still far short of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliss, which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing, “that it is what mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.” The crown of all our joys will be, to know

that we are secure of possessing them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wishes and pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not insensible to that desire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendent degree of it; and that continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance, as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to carelessness, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and you have besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the inestimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation; and of the various exertions of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their mission.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 234. *Character of St. Paul.*

The Character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular

attention: most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction, in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught.—He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians: but, tho' his actions were bad, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way. This example may assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct: instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth; since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity; otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that, which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble writer, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 235. *Of the Epistles.*

Next follow the Epistles, which make a very important part of the New Testament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular use in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not so fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, many passages

passages hard to be understood: such, in particular, are the first eleven chapters to the Romans; the greater part of his Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians; and several chapters of that to the Hebrews. Instead of perplexing yourself with these more obscure passages of scripture, I would wish you to employ your attention chiefly on those that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by comparing them with what you find in these. It is through the neglect of this rule, that many have been led to draw the most absurd doctrines from the holy scriptures.—Let me particularly recommend to your careful perusal the xii. xiii. xiv. and xv. chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the xiv. chapter St. Paul has in view the difference between the Jewish and Gentile (or Heathen) converts, at that time: the former were disposed to look with horror on the latter, for their impiety in not paying the same regard to the distinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakness and superstition. Excellent is the advice which the Apostle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewish converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise; remembering, that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Endeavour to conform yourself to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians—and that, to his own master, every one must stand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the several points discussed by St. Paul in his various epistles—most of them too intricate for your understanding at present, and many of them beyond my abilities to state clearly. I will only again recommend to you, to read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race—if precept, warning, encouragement, example,

urged by an eloquence which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 236. *The Epistle of St. James.*

The epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the apostle asserts to be incapable of justifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary to salvation. But St. James tells us, that, "if any man among us seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain;"—and that "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Faith in Christ, if it produce not these effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power. *Ibid.*

§ 237. *Epistles of St. Peter, and the first of St. John.*

The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instructions and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life; amongst which, are set forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second Epistle is prophetic; warning the church of false teachers, and false doctrines, which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity,

The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it, in some parts, hard to be understood; but the spirit of divine love, which it so fervently expresses, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apostle so pathetically

pathetically recommends, is in truth the essence of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us.

Mrs. Chopone.

§ 238. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetic account of most of the great events relating to the Christian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this, in many instances, very successfully: but I think it is yet too soon for you to study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions, to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous, through Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Deliverer of the world!

Ibid.

§ 239. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. *Duties that relate to Man, considered as an individual—the Passions—Woman—Consanguinity, or natural relations—Providence, or the accidental difference in men—the Social Duties—Religion.*

INTRODUCTION.

Bow down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of earth! be silent and receive with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His

power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space.

Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works; but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream; he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth, and is deceived.

But the wisdom of God is as the light of heaven; he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man! who hath created thee: thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment: the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodness: the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, shall establish his soul in peace.

DUTIES that relate to MAN, considered as an INDIVIDUAL.

§ 240. CONSIDERATION.

Commune with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and thy connections; so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or act, before thou hast weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take; so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue;

tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action, before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of consideration; her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

§ 241. MODESTY.

Who art thou, O man! that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldst not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not; he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant; he clotheth himself in rich attire; he walketh in the public street; he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with insolence, and his superiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear and to speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise, and the flatterer in return eateth him up.

§ 242. APPLICATION.

Since the days that are past are gone forever, and those that are to come may not

come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house; and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late: he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder, his servants are wasteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he shaketh his head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

§ 243. EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another; but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by any dishonest or unworthy method: strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree in spite of oppression; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night, and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs, he rejoiceth in the execution thereof, and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining, and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no rest in him.

He seeleth in his own breast no love to goodness, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavours to depreciate those that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief; but the detestation of man pursueth him, he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

§ 244. PRUDENCE.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart; her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he that cannot refrain his tongue, shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let thine own business engage thy attention; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason, it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure! regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Refuse the favours of a mercenary man; they will be a snare unto thee; thou shalt never be quit of the obligation.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from Prudence infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

§ 245. FORTITUDE.

Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage

courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through defarts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth into battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy shall surmount them.

But the daftardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with a breath of air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

§ 246. CONTENTMENT.

Forget not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the root from whence they spring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, If I had wealth or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for

know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniencies.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich, he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom; and he that increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares: but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou suffereest not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice or temperance, or charity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

§ 247. TEMPERANCE.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from heaven understanding and health.

These blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness, and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board; cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled

their appetites, that they have no relish for their nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains of the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but found and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of insidious love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft and delicate; her attire is loose and inviting. Wantonness sparkleth in her eyes, and on her bosom sits temptation. She beckoneth them with her fingers, she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue, she endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, stop thy ears to her enchanting words. If thou marrest the languishing of her eyes; if thou hearest the softness of her voice; if she caresseth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution: thy days shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.



The PASSIONS.

§ 248. HOPE and FEAR.

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are no terrors to the good; he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairst of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears, neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the ostrich when pursued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, thy dependency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise pursueth it not.

In all thy desires let reason go along with thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall successes attend thy undertakings, thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointment.

§ 249. JOY and GRIEF.

Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart. This world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of Joy.

It is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it from the continual noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by; she singeth and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to go in and taste the pleasures of life, which she telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter not thou into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of Joy; they laugh and seem delighted: but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil. Dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneeth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other side, and behold, in that vale, overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life and weepeth; the weakness and wickedness of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil, every object she seeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious; she will blast the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn and sweeten the garden of life.

In avoiding the house of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead thee by a gentle ascent to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwelleth Safety and Contentment. She is cheerful but not gay; she is serious, but not grave; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.

From hence, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those, who led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of Jollity and riotous Mirth; or infected with

Gloominess and Melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.

§ 250. ANGER.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth whole cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him. Danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in a passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast, it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wrath.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

§ 251. PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops falling from roses on the bosom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

§ 252. DESIRE and LOVE.

Beware, young man, beware of the allurements of wantonness, and let not the harlot tempt thee to excess in her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements, neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall

overtake thee; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

§ 253. W O M A N.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart, so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks; ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompence his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music, the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency

Decency is in all her words, in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion with a scepter sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife: happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom: she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments: he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

CONSANGUINITY, or NATURAL RELATIONS.

§ 254. HUSBAND.

Take unto thyself a wife, and obey the

ordinance of God; take unto thyself a wife and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and fix not suddenly. On thy present choice depends thy future happiness.

If much of her time is destroyed in dresses and adornments; if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighteth in her own praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men: though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of imagination.

But when thou findest sensibility of heart, joined with softness of manners; an accomplished mind, with a form agreeable to thy fancy; take her home to thy house, she is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom.

O cherish her as a blessing sent thee from heaven. Let the kindness of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the mistress of thy house; treat her therefore with respect, that thy servants may obey her.

Oppose not her inclination without cause; she is the partner of thy cares, make her also the companion of thy pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Trust thy secrets in her breast; her counsels are sincere, thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for she is the mother of thy children.

When pain and sickness assault her, let thy tenderness soothe her affliction: a look from thee of pity and love shall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain, and be of more avail than ten physicians.

Consider the tenderness of her sex, the delicacy of her frame; and be not severe to her weakness, but remember thine own imperfections.

§ 255. FATHER.

Consider thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust: the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth, whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself; an useful or a worthless member to the community.

Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination, set him

him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him modesty and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits; teach him charity and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance and he shall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

§ 256. SON.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son; observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged sire, he lodgeth him with safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease: do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the forwardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

§ 257. BROTHERS.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a stranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race: and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

PROVIDENCE; or the accidental Differences in MEN.

§ 258. WISE and IGNORANT.

The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself.

Hath he endued thee with wisdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? Communicate it to the ignorant, for their instruction; communicate it to the wise, for thine own improvement.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly. The wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination; and to talk much is the foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to bear with patience their impertinence, and to pity their absurdity.

Yet be not puffed up with thine own conceit, neither boast of superior understanding; the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly.

The wise man seeth his imperfections, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation: but the fool peepeth

n the shallow stream of his own mind, and is pleased with the pebbles which he sees at the bottom: he bringeth them up and heweth them as pearls; and with the applause of his brethren delighteth he himself.

He boasteth attainments in things that are of no worth; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there he hath no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom he toileth after folly; and shame and disappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wise man cultivates his mind with knowledge: the improvement of arts is his delight, and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheless the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning: and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

§ 259. RICH and POOR.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He seeketh out objects of compassion: he enquireth into their wants; he relieveth with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit: he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof:

That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of

wealth; no grief nor distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him: he liveth in continual fear; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he has brought upon others.

O what are the miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart.

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with a train of dependants, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

His labour preserveth his health, and procureth him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility, and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than all the acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore presume on his riches, nor the poor in his poverty yield to his despondence; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both.

§ 260. MASTERS and SERVANTS.

Repine not, O man, at the state of servitude: it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages; it removeth thee from the cares and solitudes of life.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

Be patient therefore under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee answer not again. The silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him. Defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest from him fidelity;

idelity; and reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest a ready obedience.

The spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority: so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude; he shall obey thee cheerfully from the principle of love: and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.

§ 261. MAGISTRATES *and* SUBJECTS.

O thou, favourite of heaven, whom the sons of men, thy equals, have agreed to raise to sovereign power, and set as a ruler over themselves; consider the ends and importance of their trust, far more than the dignity and height of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple, and seated on a throne: the crown of majesty investeth thy temples; the sceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyself were these ensigns given; not meant for thine own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his situation: he resolveth high things, and searcheth for business worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom, he consulteth amongst them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of them all.

He looketh among his people with discernment; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just, his ministers are wise, and the favourite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He smileth on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself; he kindleth in their breasts emulation, and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The spirit of the merchant who extendeth his commerce; the skill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands; the ingenuity of the artist, the improvement of the scholar;

all these he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies, he buildeth strong ships, he openeth rivers for convenience, he formeth harbours for safety; his people abound in riches, and the strength of his kingdom encreaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom; his subjects enjoy the fruits of their labour, in security; and their happiness consists in the observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the punishment of offenders he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects; he restraineth the hand of their oppressors, and delivereth them from their tyranny.

His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love; they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

No murmurs against him arise in their hearts: the machinations of his enemies endanger not his state.

His subjects are faithful, and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of brass; the army of a tyrant flieth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace blest the dwellings of his people; glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.



The SOCIAL DUTIES.

§ 262. BENEVOLENCE.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy cloathing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and the pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetnefs from its own nature, fo the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander: the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men: and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

§ 263. JUSTICE.

The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals, on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation: let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be sacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure thee, nor any provocation excite thee, to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O tempt not to sin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone for.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee; be assured it is less evil in the sight of God to steal, than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make any advantage.

Pay the debts which thou owest, for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thine honour: and to withhold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society! examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid; and if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

§ 264. CHARITY.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

§ 265. GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, where his spring was supplied; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligations with cheerfulness; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness, he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but
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the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, and burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for though the act of generosity commandeth admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hands of the proud: to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation: the vanity of pride shall expose thee to shame, the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

§ 266. SINCERITY.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charms, hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and forsake her not; the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart: hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falsehood, and is confounded: but in speaking the truth he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocrisy he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself; he is never embarrassed; he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips; he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth with friendship, he reproveth with freedom: and whatsoever he promiseth shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast; he masketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow, he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe; but he blundereth into light, and is betrayed and exposed, with his dirt on his head.

He passeth his days with perpetual constraint; his tongue and his heart are forever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man; and huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool! the pains which thou takest to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldst seem; and the children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning, when, in the midst of security, thy disguise is stripped off, and the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.

§ 267. RELIGION.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehensible.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image. He enliveneth the world with his brightness, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth; admire him as the creature, the instrument of God; but worship him not.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise!

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand, who hath described with his finger the courses of the stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, that it cannot pass; and saith unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are dismayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothing.

“O reverence the Majesty of the Omnipotent; and tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed!”

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied them in his beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his presence, there is nothing contingent; with respect to his providence there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways: his counsels

counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

“ Pay therefore to his wisdom all honour and veneration; and bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to his supreme direction.”

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food, he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness; the hills and the vallies rejoice and sing; fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished with peculiar favour; and exalted thy station above all creatures.

He hath endued thee with reason, to maintain thy dominion: he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

“ O praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love; let thy heart overflow with gratitude and acknowledgment; let the language of thy lips speak praise and adoration; let the actions of thy life shew thy love to his law.”

The Lord is just and righteous, and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy, and shall he not punish the transgressors thereof?

O think not, bold man! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever; he respecteth not the persons or the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the

soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribution, according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

“ O fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee. Let prudence admonish thee, let temperance restrain, let justice guide thy hand, benevolence warm thy heart, and gratitude to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity, in the paradise of God.”

This is the true ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

Part II. *Man considered in the general—Considered in regard to his infirmities and their effects—The advantages he may acquire over his fellow-creatures—Natural accidents.*

MAN considered in the General.

§ 268. *Of the HUMAN FRAME and STRUCTURE:*

Weak and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtest to be, O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee? contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou shouldst behold his works! wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayst admire them! wherefore to admire, but that thou mayst adore their and thy Creator!

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone? and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in flesh to think; it is not in bones to reason. The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to
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what thou seeft: something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy fenfes. Behold, what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled, therefore it is no part of it; it is immaterial, therefore it is eternal: it is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the afs the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? or standeth the crocodile erect although his back-bone is as straight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these: after them all wert thou created: superiority and command were given thee over all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the pride of his creation, the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himself within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare to descend to evil or meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent? who clothed the neck of the horse with thunder? even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purposes.

§ 269. *Of the Use of the SENSES.*

Vaunt not of thy body, because it was first formed; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the malker of the house more honourable than its walls?

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted; the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelain.

As the breath of Heaven sayeth unto the waters of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high and no higher, shall they raise their fury; so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh; so let it repress its wildness.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth, thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers, so runneth thy life from thy heart outwards, and so runneth it into its place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever? Behold, the same God ordaineth them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know

thou that perfumes long smelt become offensive, that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the centinels that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error?

Keep thy soul in moderation, teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good; so shall these its ministers be always open to the conveyances of truth.

Thine hand is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing? the world shall read thy shame upon thy face: therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they the countenance of its ruddy splendor? Avoid guilt, and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee; that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Reverence them; for know, that dreams are from on high.

Thou man alone canst speak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise, teaching thy children wisdom, instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

§ 270. *The SOUL of MAN, its ORIGIN and AFFECTIONS.*

The blessings, O man! of thy external part, are health, vigour, and proportion. The greatest of these is health. What health is to the body, even that is honesty to the soul.

That thou hast a soul, is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee. Be meek, be grateful for it. Seek not to know it gratefully: it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing, call not these the soul! They are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not too high, that thou be not despised. Be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing; neither debase it to the sense of brutes; nor be thou like unto the horse and the mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties; know it by its virtues. They are more in number than

than the hairs of thy head; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with Arabia, that one soul is parted among all men; neither believe thou with the sons of Egypt, that every man hath many: know, that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Doth not the sun harden the clay? doth it not also soften the wax? As it is one sun that worketh both, even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature though darkness spread itself before her face as a curtain, so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of a fool.

She is immortal; she is unchangeable; she is alike in all. Health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness, and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Although she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee. She was concreated with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer for them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination; think not corruption can hide thee from inquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee to thou knowest not what again?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? Exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? Knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master? and lieth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him? Yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust: thine alone surviveth.

Envy not to these their senses, because quicker than thine own. Learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing good things, but in the knowing to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of a stag, or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's; didst thou equal the hounds in smell, or could the ape resign to thee his taste, or the tortoise her feeling; yet without reason, what would they avail thee? Perish not all these like their kindred?

Hath any one of them the gift of speech? Can any lay unto thee, Therefore did I so?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul? or can too much be said in its praise? It is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good may also do harm. Beware that thou direct her course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the crowd; suppose not that thou canst bury her in thy closet. Action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are universal; her agility is not to be suppressed. Is it at the uttermost parts of the earth? she will have it: Is it beyond the region of the stars? yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight. As one who traverseth the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that searcheth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she is rash; restrain her, for she is irregular; correct her, for she is outrageous; more supple is she than water, more flexible than wax, more yielding than air. Is there aught can bind her?

As a sword in the hand of a madman, even so is the soul to him who wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth; her means to discover it are reason and experience. But are not these weak, uncertain, and fallacious? How then shall she attain unto it?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perceivest thou of thyself, the knowledge of him who created thee, the sense of the worship thou owest unto him? are not these plain before thy face? And behold! what is there more that man needeth to know?

§ 271. *Of the PERIOD and Uses of HUMAN LIFE.*

As the eye of morning to the lark, as the shade of evening to the owl, as honey to the bee, or as the carcase unto the vulture; even such is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obscure, it displeaseth not; though sweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbideth not; yet who is he that knoweth its true value?

Learn to esteem life as it ought; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable: nor believe with the pretended wise, that thou oughtest to condemn it. Love it not for itself, but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost of it. Employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not, that it were best not to have been born; or if born, that it had been best to die early: neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, Where had been the evil that I had not existed? Good is in thy power; the want of good is evil; and if the question be just, lo! it condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hidden therein? would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him? so neither were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live? neither would a merciful God have created him: know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird is inclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against its sides; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou art in; but know it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though its ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyself to all; and where there is least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security; but when thou stretcheth thyself on roses, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life: strive therefore to live as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst. While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool, with the shortness of thy time: remember that with thy days, thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useles parts of it, and what remaineth? Take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness: and even at the fulness of years, how few seasons hast thou truly numbered.

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life have served thee? Wishest thou to have had an opportunity of more vices? As to the good, will not he who limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it?

To what end, O child of sorrow! wouldst thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to see the world? All this thou hast done often already. Too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome? or is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? Alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that shall teach thee? Badly thou employest the little that thou hast, dare not, therefore, to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it must perish with thee in the grave. Be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundredth generations? Are these to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather, that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? then less of it may suffice thee.

Man who dares enslave the world when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, what would he not aim at if he were immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest it not: thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal: thou throwest it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repinest that it is not gathered again unto thee?

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period; the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches first, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them. He who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all he hath. As the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming; so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life, that man should desire it? what breathing, that he should covet it?

Is it not a scene of delusion, a series of misadventures, a pursuit of evils linked on all sides together? In the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth on another till both are involved in that behind them, even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of man; the

the greater and the present swallow up the lesser and the past. Our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals, and to desire as immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? Is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness, and temerity? Is it age? then we are fond of infirmities.

It is said, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? What justice is in this, when it is not age that despiseth pleasure, but pleasure that despiseth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young, so shall thine age be honoured.

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Man considered in regard to his Infirmities, and their Effects.

§ 272. VANITY.

Inconstancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance swayeth it whither it will; despair engrosseth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, Behold, I sit unrivalled therein! but vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human state; rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is but the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness! the public is unstable and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station; and in more exalted ones thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself like vanity? Lo! when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.

As the tulip that is gaudy without smell, conspicuous without use; so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it seemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His solicitude cannot rest with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide it; he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being: he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone: but who so promiseth it, deceiveth him.

As the man that engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that she disturb not his soul; so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cherish his heart in its shroud.

Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it. Content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly, who seeth not her own colours; as the jessamine, which feedeth not the scent it casteth around: so is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take notice of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold? to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them? if the world know it not? Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; so shalt thou be praised, and feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words! Thou knowest when returned thee, thou regardest it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself; but he seeth not that others like not to hear him.

If he have done any thing worth praise, if he possess that which is worthy admiration, his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported. The desire of such a man defeateth itself. Men say not, Behold, he hath done it: or, See, he possesseth it: but, mark how proud he is of it!

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things. He who fixeth his soul on shew, loseth reality. He pursueth bubbles which break in their flight, while he treads to earth what would do him honour.

§ 273. INCONSTANCY.

Nature urgeth thee to inconstancy. O man! therefore guard thyself at all times against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering. From the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability; how then shalt thou be firm?

Those who gave thee a body, furnished it with weakness; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution. Employ it, and thou art wise; be wise, and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it; for rarely it is of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without, born of uncertainty, enforced by accident, dependent on somewhat else? To these men, and to accident, is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions, beware of instability in the execution; so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act contrarieties? What can suppress the tendencies to these, but firmness of mind?

The inconstant seeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not how. Be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action, and see that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee; so shall thy constancy ensure thee the good thou possessest, and drive from thy door misfortune. Anxiety and disappointment shall be strangers to thy gates.

Suspect not evil in any one, until thou seeest it: when thou seeest it, forget it not.

Whofo hath been an enemy, cannot be a friend; for man mendeth not of his faults.

How should his actions be right who hath no rule of life? Nothing can be just which proceedeth not from reason.

The inconstant hath no peace in his soul; neither can any be at ease whom he concerneth himself with.

His life is unequal; his motions are irregular; his soul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee, to-morrow thou art detested by him: and why? himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day he is the tyrant; to-morrow thy servant is less humble: and why? he who is arrogant without power, will be servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse, to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it

should eat. Thus it is with him who knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the camelion, he is black, when the moment after, the verdure of the grass overspreadeth him!

Who shall say of the inconstant, he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing.

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream? In the morning he riseth happy, at noon he is on the rack: this hour he is a god, the next below a worm: one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth; he now willeth, in an instant he willeth not, and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither ease or pain have fixed themselves on him; neither is he waxed greater, or become less; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow: therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand: the blowing of the wind carrieth away its foundation: what wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherwards directs its even, its uninterrupted course? whose foot is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds?

On his brow sitteth majesty; steadiness is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look down upon them; though heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread; the waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

The tyger throweth herself across his way in vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions; with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not able to shake them; the thunder bursteth over his head in vain; the lightning serveth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

His name is RESOLUTION! He cometh from the utmost parts of the earth; he seeth happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to it, he entereth boldly, and he remaineth there for ever.

Estalish

Establish thy heart, O man! in that which is right; and then know the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

§ 274. WEAKNESS.

Vain and inconstant as thou art, O child of imperfection! how canst thou but be weak? Is not inconstancy connected with frailty? Can there be vanity without infirmity? avoid the danger of the one, and thou shalt escape the mischiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak? in that wherein thou seemest most strong; in that wherein most thou gloriest: even in possessing the things which thou hast: in using the good that is about thee.

Are not thy desires also frail? or knowest thou even what it is thou wouldest wish? When thou hast obtained what most thou foughtest after, behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is before thee its relish? and why appeareth that which is yet to come the sweeter? Because thou art wearied with the good of this, because thou knowest not the evil of that which is not with thee, Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldst thou chuse for thyself, would thy Creator lay before thee all that thine heart could ask for? would happiness then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakness forbiddeth it; thy infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure; but that which permanently delighteth must be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repentest the loss of it, though, while it was with thee, thou despisest it.

That which succeedeth it, hath no more pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrellest with thyself for preferring it; behold the only circumstance in which thou erreth not!

Is there any thing in which thy weakness appeareth more than in desiring things? It is in the possessing and in the using them.

Good things cease to be good in our enjoyment of them. What nature meant pure sweets, are sources of bitterness to us; from our delights arise pain; from our joys, sorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment, and it shall remain in thy possession; let thy joy be founded on reason; and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and they terminate in languishment and dejection. The object thou burnest for, nauseates with satiety: and no sooner hast thou possessed it, but thou art weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration, unite friendship with thy love; so shalt thou find in the end, content so absolute, that it surpasseth raptures, tranquillity more worth than ecstasy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil; but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil from it.

As joy is not without the alloy of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief, though unlike, are united. Our own choice only can give them us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth delight, and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his destruction; and out of the worst the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature, O man; that thou hast not strength either to be good, or to be evil entirely. Rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil, and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various stations. Seek not after impossibilities, nor grieve that thou canst not possess them at all.

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? or shall the wife of thy bosom be despised, because she sheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divisions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him, and thy duty save his life!

If thou beholdest thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life, and is it not also death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising. He who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy soul dictates to thee, and the end shall be always right.

§ 275. *Of the* INSUFFICIENCY *of* KNOWLEDGE.

If there is any thing lovely, if there is any thing desirable, if there is any thing

within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it; but findeth the subject that he possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man; neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wise, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! One crime authorized by thee, is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous, when thy sons increase about thy table; sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will have it? Surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou, that justice cannot be executed without wrong! surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the criminal, that he may confess his guilt; art thou not unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the less, because he cannot punish it?

When thou commandest to the torture him who is but suspected of ill, darest thou to remember, that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession? Pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easy as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise! know when thy judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her

countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool: If thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully: the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports. But weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it; and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of men beareth not its splendour.

Wouldst thou see thine own insufficiency more plainly? view thyself at thy devotions! To what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities, to remind thee of thy weakness, to shew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art dust! doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes? And behold repentance is not built on frailty?

When thou givest an oath, when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive; behold it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it. Learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten; learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are, the better: say not therefore to thyself, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason, shall suffer a repulse with moderation.

If thou art suspected, answer with freedom: whom should suspicion affright, except the guilty?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpose

purpose by supplications, the proud is rendered more obstinate by entreaty, the sense of thine insufficiency commanded thee to hear; but to be just, thou must hear without thy passions.

§ 276. MISERY.

Feeble and insufficient as thou art, O man, in good; frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure; yet there is a thing in which thou art strong and unshaken. Its name is Misery.

It is the character of thy being, the prerogative of thy nature; in thy breast alone it resideth; without thee there is nothing of it. And behold, what is its source, but thine own passions?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also reason to subdue them; exert it, and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful? thy destruction is it not glorious? Lo! men adorn the instruments of death with gold and gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man, hideth his face; but he who killeth a thousand is honoured.

Know thou, notwithstanding, that in this is error. Custom cannot alter the nature of truth; neither can the opinion of men destroy justice; the glory and the shame are misplaced,

There is but one way for man to be produced: there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is no praise, or honour, to him who giveth being to another; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children, hath as many blessings; and he who hath taken away the life of another, shall not enjoy his own.

While the savage curseth the birth of his son, and bleseth the death of his father, doth he not call himself a monster?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man; but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is sorrow; too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thy own perverseness.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee; pleasure is a stranger, and visiteth thee but by times; use well thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind thee; be prudent, and the visits of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of

sorrow; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only simply; but pains rush in a thousand at a time.

As the blaze of straw fadeth as soon as it is kindled, so passeth away the brightness of joy, and thou knowest not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent; pleasure is rare: pain cometh of itself; delight must be purchased: grief is unmixed; but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterness.

As the foudest health is less perceived than the slightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less deep than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish; we often fly from pleasure; when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth?

Reflection is the business of man: a sense of his state is his first duty; but who remembereth himself in joy. It is not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come; he remembereth it when it is past: he considereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itself. Think not of thy pain, but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth: and why, but that he loveth weeping?

The stag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall, till the hound is ready to seize him: man anticipateth death, by the apprehensions of it; and the fear is greater misery than the event itself.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions; and the best death is that which is least premeditated.

§ 277. Of JUDGMENT.

The greatest bounties given to man, are judgment and will; happy is he who misapplieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, destroyeth all that is borne away by it; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason in him who submitteth to it, without saying, What is thy foundation?

See that what thou receivest as truth be not the shadow of it; what thou acknowledgest as convincing, is often but plausible. Be firm, be constant, determine for thyself; so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action: remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another, because it differeth from thine own; may not even both be in an error?

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemneth the stranger because he wanteth them, judgest thou not of the camel by its bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou slayest him: thou puttest him beyond thy reach, thou givest him quiet, and thou takest from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who despiseth thee for it, condemneth himself. Art thou answerable for the vices of another?

Disregard not a jewel, because thou possesseth it; neither enhance thou the value of a thing, because it is another's: possession to the wise addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the less, because she is in thy power; and despise him that hath said, Would thou love her less? marry her! What hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue? shouldst thou love her less for being more obliged to her!

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her, though thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another blest, only because he possesseth her; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

Weigh not the less thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth for it; the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp; the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth it; but tranquillity rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes: thou canst not know his heart; but the world will know by this, that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice than folly; to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury; so shalt thou

have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and be slow to censure; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou dost good, do it because it is good; not because men esteem it: when thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil; not because men speak against it: be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so; he that doth it without principle, is wavering.

Wish rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding; when they tell thee of a fault, they suppose thou canst improve; the other, when he praiseth thee, thinkest thou like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified, lest he who knoweth more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant; when he seeth it, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee; he who suffereth the wrong, may forgive it; but he who doth it, never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend; behold! the sense of them will drive him from thee: a little benefit gaineth friendship; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger irreconcilable: he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stranger, neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy: wishest thou that others should do thus to thee?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men, let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee: and know, though thou hast it not, thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

§ 278. PRESUMPTION.

Pride and meanness seem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarities; he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the

the nurse of error; yet it is congenial with reason in us.

Who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himself, or thinketh too meanly of others.

Our Creator himself escapeth not our presumption: how then shall we be safe from one another?

What is the origin of superstition? and whence ariseth false worship? From our presuming to reason about what is above our reach, to comprehend what is incomprehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings are, we employ not even their little forces as we ought. We fear not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God: he forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honour, yet blusheth not to call that of his Creator to be witness to a lie.

He who would hear the sentence of the magistrate with silence, yet dareth to plead with the Eternal; he attempteth to sooth him with intreaties, to flatter him with promises, to agree with him upon conditions; nay, to brave and murmur at him if his request is not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man! in thy impiety, but that this is not thy day of retribution.

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder; neither dare thou to deny thy Creator thy prayers, because he chastiseth thee. Thy madness in this is on thine own head; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

Why boasteth man that he is the favourite of his Maker, yet neglecteth to pay his thanks and his adorations for it? How suiteth such a life with a belief so happy?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believeth the whole earth and heaven to be created for him: he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath interest in his well-being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon, are dancing to do him pleasure; so man, while

nature performs her destined course, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the sun to warm him, he supposeth it made only to be of use to him; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path, he believeth that she was created to do him pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! know thou art not the cause why the world holdeth its course; for thee are not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow if thy whole race existed not; thou art but one among millions that are blessed in it.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens; for, lo, the angels are above thee; nor disdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, though they are inferior to thee. Are they not the work of the same hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how darest thou in wantonness put others of his creatures to torture? Beware that cruelty return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the same universal Master with thee? Hath he not appointed unto each its laws? Hath he not care of their preservation? and darest thou to infringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth; neither condemn as falsehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehension. Who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected, which are now received as truths? How many now received as truths, shall in their turn be despised? Of what then can man be certain?

Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee. Virtue is more thy business here than wisdom.

Truth and falsehood, have they not the same appearance in what we understand not? what then but our presumption can determine between them?

We easily believe what is above our comprehension: or we are proud to pretend it, that it may appear we understand it. Is not this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms most boldly; who is it that holds his opinion most obstinately? Even he who hath most ignorance: for he also hath most pride.

Every man, when he layeth hold of an opinion, desireth to remain in it; but most of all he who hath most presumption. He contenteth not himself to betray his own soul;

foul; but he will impose on others to believe in it also.

Sav not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

*Of the AFFECTIONS of MAN,
which are hurtful to himself and others.*

§ 279. COVETOUSNESS.

Riches are not worthy a strong attention; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good, the joy he taketh in possessing it, is grounded only in opinion. Form not thy opinion from the vulgar; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul. It contaminates and destroys every thing that was good in it. It is no sooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold; his parent might die ere he would open his coffer; nay, he considereth not himself in respect of it. In the search of happiness he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it, even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Who so accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them.

Who so feareth poverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man; be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as if unworthy to be seen; silver hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet. Meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard, that silver is beneath thy notice?

Covetousness burieth under the ground

millions of wretches; these dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury; what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure: where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters; even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold; it serveth not him. He possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him until death.

Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions? Did it ever add to the goodness of any?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men? wherefore then shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it? and is not wisdom happiness?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it? and hath not their end been miserable?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetousness denieth itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

If thou art industrious to procure gold, be generous in the disposal of it. Man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness to another.

§ 280. PROFUSION.

If there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useless purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth them a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure, refuseth the means to do good: he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand, whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them. Man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requircth but one virtue, patience, to support it; the rich, if he have
not

not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of his own state committed unto him; the rich is instructed with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasure wisely, giveth away his plagues: he that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother even that which thou wantest thyself.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast given, than in possessing millions which thou knowest not the use of.

§ 281. REVENGE.

The root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul: the most abject and timorous are the most addicted to it.

Who torture those they hate, but cowards? who murder those they rob but worms?

The feeling an injury, must be previous to the revenging it; but the noble mind disdaineth to say, It hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that doth it unto thee, in that, maketh himself so: wouldst thou enter the lists with thine inferior?

Disdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee; contemn him who would give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preservest thine own peace, but thou inflictest all the punishment of revenge, without stopping to employ it against him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below; so injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are those who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge; greatness of soul despiseth the offence: nay, it doth good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man! with what purpose is it that thou pursuest it? Thinkest thou to pain thine adversary by it? Know that thyself feelest its greatest torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it, while he against whom it is intended remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicteth; therefore nature intended it not for thee: needeth he who is injured more pain? or

ought he to add force to the affliction which another has cast upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received; he addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another: while he whom he seeketh to hurt, goeth his way laughing; he maketh himself merry at this addition to his misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution: seldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo, he remembereth not that it must recoil against him.

While the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo, he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it; if he succeed, he repenteth of it: the fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul; the care to hide him from it, destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred? can the setting him at rest restore thy peace?

Wouldst thou make him sorry for his offence, conquer him and spare him: in death he owneth not thy superiority; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there should be a triumph of the avenger; and he who hath injured him, should feel his displeasure; he should suffer pain from it, and should repent him of the cause.

This is the revenge inspired from anger; but that which makes thee great is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice: he who inflicteth it, feareth that the enemy may live and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel; but it restoreth not the reputation: killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it may be safe, but it is not honourable.

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence; but nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain, is over himself; he that disdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditatest revenge, thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong: when thou complaineest, thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it; meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt;

felt; how then can he who despiseth it revenge it?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence, more is in thy power; thou mayest conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy: greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory there is in pardoning it; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause; to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated; but he that is endued with clemency, is adored: the praise of his actions remaineth for ever; and the love of the world attendeth him.

§ 282. CRUELTY, HATRED, and ENVY.

Revenge is detestable: what then is cruelty? Lo, it possesseth the mischiefs of the other; but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts: do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what that is human oweth she her existence? Her father is Fear; and behold Dismay, is it not her mother?

The hero listeth his sword against the enemy that resisteth; but no sooner doth he submit, than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it: subdue the insolent, and spare the humble; and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end, he who hath not courage to ascend thus into it; lo, he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who feareth all striketh at all: why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror?

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight in them are cowards: conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence. Is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

The cur will tear the carcass, though he

dared not look it in the face while living: the hound that hunteth it to the death, manglenth it not afterwards.

That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred; that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two lights; in one he will be troublesome, in the other less offensive: chuse to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee; then shalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? In that which offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: whom murdereth he, but him whom he hateth?

If thou art prevented of a benefit, fly not into rage: the loss of thy reason is the want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloak, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy coat also?

When thou enviest the man who possesseth honours; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation; seek to know whence they came unto him; enquire by what means he was possessed of them, and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price, be assured, if thou wert wise, thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles, but flattery? how doth man purchase power, but by being a slave to him who giveth it?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty, to be able to take away that of another? or canst thou envy him who doth so?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price; and that price is it not more than the value? Wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world? wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept, disdain this cause of hatred; and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou possessiest honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expence of it? If thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those who have bartered it so meanly?

When thou hast taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining, thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice in it; for
virtue

virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.

§ 283. HEAVINESS OF HEART.

The soul of the cheerful forceth a smile upon the face of affliction; but the despondence of the sad deadeneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of sadness, but a feebleness of the soul? what giveth it power but the want of spirit? Rouse thyself to the combat, and she quitteth the field before thou strikest.

Sadness is an enemy to thy race, therefore drive her from thy heart; she poisoneth the sweets of thy life, therefore suffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the destruction of thy fortune. While she vexeth thy soul about trifles, she robbeth thee of thine attendance to the things of consequence: behold, she but prophesieth what she seemeth to relate unto thee.

She spreadeth darkness as a veil over thy virtues: she hideth them from those who would honour thee in beholding them; she entangleth and keepeth them down, while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exert them.

Lo, she oppresseth thee with evil; and she rieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldst avoid what is base, if thou wouldst disdain what is cowardly, if thou wouldst drive from thy heart what is unjust, suffer not sadness to lay hold upon it.

Suffer it not to cover itself with the face of piety; let it not deceive thee with a shew of wisdom. Religion payeth honour to thy Maker; let it not be clouded with melancholy. Wisdom maketh thee happy; know then, that sorrow in her sight is as a stranger.

For what should man be sorrowful; but for afflictions? Why should his heart give up joy, when the causes of it are not removed from him? Is not this being miserable for the sake of misery?

As the mourner who looketh sad because he is hired to do so, who weepeth because his tears are paid for; such is the man who suffereth his heart to be sad, not because he suffereth aught, but because he is gloomy.

It is not the occasion that produceth the sorrow; for, behold, the same thing shall be to another rejoicing.

Ask men if their sadness maketh things better, and they will confess to thee that it

is folly; nay, they will praise him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head against misfortune with courage. Applause should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against nature, for it troubleth her motions: lo, it rendereth distorted whatsoever nature hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest, and raiseth not its head again; so boweth the heart of man to the force of sadness, and returneth unto his strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the mountains, from the rain that trickleth down their sides, even so is beauty washed from off the cheek by tears; and neither the one nor the other restoreth itself again.

As the pearl is dissolved by the vinegar, which seemeth at first only to obscure its surface; so is thy happiness, O man! swallowed up by heaviness of heart, though at first it seemeth only to cover it as with its shadow.

Behold sadness in the public streets; cast thine eye upon her in the places of resort; avoideth not she every one? and doth not every one fly from her presence?

See how she droopeth her head, like the flower whose root is cut asunder! see how she fixeth her eyes upon the earth! see how they serve her to no purpose but for weeping!

Is there in her mouth discourse? is there in her heart the love of society? is there in her soul, reason? Ask her the cause, she knoweth it not; enquire the occasion, and behold there is none.

Yet doth her strength fail her: lo, at length she sinketh into the grave; and no one saith, What is become of her?

Hast thou understanding, and seest thou not this! hast thou piety, and perceivest thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy; had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence; how darcest thou then to fly in the face of Majesty?

Whilst thou art most happy with innocence, thou dost him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to changes, and darcest thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what shall we accuse but our blindness to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know that it is not thou that art to give laws to the world; thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them. If they distress thee, thy lamentation but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune. It is a poison under the colour of a remedy: while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast, lo, it plungeth it into thine heart.

While sadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth it not say, Thou art unfit for conversation? while she driveth thee into corners, doth she not proclaim that she is ashamed of herself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt; nor doth reason require it of thee: it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou must first also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, though virtue falleth not from thine heart: be thou careful only that there is cause, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the affliction is not to be reckoned from the number of tears. The greatest griefs are above these testimonies, as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief? what depresseth it like sadness?

Is the sorrowful prepared for noble enterprises? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue?

Subject not thyself to ills, where there are in return no advantages: neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itself an evil.

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Of the ADVANTAGES MAN may acquire over his Fellow-Creatures.

§ 284. NOBILITY and HONOUR.

Nobility resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vice; rank and titles may be purchased for money: but these are not true honour.

Crimes cannot exalt the man, who commits them, to real glory; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue, when the man is set on high who hath served his country; he who bestoweth the honours hath glory, like as he who receiveth them; and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldst thou wish to be raised, and

men know not for what? or wouldst thou that they should say, Why is this?

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accompany them well; but when he who possesseth them is unlike him who deserved them, lo, do they not call him degenerate?

Hereditary honour is accounted the most noble; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it.

He who, meriteless himself, appealeth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod.

What good is it to the blind, that his parents could see? what benefit is it to the dumb, that his grandfather was eloquent? even so, what is it to the mean, that their predecessors were noble?

A mind disposed to virtue, maketh great the possessor: and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it; and will he not say unto them, Such were the men whom ye glory in being derived from?

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even so true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it: it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of state; neither are there armies to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain unto thee.

Say not that difficulties are necessary to be conquered, or that labour and danger must be in the way of renown. The woman who is chaste, is she not praised? the man who is honest, deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he who gave them to us, gave them for great purposes.

When desperate actions are necessary to the public, when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue, but ambition?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind; its pride is the deservings it.

Is it not better men should say, Why hath not this man a statue? than that they should ask, Why he hath one?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd;

crowd; he preffeth forward, he looketh not behind him. More anguish is it to his soul, to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man; but it riseth not in all: fear keepeth it down in some; in many it is suppressed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul; the first thing put on by it with the flesh, and the last it layeth down at its separation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed; when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered; hypocrisy hideth its face under her mantle; and cool dissimulation furnisheth it with smooth words; but in the end men shall see what it is.

The serpent loatheth not his sting though benumbed with the frost, the tooth of the viper is not broken though the cold closeth his mouth: take pity on his state, and he will shew thee his spirit; warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herself; he disdaineth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the state of virtue, if she could not be happy but from another's praise? she is too noble to seek recompense, and no more will, than can be rewarded.

The higher the sun riseth, the less shadow doth he make; even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise; yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him who pursueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it: if thou courtest it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it; if thou deservest it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue that which is honourable; do that which is right; and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee, than the shouts of millions who know not that thou deservest them.

§ 285. SCIENCE and LEARNING.

The noblest employment of the mind of man, is the study of the works of his Creator.

To him whom the science of nature delightheth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; every thing that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration.

His mind is lifted up to heaven every

moment; his life is one continued act of devotion.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of his wonders? Looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, Less than Omnipotence could not have formed me?

While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to its destined road again; who but thy God, O man! could have formed them? what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws?

Behold how awful their splendor! yet do they not diminish: lo! how rapid their motions! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain: hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up? who watereth it at its due seasons? Behold the ox croppeth it; the horse and the sheep, feed they not upon it? Who is he that provideth it for them?

Who giveth increase to the corn that thou sowest? who returneth it to thee a thousand fold?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time? and the grape, though thou knowest not the cause of it?

Can the meanest fly create itself; or wert thou aught less than God, couldst thou have fashioned it?

The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not at it; they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end: each performeth its course in succession; nor is there a loss of one species in a thousand generations.

Thou who seest the whole as admirable as its parts, canst thou better employ thine eye than in tracing out thy Creator's greatness in them; thy mind, than in examining their wonders?

Power and mercy are displayed in their formation; justice and goodness shine forth in the provision that is made for them; all are happy in their several ways; nor envieth one the other.

What is the study of words compared with this? In what science is knowledge, but in the study of nature?

When thou hast adored the fabric, enquire into its use; for know the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee. Are not food and raiment, and the remedies

dies for thy diseases, all derived from this source alone ?

Who is wise then, but he that knoweth it ? who hath understanding, but he that contemplateth it ? For the rest, whatever science hath most utility, whatever knowledge hath least vanity, prefer these unto the others ; and profit from them for the sake of thy neighbour.

To live, and to die ; to command, and to obey ; to do, and to suffer ; are not these all that thou hast farther to care about ? Morality shall teach thee these ; the Economy of Life shall lay them before thee.

Behold, they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them : they are easy of conception ; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast ; lo, it is not necessary or beneficial to man ; nor doth it make him more good, or more honest.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow creatures, are they not thy great duties ? What shall teach thee the one, like the study of his works ? what shall inform thee of the other, like understanding thy dependencies ?

success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

Adversity is the seed of well-doing : it is the nurse of heroism and boldness ; who that hath enough, will endanger himself to have more ? who that is at ease, will set his life on the hazard ?

True virtue will act under all circumstances ; but men see most of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others ; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself ; he rouseth his soul, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe ; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table ; he groweth careless and remiss ; he seeth not the danger that is before him ; he trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress ; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and after plungeth himself into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremes : moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thy whole life ; be content in all its changes : so shalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences ; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise maketh every thing the means of advantage ; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune : he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil : he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity : court not dangers, nor meanly fly from before them ; dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope ; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end, shall never attain unto it ; and he who seeth not the pit, shall perish therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good ; who hath said unto her, With thee will I establish my happiness ; lo ! he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains, kisseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers ; as it tarrieth not in any place ; even so fortune visiteth the sons of men ; her motion

OF NATURAL ACCIDENTS.

§ 286. PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

Let not prosperity elate thine heart above measure ; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them ; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well, is difficult ; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy ; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul : be therefore upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee ; how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour ?

Though thou hast been constant in ill fortune, though thou hast been invincible in distress ; yet by her thou art conquered : not knowing that thy strength returneth not again ; and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity :

is incessant, she will not stay; she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her? When she kisseth thee, thou art blessed; behold, as thou turneth to thank her, she is gone unto another.

§ 287. PAIN and SICKNESS.

The sickness of the body affecteth even the soul; the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt; and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy faileth thee, call in thy reason; when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

To suffer, is a necessity entailed upon thy nature; wouldst thou that miracles should protect thee from it? or shalt thou repine, because it happeneth unto thee, when lo, it happeneth unto all?

It is injustice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto; submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the seasons, Pass not on, lest I grow old? is it not better to suffer well that which thou canst not avoid?

Pain that endureth long, is moderate; blush therefore to complain of it: that which is violent is short: behold thou seeest the end of it.

The body was created to be subservient to the soul; while thou afflictest the soul for its pains, behold thou settest that above it.

As the wise afflicteth not himself, because a thorn teareth his garment; so the patient grieveth not his soul, because that which covereth it is injured.

§ 288. DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymist; so is death the test of our lives, the essay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt: and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing;

his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is: all that thou certainly knowest, is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed, doth man the most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the complete ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.



§ 289. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Use of a School.*

Father of Ail! we return thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night season, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies, in the sweet repose of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpless age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to deceit, and grant that we may abhor a lye, both as a sin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us with an abhorrence of the loathsomeness of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant, at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of conscious purity, and wash our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning, as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and shine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies,

studies, and that whatever we read we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bless our parents, guardians, and instructors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make use of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may not disappoint their anxious expectations.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them cheerfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 290. *An Evening Prayer.*

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for what-

ever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar, and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 291. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the BELLES LETTRES.*

BELLES Lettres and criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor arbitrary. They srew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

Blair.

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of TASTE.*

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human

life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter.

The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

Blair.

§ 3. *Improvement of TASTE connected with Improvement in VIRTUE.*

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

— Ingeruus didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros*.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the

exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling. *Ibid.*

§ 4. *On STYLE.*

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristic differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the

* These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soft'n'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, is it usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse.

Blair.

§ 5. *ON PERSPICUITY.*

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style*; a quality so essential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, instead of pleasing, the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object, to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty. "Oratio," says Quintilian, "debet negligenter quoque audientibus esse aperta; ut in animum audientis, sicut sol in oculos, etiamsi in eum non intendatur, occurrat. Quare, non solum ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere, curandum †." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pause, and to read over his sentences a second time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never please us

* "Nobis prima sit virtus, perspicuitas, propria verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata conclusio; nihil neque desit, neque superfluum." *QUINTILIAN*. lib. viii.

† "Discourse ought always to be obvious, even to the most careless and negligent hearer; so that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light of the sun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We must study, not only that every hearer may understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us."

long. Mankind are too indolent to relish so much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have discovered his meaning; but they will seldom be inclined to take up his work a second time.

Authors sometimes plead the difficulty of their subject, as an excuse for the want of Perspicuity. But the excuse can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into distinct propositions, or to express clearly to others: and upon no subject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excusably, be on some subjects incomplete or inadequate; but still, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the case, Perspicuity in expressing them is always attainable. The obscurity which reigns so much among many metaphysical writers, is, for the most part, owing to the indistinctness of their own conceptions. They see the object but in a confused light; and, of course, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perspicuity in writing, is not to be considered as merely a sort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion; whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom.

Ibid.

§ 6. *ON PURITY and PROPRIETY.*

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or low expressions; and to words

and phrases, which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotticisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth: and his Language, may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinized English. *Blair.*

§ 7. On PRECISION.

The exact import of Precision may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all superfluities, and pruning the expression so, as to exhibit neither more nor less than an exact copy of his idea who uses it. I observed before, that it is often difficult to separate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found so in this instance. For in order to write with Precision, though this be properly a quality of Style, one must possess a very considerable degree of distinctness and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uses to express his ideas, may be faulty in three respects: They may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be Precise, signifies, that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unseasonable accessory, so as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have laid fast hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain. *Ibid.*

§ 8. On the Use and Importance of PRECISION.

The use and importance of Precision, may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connection, it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly

clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus were any object, suppose some animal, to be presented to me, of whose structure I wanted to form a distinct notion, I would desire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itself, and to stand alone, that there might be nothing to distract my attention. The same is the case with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you also tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumstances to the principal object; if, by unnecessarily varying the expression, you shift the point of view, and make me see sometimes the object itself, and sometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on several objects at once, and I lose sight of the principal. You load the animal you are showing me with so many trappings and collars, and bring so many of the same species before me, somewhat resembling, and yet somewhat differing, that I see none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Loose Style: and is the proper opposite to Precision. It generally arises from using a superfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themselves understood, as they think, more distinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are sensible of not having caught the precise expression, to convey what they would signify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very precisely themselves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they suppose, supply the defect, and bring you somewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it, and about it, but never just hit the thing. The image, as they set it before you, is always seen double; and no double image is distinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expression is precise, and I understand it fully. But if, from the desire of multiplying words, he will needs praise his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins these words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly; but he is, in truth, expressing two. *Courage* resists danger; *fortitude* supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them should be in my view, my view is rendered unsteady, and my conception of the object indistinct.

From what I have said, it appears that an author may, in a qualified sense, be perspicuous, while yet he is far from being precise. He uses proper words, and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himself; and so far he is perspicuous; but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are loose and general; and, therefore, cannot be expressed with Precision. All subjects do not equally require Precision. It is sufficient on many occasions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of mistaking the sense of the author, though every word which he uses be not precise and exact. *Blair.*

§ 9. *The Causes of a Loose STYLE.*

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea: but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heighten and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style. *Ibid.*

§ 10. *On the general Characters of STYLE.*

That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that Treatises of Philosophy, for instance, ought not to

be composed in the same Style with Orations. Every one sees also, that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that, amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Persanes," and "L'Esprit de Loix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand, so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception. *Blair.*

§ 11. *On the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle STYLE.*

The ancient Critics attended to these general characters of Style which we are now to consider. Dionysius of Halicarnassus divides them into three kinds; and calls them the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Austere, he means a Style distinguished for strength and firmness, with a neglect of smoothness and ornament; for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Æschylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Prose writers. By the Florid, he means, as the name in-

dicates, a Style ornamented, flowing, and sweet; resting more upon numbers and grace, than strength; he instances Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Isocrates. The Middle kind is the just mean between these, and comprehends the beauties of both; in which class he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets: in Prose, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Plato, and (what seems strange) Aristotle. This must be a very wide class indeed, which comprehends Plato and Aristotle under one article as to Style*. Cicero and Quintilian make also a threefold division of Style, though with respect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by most of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenuis*, or *Subtilis*; the *Grave*, or *Vehemens*; and the *Medium*, or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But these divisions, and the illustrations they give of them, are so loose and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I shall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to say on this subject. *Ibid.*

§ 12. *On the Concise STYLE.*

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Styles. A concise writer compresses his thought into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express. *Ibid.*

§ 13. *On the Diffuse STYLE.*

A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights,

* De Compositione Verborum, Cap. 25.

and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into some length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him: and under the general character of a concise, or of a more open and diffuse Style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Historian, and the President Montesquieu in "L'Esprit de Loix." Aristotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison, also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class.

Blair.

§ 14. On the Nervous and the Feeble STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a con-

cise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but without, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy: but, if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his ideas be loose and wavering; if his genius be such, or, at the time of his writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete. *Ibid.*

§ 15. On Harshness of STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English Language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and

and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much, concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural: and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language.

Blair.

§ 16. *On the Dry STYLE.*

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction, without the least approach to ornament. With the most profound genius, and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But

this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For, although the goodness of the matter may compensate the dryness or harshness of the Style, yet is that dryness a considerable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our sentiments, with disadvantage, to the reader or hearer.

Ibid.

§ 17. *On the Plain STYLE.*

A Plain Style rises one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, musical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us, like a dry and a harsh writer. Besides Perspicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity, and Precision, in his language; which form one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of beauty. Liveliness too, and force, may be consistent with a very Plain Style: and, therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, distinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about; either, because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject; or, because his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, because it leads him to despise it*.

This last was the case with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the English Language; and, therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his Language.

* On this head, of the General Characters of Style, particularly the Plain and the Simple, and the characters of those English authors who are classed under them, in this, and the following Lectures [xix] several ideas have been taken from a manuscript treatise on rhetoric, part of which was shewn to me many years ago, by the learned and ingenious Author, Dr. Adam Smith, and which, it is hoped, will be given by him to the Public.

His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged; distinctly enough as to the sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound; often without much regard to compactness or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his satire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchsafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embellish and illustrate, he would rather throw it aside. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter, and great force of sentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author. *Blair.*

§ 18. *On the Neat* STYLE.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character shews, that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is shewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His sentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper close. His

cadence is varied; but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our composition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleasure.

Ibid.

§ 19. *On an Elegant* STYLE.

An Elegant Style is a character, expressing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to Style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete Elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination spread over Style, as far as the subject admits it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we place only the first rate writers in the language; such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place.

Ibid.

§ 20. *On the Florid* STYLE.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject; when they return upon us too fast, and strike us either with a dazzling lustre, or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly used to signify the excess of ornament.

In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom, in young people, that their Style should incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "Volo se efferat in adolescentæ sæcunditas," says Quinætilian, "multum inde decoquent anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut usu ipso deteretur; sit modo unde excidi possit quid et exculpi.—Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat et inventis gaudeat; sint licet illa non satis intermis sicca et severa. Facile remedium est ubertatis: sterilia nullo labore vincuntur*." But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the same indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should chasten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language, which some writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least, if we found little to instruct us. But the worst is, that with those frothy writers, it is a luxuriance of words, not of fancy. We see a labourer attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by commonplace figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that sobriety in ornament, is one great secret for rendering it pleasing: and that without a foundation of good sense and solid thought, the most Florid Style is but a childish imposition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects

* "In youth, I wish to see luxuriance of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; some of it, by the mere practice of composition, will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient matter, at first, that can bear some pruning and lopping off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, though these should not, as yet, be correct. Luxuriance can easily be cured; but for barrenness there is no remedy."

more honour on the religious turn, and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause: but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swollen imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that flight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more solid thought, and more manly simplicity in Style. *Blair.*

§ 21. On the different Kinds of SIMPLICITY.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts, Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum*.

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unsought; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius

* "Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
"And keep one equal tenour through the whole."
FRANCIS.

to pursue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer; and it is in this sense, that the "*simplex*," the "*tenuis*," or "*subtile genus dicendi*," is understood by Cicero and Quintilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with the plain or the neat style, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illustration.

But there is a fourth sense of Simplicity, also respecting Style; but not respecting the degree of ornament employed, so much as the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. This is quite different from the former sense of the word just now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainness: whereas, in this sense, it is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance, possesses this Simplicity in the greatest perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to consider, stands opposed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a distinguishing excellency in writing.

Blair.

§ 22. SIMPLICITY appears easy.

A writer of Simplicity expresses himself in such a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the same way; Horace describes it,

———— ut sibi quisvis

Speret idem, fudet multum, frustra que laboret
Aufus idem*.

* "From well-known tales such fictions would
I raise,
"As all might hope to imitate with ease;
"Yet, while they strive the same success to gain;
"Should find their labours and their hopes in
vain."

FRANCIS.

There are no marks of art in his expression; it seems the very language of nature; you see, in the Style, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expression; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but these flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not because he has studied it, but because it is the manner of expression most natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, also, is not inconsistent with this character of style, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: "*Hæbeat ille*," says Cicero, (Orat. No. 77.) "*molle quiddam, et quod indicet non ingratham negligentiam hominis, de re magis quam de verbo laborantis*." This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like simplicity of manners, it shows us a man's sentiments and turn of mind laid open without disguise. More studied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this disadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the splendour of dress, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal those peculiarities which distinguish one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like conversing with a person of distinction at home, and with ease, where we find natural manners, and a marked character.

Ibid.

§ 23. On *Naiveté*.

The highest degree of this Simplicity, is expressed by a French term to which we have none that fully answers in our language, *Naiveté*. It is not easy to give a precise idea of the import of this word. It always expresses a discovery of character. I believe the best account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to smile at the person who

† "Let this Style have a certain softness and
"ease, which shall characterise a negligence, not
"unpleasing in an author who appears to be
"more solicitous about the thought than the ex-
"pression."

discovers

discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such *Narrativité*. This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity. *Blair*.

§ 24. *Ancients eminent for Simplicity.*

With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the most eminent for it. This happens from a plain reason, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful Simplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's *Andria*, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description:

————— *Funus interim*

Procedit; sequimur; ad sepulchrum venimus;
In ignem imposta est; fletur; interea hæc foror
Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentibus
Satis cum periculo. Ibi tum exanimatus Pam-
philus

Benè dissimulatum amorem, & celatum indicat;
Occurrit præceps, mulierum ab igne retrahit,
Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is per-
ditum?

Tum illa, ut consuetum faciliè amorem cerneres,
Rejecit se in eum, flens quam familiariter*.

ACT. I. SC. I.

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described: while, at the same time, the Style appears wholly artless

* "Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
" low;

"Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd

"Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon

"This sister I was speaking of, all wild,

"Ran to the flames with peril of her life.

"There! there! the frighted Pamphilus be-
"trays

"His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;

"Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and
"cries,

"Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?

"Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?

"Then she, in such a manner that you thence

"Might easily perceive their long, long love,

"Threw herself back into his arms, and wept.

"Oh! how familiarly!" *COLMAN.*

and unlaboured. Let us next consider some English writers, who come under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Simplicity the Characteristic of TILLOTSON'S Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruction, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Ibid.*

§ 26. *Simplicity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style
a more

a more lively impresson of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity, and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Blair.*

§ 27. *Simplicity of Mr. ADDISON'S Style.*

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similes and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is intitled to among the poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger

de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *Simplicity of Style never wears.*

Such authors as those, whose characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that strains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleased, without being dazzled by their lustre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careless expression. Hence, in all the most excellent authors, both in prose and verse, the simple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, this form not their peculiar and distinguishing character. Thus Milton is simple in the midst of all his grandeur; and Demosthenes in the midst of all his vehemence. To grave and solemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the sacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style was so much suited to the dignity of inspiration. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Lord SHAFTSBURY deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly shewed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual

petual stiffness and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordship can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality, to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in buskins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and censuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftsbury possessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and sickly; but he had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and stately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleasantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man*.

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftsbury's manner, it may easily be imagined, that he would mislead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many imposing beauties, has also some very considerable blemishes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the *Life of Homer*, the *Letters on Mythology*, and the *Court of Augustus*; a writer of considerable learning, and of ingenuity also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of

* It may, perhaps, be not unworthy of being mentioned, that the first edition of his *Enquiry into Virtue* was published, surreptitiously I believe, in a separate form, in the year 1699; and is sometimes to be met with: by comparing which with the corrected edition of the same treatise, as it now stands among his works, we see one of the most curious and useful examples, that I know, of what is called *Limæ Labor*; the art of polishing language, breaking long sentences, and working up an imperfect draught into a highly-finished performance.

language which distinguishes the Shaftsburyan manner.

Having now said so much to recommend Simplicity, or the easy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an opposite manner; in order to prevent mistakes on this subject, it is necessary for me to observe, that it is very possible for an author to write simply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity supposes an author to possess real genius; to write with solidity, purity, and liveliness of imagination. In this case, the simplicity or unaffectedness of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dress of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaffectedness were sufficient to constitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dullest writers on account of what they call the "Chaste Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the absence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We must distinguish, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careless and slovenly manner. Indeed the distinction is easily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to interest the reader; the other is insipid and tiresome.

Blair.

§ 30. On the Vehement STYLE.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet spoken of; which may be distinguished by the name of the Vehement. This always implies strength; and is not, by any means, inconsistent with Simplicity; but, in its predominant character, is distinguishable from either the strong or the simple manner. It has a peculiar ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whose imagination and passions are heated, and strongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of lesser graces, but pours himself forth with the rapidity and fulness of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is speaking, than from one who is writing in his closet. The orations

tions of Demosthenes furnish the full and perfect example of this species of Style.

Blair.

§ 31. *Lord BOLINGBROKE excelled in the Vehement Style.*

Among English writers, the one who has most of this character, though mixed, indeed, with several defects, is Lord Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a factious leader; the demagogue of a popular assembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours himself forth with great impetuosity. He is copious to a fault; places the same thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and precision. In exact construction of sentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftsbury; but greatly superior to him in life and ease. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very considerable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilst we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reasonings, for the most part, he is flimsy and false; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philosophical ones, irreligious and sophistical in the highest degree.

Ibid.

§ 32. *Directions for forming a STYLE.*

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style.

Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quintilian's observation, Lib. viii. c. 1. "Plerumque optima verba rebus coherent, et cernuntur suo lumine. At nos quæ rimus illa, tantumquam lateant seque subducant. Ita nunquam putamus verba esse circa id de quo dicendum est; sed ex aliis locis petimus, et inventis vim asserimus*."

Ibid.

§ 33. *Practice necessary for forming a STYLE.*

In the second place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve Style. This is so far from being the case, that by frequent, careless and hasty composition, we shall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore,

* "The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them, as if they were hidden, and only to be found in a corner, Hence, instead of conceiving the words to lie near the subject, we go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out."

we ought to write slowly and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "Moram et follicudinem," says Quincilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. "institi impero." Nam primum hoc constituendum ac obtinendum est, ut quam optimè scribamus; celeritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim res faciliùs se ostendent, verba respondent, compositio profectetur. Cuncta denique et in familia benè instituta in officio erunt. Summa hæc est rei: citò scribendo non fit ut benè scribatur; benè scribendo, fit ut citò*.

Blair.

§ 34. *Too anxious a Care about WORDS to be avoided.*

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*Limæ Labor*" must be submitted to by all who would

* "I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present itself in its proper place. The sum of the whole is this; by hasty composition, we shall never acquire the art of composing well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."

communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a STYLE.*

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such

Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention. *Blair.*

§ 37. *STYLE must be adapted to the Subject.*

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our Style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our Style. *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Attention to STYLE must not detract from Attention to THOUGHT.*

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any case, and on any occasion, attention to Style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the Thoughts. “Curam verborum,” says the great Roman Critic, “rerum volo esse sollicitudinem*.” A direction the more necessary, as the pre-

sent taste of the age, in writing, seems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and useful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence, we find so many writers frivolously rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with safety, neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to something beyond it; who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppish, “*Majore animo,*” says the writer whom I have so often quoted, “*aggredienda est eloquentia; quæ si toto corpore valet, ungues polire et capillum componere, non existimabit ad curam suam pertinere. Ornatus et virilis et fortis et sanctus sit; nec effeminatam levitatem et fucō ementum colorem amet; sanguine et viribus nitcat.**” *Ibid.*

§ 39. *Of the Rise of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

The Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage,

* “A higher spirit ought to animate those who study eloquence. They ought to consult the health and soundness of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to such trifling objects as paring the nails, and dressing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaste, without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colouring, let it shine with the glow of health and strength.”

* To your expression be attentive; but about your matter be solicitous.”

in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busied, unpolished people.

Not to enquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time, Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers, who seem to have wrote generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumbshews, or else a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness—and those

lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sang there, to some instrument of music, the achievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almost all these poets sleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loss to us. One of their best poets represents them as very obscure and very contemptible; one of their best historians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their most judicious emperors ordered the greatest part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All these poets therefore may very well be dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works: and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And so we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the first of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themselves seem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Augustan age.

The first kind of poetry that was followed with any success among the Romans, was that for the stage. They were a very religious people; and stage plays in those times made no inconsiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greatest number of their oldest poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almost all of them, are dramatic poets. *Spence.*

§ 40. *Of LIVIUS, NÆVIUS, and ENNIUS.*

The foremost in this list, were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's first play (and it was the first written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He seems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their first, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired these old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and says, that his pieces did not deserve a second reading. He was for some time the sole writer for the stage; till Nævius rose to rival him, and proba-

bly far exceeded his master. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an historical poem, on the first Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his steps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and seems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; so much at least, that Lucretius says of him, "That he was the first of their poets who deserved a lasting crown from the Muses." These three poets were actors as well as poets; and seem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the stage, rather than to have consulted their own turn or genius. Each of them published, sometimes tragedies, sometimes comedies, and sometimes a kind of dramatic satires; such satires, I suppose, as had been occasioned by the extempore poetry that had been in fashion the century before them. All the most celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Aëtius, or Euripides. But these first dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; just as the present fancy, or the demand of the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the second Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conquests afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece,—gave them leisure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view; they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models. *Spence.*

§ 41. Of PLAUTUS.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed, his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that make one read him with pleasure: at least, he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this par-

ticular; but improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 42. Of TERENCE.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was dressed very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away; but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say, and no more. The story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence, and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order: it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phenomena in the learned world: but it is a phenomenon

menon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy: and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part of his education in a family, where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though, I suppose, it would scarce hold, were we to take both of them together.

Spence.

§ 43. Of AFRANIUS.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan Age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's stories and persons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as so material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called, Palliate; and those on a Roman Togatæ. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter.

Ibid.

§ 44. Of PACUVIUS and ACTIUS.

About the same time that comedy was improved so considerably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The step from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; so great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the best of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit so much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his style was not to be the common conversation style, as Terence's was; and all the stiffenings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almost as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well-turned, even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old critic, which, as it may give some light into their different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and staid there some days with Pacuvius. It was in this visit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honestly, that the poetry was sonorous and majestic, but that it seemed to him too stiff and harsh. Actius replied, that he was himself very sensible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for," says he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the same with writers as with fruits; among which those that are most soft and palatable, decay the soonest; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finer relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether this style ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however that was, it is a point

point that seems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two best tragic poets the Romans ever had.

Spence.

§ 45. *Of the Rise of Satire: Of LUCILIUS, LUCRETIVUS, and CATULLUS.*

All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the stage, as you see, was almost solely in possession of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the first that sprung up and flourished to any degree, was still a cyon from the same root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by some of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was so altered and so improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was so; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the side lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philosophy: and Catullus began to shew the Romans something of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius discovers a great deal of spirit wherever his subject will give him leave; and the first moment he steps a little aside from it, in all his digressions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himself; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter seems to pay him in his Georgics. His subject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightness. His character, in this, agrees with what is said of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flourish at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wise to rival him; and was the most admired of all his cotemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the least valuable part of his works. The strokes of satire in his epigrams are very severe; and the descriptions in his Idylliums, very full and picturesque. He paints strongly; but all his paintings have more of force

than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With these I shall chuse to close the first age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable for strength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and succession of these poets wanted much to be settled: and I was obliged to say something of each of them, because I may have recourse to each on some occasion or another, in shewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miscellaneous poems of Catullus; the philosophical poem of Lucretius; six comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the rest, there is nothing left us, except such passages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics.

Ibid.

§ 46. *Of the Criticisms of CICERO, HORACE, and QUINCTILIAN on the above Writers.*

The best way to settle the characters and merits of these poets of the first age, where so little of their own works remains, is by considering what is said of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The best of the Roman critics we can consult now, and perhaps the best they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quinctilian. If we compare their sentiments of these poets together, we shall find a disagreement in them; but a disagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero, (as he lived before the Roman poetry was brought to perfection, and possibly as no very good judge of poetry himself) seems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with respect; and as to the tragic, he carries it so far as to seem strongly inclined to oppose old Ennius to Æchilus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general fashion in his time; and it continued afterwards (especially among the more elderly sort of people) in the Augustan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epistle to Augustus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himself was not wholly

wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occasion, enters into the question very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the Poets I have been speaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus,) is perhaps rather too severe. He says, "That their language was in a great degree superannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a stiffness in their compositions: that people indeed might pardon these things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they should think of commending them for those very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the same subject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the same manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very superfluous and incorrect; his language is dashed affectedly with Greek; and his verses are hard and unharmonious."—Quintilian steers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little misled by his nearness to their times; and Horace by his subject, which was professedly to speak against the old writers. Quintilian, therefore, does not commend them so generally as Cicero, nor speak against them so strongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this case, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to some sacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleasing. He commends Pacuvius and Aetius, for the strength of their language and the force of their sentiments; but says, "they wanted that polish which was set on the Roman poetry afterwards." He speaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers: of Terence as a most elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, says he, fall infinitely short of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his style; and Catullus is remarkable in the satirical part of his works, but scarce so in the rest of his lyric poetry.

Spence.

§ 47. *Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the ROMANS.*

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best; and who admitted the best poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list; who, at his first setting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel pastorals: then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (so beautiful, that some of the antients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece); and last of all, undertook a political poem, in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the *Æneid*, ever since I first read Bossu; and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his *Æneid*, shews that *Æneas* was called into their country by the express order of the gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven,

and

and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæsar was of the royal race, and that Augustus was his sole heir. The natural result of all this is, that the promises made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Augustus, the Romans if they would obey the gods, and be masters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new establishment under that prince. As odd a scheme as this may seem now, it is scarce so odd as that of some people among us, who persuaded themselves, that an absolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their supposed descent from some unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effect with many, about a century ago; and seems not to have quite lost all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his *Æneid*, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to support the new form of government in the family of the Cæsars. That poem therefore may very well be considered as a religious and political work, or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was scarce any thing more than an engine of state) it may fairly enough be considered as a work merely political. If this was the case, Virgil was not so highly encouraged by Augustus and Mæcenas for nothing. To speak a little more plainly: He wrote in the service of the new usurpation on the state: and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the usurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their constitution, at that time, was such, that the reins of government must have fallen into the hands of some one person or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of some one less mild and indulgent than Augustus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his service. But whatever may be said of his reasons for writing it, the poem itself has been highly applauded in all ages, from its first appearance to this day; and though left unfinished by its author, has been always reckoned as much superior to all the other

epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Spence.*

§ 48. *Observations on the ÆNEID, and the Author's Genius.*

It preserves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as strongly as if we had so many pictures of them preserved to us, done by some of the best hands in the Augustan age. It is remarkable, that he is commended by some of the ancients themselves, for the strength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, so much as exactness. He was certainly the most correct poet even of his time; in which all false thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were discouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his *Æneid*; much less, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almost all the little facts in it are built on history; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes so far back as to old Ennius; and often inserts whole verses from him, and some other of their earliest writers. The obsolescence of their style, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character; and his great excellence consisted in chusing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own, by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even those parts of his poems, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic, in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed as to melt off insensibly into one another.

One of the greatest beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modesty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himself, and handsomely of others: and was ready to shew his love of merit, even where it might seem to clash with his own. He was the first who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Of HORACE.*

Horace was the fittest man in the world for a court where wit was so particularly encouraged. No man seems to have had more, and all of the genteelst sort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety and even his debauchery, made him still the more agreeable to Mæcenas: so that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that Minister grew up to so high a degree of friendship, as is very uncommon between a first Minister and a poet; and which had possibly such an effect on the latter, as one shall scarce ever hear of between any two friends, the most on a level: for there is some room to conjecture, that he hastened himself out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been most generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of several of the Greek: which seems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been usually reckoned, was his refining satire; and bringing it from the coarseness and harshness of Lucilius to that genteel, easy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one person more in all the ages since, has ever possessed. I do not remember that any one of the ancients says any thing of his epistles: and this has made me sometimes imagine, that his epistles and satires might originally have passed under one and the same name; perhaps that of *Sermones*. They are generally written in a style approaching to that of conversation; and are so much alike, that several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse on moral and familiar subjects) is what, I must own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shews that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled; especially in his long epistle to Augustus; and that other to the Piso's, commonly called his *Art of Poetry*. They abound in strokes which shew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of laughing away vice, and insinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may

serve, as much as almost any writings can; to make men wiser and better: for he has the most agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was, in general, an honest, good man himself; at least he does not seem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wish to have been acquainted with, so much as Horace. One cannot be very conversant with his writings, without having a friendship for the man; and longing to have just such another as he was for one's friend.

Spence.

§ 50. *Of TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, and OVID.*

In that happy age, and in the same court, flourished Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epistles. Tibullus is evidently the most exact and most beautiful writer of love verses among the Romans, and was esteemed so by their best judges; though there were some, it seems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent seems to have been only for elegiac verse: at least his compliment on Messala (which is his only poem out of it) shews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither designed for heroic verse, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his distinguishing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's, among the comic writers of the former; and if his subject will never let him be sublime, his judgment at least always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and contemporary, Propertius, seems to have set himself too many different models, to copy either of them so well as he might otherwise have done. In one place, he calls himself the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is said to have studied Mimnermus, and some other of the Greek lyric writers, with the same view. You may see by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the constant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to set some great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have succeeded better, had he fixed on any one of these; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac

writers

writers of this age; and is more loose and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many masters, Ovid endeavoured to shine in too many different kinds of writing at the same time. Besides, he had a redundant genius; and almost always chose rather to indulge, than to give any restraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his several works, one should not perhaps be much beside the truth, in saying, that he excels most in his *Fasti*; then perhaps in his love-*verses*; next in his heroic epistles; and lastly, in his *Metamorphoses*. As for the *verses* he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite lost his spirit in them; and though you may discover some difference in his manner, after his banishment came to sit a little lighter on him, his genius never shines out fairly after that fatal stroke. His very love of being witty had forsaken him; though before it seems to have grown upon him, when it was least becoming; toward his old age: for his *Metamorphoses* (which was the last poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finished when he was sent into banishment) has more instances of false wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him most cried up for, in that piece, is his transitions from one story to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quintilian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of his *Fasti*; and in his *Medea*, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished, in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of *Ætius* and *Pacuvius*. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the *Medea* of Ovid, and *Varius's Thyestes*. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome.

Spence.

§ 51. Of PHÆDRUS.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. *Fabulæ Æsopææ*, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them; and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen, at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others, who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 52. Of MANILIUS.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is at least, I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language, or such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times. I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it should agree so exactly, in so many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farnese palace. Al-

lowing

lowing Manilius's poem to pass for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Augustan age, besides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Grattius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus. *Spence.*

§ 53. *Of the Poets whose Works have not come down to us.*

These are but small remains for an age in which poetry was so well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, most of the best have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a sort of piscatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beasts, and plants. That the same Macer, and Rabirinus, and Marfus, and Ponticus, and Peto Albino-vanus, and several others, were epic writers in that time (which, by the way, seems to have signified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verse): that Fundanius was the best comic poet then, and Melissus no bad one: that Varius was the most esteemed for epic poetry, before the *Æneid* appeared; and one of the most esteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (besides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of state) is much commended for tragedy; and Varius, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he wrote. These last are great names; but there remain some of still higher dignity, who are, or at least desired to be thought, poets in that time. In the former part of Augustus's reign, his first minister for home affairs, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his grandson Germanicus, were of this number. Germanicus in particular translated Aratus; and there are some (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a considerable part of his translation. The emperor himself seems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in prose; but some things in verse too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called *Ajax*.

It is no wonder, under such encouragements, and so great examples, that poetry should arise to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Augustus found a

prince, whose own inclinations, the temper of whose reign, and whose very politics, led him to nurse all the arts; and poetry, in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got so far toward perfection, that they should fall as it were all at once; and from their greatest purity and simplicity, should degenerate so immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them. *Ibid.*

§ 54. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are some who assert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been speaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Augustus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Augustus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at least a mildness, that gave a calm to the state during his time: the succeeding emperors flung off the mask; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monsters than men. We need not go to their historians for proofs of their prodigious vileness: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under such heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All discipline in war, all domestic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taste for sound eloquence and good poetry, sunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flourished, together. Instead of the sensible, chaste, and manly way of writing, that had been in use in the former age, there now rose up a desire of writing smartly, and an affectation of shining in every thing they said. A certain prettiness, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what distinguished their most applauded writers in prose; and their poetry was quite lost in high flights and obscurity. Seneca, the favourite prose writer of those times; and Petronius Arbiter, so great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the prose in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to say, that they had then Lucan and Persius, instead of Virgil and Horace. *Ibid.*

§ 55. *Of LUCAN.*

Persius and Lucan, who were the most celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well serve for examples of the faults

faults I just mentioned, one of the swelling, and the other of the obscure style, then in fashion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fustian and bombast. His muse was a kind of dropsy, and looks like the soldier described in his own *Pharsalia*, who in passing the desert sands of Africa, was bit by a serpent, and swelled to such an immoderate size, "that he was lost (as he expresses it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haste to make *Quintilian* say some good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always for, and what he will ever deserve to be admired for, are the several philosophical passages that abound in his works; and his generous sentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wise; but he is often in his rants, and never more so than when he is got into a battle, or a storm at sea: but it is remarkable, that even on those occasions, it is not so much a violence of rage, as a madness of affectation, that appears most strongly in him. To give a few instances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's storm, when *Cæsar* ventured to cross the sea in so small a vessel; "the fixt stars themselves seem to be put in motion." Then "the waves rise over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next step is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I suppose, to increase their force. The sea opens in several places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the universe are shaken; and nature is afraid of a second chaos. His little skiff, in the mean time, sometimes cuts along the clouds with her sails; and sometimes seems in danger of being stranded on the sands at the bottom of the sea; and must inevitably have been lost, had not the storm (by good fortune) been so strong from every quarter, that she did not know on which side to bulge first.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of *Pharsalia*, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened *Pompey* and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted

to hide themselves under the valleys at their feet. And these disturbances in nature were universal: for that day, every single Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a strange gloom spread all over his mind, on a sudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore. *Spence.*

§ 56. *His Description of the Sea-fight off Marseilles.*

The sea-fight off *Marseilles*, is a thing that might divert one, full as well as *Erasmus's* *Naufragium Jocularè*; and what is still stranger, the poet chuses to be most diverting in the wounds he gives the poor soldier. The first person killed in it, is pierced at the same instant by two spears; one in his back, and the other in his breast; so nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I suppose, had a right to kill him; and his soul was for some time doubtful which it should obey. At last, it compounds the matter: drives out each of the spears before it, at the same instant; and whips out of his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honest Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the sea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes seldom come single) he has his left arm chopt off too: after which, like the hero in one of our ancient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions greater than any *Witherington* that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the same misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies ships, several have their arms struck off; fall into the sea; leave their hands behind them! Some of these swimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water; some supply their friends ships with arms; some, that had no arms, entangle themselves with their enemies; cling to them, and sink together to the bottom of the sea; others stick their bodies against the beaks of their enemies ships: and scarce a man of them flung away the use of his carcase, even when he should be dead.

But among all the contrivances of these posthumous warriors, the thing most to be admired, is the sagacity of the great *Tyrrhenus*. *Tyrrhenus* was standing at the head of one of the vessels, when a ball of lead, flung by an artful slinger, struck out

out both his eyes. The violent dafh of the blow, and the deep darknefs that was fpread over him all at once, made him at firft conclude that he was dead: but when he had recovered his fenfes a little, and found he could advance one foot before the other, he defired his fellow foldiers to plant him juft as they did their Balliftæ: he hopes he can ftill fight as well as a machine; and feems mightily pleafed to think how he fhall cheat the enemy, who will fling away darts at him, that might have killed people who were alive.

Such ftrange things as thefe, make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be fo wife as he is in fome parts of his poem. Indeed his fentences are more folid than one could otherwife expect from fo young a writer, had he wanted fuch an uncle as Seneca, and fuch a mafter as Cornutus. The fwellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the fartheft removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly over-run with a bad tafte. After all, what I moft diflike him for, is a blot in his moral character. He was at firft pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the difcovery of his being concerned in a plot againft him, this philofopher (who had written fo much, and fo gallantly, about the pleafure of dying) behaved himfelf in the moft defpicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the confpiracy, in hopes of faving himfelf. After this, he added feveral of his friends to his former confefion; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making facrifices to the tyrant of fuch lives, as any one, much lefs of a philofopher than he feems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this bafenefs was of no ufe to him: for, in the end, Nero ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened; and the laft words he fpoke, were fome verfes of his own.

Spence.

§ 57. Of PERSIUS.

Persius is faid to have been Lucan's fchool-fellow under Cornutus; and, like him, was bred up more a philofopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but fcarce deferves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral fenfe of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. His great

fault is obfcurity. Several have endeavoured to excufe or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the neceffity a fatirift then lay under, of writing fo, for his own fecurity. This may hold as to fome paffages in him; but to fay the truth, he feems to have a tendency and love to obfcurity in himfelf: for it is not only to be found where he may fpeak of the emperor, or the ftate; but in the general courfe of his fatires. So that, in my confcience, I muft give him up for an obfcure writer; as I fhould Lucan for a tumid and fwelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero: The three emperors after him were made in a hurry, and had fhort tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Vefpafian, the firft emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover fomething of the good tafte that had formerly flourifhed in Rome; his fon Titus, the delight of mankind, in his fhort reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities: and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the mufes. After him, there was a fucceffion of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one confiders the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been fuch, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new fpirit to the arts, that had long been in fo languifhing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raife up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now; but they were better, at leaft, than they had been under the reign of Nero.

Ibid.

§ 58. Of SILIUS, STATIUS, and VALERIUS FLACCUS.

This period produced three epic poets, whose works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almoft always on the ground, and fcarce once attempts to foar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the fpirit of poetry, he is free at leaft from the affectation, and obfcurity, and bombaft, which prevailed fo much among his immediate predecessors. Silius was honoured with the confulate; and lived to fee his fon in the fame high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and ftatues; fome of which he worffhipped; efppecially

especially one he had of Virgil. He used to offer sacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his spirit in his writings: for he had scarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of spirit, with a less share of prudence: for his *Thebaid* is certainly ill-conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his *Achilleid*, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the *Thebaid*. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his *Achilleid*, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verses in his *Sylvæ* are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his *Thebaid*. The chief faults of Statius, in his *Sylvæ* and *Thebaid*, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all, or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himself.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his *Argonautics*, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius;

and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the *Thebaid*. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quintilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of 'several others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. *Spence*.

§ 59. OF MARTIAL.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there

are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions. *Spence.*

§ 60. Of JUVENAL.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he flashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and shew a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength: when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous: in its middle age, it was manly and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and strength, in false ornaments of dress, and a borrowed flush on the face; which did not so much render it pleasing, as it shewed that its natural complexion was faded and lost. *Ibid.*

§ 61. Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder, whenever they first entered within its gates. *Ibid.*

§ 62. *The Condition of the ROMANS in the Second PUNIC War.*

Such was the state of this imperial city, when its citizens had made so great a progress in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the strongest power then by land, and the absolute masters by sea. The Romans, in the first Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the second, they greatly increased their strength, both by sea and land; and acquired a taste of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For tho' before this they were masters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of several cities in the eastern parts of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and statues, and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the rest of the world so much; they had hitherto looked upon them with so careless an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This insensibility they preserved so long, either from the grossness of their minds, or perhaps from their superstition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the most likely of all) out of mere politics, and the desire of keeping up their martial spirit and natural roughness, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to destroy. However that was, they generally preserved themselves from even the least suspicion of taste for the polite arts, pretty far into the second Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the scales were turned on their side. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and statues. Among others, there were some very fine colossal figures of the gods, represented as fighting against the rebel giants. These were made by some of the most eminent masters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lysippus. When Fabius was disposing of the spoil, he ordered the money and plate to be sent to the treasury at Rome, but the statues and pictures to be left behind. The secretary who attended him in his survey, was somewhat struck with the largeness and noble air of the figures just mentioned; and asked, Whether they too must be left

with the rest? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them." *Spence.*

§ 63. *MARCELLUS attacks SYRACUSE, and sends all its Pictures and Statues to ROME.*

Marcellus had indeed behaved himself very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it against Syracuse. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned, than the city of Syracuse; it abounded in the works of the best masters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and sent all their statues and pictures to Rome. When I say all, I use the language of the people of Syracuse; who soon after laid a complaint against Marcellus before the Roman senate, in which they charged him with stripping all their houses and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himself did not at all disown it, but fairly confessed what he had done: and used to declare, that he had done so, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders, soon occasioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius.—Fabius was not rapacious, as some others were; but temperate in his conquests. In what he had done, he had acted, not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foresight. "These fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diversion for an idle effeminate people: let us leave them to the Greeks. The Romans desire no other ornaments of life, than a simplicity of manners at home, and fortitude against our enemies abroad. It is by these arts that we have raised our name so high, and spread our dominion so far: and shall we suffer them now to be exchanged for a fine taste, and what they call elegance of living? No, great Jupiter, who presideest over the capitol! let the Greeks keep their arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only how to conquer and to govern mankind."—Another set, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with

the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples and porticos, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among the Barbarians. That rust, which we have been so long contracting, will soon be worn off. Other generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance. We begin to see with new eyes, and have a new world of beauties opening before us. Let the Romans be polite, as well as victorious; and let us learn to excel the nations in taste, as well as to conquer them with our arms."

Whichever side was in the right, the party for Marcellus was the successful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion, which grows very fast in any breast, wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greatly it prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains in it, that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things: that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals.

Spence.

§ 64. *The ROMAN Generals, in their several Conquests, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to ROME.*

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have strove who should bring away the greatest

number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what accessions of this kind were made in the compass of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The elder Scipio Africanus brought in a great number of wrought vases from Spain and Africa, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of most of the finest works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great show both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days; the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted of vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most chosen things, culled from the collection of that successor of Alexander the Great; for as to the inferior spoils of no less than seventy Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to his soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. Not many years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Romans hitherto, and who was scarce exceeded by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the seat of empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a vast accession: though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the finest of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio freed Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for elegance and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and sacked, among several others, the famous city of Corinth, which had been long looked upon as one of the principal reservoirs

reservoirs of the finest works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them: even without knowing, that an old Grecian statue was better than a new Roman one. He used, however, the surest method of not being mistaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way; and brought them off in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with statues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taste, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in less than seventy years time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuse to the year in which Carthage was destroyed) Italy was furnished with the noblest productions of the ancient artists, that before lay scattered all over Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the rest of Greece. Sylla, beside many others, added vastly to them afterwards; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taste and rapine a general thing, even among the common soldiers, as it had been, for a long time, among their leaders.

In this manner, the first considerable acquisitions were made by their conquering armies; and they were carried on by the persons sent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of these in their governments, in general, was one of the greatest blots on the Roman nation, we must not expect a full account of their transactions in the old historians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs: for such of these that remain to us, are either Romans themselves, or else Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman interest, to speak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own historians, may be pretty well supplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who seems to have been a very honest man, has set the rapaciousness of their governors in general in a very strong light; as Cicero has set forth that of Verres in particular, as strongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monsters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his island, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a statuary of the same nation) to get together his collection; and was so curious and so rapacious in that search, that Cicero says, there was not a gem, or statue, or relievo, or picture,

in all Sicily, which he did not see; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got, he sent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their spoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their pretors and proconsuls acted but in half so abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all these sort of things secretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals. *Spence.*

§ 65. *The Methods made use of in drawing the Works of the best ancient Artists into ITALY.*

There was another method of augmenting these treasures at Rome, not so infamous as this, and not so glorious as the former. What I mean, was the custom of the *Ædiles*, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of statues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpose, all over Greece, and sometimes even from Asia. Scaurus, in particular, in his *ædileship*, had no less than three thousand statues and relievos for the mere ornamenting of the stage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the same Scaurus who (whilst he was in the same office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been so long one of the most eminent schools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almost every body that could afford it, to adorn their houses, their porticos, and their gardens, with the best statues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Asia. None went earlier into this taste, than the family of the *Luculli*, and particularly *Lucius Lucullus*, who carried on the war against *Mithridates*. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himself up so much to collections of this kind, that *Plutarch* reckons it among his follies. "As I am speaking of his faults (says that historian in his life) I should not omit his vast baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time

at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his excessive fondness for statues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immense expence; and with the vast riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war." There were several other families which fell about that time into the same sort of excess; and, among the rest, the Julian. The first emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his successor, Augustus, was of Corinthian vases.

This may be called the first age of the flourishing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there: for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps some particular persons in it of a very good taste: but in general one may say, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the first part of it, in greater numbers than can be easily conceived; and in some time, every body began to look upon them with pleasure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the several methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taste would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulsions in their state, and the perpetual struggles of some great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. These continued quite from Sylla's time to the establishment of the state under Augustus. The peaceful times that then succeeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leisure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taste in all the elegancies of life. The artists, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a style greatly superior to what they had done even in Julius Cæsar's time: so that it is under Augustus that we may begin the second, and most perfect age of sculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Augustus changed the whole appearance of Rome itself; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings, extremely finer than any it could bear before his time, and set off all those buildings, and even the common

streets, with an addition of some of the finest statues in the world.

Spence.

§ 66. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Augustus.*

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish; and the four reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The ferries of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic: In the second,

or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languish; and then revived a little; and at last sunk totally together.

In comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of art, I should therefore chuse to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two; whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight. *Spence.*

§ 67. *On DEMOSTHENES.*

I shall not spend any time upon the circumstances of Demosthenes's life; they are well known. The strong ambition which he discovered to excel in the art of speaking; the unsuccessfulness of his first attempts; his unwearied perseverance in surmounting all the disadvantages that arose from his person and address; his shutting himself up in a cave, that he might study with less distraction; his declaiming by the sea-shore, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a tumultuous assembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his speech; his practising at home with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder, that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was subject; all those circumstances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to such as study Eloquence, as they shew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature seemed unwilling to grant us. *Blair.*

§ 68. *DEMOSTHENES imitated the manner of Eloquence of PERICLES.*

Despising the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demosthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and strength and vehemence form the principal characteristics of his Style. Never had

orator a finer field than Demosthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations; and, no doubt, to the nobleness of the subject, and to that integrity and public spirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The subject is, to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them against the insidious measures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them asleep to danger. In the prosecution of this end, we see him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for justice, humanity and valour, but in many instances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cause; while, at the same time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their ancestors to their thoughts, shews them that they are still a flourishing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themselves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's interest, and who persuaded the people to peace, he keeps no measures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactness, the measures of execution. This is the strain of these orations. They are strongly animated; and full of the impetuosity and fire of public spirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, consequences, and demonstrations, founded on sound reason. The figures which he uses, are never sought after; but always rise from the subject. He employs them sparingly indeed; for splendour and ornament are not the distinctions of this orator's composition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himself, which forms his character, and sets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the business. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and ostentation; no methods of insinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience, by a sentence or two for hearing plain truths, enters directly on business. *Ibid.*

§ 69. DEMOSTHENES *contrasted with*
ÆSCHINES.

Demosthenes appears to great advantage, when contrasted with Æschines, in the celebrated oration "pro Corona." Æschines was his rival in business, and personal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question, are indeed very subtle; but his invective against Demosthenes is general, and ill-supported. Whereas Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can resist. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator speaks with that strength and conscious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abusive names and downright scurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness, is more than compensated by want of dignity; which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking. *Blair.*

§ 70. *On the Style of* DEMOSTHENES.

The Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, tho' far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His actions and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the

austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone; never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want smoothness and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whose history he is said to have written eight times over with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that admirable and masterly force of masculine eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty, eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the feeble manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Demetrius Phalerius, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, attained indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "Delectabat Athenienses," says Cicero, "magis quam inflammabat." "He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them." And after this time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Ibid.*

§ 71. *On* CICERO.

The object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself; whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character, as a man and a politician, we have not at present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and, in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much preparation and insinuation prepossesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His method is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts to move till he has endeavoured to convince; and

and in moving, especially the softer passions, he is very successful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greatest beauty and pomp; and in the structure of his sentences, is curious and exact to the highest degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every subject; magnificent, and in his sentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuse, yet it is often happily varied, and suited to the subject. In his four orations, for instance, against Catiline, the tone and style of each of them, particularly the first and last, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occasion, and the situation in which they were spoken. When a great public object roused his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs considerably from that loose and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the case in his orations against Anthony, and in those too against Verres and Catiline. *Blair.*

§ 72. *Defects of CICERO.*

Together with those high qualities which Cicero possesses, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is necessary to take notice. For the Ciceronian Eloquence is a pattern so dazzling by its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion, that it has sometimes produced this effect. In most of his orations, especially those composed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of ostentation. There is too visible a parade of eloquence. He seems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he says. Hence, on some occasions, he is showy, rather than solid; and diffuse, where he ought to have been pressing. His sentences are, at all times, round and sonorous; they cannot be accused of monotony, for they possess variety of cadence; but, from too great a study of magnificence, he is sometimes deficient in strength. On all occasions, where there is the least room for it, he is full of himself. His great actions, and the real services which he had performed to his country, apologize for this in part; ancient manners, too, imposed fewer re-

straints from the side of decorum; but, even after these allowances made, Cicero's ostentation of himself cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impression of a good man, but withal, of a vain man.

The defects which we have now taken notice of in Cicero's eloquence, were not unobserved by his own cotemporaries. This we learn from Quintilian, and from the author of the dialogue, "de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ." Brutus we are informed called him, "fractum et elumbem," broken and enervated. "Suorum temporum homines," says Quintilian, "incessere audebant eum ut tumidiorem & Asiaticum, et redundantem, et in repetitionibus nimium, et in salibus aliquandò frigidum, & in compositione fractum et exultantem, & penè viro molliorem*." These censures were undoubtedly carried too far; and favour of malignity and personal enmity. They saw his defects, but they aggravated them; and the source of these aggravations can be traced to the difference which prevailed in Rome, in Cicero's days, between two great parties, with respect to eloquence, the "Attici," and the "Asiani." The former, who called themselves the Attics, were the patrons of what they conceived to be the chaste, simple, and natural style of eloquence; from which they accused Cicero as having departed, and as leaning to the florid Asiatic manner. In several of his rhetorical works, particularly in his "Orator ad Brutum," Cicero, in his turn, endeavours to expose this sect, as substituting a frigid and jejune manner, in place of the true Attic eloquence; and contends, that his own composition was formed upon the real Attic Style. In the tenth Chapter of the last Book of Quintilian's Institutions, a full account is given of the disputes between these two parties; and of the Rhodian, or middle manner between the Attics and the Asiatics. Quintilian himself declares on Cicero's side; and, whether it be Attic or Asiatic, prefers the full, the copious, and the amplifying style. He concludes with this very just observation: "Plures sunt eloquentiæ facies; sed stultissimum

* "His cotemporaries ventured to reproach him as swelling, redundant, and Asiatic; too frequent in repetitions: in his attempts towards wit sometimes cold; and, in the strain of his composition, feeble, desultory, and more effeminate than became a man."

“ est querere, ad quam rector se fit orator; cum omnis species, quæ modò rector est, habeat usum.—Utetur enim, ut res exiget, omnibus; nec pro causa modò, sed pro partibus causæ*.” *Blair.*

§ 73. *Comparison of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES.*

On the subject of comparing Cicero and Demosthenes, much has been said by critical writers. The different manners of these two princes of eloquence, and the distinguishing characters of each, are so strongly marked in their writings, that the comparison is, in many respects, obvious and easy. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more manliness; in the other, more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent; the other more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been said, that we must look to the nature of their different auditories; that the refined Athenians followed with ease the concise and convincing eloquence of Demosthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requisite in speaking to the Romans, a people less acute, and less acquainted with the arts of speech. But this is not satisfactory. For we must observe, that the Greek orator spoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almost all the public business of Athens was transacted in popular assemblies. The common people were his hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addressed himself to the “*Patres Conscripti*,” or, in criminal trials, to the *Prætor*, and the *Select Judges*; and it cannot be imagined, that the persons of highest rank and best education in Rome, required a more diffuse manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them understand the cause, or relish the speaker. Perhaps we shall come nearer the truth, by observing, that to unite toge-

ther all the qualities, without the least exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of those qualities, is not to be expected from the limited powers of human genius. The highest degree of strength is, I suspect, never found united with the highest degree of smoothness and ornament: equal attentions to both are incompatible; and the genius that carries ornament to its utmost length, is not of such a kind, as can excel as much in vigour. For there plainly lies the characteristical difference between these two celebrated orators.

It is a disadvantage to Demosthenes, that, besides his conciseness, which sometimes produces obscurity, the language, in which he writes, is less familiar to most of us than the Latin, and that we are less acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more ease, and of course with more pleasure. Independent of this circumstance too, he is no doubt, in himself, a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithstanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the state in danger, or some great public interest at stake, which drew the serious attention of men, an oration in the spirit and strain of Demosthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effects, than one in the Ciceronian manner. Were Demosthenes’s *Philippics* spoken in a British assembly, in a similar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and persuade at this day. The rapid style, the vehement reasoning, the disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their success infallible over any modern assembly. I question whether the same can be said of Cicero’s orations; whose eloquence, however beautiful, and however well suited to the Roman taste, yet borders oftener on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to hear real business and causes of importance treated*.

In comparing Demosthenes and Cicero, most of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin the Jesuit, in the parallels which he has drawn between some of the most eminent Greek

* “Eloquence admits of many different forms; and nothing can be more foolish than to enquire, by which of them an orator is to regulate his composition; since every form, which is in itself just, has its own place and use. The Orator, according as circumstances require, will employ them all; suiting them not only to the cause or subject of which he treats, but to the different parts of that subject.”

* In this judgment I concur with Mr. David Hume, in his *Essay upon Eloquence*. He gives it as his opinion, that, of all human productions, the *Orations of Demosthenes* present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection.

and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he assigns, and lays stress on one reason of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demosthenes could not possibly have so complete an insight as Cicero into the manners and passions of men; Why?—Because he had not the advantage of perusing Aristotle's treatise of Rhetoric, wherein, says our critic, he has fully laid open that mystery: and, to support this weighty argument, he enters into a controversy with A. Gellius, in order to prove that Aristotle's Rhetoric was not published till after Demosthenes had spoken, at least, his most considerable orations. Nothing can be more childish. Such orators as Cicero and Demosthenes, derived their knowledge of the human passions and their power of moving them, from higher sources than any treatise of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after bestowing on Cicero those just praises, to which the consent of so many ages shews him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demosthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbishop of Cambrai, and author of *Telemachus*; himself, surely, no enemy to all the graces and flowers of composition. It is in his *Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry*, that he gives this judgment; a small tract, commonly published along with his *Dialogues on Eloquence* *. These dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of perusal, as containing, I think,

* As his expressions are remarkably happy and beautiful, the passage here referred to deserves to be inserted. “ Je ne crains pas dire, que Demosthene me paroît supérieur à Cicéron. Je proteste que personne n'admire plus Cicéron que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait honneur à la parole. Il fait des mots ce qu'un autre n'en sauroit faire. Il a je ne sais combien de sortes d'esprits. Il est même court, & vehement, toutes les fois qu'il veut l'estre; contre Catiline, contre Verres, contre Antoine. Mais on remarque quelque parure dans ses discours. L'art y est merveilleux; mais on l'entrevoit. L'orateur en pensant au salut de la république, ne s'oublie pas. et ne se laisse pas oublier. Demosthene paroit sortir de soi, et ne voir que la patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, sans y penser. Il est au-dessus de l'admiration. Il se sert de la parole, comme un homme modeste de son habit, pour se couvrir. Il tonne; il foudroye. C'est un torrent qui entraîne tout. On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on est faisi. On pense aux choses qu'il dit, & non à ses pa-

the justest ideas on the subject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer. Blair.

§ 74. *On the Means of improving in ELOQUENCE.*

Next to moral qualifications, what, in the second place, is most necessary to an orator, is a fund of knowledge. Much is this inculcated by Cicero and Quintilian: “ Quod omnibus disciplinis et artibus debet esse instructus Orator.” By which they mean, that he ought to have what we call a Liberal Education; and to be formed by a regular study of philosophy, and the polite arts. We must never forget that,

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons,

Good sense and knowledge are the foundation of all good speaking. There is no art that can teach one to be eloquent, in any sphere, without a sufficient acquaintance with what belongs to that sphere; or if there were an art that made such pretensions, it would be mere quackery, like the pretensions of the sophists of old, to teach their disciples to speak for and against every subject; and would be deservedly exploded by all wise men. Attention to style, to composition, and all the arts of speech, can only assist an orator in setting off, to advantage, the stock of materials which he possesses; but the stock, the materials themselves, must be brought from other quarters than from rhetoric. He who is to plead at the bar, must make himself thoroughly master of the knowledge of the law; of all the learning and experience that can be useful in his profession, for supporting a cause, or convincing a judge. He who is to speak from the pulpit, must apply himself closely to the study of divinity, of practical religion, of morals, of human nature; that he may be rich in all the topics both of instruction and of persuasion. He who would fit himself for being a member of the supreme council of the nation, or of any public assembly, must be thoroughly acquainted with the business that belongs to such assembly; he must

roles. On le perd de vue. On n'est occupé que de Philippe qui envahit tout. Je suis charmé de ces deux orateurs: mais j'avoue que je suis moins touché de l'art infini, & de la magnifique éloquence de Cicéron, que de la rapide simplicité de Demosthene.”

study the forms of court, the course of procedure; and must attend minutely to all the facts that may be the subject of question or deliberation.

Besides the knowledge that properly belongs to that profession to which he addict himself, a public speaker, if ever he expects to be eminent, must make himself acquainted, as far as his necessary occupations allow, with the general circle of polite literature. The study of poetry may be useful to him on many occasions, for embellishing his style, for suggesting lively images, or agreeable allusions. The study of history may be still more useful to him; as the knowledge of facts, of eminent characters, and of the course of human affairs, finds place on many occasions*. There are few great occasions of public speaking, in which one will not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. They will often yield him materials for proper ornament; sometimes, for argument and real use. A deficiency of knowledge, even in subjects that belong not directly to his own profession, will expose him to many disadvantages, and give better qualified rivals a great superiority over him. *Blair.*

§ 75. *A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker.*

Allow me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine that it is by a sort of mushroom growth, that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very

* "Imprimis verò, abundare debet Orator ex-
emplorum copiâ, cum veterum, tum etiam no-
vorum; adeò ut non modò quæ conscripta sunt
historiis, aut sermonibus velut per manus tra-
dita, quæque quotidie aguntur, debeat nôsse;
verùm ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis
sunt: ficta negligere." *QUINCT. L. xii. Cap. 4.*

wife law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great "Condimentum," the seasoning of every pleasure; without which life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the brisk, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind which arises from indolence and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever, an enthusiasm for that art; an enthusiasm, which, firing his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterised the great men of antiquity; it is this, which must distinguish the moderns who would tread their steps. This honourable enthusiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are studying oratory to cultivate. If youth wants it, manhood will flag miserably. *Ibid.*

§ 76. *Attention to the best Models recommended to the Student in Eloquence.*

Attention to the best models will contribute greatly towards improvement. Every one who speaks or writes should, indeed, endeavour to have somewhat that is his own, that is peculiar to himself, and that characterises his composition and style. Slavish imitation depresses genius, or rather betrays the want of it. But withal, there is no genius so original, but may be profited and assisted by the aid of proper examples, in style, composition, and delivery. They always open some new ideas; they serve to enlarge and correct our own. They quicken the current of thought, and excite emulation. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Caution necessary in choosing Models.*

Much, indeed, will depend upon the right choice of models which we purpose to imitate; and supposing them rightly chosen, a farther care is requisite, of not being seduced by a blind universal admiration. For, "decipit exemplar, vitium imitabile." Even in the most finished models we can select, it must not be forgotten, that there are always some things improper for imitation. We should study to acquire a just conception of the peculiar characteristic beauties of any writer, or public speaker, and imitate these only. One ought

ought never to attach himself too closely to any single model: for he who does so, is almost sure of being seduced into a faultiness and affected imitation. His business should be, to draw from several the proper ideas of perfection. *Blair.*

§ 78. *On the Style of BOLINGBROKE and SWIFT.*

Some authors there are, whose manner of writing approaches nearer to the style of speaking than others; and who, therefore, can be imitated with more safety. In this class, among the English authors, are Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke. The Dean, throughout all his writings, in the midst of much correctness, maintains the easy natural manner of an unaffected speaker; and this is one of his chief excellencies. Lord Bolingbroke's style is more splendid, and more declamatory than Dean Swift's; but still it is the style of one who speaks, or rather who harangues. Indeed, all his political writings (for it is to them only, and not to his philosophical ones, that this observation can be applied) carry much more the appearance of one declaiming with warmth in a great assembly, than of one writing in a closet, in order to be read by others. They have all the copiousness, the fervour, the inculcating method, that is allowable and graceful in an orator; perhaps too much of it for a writer: and it is to be regretted, as I have formerly observed, that the matter contained in them should have been so trivial or so false; for, from the manner and style, considerable advantage might be reaped. *Ibid.*

§ 79. *Frequent Exercise in composing and speaking necessary for Improvement in Eloquence.*

Besides attention to the best models, frequent exercise, both in composing and speaking, will be admitted to be a necessary mean of improvement. That sort of composition is, doubtless, most useful, which relates to the profession, or kind of public speaking, to which persons addict themselves. This they should keep ever in their eye, and be gradually inuring themselves to it. But let me also advise them, not to allow themselves in negligent composition of any kind. He who has it for his aim to write, or to speak correctly, should, in the most trivial kind of composition, in writing a letter, nay, even in

common discourse, study to acquit himself with propriety. I do not at all mean, that he is never to write, or to speak a word, but in elaborate and artificial language. This would form him to a stiffness and affectation, worse, by ten thousand degrees, than the greatest negligence. But it is to be observed, that there is, in every thing, a manner which is becoming, and has propriety; and opposite to it, there is a clumsy and faulty performance of the same thing. The becoming manner is very often the most light, and seemingly careless manner; but it requires taste and attention to seize the just idea of it. That idea, when acquired, we should keep in our eye, and form upon it whatever we write or say. *Ibid.*

§ 80. *Of what Use the Study of critical and rhetorical Writers may be.*

It now only remains to enquire, of what use may the study of critical and rhetorical writers be, for improving one in the practice of eloquence? These are certainly not to be neglected; and yet, I dare not say that much is to be expected from them. For professed writers on public speaking, we must look chiefly among the ancients. In modern times, for reasons which were before given, popular eloquence, as an art, has never been very much the object of study; it has not the same powerful effect among us that it had in more democratical states; and therefore has not been cultivated with the same care. Among the moderns, though there has been a great deal of good criticism on the different kinds of writing, yet much has not been attempted on the subject of eloquence, or public discourse; and what has been given us of that kind has been drawn mostly from the ancients. Such a writer as Joannes Gerardus Vossius, who has gathered into one heap of ponderous lumber, all the trifling, as well as the useful things, that are to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, is enough to disgust one with the study of eloquence. Among the French, there has been more attempted, on this subject, than among the English. The Bishop of Cambray's writings on eloquence, I before mentioned with honour. Rollin, Batteux, Crevier, Gibert, and several other French critics, have also written on oratory; but though some of them may be useful, none of them are so considerable as to deserve particular recommendation. *Ibid.*

§ 81. *Recourse must chiefly be had to the original Writers.*

It is to the original ancient writers that we must chiefly have recourse; and it is a reproach to any one, whose profession calls him to speak in public, to be unacquainted with them. In all the ancient rhetorical writers, there is, indeed, this defect, that they are too systematical, as I formerly shewed; they aim at doing too much; at reducing rhetoric to a complete and perfect art, which may even supply invention with materials on every subject; insomuch that one would imagine they expected to form an orator by rule, in as mechanical a manner as one would form a carpenter. Whereas, all that can in truth be done, is to give openings for assisting and enlightening taste, and for pointing out to genius the course it ought to hold.

Aristotle laid the foundation for all that was afterwards written on the subject. That amazing and comprehensive genius, which does honour to human nature, and which gave light into so many different sciences, has investigated the principles of rhetoric with great penetration. Aristotle appears to have been the first who took rhetoric out of the hands of the sophists, and introduced reasoning and good sense into the art. Some of the profoundest things which have been written on the passions and manners of men, are to be found in his Treatise on Rhetoric; though in this, as in all his writings, his great brevity often renders him obscure. Succeeding Greek rhetoricians, most of whom are now lost, improved on the foundation which Aristotle had laid. Two of them still remain, Demetrius Phalerius, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; both write on the construction of sentences, and deserve to be perused; especially Dionysius, who is a very accurate and judicious critic.

I need scarcely recommend the rhetorical writings of Cicero. Whatever, on the subject of eloquence, comes from so great an orator, must be worthy of attention. His most considerable work on this subject is that *De Oratore*, in three books. None of Cicero's writings are more highly finished than this treatise. The dialogue is polite; the characters are well supported, and the conduct of the whole is beautiful and agreeable. It is, indeed, full of digressions, and his rules and observations may be thought sometimes too vague and general. Useful things, however, may be

learned from it; and it is no small benefit to be made acquainted with Cicero's own idea of eloquence. The "Orator ad M. Brutum," is also a considerable treatise; and, in general, throughout all Cicero's rhetorical works there run those high and sublime ideas of eloquence, which are fitted both for forming a just taste, and for creating that enthusiasm for the art, which is of the greatest consequence for excelling in it.

But, of all the antient writers on the subject of oratory, the most instructive, and most useful, is Quintilian. I know few books which abound more with good sense, and discover a greater degree of just and accurate taste, than Quintilian's Institutions. Almost all the principles of good criticism are to be found in them. He has digested into excellent order all the ancient ideas concerning rhetoric, and is, at the same time, himself an eloquent writer. Though some parts of his work contain too much of the technical and artificial system then in vogue, and for that reason may be thought dry and tedious, yet I would not advise the omitting to read any part of his Institutions. To pleaders at the bar, even these technical parts may prove of some use. Seldom has any person, of more sound and distinct judgment than Quintilian, applied himself to the study of the art of oratory. *Blair.*

§ 82. *On the Necessity of a Classical Education.*

The fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock, they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, and betray in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress and aptest scholar; but nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising

prising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In those countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined; but in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choke them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced and uncouth, and art must be applied to make it natural.

Felton.

§ 83. *On the Entrance to Knowledge.*

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: we must proceed at once by sap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter: it is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished: the country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have strait avenues, when the regions of happiness, like those of knowledge, are impervious, and shut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itself is narrow.

Common things are easily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will easily be persuaded to put forth your hand to the utmost stretch, and reach whatever you aspire at.

Ibid.

§ 84. *Classics recommended.*

Many are the subjects which will invite and deserve the steadiest application from

those who would excel, and be distinguished in them. Human learning in general; natural philosophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of science. But there is no necessity of leading you through these several fields of knowledge: it will be most commendable for you to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, and sound reason, of great probity, and solid virtue. This is the true use of knowledge, to make it subservient to the great duties of our most holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and saving knowledge of a Christian, you may use the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and mistaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many instances of greatness of mind, of unshaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a most passionate love of their country, prodigality of life, disdain of servitude, inviolable truth, and the most public disinterested souls, that ever threw off all regards in comparison with their country's good: you will discern the flaws and blemishes of their fairest actions, see the wrong apprehensions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble spirit from the writings and histories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the classic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themselves to your approbation.

If you would resolve to master the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find, that the one is the source and original of all that is most excellent in the other: I do not mean so much for expression, as thought, though some of the most beautiful strokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embellishment of their works, you will see, the Latins have ransacked the Grecian store, and, as Horace advises all who would succeed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been such happy imitators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is easier to strike out a new course of thought

than

than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Verrio is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartons, and outdone Raphaël Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we must think him less. *Felton.*

§ 85. *A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Writers.*

If I may detain you with a short comparison of the Greek and Roman authors, I must own the last have the preference in my thoughts; and I am not singular in my opinion. It must be confessed, the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majesty of the Grecian stage; the best comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far lost to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence used in forming two Greek plays into one, we shall naturally conclude, since his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I shall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Aristophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has censured him for low wit.

Virgil has been so often compared with Homer, and the merits of those poets so often canvassed, that I shall only say, that if the Roman shines not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolness of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the strength of his fancy, displays themselves in the descriptions they give of battles, storms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on these occasions in more dread and terror; but Virgil mixes compassion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; so in the storm; so in his battles on the fall of Pallas and Camilla; and that scene of horror, which his hero opens in the second book; the burning of Troy; the ghost of Hector; the murder of the king; the massacre of the people; the sudden surprise, and the dead of night, are so relieved by the piety and pity that is every where intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the *Æneid* to be most perfect in its kind; and considering the disadvantage of the language, and the sever-

ity of the Roman muse, the poem is still more wonderful, since, without the liberty of the Grecian poets, the diction is so great and noble, so clear, so forcible and expressive, so chaste and pure, that even all the strength and compass of the Greek tongue, joined to Homer's fire, cannot give us stronger and clearer ideas, than the great Virgil has set before our eyes; some few instances excepted, in which Homer, thro' the force of genius, has excelled.

I have argued hitherto for Virgil; and it will be no wonder that his poem should be more correct in the rules of writing, if that strange opinion prevails, that Homer writ without any view or design at all; that his poems are loose independent pieces tacked together, and were originally only so many songs or ballads upon the gods and heroes, and the siege of Troy. If this be true, they are the completest string of ballads, I ever met with, and whoever collected them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pisistratus, or any other, has placed them in such order, that the *Iliad* and the *Odysseis* seem to have been composed with one view and design, one scheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and consistent with themselves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wise Being, and not jumbled together by chance, from the very absurdity of such a supposition; and they have illustrated their argument, from the impossibility that such a poem as Homer's and Virgil's should rise in such beautiful order out of millions of letters eternally shaken together: but this argument is half spoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formed design from one end to the other, were written in loose scraps on no settled premeditated scheme. Horace, we are sure, was of another opinion, and so was Virgil too, who built his *Æneid* upon the model of the *Iliad* and the *Odysseis*. After all, Tully, whose relation of this passage has given some colour to this suggestion, says no more, than that Pisistratus (whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny) observing the books of Homer to lie confused and out of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had first formed them in: but all this Tully gives us only as report. And it would be very strange, that Aristotle should form his rules on Homer's poems; that Horace should follow his

his example, and propose Homer for the standard of epic writing, with this bright testimony, that he "never undertook any thing inconsiderately, nor ever made any foolish attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and design we see them in. If we look upon the fabric and construction of those great works, we shall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and dependence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cause; and if it be a sufficient reason to alter the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phrase, from the consideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the restoring of the text, is it not a demonstration that these poems were made in the same course of lines, and upon the same plan we read them in at present, from all the arguments that connexion, dependence, and regularity can give us? If those critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them loose and undigested, and restored them to the order they stand in now, I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more uncontested reasons, than they are able to bring for the discovery of a word or a syllable hitherto falsely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of singular fancies and opinions will not allow these buildings to have been originally designed after the present model, let them at least allow us one poetical supposition on our side, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his scattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful structure of a poem, as Amphion's was to summon the stones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are so justly disposed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without spoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The Georgics are above all controversy with Hesiod; but the Idylliums of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the pastoral.

In Lyrics the Grecians may seem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are superior in the number of their poets, and variety of

their verse. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, and Stesichorus are almost entirely lost. Here and there a fragment of some of them is remaining, which, like some broken parts of ancient statues, preserve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, strength, and skill of the great master's hand.

Pindar is sublime, but obscure, impetuous in his course, and unfathomable in the depth and loftiness of his thoughts. Anacreon flows soft and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftiness and majesty of Pindar, and the gay, careless, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I suppose, however Pindar may be admired for greatness, and Anacreon for delicateness of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, surpasses them both in justness, elegance, and happiness of expression. Anacreon has another follower among the choicest wits of Rome, and that is Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmonious, I could recommend for the softness and delicacy, but must decline for the looseness of his thoughts, too immodest for chaste ears to bear.

I will go no farther in the poets; only, for the honour of our country, let me observe to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce some single rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved by every muse he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the historians any further, than to inform you, that the contest lies chiefly between Thucydides and Sallust, Herodotus and Livy; though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more justly be compared: the critics have been very free in their censures, but I shall be glad to suspend any farther judgment, till you shall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philosophy are the next disputed prizes; and whatever praises may be justly given to Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon and Demosthenes, I will venture to say, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philosophers in one. *Felton.*

§ 86. *A short Commendation of the Latin Language.*

And now, having possibly, given you some prejudice in favour of the Romans, I must beg leave to assure you, that if you have not leisure to master both, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to speak good sense in suitable expressions; to give the finest thoughts in the happiest words, and in an easy majesty of style, to write up to the subject. "And in this, lies the great secret of writing well. It is that elegant simplicity, that ornamental plainness of speech, which every common genius thinks so plain, than any body may reach it, and findeth so very elegant, that all his sweat, and pains, and study, fail him in the attempt."

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converse with poets, orators, or historians, you will meet with all that is admirable in human composition. And though life and spirit, propriety and force of style, be common to them all, you will see that nevertheless every writer shines in his peculiar excellencies; and that wit, like beauty, is diversified into a thousand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of these celebrated writers. What I have said already, and what I shall say farther of them as I go along, renders it less necessary at present, and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my side. It will be a pleasant exercise of your judgment to distinguish them yourself; and when you and I shall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take some other occasion of laying them before you, and submitting what I shall then say of them to your approbation. *Felton.*

§ 87. *Directions in reading the Classics.*

In the mean time, I shall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to some people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very necessary to be observed.

The first is, that you would never be persuaded into what they call Common-places; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging him under pro-

per heads, that you may readily find what he has said upon any point, by consulting an alphabet. This practice is of no use but in circumstantialities of time and place, custom and antiquity, and in such instances where facts are to be remembered, not where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use: it helps the memory, and serves to keep those things in a sort of order and succession. But, common-placing the sense of an author is such a stupid undertaking, that, if I may be indulged in saying it, they want common sense that practise it. What heaps of this rubbish have I seen! O the pains and labour to record what other people have said, that is taken by those who have nothing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are never worth the reading; the fancy is cramped, the invention spoiled, their thoughts on every thing are prevented, if they think at all; but it is the peculiar happiness of these collectors of sense, that they can write without thinking.

I do most readily agree, that all the bright sparkling thoughts of the ancients, their finest expressions, and noblest sentiments, are to be met with in these transcribers: but how wretchedly are they brought in, how miserably put together! Indeed, I can compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with packthread.

When I see a beautiful building of exact order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these commonplace men. The materials are certainly very good, but they understand not the rules of architecture so well, as to form them into just and masterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they stand in another model upon another plan!

For, we must confess the truth: We can say nothing new, at least we can say nothing better than has been said before; but we may nevertheless make what we say our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourselves to remember in what page or what book we have read such a passage; but it falls in naturally with the course of our own thoughts, and takes its place in our writings with as much ease, and looks with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thousand years ago.

This is the best way of remembering the ancient authors, when you relish their way

way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their sense. There is no need of tying ourselves up to an imitation of any of them; much less to copy or transcribe them. For there is room for vast variety of thought and style; as nature is various in her works, and is nature still. Good authors, like the celebrated masters in the several schools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the same use of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourselves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in rank, though different from them all, and be esteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with those ancient streams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by such a strong infusion, yet the spirit, the thought, the fancy, the expression, which shall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton.

§ 88. *The Method of Schools vindicated.*

It has been a long complaint in this polite and excellent age of learning, that we lose our time in words; that the memory of youth is charged and overloaded without improvement; and all they learn is mere cant and jargon for three or four years together. Now, the complaint is in some measure true, but not easily remedied; and perhaps, after all the exclamation of so much time lost in mere words and terms, the hopeful youths, whose loss of time is so much lamented, were capable of learning nothing but words at those years. I do not mind what some quacks in the art of teaching say; they pretend to work wonders, and to make young gentlemen masters of the languages, before they can be masters of common sense; but this to me is a demonstration, that we are capable of little else than words, till twelve or thirteen, if you will observe, that a boy shall be able to repeat his grammar over, two or three years before his understanding opens enough to let him into the reason and clear apprehension of the rules; and when this is done, sooner or later, it ceaseth to be cant and jargon: so that all this clamour is wrong founded, and the cause of complaint lies rather against the backwardness of our judgment, than the method of our schools. And therefore I am for the old way in schools still, and children will be furnished

there with a stock of words at least, when they come to know how to use them.

Ibid.

§ 89. *Commendation of Schools.*

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of those great men who preside in our chiefest and most celebrated schools; it is my happiness to be known to the most eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any disrespect, where they know I have the greatest veneration; for with them the genius of classic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myself honoured in the acquaintance of some masters in the country, who are not less polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues, have joined a true taste, and delicate relish of the classic authors. But should you ever light into some formal hands, though your sense is too fine to relish those pedantries I have been remonstrating against, when you come to understand them, yet for the present they may impose upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by such persons, you may think them very learned, because they are very dull; and if you should receive the tincture while you are young, it may sink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be sensible of it, as we are of ill habits, which we regret, but cannot break, and so it may mix with your studies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you design, whether in speech or writing.

For these meaner critics dress up their entertainments so very ill, that they will spoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taste. With them, as with distempered stomachs, the finest food and noblest juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigestion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and foul feeding; and spoil the best provisions in the cooking; you must be content to be taught parsimony in sense, and for your most inoffensive food to live upon dry meat and insipid stuff, without any poignancy or relish.

So then these gentlemen will never be able to form your taste or your style; and those who cannot give you a true relish of the best writers in the world, can never instruct you to write like them.

Ibid.

§ 90.

§ 90. *On forming a Style.*

Give me leave to touch this subject, and draw out, for your use, some of the chief strokes, some of the principal lineaments, and fairest features of a just and beautiful style. There is no necessity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry system upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleasure, and, I hope, with equal profit, some desultory thoughts in their native order, as they rise in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To assist you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to say something of what is required in a finished piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and masterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method: the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and since none is without his faults, the most that can be said is, That he is the best writer, against whom the fewest can be alledged.

“A composition is then perfect, when the matter rises out of the subject; when the thoughts are agreeable to the matter, and the expressions suitable to the thoughts; where there is no inconsistency from the beginning to the end; when the whole is perspicuous in the beautiful order of its parts, and formed in due symmetry and proportion.”

Felton.

§ 91. *Expression suited to the Thoughts.*

In every sprightly genius, the expression will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish: the chippings and filings of these jewels could they be pre-

served, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors: and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to spare.

It is by no means necessary for me to run out into the several sorts of writing; we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the style of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both.

Ibid.

§ 92. *On Embellishments of Style.*

The design of expression is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in such a manner as is most probable to attain the end we propose, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, so as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of their readers: for which reason, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing, as well as profitable; and those arts are very commendable and honest; they are no trick, no delusion, or imposition on the senses and understanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon observing her operations in all the various passions and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embellishments of style; all figures and schemes of speech, and those several decorations that are used in writings to enliven and adorn the work. The flourishes of fancy resemble the flourishes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminators of manuscripts, and of the press, borrowed their title perhaps from the illumination which a bright genius every where gives to his work, and disperses through his compositions.

The commendation of this art of enlightening and adorning a subject, lies in a right distribution of the shades and light. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will fall, to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades what we cannot hope will shine to advantage.

It were endless to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and illustrations of speech; and yet I would not dismiss it, without pointing at the general rules and necessary qualifications required in those who would attempt to shine in the productions of their pen. And therefore

you

you must pardon me if I seem to go back, for we cannot raise any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation.

Felton.

§ 93. *On the first Requisite, a Mastery of Language.*

The first thing requisite to a just style, is a perfect mastery in the language we write in; this is not so easily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taste of strength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expression. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical observations in the world will never bring a man to a just style, who has not of himself a natural easy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too scrupulous, and does not make himself a slave to his rules; for that will introduce a stiffness and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect mastery in any language, I understand not only a ready command of words, upon every occasion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their sense and signification, but more especially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect mastery does consist. It is to know what is English, and what is Latin, what is French, Spanish, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the distinguishing characters, and the peculiar phrases of each tongue; what expressions or manner of expressing is common to any language besides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly our phrase, and way of speaking. For this is to speak or write English in purity and perfection, to let the streams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the course: in English, therefore, I would have all Gallicisms (for instance) avoided, that our tongue may be sincere, and we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our speech, as we do in our cloaths. It is convenient and profitable sometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phrase of another nation, but this is very sparingly to be allowed; and every syllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be discarded, if its use and ornament to our language be not very evident.

Ibid.

§ 94. *On the Purity and Idiom of Language.*

While the Romans studied and used the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flourished, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expressive; but in a few years after the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to speak Greek, and regarding nothing but the softness and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monstrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to speak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dress, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and English mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of sense. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not against any real improvement of our own language from that or any other: but we are always so foolish, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is silly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the substantial use of their language, we only enervate and spoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply the place of those words that are continually falling off through disuse: and since it is so, I think 'tis better to raise them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have sufficient strength and numbers within ourselves: there is a vast treasure, an inexhaustible fund in the old English, from whence authors may draw constant supplies, as our officers make their surest recruits from the coal-works and the mines. The weight, the strength, and significancy of many antiquated words, should recommend them to use again. 'Tis only wiping off the rust they have contracted, and separating them from the dross they lie mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will rise above the standard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not so musical to the ear, nor so abundant in multiplicity of words; but its strength is real, and its words are therefore the more expressive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is close, compact, and full: and

our writings (if you will excuse two Latin words) come nearest to what Tully means by his *Prefsa Oratio*. They are all weight and substance, good measure pressed together, and running over in a redundancy of sense, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language consists in preserving this character, in writing with the English strength and spirit: let us not envy others, that they are more soft, and diffuse, and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want supplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debase it with too much alloy; and let me leave this censure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the English tongue with the most specious foreign words and phrases, is just as wise as those modish ladies that change their plate for china; for which I think the laudable traffic of old cloaths is much the fairest barter.

Felton.

§ 95. *On Plainness and Perspicuity.*

After this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a just style, is its plainness and perspicuity. This is the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, when we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obscurity of expression, and darkness of sense, do arise from the confusion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matter he undertakes to treat of, he his style never so plain as to the words he uses, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this subject be never so just and distinct, unless he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of easy writing in plain obvious expressions, the words will perplex the sense, and cloud the clearness of his thoughts.

It is the unhappiness of some, that they are not able to express themselves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigested knowledge, which lies confused in the brain, without any order or distinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obscurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed style, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of offending against

plainness and perspicuity of style, is an affectation of hard unusual words, and of close contracted periods: the faults of pedants and sententious writers; that are vainly ostentatious of their learning, or their wisdom. Hard words and quaint expressions are abominable: wherever you meet such a writer, throw him aside for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have used a short and concise way of expression, I must own; and if they are not so clear, as others, the fault is to be laid on the brevity they labour after: for while we study to be concise, we can hardly avoid being obscure. We crowd our thoughts into too small a compass, and are so sparing of our words, that we will not afford enow to express our meaning.

There is another extreme in obscure writers, not much taken notice of, which some empty conceited heads are apt to run into out of a prodigality of words, and a want of sense. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who lose their meaning in the multitude of words, and bury their sense under heaps of phrases. Their understanding is rather rarified than condensed: their meaning, we cannot say, is dark and thick; it is too light and subtle to be discerned: it is spread so thin, and diffused so wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would express all they say in two pages: 'tis nothing but whipt syllabub and froth, a little varnish and gilding, without any solidity or substance.

Ibid.

§ 96. *On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.*

The deepest rivers have the plainest surface, and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent; the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native looks, and the same art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debases it if it be dull.

You see I have borrowed some metaphors to explain my thoughts; and it is, I believe, impossible to describe the plainness and clearness of style, without some expressions clearer than the terms I am otherwise bound up to use.

You must give me leave to go on with you to the decorations and ornaments of style: there is no inconsistency between the plainness and perspicuity, and the ornament of writing. A style resembleth beauty,

beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to symmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may transgress in too frequent allusions, because I would make every thing plain to you, I would pass on from painters to statuaries, whose excellence it is at first to form true and just proportions, and afterwards to give them that softness, that expression, that strength and delicacy, which make them almost breathe and live.

The decorations of style are formed out of those several schemes and figures, which are contrived to express the passions and motions of our minds in our speech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expressions. I shall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and those several ornaments of writing, whose grace and commendation lie in being used with judgment and propriety. It were endless to pursue this subject through all the schemes and illustrations of speech: but there are some common forms, which every writer upon every subject may use, to enliven and adorn his work.

These are metaphor and similitude; and those images and representations, that are drawn in the strongest and most lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the use of these, your ordinary writers are most apt to offend. Images are very sparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their use is to move pity or terror, admiration, compassion, anger and resentment, by representing something very affectionate or very dreadful, very astonishing, very miserable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the subject, where they are painted by a masterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unskilfully placed, they raise no passion but indignation in the reader.

Felton.

§ 97. On Metaphors and Similitudes.

The most common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an allusion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the most familiar and best known particulars

in the world: if any thing is dark and obscure in them, the purpose of using them is defeated; and that which is not clear itself, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of some poor brains, to run out perpetually into a course of similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses; and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himself; and while he is likening his subject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in some simile men; which is, drawing their comparisons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the resemblance holds or not. But the true art of illustrating any subject by similitude, is, first to pitch on such a resemblance as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the strongest lines and the nearest likeness. And this will secure us from all stiffness and formality in similitude, and deliver us from the nauseous repetition of *as* and *so*, which some *so so* writers, if I may beg leave to call them *so*, are continually sounding in our ears.

I have nothing to say to those gentlemen who bring similitudes and forget the resemblance. All the pleasure we can take when we meet these promising sparks, is in the disappointment, where we find their fancy is so like their subject, that it is not like at all.

Ibid.

§ 98. On Metaphors.

Metaphors require great judgment and consideration in the use of them. They are a shorter similitude, where the likeness is rather implied than expressed. The signification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there must be a common resemblance, some original likeness in nature, some correspondence and easy transition, or metaphors are shocking and confused.

The beauty of them displays itself in their easiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the dis-

course

course more lively and chearful, they make it fullen, dull and gloomy.

You must form your judgment upon the best models and the most celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be used but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and insinuates a silent argument in the allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trash; and in a due observance of this, in a pure, chaste, natural expression, consist the justness, beauty, and delicacy of style.

Felton.

§ 99. *On Epithets.*

I have said nothing of Epithets. Their business is to express the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to distinguish what are the most proper titles to be given on all occasions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities and affections of every thing in the world. They are of most ornament when they are of use: they are to determine the character of every person, and decide the merits of every cause; conscience and justice are to be regarded, and great skill and exactness are required in the use of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of satire, and strains of compliment depend upon it; otherwise we may make an ass of a lion, commend a man in satire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here also there is room for genius: common justice and judgment should direct us to say what is proper at least; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the most lively and most forcible epithets that can be applied; and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies.

Ibid.

§ 100. *On Allegories.*

Allegories I need not mention, because they are not so much any ornament of style, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed shape, and a dress more agreeably to the fancy, than naked truth herself can be. Truth is ever most beautiful and evident in her native dress: and the arts that are used to convey her to our minds, are no argument

that she is deficient, but so many testimonies of the corruption of our nature, when truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance to us in disguise, and court us in masquerade.

Ibid.

§ 101. *On the Sublime.*

There is one ingredient more required to the perfection of style, which I have partly mentioned already, in speaking of the suitableness of the thoughts to the subject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to consider it in another light, with regard to the majesty and dignity of the subject.

It is fit, as we have said already, that the thoughts and expressions should be suited to the matter on all occasions; but in nobler and greater subjects, especially where the theme is sacred and divine, it must be our care to think and write up to the dignity and majesty of the things we presume to treat of: nothing little, mean, or low, no childish thoughts, or boyish expressions, will be endured: all must be awful and grave, and great and solemn. The noblest sentiments must be conveyed in the weightiest words: all ornaments and illustrations must be borrowed from the richest parts of universal nature; and in divine subjects, especially when we attempt to speak of God, of his wisdom, goodness, and power, of his mercy and justice, of his dispensations and providence (by all which he is pleased to manifest himself to the sons of men) we must raise our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and search all the treasures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only express our thoughts of the Creator in the works of his creation; and the brightest of these can only give us some faint shadows of his greatness and his glory. The strongest figures are too weak, the most exalted language too low, to express his ineffable excellence. No hyperbole can be brought to heighten our thoughts; for in so sublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolic. The riches of imagination are poor, and all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in supplying thought on an infinite subject. How poor and mean, how base and grovelling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! something sublime and noble must needs be said on so great an occasion; but in this great article, the most celebrated of the Heathen pens seem to flag

and sink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depressed by the weight, and dazzled with the splendour of the subject.

We have no instances to produce of any writers that rise at all to the majesty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the sacred penmen. No less than Divine Inspiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to express his greatness, and display his glory: in comparison of these divine writers, the greatest geniuses, the noblest wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The sublime majesty and royal magnificence of the scripture poems are above the reach, and beyond the power of all mortal wit. Take the best and liveliest poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the scriptures, in a prose translation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, lose their spirits and their strength in the translation, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the sacred writings, even in our translation, preserve their majesty and their glory, and very far surpass the brightest and noblest compositions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richness and solemnity of the eastern eloquence (for it holds in no other instance) but to the divine direction and assistance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the most literal translation of the scriptures, in the most natural signification of the words, is generally the best; and the same punctuality, which debases other writings, preserves the spirit and majesty of the sacred text: it can suffer no improvement from human wit; and we may observe that those who have presumed to heighten the expressions by a poetical translation or paraphrase, have sunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verse, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majesty, and solemnity of our prose: so that the prose of scripture cannot be improved by verse, and even the divine poetry is most like itself in prose. One observation more I would leave with you, : Milton himself, as great a genius as he was, owes his superiority over Homer and Virgil, in majesty of thought and splendour of expression, to the scriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the sacred treasure that enriched his fancy, and furnished him with all the truth and wonders of God and his

creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to discover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will meet all his sentiments and words raised and suited to the greatness and dignity of the subject.

I have detained you the longer on this majesty of style, being perhaps myself carried away with the greatness and pleasure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt so much on with respect to divine subjects, is more easily to be observed with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall short; and in adorning all other subjects, our words and sentiments may rise in a just proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the same wit can raise a human subject, that only debases a divine. *Felton.*

§ 102. *Rules of Order and Proportion.*

After all these excellencies of style, in purity, in plainness and perspicuity, in ornament and majesty, are considered, a finished piece of what kind soever must shine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion. In architecture and painting, these fill and relieve the eye. A just disposition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due symmetry and proportion of every part in itself, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are satisfied in beholding.

But when I speak of order and proportion, I do not intend any stiff and formal method, but only a proper distribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural course, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a scheme, and marking out the divisions and subdivisions of a discourse, are only necessary in systems, and some pieces of controversy and argumentation: you see, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order discovers itself in the progress of the subject; but certainly, of all pieces that were ever written in a professed and stated method, and distinguished by the number and succession of their parts, our English sermons are the completest in order and proportion; the method is so easy and natural, the parts bear so just a proportion to one another, that among many others,

others, this may pass for a peculiar commendation of them; for those divisions and particulars which obscure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would insinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not necessary to lay the method we use before the reader, only to write and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the subject, a distinct view, to keep it always in sight, or else, without some method first designed, we should be in danger of losing it, and wandering after it, till we have lost ourselves, and bewildered the reader.

A prescribed method is necessary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconstraint: it must be dispersed and shine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no necessity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at ease without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be measured out like the proportions of a horse, where every part must be drawn in the minutest respect to the size and bigness of the rest; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and consideration of the whole. The statuary that carves Hercules in stone, or casts him in brass, may be obliged to take his dimensions from his foot; but the poet that describes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the scale.

These hints will serve to give you some notion of order and proportion: and I must not dwell too long upon them, lest I transgress the rules I am laying down.

Felton.

§ 103. *A Recapitulation.*

I shall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together, rises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned; but the decoration should be skilfully distributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars; and the day is not less beautiful for being interspersed with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without di-

minishing from his splendour, gild and adorn themselves with his rays. But to descend from the skies: It is in writing as in dress; the richest habits are not always the completest, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain suit, than in an embroidered coat: the dress depends upon the imagination, but must be adjusted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their cloaths. The first excellence is to write in purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no dispensation from these: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your subject as you please.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one social bond, and joined, like the moral virtues, and liberal arts, in a sort of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all; it is in vain for him to dress and adorn his discourse; the finer he endeavours to make it, he makes it only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the exactest purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work some force and spirit, it is nothing but a mere corpse, and a lumpish, unwieldy mass of matter. But every true genius, who is perfect master of the language he writes in, will let no fitting ornaments and decorations be wanting. His fancy flows in the richest vein, and gives his pieces such lively colours, and so beautiful a complexion, that you would almost say his own blood and spirits were transfused into the work.

Ibid.

§ 104. *How to form a right Taste.*

A perfect mastery and elegance of style is to be learned from the common rules, but must be improved by reading the orators, and poets, and the celebrated masters in every kind; this will give you a right taste, and a true relish; and when you can distinguish the beauties of every finished piece, you will write yourself with equal commendation.

I do not assert that every good writer must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception: but I will venture to affirm, that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way, is too dull and lumpish ever to write with any prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition,

to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no restraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them masters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taste of their authors: and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can assure you, is no disadvantage to prose; for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste of the other.

Taste is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or dislike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableness or disagreeableness of the relish in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common use, and every body can tell sweet from bitter, what is sharp or sour, or vapid, or nauseous; but it requires senses more refined and exercised, to discover every taste that is most perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more used than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine should be, like a style, clear, deep, bright, and strong, sincere and pure, sound and dry (as our advertisements do well express it) which last is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richest spirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampness.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to music, and a taste of painting; which are nothing but a just discernment of what is excellent and most perfect in them. The first depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a master, that has not an ear tuned and set to music; and you can no more sing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we should think, requires some understanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the best masters' manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the rest, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent conversation with the best originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural sagacity and aptness, experience will be of no great service. A good taste is an argument of a great soul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor spirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that sparkles:

but to pass by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is most perfect and excellent in its kind, speaks a superior genius, and a true discernment: a new picture by some meaner hand, where the colours are fresh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleasure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at first with eagerness, we presently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not so inviting at first, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we still discover new beauties, and find new pleasure. I am not a man of so much severity in my temper, as to allow you to be pleased with nothing but what is in the last perfection; for then, possibly, so many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleased. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refusing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakness of stomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taste judges of defects as well as perfections, and the best judges are always the persons of the greatest candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praise is justly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taste is to be formed by reading the best authors; and when you shall be able to point out their beauties, to discern the brightest passages, the strength and elegance of their language, you will always write yourself, and read others by that standard, and must therefore necessarily excel.

Felton.

§ 195. *Taste to be improved by Imitation.*

In Rome there were some popular orators, who, with a false eloquence and violent action, carried away the applause of the people: and with us we have some popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudness of their voice, and a false pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been sometimes in some confusion to hear such persons commended by those of superior sense, who could distinguish, one would think, between empty, pompous, specious harangues, and those pieces in which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taste must therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it must be assisted by art, or

it will be easily vitiated and corrupted. False eloquence passes only where true is not understood; and nobody will commend bad writers, that is acquainted with good.

These are only some cursory thoughts on a subject that will not be reduced to rules. To treat of a true taste in a formal method, would be very insipid; it is best collected from the beauties and laws of writing, and must rise from every man's own apprehension and notion of what he hears and reads.

It may be therefore of farther use, and most advantage to you, as well as a relief and entertainment to refresh your spirits in the end of a tedious discourse, if besides mentioning the classic authors as they fall in my way, I lay before you some of the corrected writers of this age and the last, in several faculties, upon different subjects: Not that you should be drawn into a servile imitation of any of them: but that you may see into the spirit, force, and beauty of them all, and form your pen from those general notions of life and delicacy, of fine thoughts and happy words, which rise to your mind upon reading the great masters of style in their several ways, and manner of excelling.

I must beg leave, therefore, to defer a little the entertainment I promised, while I endeavour to lead you into the true way of imitation, if ever you shall propose any original for your copy; or, which is infinitely preferable, into a perfect mastery of the spirit and perfections of every celebrated writer, whether ancient or modern.

Felton.

§ 106. *On the Historical Style.*

History will not admit those decorations other subjects are capable of; the passions and affections are not to be moved with any thing, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty must lie in the order and expression. To relate every event with clearness and perspicuity, in such words as best express the nature of the subject, is the chief commendation of an historian's style. History gives us a draught of facts and transactions in the world. The colours these are painted in; the strength and significancy of the several faces; the regular confusion of a battle; the distractions of tumult sensibly depicted; every object and every occurrence so presented to your view, that while you read, you seem indeed to see them: this is

the art and perfection of an historical style. And you will observe, that those who have excelled in history, have excelled in this especially; and what has made them the standards of that style, is the clearness, the life and vigour of their expression, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the subjects they wrote on: for history and narration are nothing but just and lively descriptions of remarkable events and accidents.

Ibid.

§ 107. *Of HERODOTUS and THUCYDIDES.*

For this reason we praise Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon this account we commend Sallust and Livy among the Romans. For though they all differ in their style, yet they all agree in these common excellencies. Herodotus displays a natural oratory in the beauty and clearness of a numerous and solemn diction; he flows with a sedate and majestic pace, with an easy current, and a pleasant stream. Thucydides does sometimes write in a style so close, that almost every word is a sentence, and every sentence almost acquaints us with something new; so that from the multitude of causes, and variety of matter crowded together; we should suspect him to be obscure: but yet so happy, so admirable a master is he in the art of expression, so proper and so full, that we cannot say whether his diction does more illustrate the things he speaks of, or whether his words themselves are not illustrated by his matter, so mutual a light do his expressions and subject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be pressed and close, is nevertheless great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his subject. He first, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the historian's style, to make the narration more pleasing, by leaving the flatness and nakedness of former ages. This is most observable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial spirit, as if he stood in the hottest of the engagement; and what is most excellent, as well as remarkable in so close a style, is, that it is numerous and harmonious, that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural order, as into their most proper situation.

Ibid.

§ 108. *Of SALLUST and LIVY.*

Sallust and Livy, you will read, I hope, with

with so much pleasure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Sallust are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus; and, since I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the comparisons. Sallust is represented as a concise, a strong, and nervous writer; and so far he agrees with Thucydides's manner: but he is also charged with being obscure, as concise writers very often are, without any reason. For, if I may judge by my own apprehensions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can observe, one redundant expression; but his words are all weighed and chosen, so expressive and significant, that I will challenge any critic to take a sentence of his, and express it clearer or better; his contraction seems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that considered and studied perspicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to express his meaning, nor suffer one to stand, if his sense was clear without it. Being more diffuse, would have weakened his language, and have made it obscurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only serve to cloud or dissipate the sense; and though a copious style in a master's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciseness and perspicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the expressions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Sallust is all life and spirit, yet grave and majestic in his diction: his use of old words is perfectly right: there is no affectation, but more weight and significance in them: the boldness of his metaphors are among his greatest beauties; they are chosen with great judgment, and shew the force of his genius; the colouring is strong, and the strokes are bold: and in my opinion he chose them for the sake of the brevity he loved, to express more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwise he must have written in looser characters with less strength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the justest and exactest of the Roman writers.

Livy is the most considerable of the Roman historians, if to the perfection of his style we join the compass of his subject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewish, especially over Thucydides;

whose history, however drawn out into length, is confined to the shortest period of any, except what remains of Sallust. No historian could be happier in the greatness and dignity of his subject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majesty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not so copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expression, grave, majestic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would say his style flows with milk and honey, in such abundance, such pleasure and sweetness, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to resume him. We may resemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majesty of expression; and if we observe the multitude of clauses in the length of the periods, perhaps Thucydides himself is not more crowded; only the length of his periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have been induced to think this writer was copious, because his sentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his descriptions, not lavish in the number, but exuberant in the richness and significance of his words. You will observe, for I speak upon my own observation, that Livy is not so easy and obvious to be understood as Sallust; the experiment is made every where in reading five or six pages of each author together. The shortness of Sallust's sentences, as long as they are clear, shews his sense and meaning all the way in an instant: the progress is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another with so swift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read distinctly, run faster than we understand him. This is the brightest testimony that can be given of a clear and obvious style. In Livy we cannot pass on so readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the sentence, and have so many clauses to sort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I must own I cannot read him so readily at sight as I can Sallust; though with attention and consideration I understand him as well. He is not so easy, nor so well adapted to

young proficient, as the other: and is ever plainest, when his sentences are shortest; which I think is a demonstration. Some, perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quintilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quintilian recommends Livy before Sallust, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficient, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view: and in this Livy may seem as crowded as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness, the nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others. *Felton.*

§ 109. *Their Use in Style.*

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern, without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty

and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best originals, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot pass by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dress and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he describes. He has shewed himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be light or serious, and has laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such agreeable, such lively and elegant language, that from him you at once may form your manners and your style. *Ibid.*

§ 110. *On SPENSER and SHAKESPEAR.*

I may add some poets of more ancient date: and though their style is out of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spenser, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to ravish any ears, that can be sensible of the softest, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespeare is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure; but he delights most in terror. *Ibid.*

§ 111. *On MILTON and PHILIPS.*

Milton is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break it, but their verse had all the softness and effeminacy of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was faster bound than ever: but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps, and

and has equalled him in his verse more than he falls below him in the compass and dignity of his subject. The Shilling is truly splendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfinished castle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digressed from Milton; and that I may return, and say all in a word; his style, his thoughts, his verse, are as superior to the generality of other poets, as his subject.

Felton.

§ 112. *Great Men have usually appeared at the same time.*

It is a remarkable phenomenon, and one which has often employed the speculations of curious men, that writers and artists, most distinguished for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in considerable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature seems to have exerted herself with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuse fertility. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the moral causes lie obvious; such as favourable circumstances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as these have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, physical causes have been also assigned; and the Abbé du Bos, in his reflections on Poetry and Painting, has collected a great many observations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other such natural causes, may be supposed to have upon genius. But whatever the causes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more distinguished than others, for the extraordinary productions of genius.

Blair.

§ 113. *Four of these Ages marked out by the Learned.*

Learned men have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lyfias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lyfippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The second is the Ro-

man age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; affording us, Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is, that of the restoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth, comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flourished, in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiste, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Pascal, Malebranche, Massillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vertot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke.

Ibid.

§ 114. *The Reputation of the Ancients established too firmly to be shaken.*

If any one, at this day, in the eighteenth century, takes upon him to decry the ancient Classics; if he pretends to have discovered that Homer and Virgil are poets of inconsiderable merit, and that Demosthenes and Cicero are not great Orators, we may boldly venture to tell such a man, that he is come too late with his discovery. The reputation of such writers is established upon a foundation too solid to be now shaken by any arguments whatever; for it is established upon the almost universal taste of mankind, proved and tried throughout the succession of so many ages. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; passages that are faulty he may shew; for where is the human work that is perfect? But if he attempts to discredit their works in general, or to prove that the reputation which they have gained is on the whole unjust, there is an argument against him, which is equal to full demonstration. He must be in the wrong; for human nature is against him. In matters of taste, such as poetry and oratory, to whom does the appeal lie? where is the standard? and where the authority of the last decision? where is it to be looked for, but as I formerly shewed, in those feelings and sentiments that are found, on the most extensive examination, to be the common sentiments and feelings of men? These have been fully contained on this

head,

head. The Public, the unprejudiced Public, has been tried and appealed to for many centuries, and throughout almost all civilized nations. It has pronounced its verdict; it has given its sanction to these writers; and from this tribunal there lies no farther appeal.

In matters of mere reasoning, the world may be long in an error; and may be convinced of the error by stronger reasonings, when produced. Positions that depend upon science, upon knowledge, and matters of fact, may be overturned according as science and knowledge are enlarged, and new matters of fact are brought to light. For this reason, a system of philosophy receives no sufficient sanction from its antiquity, or long currency. The world, as it grows older, may be justly expected to become, if not wiser, at least more knowing; and supposing it doubtful whether Aristotle, or Newton, were the greater genius, yet Newton's philosophy may prevail over Aristotle's, by means of later discoveries, to which Aristotle was a stranger. But nothing of this kind holds as to matters of Taste; which depend not on the progress of knowledge and science, but upon sentiment and feeling. It is in vain to think of undeceiving mankind, with respect to errors committed here, as in Philosophy. For the universal feeling of mankind is the natural feeling; and because it is the natural, it is, for that reason, the right feeling. The reputation of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* must therefore stand upon sure ground, because it has stood so long; though that of the Aristotelian or Platonic philosophy, every one is at liberty to call in question. *Blair.*

§ 115. *The Reputation of the Antients not owing to Pedantry.*

It is in vain also to alledge, that the reputation of the ancient poets and orators, is owing to authority, to pedantry, and to the prejudices of education, transmitted from age to age. These, it is true, are the authors put into our hands at schools and colleges, and by that means we have now an early prepossession in their favour; but how came they to gain the possession of colleges and schools? Plainly, by the high fame which these authors had among their own cotemporaries. For the Greek and Latin were not always dead languages. There was a time, when Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, were viewed in the same light as we now view Dryden, Pope, and Ad-

dison. It is not to commentators and universities, that the classics are indebted for their fame. They became classics and school-books in consequence of the high admiration which was paid them by the best judges in their own country and nation. As early as the days of Juvenal, we find Virgil and Horace become the standard books in the education of youth.

Quod stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus, & hæeret nigro fuligo Maroni.

SAT. 7.*

From this general principle, then, of the reputation of great ancient Classics being so early, so lasting, so extensive, among all the most polished nations, we may justly and boldly infer, that their reputation cannot be wholly unjust, but must have a solid foundation in the merit of their writings.

Ibid.

§ 116. *In what Respects the Moderns excel the Ancients.*

Let us guard, however, against a blind and implicit veneration for the Ancients in every thing. I have opened the general principle, which must go far in instituting a fair comparison between them and the Moderns. Whatever superiority the Ancients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progress of knowledge has had room to produce any considerable effects, the Moderns cannot but have some advantage. The world may, in certain respects, be considered as a person, who must needs gain somewhat by advancing in years. Its improvements have not, I confess, been always in proportion to the centuries that have passed over it; for, during the course of some ages, it has sunk as into a total lethargy. Yet, when roused from that lethargy, it has generally been able to avail itself, more or less, of former discoveries. At intervals, there arose some happy genius, who could both improve on what had gone before, and invent something new. With the advantage of a proper stock of materials, an inferior genius can make greater progress

* "Then thou art bound to smell, on either
"hand,
"As many stinking lamps as school-boys
"stand,
"When Horace could not read in his own
"fully'd book,
"And Virgil's sacred page was all besmear'd
"with smoke."
DRYDEN.

than

than a much superior one, to whom these materials are wanting.

Hence, in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and other sciences that depend on an extensive knowledge and observation of facts, modern philosophers have an unquestionable superiority over the ancient. I am inclined also to think, that in matters of pure reasoning, there is more precision among the moderns, than in some instances there was among the ancients; owing perhaps to a more extensive literary intercourse, which has improved and sharpened the faculties of men. In some studies too, that relate to taste and fine writing, which is our object, the progress of society must, in equity, be admitted to have given us some advantages. For instance, in history; there is certainly more political knowledge in several European nations at present, than there was in ancient Greece and Rome. We are better acquainted with the nature of government, because we have seen it under a greater variety of forms and revolutions. The world is more laid open than it was in former times; commerce is greatly enlarged; more countries are civilized; posts are every where established; intercourse is become more easy; and the knowledge of facts, by consequence, more attainable. All these are great advantages to historians; of which, in some measure, as I shall afterwards shew, they have availed themselves. In the more complex kinds of poetry, likewise, we may have gained somewhat, perhaps, in point of regularity and accuracy. In dramatic performances, having the advantage of the ancient models, we may be allowed to have made some improvements in the variety of the characters, the conduct of the plot, attentions to probability, and to decorums.

Blair.

§ 117. *We must look to the Ancients for elegant Composition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philosophy.*

From whatever cause it happens, so it is, that among some of the ancient writers, we must look for the highest models in most of the kinds of elegant composition. For accurate thinking and enlarged ideas, in several parts of philosophy, to the moderns we ought chiefly to have recourse. Of correct and finished writing in some works of taste, they may afford useful patterns; but for all that belongs to original genius, to spirited, masterly, and high execution, our best and most happy ideas are,

generally speaking, drawn from the ancients. In epic poetry, for instance, Homer and Virgil, to this day, stand not within many degrees of any rival. Orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, we have none. In history, notwithstanding some defects, which I am afterwards to mention in the ancient historical plans, it may be safely asserted, that we have no such historical narration, so elegant, so picturesque, so animated, and interesting as that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust. Although the conduct of the drama may be admitted to have received some improvements, yet for poetry and sentiment we have nothing to equal Sophocles and Euripides; nor any dialogue in comedy, that comes up to the correct, graceful, and elegant simplicity of Terence. We have no such love-elegies as those of Tibullus; no such pastorals as some of Theocritus's: and for Lyric poetry, Horace stands quite unrivalled. The name of Horace cannot be mentioned without a particular encomium. That "curiosa felicitas," which Petronius has remarked in his expression; the sweetness, elegance, and spirit of many of his odes, the thorough knowledge of the world, the excellent sentiments, and natural easy manner which distinguish his Satires and Epistles, all contribute to render him one of those very few authors whom one never tires of reading; and from whom alone, were every other monument destroyed, we should be led to form a very high idea of the taste and genius of the Augustan age. *Ibid.*

§ 118. *The assiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Classics recommended.*

To all such then, as wish to form their taste, and nourish their genius, let me warmly recommend the assiduous study of the ancient classics, both Greek and Roman.

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurna*.

Without a considerable acquaintance with them, no man can be reckoned a polite scholar; and he will want many assistances for writing and speaking well, which the knowledge of such authors would afford him. Any one has great reason to suspect his own taste, who receives little or no pleasure from the perusal of writings, which so many ages and nations have consented

* "Read them by day, and study them by night."

FRANCIS.

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in holding up as subjects of admiration. And I am persuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally studied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded in any country, good taste and good composition will flourish, or decline. They are commonly none but the ignorant or superficial, who undervalue them.

Blair.

§ 119. *The ancient Historians excel in picturesque Narration.*

In all the virtues of narration, particularly in that of picturesque descriptive narration, several of the ancient historians eminently excel. Hence, the pleasure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. They are all conspicuous for the art of narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable writer, and relates every thing with that *nârveté* and simplicity of manner, which never fails to interest the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harsh, yet, on great occasions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the siege of Plataea, the sedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he displays a very strong and masterly power of description. Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and his *Anabasis*, or retreat of the ten thousand, are extremely beautiful. The circumstances are finely selected, and the narration is easy and engaging; but his *Hellenics*, or continuation of the history of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Sallust's art of historical painting in his *Catilinarian*, but, more especially, in his *Jugurthine war*, is well known; though his style is liable to censure, as too studied and affected.

Ibid.

§ 120. *LIVY remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no historian whatever in the art of narration: several remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for instance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the *Furca Caudina*, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the most beautiful exemplifications of historical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have first, an exact description of the narrow pass between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find them-

selves caught, and no hope of escape left, we are made to see, first, their astonishment, next, their indignation, and then, their dejection, painted in the most lively manner, by such circumstances and actions as were natural to persons in their situation. The restless and unquiet manner in which they pass the night; the consultations of the Samnites; the various measures proposed to be taken; the messages between the two armies, all heighten the scene. At length, in the morning, the consuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of surrendering their arms, and passing under the yoke, which was considered as the last mark of ignominy for a conquered army.

Ibid.

§ 121. *TACITUS remarkable for Historical Painting.*

Tacitus is another author eminent for historical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's descriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; those of Tacitus consist in a few bold strokes. He selects one or two remarkable circumstances, and sets them before us in a strong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the situation of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when Otho was advancing against him: "Agebatur huc illuc Galba, vario turbæ fluctuantis impulsu, completis undique basilicis et templis, lugubri prospectu. Neque populi aut plebis ulla vox; sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures. Non tumultus, non quies; sed quale magni metûs, et magnæ iræ, silentium est." No image, in any poet, is more strong and expressive than this last stroke of the description: "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale," &c. This is a conception of the sublime kind, and discovers high genius. Indeed, throughout all his work, Tacitus shews the hand of a master. As he is profound in reflection, so he is striking in description, and pathetic in sentiment. The philosopher, the poet, and

* "Galba was driven to and fro by the tide of the multitude, showing him from place to place. The temples and public buildings were filled with crowds, of a dismal appearance. No clamours were heard, either from the citizens, or from the rabble. Their countenances were filled with consternation; their ears were employed in listening with anxiety. It was not a tumult; it was not quietness; it was the silence of terror, and of wrath."

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the historian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for an historian, he has made it afford us many interesting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of several eminent personages, are as affecting as the deepest tragedies. He paints with a glowing pencil; and possesses, beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many of the most distinguished beauties, he is, at the same time, not a perfect model for history; and such as have formed themselves upon him, have seldom been successful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his style too concise, sometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obscure. History seems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner.

Blair.

§ 122. *On the Beauty of Epistolary Writing.*

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters, just as they are in conversation; when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays study; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears; and hence, those letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolance, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they perhaps consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers.

Ibid.

§ 123. *Ease in writing Letters must not degenerate to carelessness.*

It ought, at the same time, to be remem-

bered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in epistolary correspondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others, demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that "*Litera scripta manet.*" *Ibid.*

§ 124. *On PLINY's Letters.*

Pliny's letters are one of the most celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epistolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleasing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phrase, they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking, that the author is casting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publishes his own letters, to divest himself altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he says; by which means, he becomes much less agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any constraint of this sort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Ibid.*

§ 125. *On CICERO's Letters.*

Cicero's Epistles, though not so showy as those of Pliny, are, on several accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real business, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was made,

made, after his death, of those which are now extant, amounting to near a thousand*. They contain the most authentic materials of the history of that age; and are the last monuments which remain of Rome in its free state; the greatest part of them being written during that important crisis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the most interesting situation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, especially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himself and his heart, with entire freedom. In the course of his correspondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with several of the principal personages of Rome; and it is remarkable that most of Cicero's correspondents, as well as himself, are elegant and polite writers; which serves to heighten our idea of the taste and manners of that age.

Blair.

§ 126. *On POPE's and SWIFT's Letters.*

The most distinguished collection of letters in the English language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly published in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in those of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles, of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with ease, and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deserve that praise. Dean Swift's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Bishop Atterbury's Letters, are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. Pope himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of Voi-

ture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addison: "I am more joyed at your return, than I should be at that of the Sun, as much as I wish for him in this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to ovis and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre." How stiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Bishop Atterbury: "Though the noise and daily bustle for the Public be now over, I dare say, you are still tendering its welfare; as the Sun in winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing warmth and benedictions for a better season." This sentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unsuitable to the style of one friend corresponding with another.

Ibid.

§ 127. *On the Letters of BALZAC, VOITURE, SEVIGNE', and Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

The gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to several agreeable publications. In the last age, Balzac and Voiture were the two most celebrated epistolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed soon declined, on account of his swelling periods and pompous style. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His composition is extremely sparkling; he shows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the most entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and professed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigné are now esteemed the most accomplished model of a familiar correspondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expressions of fondness, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they shew such perpetual sprightliness, they contain such easy and varied narration, and so many strokes of the most lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are justly entitled to high praise. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after those of Mad. de Sevigné. They have much of the French ease and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epistolary

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in answer to some enquiries concerning his epistles, that he had no collection of them, and that Titus had only about seventy of them.

epistolary style, than perhaps any letters which have appeared in the English language. *Blair.*

§ 128. *Lyric Poetry. On PINDAR.*

Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry, has been the occasion of leading his imitators into some defects. His genius was sublime; his expressions are beautiful and happy; his descriptions picturesque. But finding it a very barren subject to sing the praises of those who had gained the prize in the public games, he is perpetually digressive, and fills up his poems with fables of the gods and heroes, that have little connection either with his subject, or with one another. The ancients admired him greatly; but as many of the histories of particular families and cities, to which he alludes, are now unknown to us, he is so obscure, partly from his subjects, and partly from his rapid, abrupt manner of treating them, that, notwithstanding the beauty of his expression, our pleasure in reading him is much diminished. One would imagine, that many of his modern imitators thought the best way to catch his spirit, was to imitate his disorder and obscurity. In several of the choruses of Euripides and Sophocles, we have the same kind of lyric poetry as in Pindar, carried on with more clearness and connection, and at the same time with much sublimity. *Ibid.*

§ 129. *On HORACE, as a Lyric Poet.*

Of all the writers of odes, ancient or modern, there is none that, in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation; and joins connected thought, and good sense, with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond that middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes, in which he attempts the sublime, are perhaps not always his best*. The peculiar character, in which he excels, is grace and elegance;

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be singular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in some of those odes which have been much admired for sublimity (such as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.") there appears somewhat of a strained and forced effort to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet shews itself, according to my judgment, to greater advantage, in themes of a more temperate kind.

and in this style of composition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably, when he chuses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet, he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been, and ever will continue to be, a favourite author with all persons of taste. *Ibid.*

§ 130. *On CASIMIR, and other modern Lyric Poets.*

Among the Latin poets of later ages, there have been many imitators of Horace. One of the most distinguished is Casimir, a Polish poet of the last century, who wrote four books of odes. In graceful ease of expression, he is far inferior to the Roman. He oftener affects the sublime; and in the attempt, like other lyric writers, frequently becomes harsh and unnatural. But, on several occasions, he discovers a considerable degree of original genius, and poetical fire. Buchanan, in some of his lyric compositions, is very elegant and classical.

Among the French, the odes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau have been much and justly celebrated. They possess great beauty, both of sentiment and expression. They are animated, without being rhapsodical; and are not inferior to any poetical productions in the French language.

In our own language, we have several lyric compositions of considerable merit. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia, is well known. Mr. Grey is distinguished in some of his odes, both for tenderness and sublimity; and in Doddsley's Miscellanies, several very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. As to professed Pindaric odes, they are, with a few exceptions, so incoherent, as seldom to be intelligible. Cowley, at all times harsh, is doubly so in his Pindaric compositions. In his Anacreontic odes, he is much happier. They are smooth and elegant; and, indeed, the most agreeable and the most perfect, in their kind, of all Mr. Cowley's poems. *Ibid.*

§ 131. *On the different Kinds of Poetical Composition in the Sacred Books; and of the distinguishing Characters of the chief Writers. 1st. Of the Didactic.*

The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in scripture, are chiefly the

didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. At the 10th chapter, the style is sensibly altered, and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. *Blair.*

§ 132. *Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.*

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetic books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city of Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people send up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds: and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. *Ibid.*

§ 133. *On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.*

Of lyric poetry, or that which is inten-

ded to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetic books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing. *Ibid.*

§ 134. *A Diversity of Style and Manner in the different Composers of the Sacred Books, On JOB, DAVID, and ISAIAH.*

Among the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are, the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The psalms in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the

the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which are altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the poetical writings.

Blair.

§ 135. *On* JEREMIAH.

When we compare him with the rest of the poetical prophets, we immediately see in Jeremiah a very different genius. Isaiah employs himself generally on magnificent subjects. Jeremiah seldom discovers any disposition to be sublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegiac. Ezechiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is distinguished by a character of uncommon force and ardour. To use the elegant expressions of Bihop Lowth, with regard to this Prophet: “Est atrox, vehemens, tragicus; in sensibus, fervidus, acerbus, indignabundus; in imaginibus, fecundus, truculentus, et nonnunquam penè deformis; in dictione, grandiloquus, gravis, austerus, et interdum incultus; frequens in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiæ causa, sed ex indignatione et violentia. “Quicquid susceperit tractandum, id ferulè persequitur; in eo unicè hæret defixus; a proposito rarè deslectens. In cæteris, a plerisque vatribus fortassè superatus; sed in eo genere. ad quod videtur a natura unicè comparatus, nimirum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum superavit.” The same learned writer compares Isaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezechiel to Æschylus. Most of the book of Isaiah is strictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezechiel, not above one half can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hosea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and especially Nahum, are distinguished for poetical spirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

Ibid.

§ 136. *On the Book of* JOB.

It only now remains to speak of the book of Job. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable, that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa,

which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before showed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the season of heat, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive, of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and strength of description, characterise the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said, not to describe, but to render visible, whatever he treats of. A variety of instances might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colours, with which, in the following passages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; observe how rapidly his figures rise before us; and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. “Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite, but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away, as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him, shall see him no more; they which have seen him, shall say, where is he?—He shall suck the poison of asps, the viper’s tongue shall slay him. In the fullness of his sufficiency, he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart.

“depart. His goods shall flow away in
 “the day of wrath. The light of the
 “wicked shall be put out; the light shall
 “be dark in his tabernacle. The steps
 “of his strength shall be straitened, and
 “his own counsel shall cast him down.
 “For he is cast into a net, by his own
 “feet. He walketh upon a snare. Ter-
 “rors shall make him afraid on every side;
 “and the robber shall prevail against him.
 “Brimstone shall be scattered upon his
 “habitation. His remembrance shall pe-
 “rish from the earth, and he shall have
 “no name in the street. He shall be dri-
 “ven from light into darkness. They
 “that come after him shall be astonished
 “at his day. He shall drink of the wrath
 “of the Almighty.” *Blair.*

§ 137. *On the Iliad of HOMER.*

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shewn the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the

Æneid includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the *Iliad* is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths, and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress thickens, as the poem advances; and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here, he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil; or, indeed, than in any other poet.

Ibid.

§ 138. *On the Odyssey of HOMER.*

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the *Iliad* only. It is necessary to take some notice of the *Odyssey* also. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the *Iliad*; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties, as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the *Iliad*; it contains many interesting stories; and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same descriptive and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention, that appears in the other work. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey* presents us with the
 most

most amiable images of hospitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature; and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem. *Blair.*

§ 139. *On the Beauties of VIRGIL.*

Virgil possesses beauties which have justly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and distinguishing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion, he possesses beyond all poets, is tenderness. Nature had endowed him with exquisite sensibility; he felt every affecting circumstance in the scenes he describes; and, by a single stroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to sublimity; and puts it in an author's power to render his composition extremely interesting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the *Iliad*, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the *Æneid*, there are many such. The second book is one of the greatest master-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil seems to have put forth there the whole strength of his genius, as the subject afforded a variety of scenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, presented by a city burned and sacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully described than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchises, and Creusa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many passages of the *Æneid*, the same pathetic spirit shines; and they have been always the favourite passages in that work. The fourth book, for instance, relating the unhappy passion and death of Dido, has been always most justly admired, and abounds with beauties of the highest kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, of Lausus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all striking instances of the poet's power of raising the tender emotions. For we must observe, that though the *Æneid* be an unequal poem, and, in some places, languid, yet there are beauties scattered through it all; and not a few, even in the last six books. The best

and most finished books, upon the whole, are the first, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the twelfth. *Ibid.*

§ 140. *On the comparative Merit of HOMER and VIRGIL.*

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former must undoubtedly be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the storm, for instance, in the first *Æneid*, and Æneas's speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the *Odyssey*; not to mention almost all the similes of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The first has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the *Æneid*, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the *Æneid* was left an unfinished work. *Ibid.*

To the admirers of polite learning, the *Lectures of Dr. Blair*, at large, are strongly recommended.

mended. The Extracts in this book are designed only as specimens of that elegant and useful work, and for the use of *School-boys*. It would be unjust, and indeed impracticable, to give any more Extracts, consistently with the necessary limits prescribed to this book.

§ 141. *On the Ancient Writers; and on the Labour with which the Ancients composed.*

The Ancients (of whom we speak) had good natural parts, and applied them right; they understood their own strength, and were masters of the subject they undertook; they had a rich genius carefully cultivated; in their writings you have nature without wildness, and art without ostentation. For it is vain to talk of nature and genius, without care and diligent application to refine and improve them. The finest paradise will run wild, and lose both its pleasure and usefulness, without a skillful hand constantly to tend and prune it. Though these generous spirits were inspired with the love of true praise, and had a modest assurance of their own abilities; yet they were not so self-sufficient, as to imagine their first thoughts were above their own review and correction, or their last above the judgment of their friends. They submitted their compositions to the censure of private persons and public assemblies. They reviewed, altered, and polished, till they had good hopes they could present the world with a finished piece. And so great and happy was their judgment, that they understood when they had done well, and knew the critical season of laying aside the file.

For, as those excellent masters, Pliny and Quintilian, observe, there may be an intemperance in correction; when an ingenious man has such an excess of modesty and faulty distrust of himself, that he wears off some of the necessary and ornamental parts of his discourse, instead of polishing the rough, and taking off the superfluous.

These immortal wits did not preposterously resolve first to be authors, and then immediately fall to writing without study and experience; but took care to furnish themselves with knowledge by close thought, select conversation, and reading; and to gain all the information and light that was necessary to qualify them to do justice to their subject. Then, after they had begun to write, they did not hurry on their pen with speed and impatience to appear

in the view of the world; but they took time and pains to give every part of their discourse all possible strength and ornament, and to make the whole composition uniform and beautiful. They wisely considered, that productions which come before their due time into the world, are seldom perfect or long-lived; and that an author who designs to write for posterity, as well as the present generation, cannot study a work with too deep care and resolute industry.

Varus tells us of his incomparable friend Virgil, that he composed but very few verses in a day. That consummate philosopher, critic, and poet, regarded the value, not number of his lines; and never thought too much pains could be bestowed on a poem, that he might reasonably expect would be the wonder of all ages, and last out the whole duration of time. Quintilian assures us, that Sallust wrote with abundance of deliberation and prudent caution; and indeed that fully appears from his complete and exquisite writings. Demosthenes laboured night and day, outwatched the poor mechanic in Athens (that was forced to perpetual drudgery to support himself and his family) till he had acquired such a mastery in his noble profession, such a rational and over-ruling vehemence, such a perfect habit of nervous and convincing eloquence, as enabled him to defy the strongest opposition, and to triumph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old, was busily employed in the review and amendment of his divine dialogues: and some people are severe upon Cicero, that in imitation of Plato, he was so scrupulous whether he ought to write *ad Piræa* or *in Piræa*, *Piræum* or *in Piræum*, that now in the sixtieth year of his age, in the fury of the civil wars, when he knew not how to dispose of his family, and scarce expected safety, he earnestly intreated his noble and learned friend Atticus to resolve that difficulty, and ease him of the perplexity which it created him. Whatever raillery or reflection some humourful wits may make upon that great man's exactness and nicety in that respect, and at such a time; 'tis a plain proof of his wonderful care and diligence in his composition, and the strict regard he had to the purity and propriety of his language. The ancients so accurately understood, and so indefatigably studied their subject, that they scarce ever

fail to finish and adorn every part with strong sense, and lively expression.

Black-wall.

§ 142. *On HOMER.*

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to say, that no man understood persons and things better than he; or had a deeper insight into the humours and passions of human nature. He represents great things with such sublimity, and little ones with such propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleasant.

He is a perfect master of all the lofty graces of the figurative style, and all the purity and easiness of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and historian, assures us, that Homer has described the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not seen them; and no man but must admire and be astonished who has. His poems may justly be compared with that shield of divine workmanship so inimitably represented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the universe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and style scattered through his writings; he is scarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehension of genius, elevation of fancy, and immense copiousness of invention. Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed and admired him as the great High Priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praises of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in these later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a spirit of conceit and contradiction.

These gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himself banished him out of his commonwealth; which, say they, must be granted to be a blemish upon the poet's reputation. The reason why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the subjects of that government, was because he did not esteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong

notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a sense. Plato frequently declares that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the poets; and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of writing. Though he forbade his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own closet. Though the philosopher pretends, that for reasons of state he must remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all possible respect while he staid; and dismiss him laden with presents, and adorned with garlands (as the priests and supplicants of their gods used to be); by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to esteem his person sacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Ibid.

§ 143. *On THEOCRITUS.*

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of poetry, and succeeded in all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his pastorals; when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the muse of Syracuse; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. Quintilian says of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muse is not only shy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, 'tis evident this remark must be confined to his pastorals. In several of his other poems, he shews such strength of reason and politeness, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his smaller poems of Cupid stung, Adonis killed by the Boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetic, clear and pleasant, than Apollonius on the same, or any other subject. In his conversation of Alcmena and Tiresias, of Hercules and the old servant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the easiness and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the Odyssæis; and in Hercules destroying the lion of Nemæa, the spirit and majesty of the Iliad. The panegyric upon king Ptolemy is justly esteemed

esteemed

teemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Castor and Pollux, he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and a refined art of praising without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus : and in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer.

Blackwall.

§ 144. *Of HERODOTUS.*

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace, and Scythia ; he travelled likewise to Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt ; where he carefully viewed the chief curiosities and most remarkable places, and conversed with the Egyptian priests, who informed him of their ancient history, and acquainted him with their customs, sacred and civil. Indeed he speaks of their religious rites with such plainness and clearness in some cases, and such reserve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and consecrated a priest of some of their orders*.

Thus, being acquainted with the most famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the most considerable persons of the age, he applied himself to write the history of the Greeks and Barbarians : and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulness, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applause of the most august assembly in the world at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His history opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives sight to all her authors.

Ibid.

§ 145. *Of LIVY.*

We do not find that Livy had travelled much, or been employed in military affairs ; yet what he might want in experience, was happily supplied by wonderful parts and eloquence, by severe study, and unwearied endeavours after knowledge and information ; so that he describes all the countries, towns, seas, and ports, whither the Roman legions and navies came, with near the same accuracy and perfection (if

possible) which he could any place in Italy ; lays a siege, draws up an army, with skill and conduct scarce inferior to Caesar himself. Was there as much charm in the conversation of this extraordinary man, as there is in his writings, the gentleman of Cales would not repent of his long journey, who came from thence only to see Livy, upon the fame of his incomparable eloquence, and other celebrated abilities ; and we have reason to believe he received satisfaction, because, after he had seen Livy, and conversed with him, he had no curiosity to see Rome, to which he was so near ; and which at that time was, for its magnificence and glories, one of the greatest wonders of the whole earth.

These two princes of Greek and Roman history tell a story, and make up a description, with inexpressible grace ; and so delicately mix the great and little circumstances, that there is both the utmost dignity and pleasure in it.

Ibid.

§ 146. *Much of their Beauty arises from Variety.*

The reader is always entertained with an agreeable variety, both of matter and style, in Herodotus and Livy. And indeed every author that expects to please, must gratify the reader with variety : that is the universal charm, which takes with people of all tastes and complexions. 'Tis an appetite planted in us by the Author of our being ; and is natural to an human soul, whose immense desires nothing but an infinite good, and unexhausted pleasure, can fully gratify. The most palatable dish becomes nauseous, if it be always set before a man : the most musical and harmonious notes, too often and unseasonably struck, grate the ear like the jarring of the most harsh and hateful discord.

Their authors, and the rest of their spirit and elevation, were sensible of this ; and therefore you find a continual change, and judicious variation, in their style and numbers.

One passage appears to be learned, and carefully laboured ; an unstudied easiness, and becoming negligence, runs through the next. One sentence turns quick and short ; and another, immediately following, runs into longer measures, and spreads itself with a sort of elegant and beautiful luxuriance. They seldom use many periods together, consisting of the same number of members ; nor are the members of their pe-
riods

* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. sect. 3. p. 2. sect. 45. p. 114. sect. 171. p. 156.

riods of equal length, and exact measure, one with another.

The reflections that are made by these noble writers, upon the conduct and humours of mankind, the interests of courts, and the intrigues of parties, are so curious and instructive; so true in their substance, and so taking and lively in the manner of their expression, that they satisfy the soundest judgment, and please the most sprightly imagination. From these glorious authors we have instruction without the common formality and dryness of precept; and receive the most edifying advice in the pleasing way of insinuation and surprize.

Blackwall.

§ 147. *Perspicuity a principal Beauty of the Classics.*

Another excellency of the true classics is, perspicuity, and clear style; which will excuse and cover several faults in an author; but the want of it is never to be atoned by any pretence of loftiness, caution, or any consideration whatever.

And this is the effect of a clear head, and vigorous understanding; of close and regular thinking, and the diligence of select reading. A man should write with the same design as he speaks, to be understood with ease, and to communicate his mind with pleasure and instruction. If we select Xenophon out of the other Greek classics, whether he writes of the management of family affairs, or the more arduous matters of state and policy; whether he gives an account of the wars of the Grecians, or the morals of Socrates; the style, though so far varied as to be suitable to every subject, yet is always clear and significant, sweet without lucidness, and elegantly easy.

In this genteel author we have all the politeness of a studied composition; and yet all the freedom and winning familiarity of elegant conversation.

Here I cannot but particularly mention Xenophon's Symposium, wherein he has given us an easy and beautiful description of a very lively and beautiful conversation. The pleasant and serious are there so happily mixed and tempered, that the discourse is neither too light for the grave, nor too solemn for the gay. There is mirth with dignity and decorum; and philosophy attended and enlivened by all the graces.

Ibid.

§ 148. *On CICERO.*

If among the Latin Classics we name Tully, upon every subject he equally shews the strength of his reason, and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the majesty of God, and immortality of human souls, in a more sublime and pompous eloquence; or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue, in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expresses good sense in pure and proper language: he is learned and easy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader: and though he says almost every thing that can be said upon his subject, yet you will scarce ever think he says too much. *Ibid.*

§ 149. *On the Obscurities in the Classics.*

Those few obscurities which are in the best authors, do not proceed from haste and confusion of thought, or ambiguous expressions, from a long crowd of parentheses, or perplexed periods; but either the places continue the same as they were in the original, and are not intelligible to us only by reason of our ignorance of some customs of those times and countries; or the passages are altered and spoiled by the presumption and busy impertinence of foolish transcribers and conceited critics. Which plainly appears from this, that since we have had more accurate accounts of the Greek and Roman antiquities, and old manuscripts have been searched and compared by able and diligent hands, innumerable errors have been rectified, and corruptions which have crept into the text, purged out: a varicous reading happily discovered, the removal of a verse, or a point of distinction out of the wrong into the right place, or the adding a small mark where it was left out, has given clear light to many passages, which for ages had lain overspread with an error, that had obscured the sense of the author, and quite confounded all the commentators. The latter part of the thirty-second verse of the hymn of Callimachus on Apollo was in the first editions thus, Τις ἂν ἕρεα Φιόλον ἀείδου; "who can sing of Phœbus in the mountains?" which was neither sense of itself, nor had any connection with what went before. But Stephens's amendment

of it set right both the sense and the connection, without altering a letter; Τὸ ἀνὲρ εἶναι Φαῖβον ἀείδω; "Phœbus is an unexhausted subject of praise;"—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be so dull, what wit so barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verse of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word ἑμμοθέτης, which took off all the sprightliness and turn of the thought; which Daniel Heinsius luckily restored, by changing the nom. sing. ἑμμοθέτης, into the dat. plur. ἑμμοθέταις. "The friends of Euthenes the poet, gave him, though a stranger, an honourable burial in a foreign country; and the poet was extremely beloved by 'em." How flat and insipid! According to the amendment it runs thus: "The acquaintance of Euthenes buried him honourably, though in a foreign country, and he was extremely beloved by his brother poets themselves." For a man to be mightily honoured by strangers, and extremely beloved by people of the same profession, who are apt to malign and envy one another, is a very high commendation of his candour, and excellent temper. That very valuable amendment in the sixth line of Horace's preface to his odes, has cleared a difficulty, which none of the critics could handsomely acquit themselves of before the admirable Dr. Bentley; and has rescued the poet, eminent for the clearness of his style, from the imputation of harshness and obscurity in the very beginning, and first address to his reader; where peculiar care and accuracy are expected. It would be endless to mention the numerous places in the ancients happily restored and illustrated by that great man; who is not only a sound and discerning critic, but a clean and vigorous writer, excellently skilled in all divine and human literature; to whom all scholars are obliged for his learned performances upon the classics; and all mankind for his noble and glorious defence of religion. The learned Meursius was strangely puzzled with a passage in Minutius Felix*; and altered the text with such intolerable boldness, as, if allowed, would soon pervert and destroy all good authors; which the ingenious editor of that father has cleared, by putting the points of distinction in their proper places. *Reges tantum regni sui, per officia ministrorum, universa novère.* Meursius had disguised

and deformed the passage thus: *Reges tantum regni sui per officia ministrorum diversa novère.* Dr. Bentley has made a certain emendation in Horace's Art of Poetry, only by altering the places of two lines, making that which was the forty-sixth in the common books, the forty-fifth in his own beautiful editions. *Blackwall.*

§ 150. *On several Advantages which the Classics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want, and abject dependance. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies; and in strength of parts, and nobleness of thought and expression, was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wisdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was said to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus king

* Min. Felix, Camb. edit. by Davis. § 33. p. 163. not. 7.

king of Macedon. The smoothness of his composition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the soundness of his morals, conveyed in the sweetest numbers, were so universally admired, and his glory so far spread, that the Athenians, who were taken prisoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preserved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the astonishing respect that the Sicilians, enemies and strangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illustrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verses, were rewarded with their liberty, and generously sent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's side, sprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no less celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greatest men of the age wherein he lived; and will be studied and admired by men of taste and judgment in all succeeding ages. In his works, are inestimable treasures of the best learning. In short, as a learned gentleman says, he writ with all the strength of human reason, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos: and his sprightly muse, naturally flowing with innumerable pleasures and graces, must improve in delicacy and sweetness by the gaiety and refined conversation of that flourishing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his conversation with the heroes qualified him to sing their praises with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games scarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celestial song. The noble Hiero of Syracuse was his generous friend and patron; and the most powerful and polite state of all Greece esteemed a line of his in praise of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a statue. Most of the genuine and valuable Latin Classics had the same advantages of fortune, and improving conversation, the same encouragements with these and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained such a wonderful insight into the characters and manners of mankind, such an elegant choice of words, and

fluency of style, such judgment in the conduct of his plot, and such delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the conversation of Scipio and Lælius, the greatest men, and most refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean scholar, improve by his diligent application to study, and their genteel and learned conversation; that it was charged upon him by those who envied his superior excellencies, that he published their compositions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world should believe those noblemen wrote his plays, but scarce believed it themselves; and the poet very prudently and genteelly slighted their malice, and made his great patrons the finest compliment in the world, by esteeming the accusation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence against it*.

Sallust, so famous for his neat expressive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearness of style, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the mysteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abilities, and made his acquired learning so useful to the world, and so honourable to himself, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and sharing in the important councils and debates of the senate.

Cæsar had a prodigious wit, and universal learning; was noble by birth, a consummate statesman, a brave and wise general, and a most heroic prince. His prudence and modesty in speaking of himself, the truth and clearness of his descriptions, the inimitable purity and perspicuity of his style, distinguish him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer resemblance to him in more instances than the admirable Xenophon. What useful and entertaining accounts might reasonably be expected from such a writer, who gives you the geography and history of those countries and nations, which he himself conquered, and the description of those military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himself contrived and marked out!

The best authors in the reign of Augustus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumstances. That was the golden age of learning. They flourished under the favours and bounty of the richest and most generous court in the world;

* See Prologue to *Adelphi*, v. 15—22:

and the beams of majesty shone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from such poets as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by such patrons as Mæcenas and Augustus?

A chief reason why Tacitus writes with such skill and authority, that he makes such deep searches into the nature of things, and designs of men, that he so exquisitely understands the secrets and intrigues of courts, was, that he himself was admitted into the highest places of trust, and employed in the most public and important affairs. The statesman brightens the scholar, and the consul improves and elevates the historian. *Blackwall.*

§ 151. *On the Care of the Ancients in selecting Numbers.*

The Ancients are peculiarly to be admired for their care and happy exactness in selecting out the noblest and most valuable numbers, upon which the force and pleasantness of style principally depend. A discourse, consisting most of the strongest numbers, and best sort of feet, such as the Dactyl, spondee, Anapest, Moleus, Cretic, &c. regularly compacted, stands firm and steady, and sounds magnificent and agreeable to a judicious ear. But a discourse made up of the weakest numbers, and the worst sort of feet, such as the Pyrrhichee, Chorea, Trochee, &c. is loose and languid, and not capable with such advantage to express mighty sense. It cannot be pronounced with ease, nor heard with patience. The periods of the classics are generally composed of the sturdiest part of the noblest numbers; and when they are forced to use weaker and worse-sounding feet and measures, they so carefully temper and strengthen them with firm and nervous syllables on both sides, that the imperfection is covered, and the dignity of the sentence preserved and supported.

H. H.

§ 152. *On their making the Sound an Echo to the Sense.*

Another excellency, nearly allied to this, in these glorious writers, is their suiting the contexture of their discourse, and the sound of their syllables, to the nature and character of their subjects. That is, they so contrive and work their composition, that the sound shall be a resemblance, or, as Longinus says, an echo of the sense, and words lively pictures of things. In describing the loveliness of beauty, and

the charms of joy and gaiety, they avoid disagreeable elisions; do not make the discourse harsh by joining mutes and coupling letters, that, being united, make a distasteful and grating sound. But by the choice of the best vowels, and the sweetest half-vowels, the whole composition is made smooth and delicate; and glides with easiness and pleasure through the ear.

In describing of a thing or person full of terror, ruggedness, or deformity, they use the worst-sounding vowels; and encumber the syllables with mutes of the roughest and most difficult pronunciation. The rushing of land-floods, the roaring of huge waters, and the dashing of waves against the shores, is imitated by words that make a vast and boisterous sound, and rudely clash together.

The great Plato, who had a genius for all manner of learning, was discouraged from poetry by reading that verse in Homer, which so wonderfully expresses the roaring of the billows:

Ηὶὼες βόωσαν ἐγευρομένης ἁλὸς; ἔξω.*

Haste and swiftness are figured by short syllables, by quick and rapid numbers; slowness, gravity, &c. by long syllables, and numbers strong and solemn. I shall produce some instances, and speak to them just as they come into my thoughts, without any nicety of method. Virgil, in his account of the sufferings of wicked souls in the regions of punishment, fills the reader with dread and amazement: every syllable sounds terror; awe and astonishment accompany his majestic numbers. In that passage †,

— *Tam læva sonare*

Verberis, tam stridor ferri, tamque catenæ,
the hissing letter repeated with broad sounding vowels immediately following the force and roughness of the canine letter so often used, and those strong syllables in the second, third, and fourth places, emphatically express those dreadful sounds. A man of any ear will, upon the repetition of them, be apt to fancy he hears the crack of the furies whips, and the rattling and clank of infernal chains. Those harsh elisions, and heavy robust syllables, in that description of the hideous Cyclops, *Monstrum horrendum, inferme, ingens,* naturally express the enormous bulk and brutish

* *Iliad* 17. v. 265.

† *Æneid* 6. v. 557, &c.

ferceness,

ferceneſs, of that miſ-ſhapen and horrid monſter.

Our Spenser, one of the best poets this nation has bred, and whose faults are not to be imputed either to want of genius or care, but to the age he lived in, was very happy and judicious in the choice of his numbers; of which take this example, not altogether foreign or unparallel to that of Virgil just mentioned.

— He heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud-bellowing did rebound.

And then,

— His monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high*.

Those verses in the first Georgic,

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ōſum
Scilicet, atque Ōſſæ frondosum involvere
Olympum †

are contrived with great art to represent the prodigious pains the giants took in heaping mountains upon mountains to scale heaven, and the slowness of their progress in that unwieldy work.

For a vowel open before a vowel, makes a chasm, and requires a strong and full breath, therefore a pause must follow, which naturally expresses difficulty and opposition.

But when swiftness and speed are to be described, see how the same wonderful man varies his numbers, and still suits his verse to his subject!

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum.

Here the rapid numbers, and short syllables, sustained with strong vowels, admirably represent both the vigour and speed of a horse at full stretch scouring over the plain.

When Horace sings of mirth, beauty, and other subjects that require delicacy and sweetness of composition, he smooths his lines with soft syllables, and flows in gay and melting numbers. Scarce any reader is so much a stoic, but good-humour steals upon him; and he reads with something of the temper which the author was in when he wrote. How inexpressibly sweet are those neat lines!

Urit me Glyceræ nitor,
Splendens Pario marmore purius :
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

* Fairy Queen.

† Georg. 1. v. 281.

Innumerable beauties of this nature are scattered through his lyric poetry. But when he undertakes lofty and noble subjects, he raises his style, and strengthens his expression. For example, when he proposes to do honour to Pindar, and sing the glories of Augustus, he reaches the Grecian's noblest flights, has all his magnificence of thought, his strength of fancy, and daring liberty of figures.

The Roman swan soars as high as the Theban: he equals that commanding spirit, those awful and vigorous beauties, which he generously pronounces inimitable; and praises both his immortal predecessor in lyric poetry, and his royal benefactor, with as much grandeur, and exalted eloquence, as ever Pindar praised any of his heroes.

It is a just observation of Longinus, that though Homer and Virgil are chiefly confined to the Dactyl and Spondee, and rarely use any equivalent feet, yet they temper them together with such astonishing skill and diligence, so carefully vary their syllables, and adapt their sounds to the nature of the thing described, that in their poems there is all the harmonious change and variety of numbers, which can be composed by all the possible turns, and different positions of all the feet in the languages.

Blackwall.

§ 153. *Translations cannot be sufficient Substitutes for such Originals.*

A reader of such authors can scarce ever be weary; he has the advantage of a traveller for many miles round Damascus; he never removes out of Paradise, but is regaled with a constant succession of pleasures, and enjoys in a small compass the bounty and gaiety of universal nature. From hence may be seen the injustice and folly of those people, who would have translations of the classics: and then, to save the trouble of learning Greek and Latin, throw away the great originals to dust and oblivion. I would indeed have all the classics turned into our language by the most masterly hands, (as we already have some) among other reasons, for this, that ingenious and inquisitive people, who have the misfortune not to be well acquainted with the learned tongues, may have some taste of their excellencies. Ignorant persons, who know nothing of their language, would soon be persuaded to believe; and shallow pretenders, who know nothing of their beauties, would boldly pronounce, that

some

some translations we have go beyond the originals; while scholars of clear and sound judgment are well satisfied, that it is impossible any version should come up to them. A translation of the noble classics out of their native tongue, so much in many respects inferior to them, always more or less flattens their sense, and tarnishes their beauties. It is something like transplanting a precious tree out of the warm and fruitful climes in which it was produced, into a cold and barren country: with much care and tenderness it may live, blossom and bear; but it can never so cheerfully flourish, as in its native soil; it will degenerate and lose much of its delicious flavour, and original richness. And besides the weakening of the sense (though that be by far the most important consideration) Greek and Latin have such a noble harmony of sound, such force and dignity of numbers, and such delicacy of turn in the periods, that cannot entirely be preserved in any language of the world. These two languages are so peculiarly susceptible of all the graces of wit and elocution, that they are read with more pleasure and lively gust, and consequently with more advantage, than the most perfect translation that the ablest genius can compose, or the strongest modern language can bear. The pleasure a man takes in reading, engages a close attention; raises and cheers the spirits; and impresses the author's sentiments and expressions deeper on the memory. A gentleman travels through the finest countries in the world, is in all respects qualified to make observations, and then writes a faithful and curious history of his travels. I can read his relations with pleasure and improvement, and will pay him the praise due to his merits; but must believe, that if I myself travelled through those countries, and attentively viewed and considered all those curiosities of art and nature which he describes, I should have a more satisfactory idea, and higher pleasure, than it is possible to receive from the exactest accounts. Authors of such distinguished parts and perfections, cannot be studied by a rational and discerning reader without very valuable advantages. Their strong sense and manly thought, clothed in the most significant and beautiful language, will improve his reason and judgment: and enable him to acquire the art of genteel and sensible writing. For it is a most absurd objection, that the Classics do not improve

your reason, nor enlarge your knowledge of useful things, but only amuse and divert you with artificial turns of words, and flourishes of rhetoric. Let but a man of capacity read a few lines in Plato, Demosthenes, Tully, Sallust, Juvenal, &c. and he will immediately discover all such objections either to proceed from ignorance, a depraved taste, or intolerable conceit. The classics are intimately acquainted with those things they undertake to treat of; and explain and adorn their subject with sound reasoning, exact disposition, and beautiful propriety of language. No man in his right mind would have people to study them with neglect and exclusion of other parts of useful knowledge, and good learning. No; let a man furnish himself with all the arts and sciences, that he has either capacity or opportunity to learn; and he will still find, that readiness and skill in these correct and rational authors is not the least ornamental or serviceable part of his attainments. The neatness and delicacy of their compositions will be refreshment and music, after the toils of severer and harsher studies. The brightness of their sense, and the purity and elegance of their diction, will qualify most people, who duly admire and study their excellencies, to communicate their thoughts with energy and clearness. Some gentlemen, deeply read in old systems of philosophy, and the abstruser part of learning, for want of a sufficient acquaintance with these great masters of style and politeness, have not been able so to express their notions, as to make their labours fully intelligible and useful to mankind. Irregular broken periods, long and frequent parentheses, and harsh tropes, have perplexed their notions; and much of their sense has lain buried under the confusion and rubbish of an obscure and horrid style. The brightest and most rational thoughts are obscured, and in a great measure spoiled, if they be encumbered with obsolete and coarse words unskilfully placed, and ungracefully turned. The matchless graces of some fine odes in Anacreon or Horace, do chiefly arise from the judicious choice of the beautiful words, and the delicacy and harmoniousness of the structure.

Blackwall.

§ 155. *The peculiar Excellence of the Speeches of the GREEKS and ROMANS.*

Besides the other advantages of studying the classical historians, there is one, which

which gentlemen of birth and fortune, qualified to manage public business, and sit as members in the most august assemblies, have a more considerable share in, than people of meaner condition. The speeches of the great men among the Greeks and Romans deserve their peculiar study and imitation, as being master-pieces of clear reasoning and genuine eloquence: the orators in the Classics fairly state their case, and strongly argue it: their remarks are surprising and pertinent, their repartees quick, and their raillery clear and diverting. They are bold without rashness or insolence; and severe with good manners and decency. They do justice to their subject, and speak agreeably to the nature of things, and characters of persons. Their sentences are sprightly, and their morals sound. In short, no part of the compositions of the ancients is more finished, more instructive and pleasing, than their orations. Here they seem to exert their choicest abilities, and collect the utmost force of their genius. Their whole histories may be compared to a noble and delicious country, that lies under the favourable eye and perpetual smiles of the heavens, and is every where crowned with pleasure and plenty: but their choice descriptions and speeches seem like some peculiarly fertile and happy spots of ground in that country, on which nature has poured out her riches with a more liberal hand, and art has made the utmost improvements of her bounty. They have taken so much pains, and used such accuracy in the speeches, that the greater pleasure they have given the reader, the more they have exposed themselves to the censure of the critic. The orations are too sublime and elaborate; and those persons to whom they are ascribed, could not at those times compose or speak them. 'Tis allowed, that they might not deliver themselves in that exact number and collection of words, which the historians have so curiously laid together; but it can scarce be denied, but the great men in history had frequent occasions of speaking in public; and 'tis probable, that many times they did actually speak to the same purpose. Fabius Maximus and Scipio, Cæsar and Cato, were capable of making as good speeches as Livy or Sallust; and Pericles was an orator no ways inferior to Thucydides. When the reason of the thing will allow that there was time and room for premeditation, there is no question but many of those admirable men

in history spoke as well as they are represented by those able and eloquent writers. But then the historians putting the speeches into their own style, and giving us those harangues in form, which we cannot tell how they could come at, trespass against probability, and the strict rules of writing history. It has always been allowed to great wits sometimes to step out of the beaten road, and to soar out of the view of a heavy scholiast. To grant all that is in the objection: the greatest Classics were liable to human infirmities and errors; and whenever their forward censurers shall fall into such irregularities, and commit such faults joined to such excellencies, the learned world will not only pardon, but admire them. We may say of that celebrated speech of Marius in Sallust, and others that are most attacked upon this foot, as the friends of Virgil do in excuse of his offending against chronology in the story of Æneas and Dido; that had there been no room for such little objections, the world had wanted some of the most charming and consummate productions of human wit. Whoever made those noble speeches and debates, they so naturally arise from the posture of affairs, and circumstances of the times which the authors then describe, and are so rational, so pathetic, and becoming, that the pleasure and instruction of the reader is the same. A complete dissertation upon the uses and beauties of the chief speeches in the classical historians, would be a work of curiosity, that would require an able genius and fine pen. I shall just make some short strictures upon two; one out of Thucydides and the other out of Tacitus.

Blackwall.

§ 155. *On the Funeral Oration of PERICLES.*

The funeral oration made by Pericles upon his brave countrymen who died in battle, is full of prudence and manly eloquence; of hearty zeal for the honour of his country, and wise remarks. He does not lavish away his commendations, but renders the honour of the state truly desirable, by shewing they are always conferred with judgment and wariness. He praises the dead, in order to encourage the living to follow their example; to which he proposes the strongest inducements in the most moving and lively manner; from the consideration of the immortal honours paid to the memory of the deceased; and,

the generous provisions made by the government for the dear persons left behind by those who fell in their country's cause. He imputes the greatest share of the merits of those gallant men, to the excellency of the Athenian constitution; which trained them up in such regular discipline, and secured to them and their descendants such invaluable privileges, that no man of sense and gratitude, of public spirit, and a lover of his children, would scruple to venture his life to preserve them inviolable, and transmit them to late posterity. The noble orator in his speech gives an admirable character of his countrymen the Athenians. He represents them as brave, with consideration and coolness; and polite and genteel, without effeminacy. They are, says he, easy to their fellow-citizens, and kind and communicative to strangers: they cultivate and improve all the arts, and enjoy all the pleasures of peace; and yet are never surpris'd at the alarms, nor impatient of the toils and fatigues of war. They are generous to their friends, and terrible to their enemies. They use all the liberty that can be desired without insolence or licentiousness; and fear nothing but transgressing the laws*. *Blackwall.*

§ 156. *On MUCIAN'S Speech in TACITUS.*

Mucian's speech in Tacitus † contains many important matters in a small compass; and in a few clean and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of persuasion. He presses and conjures Vespasian to dispute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful sons; by the fairest prospect of success that could be hoped for, if he once vigorously set upon that glorious business; but, if he neglected the present opportunity, by the dismal appearance of the worst evils that could be feared: he encourages him by the number and goodness of his forces; by the interest and steadiness of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Vespasian, and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the least to diminish his own glory: if he readily allows him the first rank of merit, he briskly claims the second to himself. Never were liberty

and complaisance of speech more happily mixed; he conveys sound exhortation in praise; and at the same time says very bold and very obliging things. In short, he speaks with the bravery of a soldier, and the freedom of a friend: in his address, there is the air and the gracefulness of an accomplished courtier; in his advice, the sagacity and caution of a consummate statesman. *Ibid.*

§ 157. *The Classics exhibit a beautiful System of Morals.*

Another great advantage of studying the Classics is, that from a few of the best of them may be drawn a good system and beautiful collection of sound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are set off in the light and gracefulness of clear and moving expression; and eloquence is meritoriously employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impressions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodness so engagingly dressed, and so beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tusculan Questions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much superior in language. Pindar writes in an excellent strain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aspersions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never speaks of things or persons sacred, but with the tenderest caution and reverence. He praises virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and speaks of its eternal rewards with a pious assurance. A notable critic has observed, to the perpetual scandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral sentences. Indeed Pindar is a great master of this excellency, for which all men of sense will admire him; and at the same time be astonished at that man's honesty who slight such an excellency; and that man's understanding, who cannot discover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a just contempt of his vile and malicious adversaries, he compares himself to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he soars far above the reach and out of the view of noisy fluttering cavillers. The famous Greek professor, Dupont, has made an entertaining and useful collection of Homer's divine and moral sayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel passages

* See Thucyd. Oxon. Ed. lib. 2. p. 103.

† Tacit. Hist. lib. 2. p. 581, 52.

ges out of the inspired writers * : By which it appears, that there is no book in the world so like the style of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble historians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully instruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villainy in horrid colours; and employ all their reason and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undissembled goodness amiable in the eye of mankind. They express a true reverence for the established religion, and a hearty concern for the prosperous state of their native country. *Blackwall.*

§ 158. *On XENOPHON'S Memoirs of SOCRATES.*

Xenophon's memorable things of Socrates, is a very instructive and refined system of morality: it goes through all points of duty to God and man, with great clearness of sense and sound notion, and with inexpressible simplicity and purity of language. The great Socrates there discourses in such a manner, as is most proper to engage and persuade all sorts of readers: he argues with the reason of a philosopher, directs with the authority of a lawgiver, and addresses with the familiarities and endearments of a friend.

He made as many improvements in true morality, as could be made by the unassisted strength of human reason; nay, he delivers himself in some places, as if he was enlightened by a ray from heaven. In one of Plato's divine dialogues †, Socrates utters a surprising prophecy of a divine person, a true friend and lover of human nature, who was to come into the world to instruct them in the most acceptable way of addressing their prayers to the majesty of God. *Ibid.*

§ 159. *On the Morality of JUVENAL.*

I do not wonder when I hear that some prelates of the church have recommended the serious study of Juvenal's moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, so perfect a master in the serious and sublime way of satire, is not unacquainted with any of the excellencies of good writing; but is especially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He dissuades from wickedness, and exhorts

to goodness, with vehemence of zeal that can scarce be dissembled, and strength of reason that cannot easily be resisted. He does not praise virtue, and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aspect upon a man's fortune in this world only; but he establishes the unalterable distinctions of good and evil; and builds his doctrine upon the immoveable foundations of God and infinite Providence.

His morals are suited to the nature and dignity of an immortal soul: and, like it, derive their original from heaven.

How found and serviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth satire *, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal: that a wicked thought stains the mind with guilt, and exposes the offender to the punishment of heaven, though it never ripen into action! A suitable practice would effectually crush the serpent's head, and banish a long and black train of mischiefs and miseries out of the world. What a scene of horror does he disclose, when in the same satire † he opens to our view the wounds and gashes of a wicked conscience! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flashes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet's awful verse. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better stated than it is in the eighth satire ‡, where he pressingly exhorts his reader always to prefer his conscience and principles before his life; and not be restrained from doing his duty, or be awed into a compliance with a villainous proposal, even by the presence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the nearest prospect of death in all the circumstances of cruelty and terror. Must not a professor of Christianity be ashamed of himself for harbouring uncharitable and bloody resentments in his breast, when he reads and considers that invaluable passage against revenge in the above-mentioned thirteenth satire §? where he argues against that fierce and fatal passion, from the ignorance and littleness of that mind which is possessed with it; from the honour and generosity of passing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of those wise and mild men, of Chrysisippus and Thales, and

* V. 208, &c.

† V. 192, &c. 210, &c.

‡ V. 79—85.

§ V. 181, &c.

* Gnomologia Homericæ, Cantab. 1660.

† Dialog. Select. Cantab. 1683. ad Alcibiad.

especially that of Socrates, that undaunted champion and martyr of natural religion; who was so great a proficient in the best philosophy, that he was assured his malicious prosecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himself the least inclination or rising wish to do them any; who discoursed with that chearful gravity, and graceful composure, a few moments before he was going to die, as if he had been going to take possession of a kingdom; and drank off the poisonous bowl, as a potion of Immortality. *Blackwall.*

§ 160. *The best Classics lay down excellent Rules for Conversation.*

The best Classics lay down very valuable rules for the management of conversation, for graceful and proper address to those persons with whom we converse. They instruct their readers in the methods of engaging and preserving friends; and reveal to them the true secret of pleasing mankind. This is a large and agreeable field; but I shall confine myself to a small compass.

While 'Tully, under the person of Crassus, gives an account of the word *ineptus*, or impertinent, he insinuates excellent caution to prevent a man from rendering himself ridiculous and distasteful to company. These are his words: "He that either does not observe the proper time of a thing, or speaks too much, or vainly gloriously sets himself off, or has not a regard to the dignity or interest of those he converses with, or, in a word, is in any kind indecent or excessive, is called impertinent." That is admirable advice in the third book of his Offices, for the prudent and graceful regulation of a man's discourse (which has so powerful an influence upon the misfortune or happiness of life) that we should always speak with that prudence, candour, and undissembled complaisance, that the persons we address may be persuaded that we both love and reverence them.

For this persuasion settled in their minds, will secure their friendship, and create us the pleasure of their mutual love and respect. Every judicious reader of Horace will allow the justness of Sir William Temple's character of him, That he was the greatest master of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it. Is it possible to comprise better advice in fewer lines, than those of his to his friend Lollius, which I shall give you in the original?

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam:
Commisumque teges, & vino tortus & ira:
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes:
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges*.

Horace had an intimate friendship and interest with men of the chief quality and distinction in the empire; who then was fitter to lay down rules how to approach the great, and gain their countenance and patronage?

This great man has a peculiar talent of handsomely expressing his gratitude to his noble benefactors: he justly puts a due value upon every favour; and, in short, manages that nice subject of praise with a manly grace, and irreproachable decency. How clean is that address to Augustus absent from Rome, in the fifth ode of the fourth book!

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus
Assulit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Here are no forced figures or unnatural rants; 'tis all seasonable and beautiful, poetical and literally true. *Ibid.*

§ 161. *Directions for reading the Classics.*

Those excellencies of the Ancients, which I have accounted for, seem to be sufficient to recommend them to the esteem and study of all lovers of good and polite learning: and that the young scholar may study them with suitable success and improvement, a few directions may be proper to be observed; which I shall lay down in this chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right method to begin with the best and most approved Classics; and to read those authors first, which must often be read over. Besides that the best authors are easiest to be understood, their noble sense and animated expression will make strong impressions upon the young scholar's mind, and train him up to the early love and imitation of their excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, cannot be studied too much, or gone over too often. One reading may suffice for Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian; though there will be frequent occasions to consult some of their particular passages. The same may be said with respect to the Greek poets: Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, must never be entirely laid aside;

* Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 37.

and will recompence as many repetitions as a man's time and affairs will allow. Hesiod, Orpheus, Theogonis, Æschylus, Lycophron, Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander, Aratus, Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Dionysius, Periegetes, and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour of one careful perusal. Sallust, Livy, Cicero, Cæsar, and Tacitus, deserve to be read several times; and read them as oft as you please, they will always afford fresh pleasure and improvement. I cannot but place the two Plinys after these illustrious writers, who flourished, indeed, when the Roman language was a little upon the declension: but by the vigour of a great genius, and wondrous industry, raised themselves in a great measure above the discouragements and disadvantages of the age they lived in. In quality and learning, in experience of the world, and employments of importance in the government, they were equal to the greatest of the Latin writers, though excelled by some of them in language.

The elder Pliny's natural history is a work learned and copious, that entertains you with all the variety of nature itself, and is one of the greatest monuments of universal knowledge, and unwearied application, now extant in the world. His geography, and description of herbs, trees and animals, are of great use to the understanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece.

Pliny the younger is one of the finest wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and soundness of judgment. Every thing in him is exquisitely studied; and yet, in general speaking, every thing is natural and easy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and surprising turns of true wit, without playing and tinkling upon sounds. He has exhausted the subject of panegyric, using every topic, and every delicacy of praise. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, are of the same merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born, a man of deep thought, and perfect master of his subject: he discovers all the mysteries of policy, and presents to your view the inmost springs of those actions which he describes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded, by the greatest men both in civil and military affairs, as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him

with high commendations; Constantine the Great was his diligent reader; and Brutus abridged him for his own constant use. Lucian is an universal scholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his style, clear in his narration, and wonderfully facetious in his repartees: he furnishes you with almost all the poetical history in such a diverting manner, that you will not easily forget it; and supplies the most dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep sense, and vast learning; though he does not reach his illustrious predecessors in the graces of his language, his morals are sound and noble, illustrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and comparisons, and enforced with very remarkable stories, and pertinent examples: in his Lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, or their customs, and affairs of peace and war: those writings will furnish a capable and inquisitive reader with a curious variety of characters, with a very valuable store of wise remarks and sound politics. The surface is a little rough, but under lie vast quantities of precious ore. *Blackwall.*

§ 162. *The subordinate Classics not to be neglected.*

Every repetition of these authors will bring the reader fresh profit and satisfaction. The rest of the Classics must by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occasionally consulted with much advantage. The Grecian Classics next in value to those we have named, are, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Strabo, Ælian; Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyænus, Herodian; the Latin are, Hirtius, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may, with a little allowance, admit that observation to be just, that he who would completely understand one Classic, must diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered upon a course of these studies, I would not have him to be discouraged at the checks and difficulties he will sometimes meet with: if upon close and due consideration he cannot entirely master any passage, let him proceed by constant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or some other on the same subject, a parallel place, that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain

and illustrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great masters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places translate 'em. Compare 'em together, and they will be a comment to one another; you will by this means be enabled to pass a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleasure and advantage of your reading will be double.

Blackwall.

§ 163. *The Greek and Latin Writers to be compared.*

By a careful comparison of the Greek and Latin writers, you will see how judiciously the latter imitated the former; and will yourself be qualified, with greater pleasure and success, to read and imitate both. By observing what advantages Virgil has made of Homer in his *Æneid*, and of Theocritus in his *Pastorals*; how cleanly Horace has applied several places, out of Anacreon and other lyrics, to his own purpose; you will learn to collect precious stores out of the Ancients; to transfuse their spirits into your language with as little loss as possible; and to borrow with so much modesty and discretion, as to make their riches your own, without the scandal of unfair dealing. It will be convenient and pleasant to compare authors together, that were countrymen and fellow-citizens; as Euripides, Thucydides, and Xenophon: that were contemporaries; as Theocritus and Callimachus: that writ in the same dialect; as Anacreon and Herodotus, in the Ionic; Theocritus, Pindar, and Callimachus, upon Ceres and the Bath of Pallas, in the Doric: that writ upon the same subject; as Apollonius, Valerius Flaccus, and Theocritus, on the combat of Pollux and Amycus, and the death of Hylas. Sallust's polite and curious history of Cataline's conspiracy, and Tully's four glorious orations upon the same subject, are the brightest commentaries upon each other. The historian and the orator scarce disagree in one particular; and Sallust has left behind him an everlasting monument of his candour and impartiality, by owning and commending the consul's vigilance, and meritorious services; though these two great men had the misfortune to be violent enemies. He that praises and honours an adversary, shews his own generosity and justice, by proclaiming his adversary's eminent merits.

By comparing authors after this method,

what seems difficult in one will be easy in another; what one expresses short, another will enlarge upon; and if some of them do not furnish us with all the variety of the dialect and idioms of the language, the rest will supply those defects. It will likewise be necessary for the young scholar diligently to remark and commit to memory the religious and civil customs of the Ancients: an accurate knowledge of them will make him capable to discern and relish the propriety of an author's words, and the elegance and graces of his allusions. When St. Paul speaks of his speedy approaching martyrdom, he uses this expression, Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπινδομαι;* which is an allusion to that universal custom of the world, of pouring wine or oil on the head of the victim immediately before it was slain. The apostle's emphatical word signifies—wine is just now pouring on my head, I am just going to be sacrificed to Pagan rage and superstition. That passage of St. Paul, “For I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men †;” is all expressed in Agonistical terms, and cannot be understood, without taking the allusion that it manifestly bears to the Roman gladiators, which came last upon the stage at noon, and were marked out for certain slaughter and destruction; being naked, with a sword in one hand, and tearing one another in pieces with the other; whereas, those who fought the wild beasts in the morning were allowed weapons offensive and defensive, and had a chance to come off with life. The most ancient way of giving sentence among the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, was by black and white pebbles, called ἄφρα. Those judges who put the black ones into an urn, passed sentence of condemnation upon the person tried; and those who put in the white, acquitted and saved. Hence we may learn the significancy and beauty of our Saviour's words in St. John, “to him that overcometh I will give a white stone ‡.” I, who am the only judge of the whole world, will pass the sentence of absolution upon my faithful servants, and the champions of my cross; and crown them with the inestimable rewards of immortality and glory. There are innumerable places, both in the Sacred Classics and the others, which are not to

* 2 Tim. iv. 16.

† 1 Cor. iv. 9.

‡ Rev. ii.

be understood without a competent knowledge of antiquities. I call the writers of the New Testament the Sacred Classics; and shall, in a proper place, endeavour fully to prove, that they deserve the highest character for the purity of their language, as well as the vigour of their sense, against the ignorance of some, and the insolence of others, who have fallen very rudely upon them with respect to their style. Every scholar, and every Christian, is obliged to the utmost of his abilities, to defend those venerable authors against all exceptions, that may in any respect tend to diminish their value. I cannot but be of the opinion of those gentlemen, who think there is propriety in the expression, as well as sublimity in the sentiments of the New Testament; and esteem that man as bad a critic, who undervalues its language, as he is a Christian, who denies its doctrines.

Blackwall.

§ 164. *On the Study of the New Testament.*

The classic scholar must by no means be so much wanting to his own duty, pleasure and improvement, as to neglect the study of the New Testament, but must be perpetually conversant in those inestimable writings, which have all the treasures of divine wisdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The best way will be to make them the first and last of all your studies, to open and close the day with that sacred book, wherein you have a faithful and most entertaining history of that blessed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and sure directions how to qualify and intitle yourself for the great salvation purchased by Jesus.

This exercise will compose your thoughts into the sweetest serenity and cheerfulness; and happily consecrate all your time and studies to God. After you have read the Greek Testament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive perusal, these following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.—
St. Mark 1. 13.—St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16.
23. 24.—St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17.
19. 20.—Acts 26. 27.—Romans 2. 8.
12.—1. Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.—2 Cor. 4.
6. 11.—Ephes. 4. 5. 6.—Philipp. 1. 2.
3.—Coloss. 1. 3.—1 Thess. 2. 5.—
1 Tim. 1. 6.—2 Tim. 2. 3.—Phile-
mon.—Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.—1 St.
Peter all.—2 St. Peter all.—St. Jude.

—1 St. John 1. 3.—Revel. 1. 18. 19.
20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangelists, and apostles, comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive epitome. A true critic will discover numerous instances of every style in perfection; every grace and ornament of speech more chaste and beautiful than the most admired and shining passages of the secular writers.

In particular, the description of God, and the future state of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far transcend the descriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and flashes of a Salmeoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is superior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Testament, especially these select passages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, mysteries of wisdom, and rules of happiness, which fools and madmen stupidly neglect, or impiously scorn; while all the best and brightest beings in the universe regard them with sacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and transporting delight. These studies, with a suitable Christian practice (which they so loudly call for, and so pathetically press) will raise you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world.

Ibid.

§ 165. *The old Critics to be studied.*

That we may still qualify ourselves the better to read and relish the Classics, we must seriously study the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the first are Aristotle, Dionysius Longinus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus: of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quintilian. These are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true sense and sublimity; teach them the first and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence; and reveal all the mystery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciously discover the excellencies of other authors, they successfully shew their own; and are glorious examples of that sublime they praise. They take off the general distastefulness of precepts; and rules, by their dextrous management, have beauty as well as usefulness. They were, what every true critic must be, persons of great reading

and happy memory, of a piercing sagacity and elegant taste. They praise without flattery or partial favour; and censure without pride or envy. We shall still have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choicest authors in our own tongue, and some of the best writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their spirit and judgment. We have a glorious set of poets, of whom I shall only mention a few, which are the chief; Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addison, Pope; who are inspired with the true spirit of their predecessors of Greece and Rome; and by whose immortal works the reputation of the English poetry is raised much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have prose writers of all professions and degrees, and upon a great variety of subjects, true admirers and great masters of the old Classics and Critics; who observe their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotson, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I esteem them not inferior to the illustrious few I have mentioned; who are in high esteem with all readers of taste and distinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good sense and fine writing. Horace and Aristotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them, the Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Essay on Translated Verse, Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism, and Discourses before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Discourses, all the Spectators that treat upon Classical Learning, particularly the justly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's Paradise Lost, Dacier upon Aristotle's Poetics, Bossu on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Dissertation on the Classics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelutions. These gentlemen make a true judgment and use of the Ancients: they esteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them against the attacks of some over-forward wits, who furiously envy their fame, and infinitely fall short of their merit.

Blackwall.

§ 166. *The best Authors to be read several Times over.*

I cannot but here repeat what I said before, of the advantage of reading the best authors several times over. There must needs be pleasure and improvement in a repetition of such writers as have fresh beauties in every section, and new wonders arising in every new page.

One superficial reading exhausts the small stores of a superficial writer, but the genuine Ancients, and those who write with their spirit and after their pattern, are deep and full. An ill written loose book is like a formal common-place book, who has a set of phrases and stories, which in a conversation or two are all run over; the man quickly impoverishes himself, and in a few hours becomes perfectly dry and insipid. But the old Classics, and their genuine followers among the moderns, are like a rich natural genius, who has an un-failing supply of good sense on all occasions; and gratifies his company with a perpetual and charming variety.

Ibid.

§ 167. *The Rise and Progress of Philosophical Criticism.*

Ancient Greece, in its happy days, was the seat of Liberty, of Sciences, and of Arts. In this fair region, fertile of wit, the Epic writers came first; then the Lyric; then the Tragic; and, lastly, the Historians, the Comic Writers, and the Orators, each in their turns delighting whole multitudes, and commanding the attention and admiration of all. Now, when wise and thinking men, the subtil investigators of principles and causes, observed the wonderful effect of these works upon the human mind, they were prompted to enquire whence this should proceed; for that it should happen merely from Chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the rise and origin of Criticism, which in its beginning was "a deep and philosophical search into the primary laws and elements of good writing, as far as they could be collected from the most approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the first critics not only attended to the powers and different species of words; the force of numerous composition, whether in prose or verse; the aptitude of its various kinds to different subjects; but they farther considered

sidered that, which is the basis of all, that is to say, in other words, the meaning of the sense. This led them at once into the most curious of subjects; the nature of man in general; the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age; their reason and their passions; how the one was to be persuaded, the others to be raised or calmed; the places or repositories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of these purposes. Besides all this, they studied sentiments and manners; what constitutes a work; what, a whole and parts; what, the essence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to constitute a just dramatic fable. *Harris.*

§ 168. PLATO, ARISTOTLE, THEOPHRASTUS, and other GREEK Authors of *Philosophical Criticism.*

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Aristotle, his disciple, who may be called the systematizer of his master's doctrines, has, in his two treatises of poetry and rhetoric, with such wonderful penetration developed every part of the subject, that he may be justly called the Father of Criticism, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly transcendent genius. The criticism which this capital writer taught, has so intimate a correspondence and alliance with philosophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philosophical Criticism.

To Aristotle succeeded his disciple Theophrastus, who followed his master's example in the study of criticism, as may be seen in the catalogue of his writings, preserved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophrastus, as well as of many others, are now lost. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek are Demetrius of Phalera, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, together with Hermogenes, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of these the most masterly seems to be Demetrius, who was the earliest, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Aristotle, with far greater attention than any of the rest. His examples, it must be confessed, are sometimes obscure, but this we rather impute to the destructive hand of time, which has prevented us from seeing many of the original authors.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the next in order, may be said to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous composition, not to mention other tracts on the subject of oratory, and those also critical as well as historical. Longinus, who was in time far later than these, seems principally to have had in view the passions and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a just applause, and expressed himself with a dignity suitable to the subject. The rest of the Greek critics, though they have said many useful things, have yet so minutely multiplied the rules of art, and so much confined themselves to the oratory of the tribunal, that they appear of no great service, as to good writing in general. *Ibid.*

§ 169. *Philosophical Critics among the ROMANS.*

Among the Romans, the first critic of note was Cicero; who, though far below Aristotle in depth of philosophy, may be said, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatise concerning the Orator is written in dialogue, where the speakers introduced are the greatest men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant sample of those manners, and that politeness, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may see the behaviour of free and accomplished men, before a baser address had set that standard, which has been too often taken for good breeding ever since.

Next to Cicero came Horace; who often, in other parts of his writings, acts the critic and scholar, but whose Art of Poetry is a standard of its kind, and too well known to need any encomium. After Horace arose Quintilian, Cicero's admirer and follower, who appears, by his works, not only learned and ingenious, but, what is still more, an honest and a worthy man. He likewise dwells too much upon the oratory of the tribunal, a fact no way surprising, when we consider the age in which he lived: an age when tyrannic government being the fashion of the times, that nobler species of eloquence, I mean the popular and deliberative, was, with all things truly liberal, degenerated and sunk. The later Latin rhetoricians there is no need to mention, as they little help to illustrate the subject in hand. I would only repeat, that the species of criticism here mentioned,

mentioned, as far at least as handled by the more able masters, is that which we have denominated Criticism Philosophical.

Harris.

§ 170. *Concerning the Progress of Criticism in its second Species, the Historical—GREEK and ROMAN Critics, by whom this Species of Criticism was cultivated.*

As to the Criticism already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that, in process of time, languages, customs, manners, laws, governments, and religions, insensibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chæronea, wrought much of this kind in Greece: and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharsalia and Philippi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence, therefore, of things obsolete the names became obsolete also; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and easy, in after days grew difficult and obscure. Here then we behold the rise of a second race of critics, the tribe of scholiasts, commentators, and explainers.

These naturally attached themselves to particular authors. Aristarchus, Didymus, Eustathius, and many others, bestowed their labours upon Homer; Proclus and Tzertzes upon Hesiod; the same Proclus and Olympiodorus upon Plato; Simplicius, Ammonius, and Philoponus, upon Aristotle; Ulpian upon Demosthenes; Macrobius and Aconius upon Cicero; Calliergus upon Theocritus; Donatus upon Terence; Servius upon Virgil; Acro and Porphyrio upon Horace; and so with respect to others, as well philosophers as poets and orators. To these scholiasts may be added the several composers of Lexicons: such as Hesychius, Philoxenus, Suidas, &c. also the writers upon Grammar, such as Apollonius, Priscian, Sospater, Charisius, &c. Now all these pains-taking men, considered together, may be said to have completed another species of criticism, a species which, in distinction to the former, we call Criticism Historical.

And thus things continued, though in a declining way, till, after many a severe and unsuccessful plunge, the Roman empire sunk through the west of Europe. Latin then soon lost its purity; Greek they hardly knew; Classics, and their Scho-

lasts, were no longer studied; and an age succeeded of legends and crusades.

Ibid.

§ 171. *Moderns eminent in the two Species of Criticism before mentioned, the Philosophical and the Historical—the last Sort of Critics more numerous—those, mentioned in this Section, confined to the GREEK and LATIN Languages.*

At length, after a long and barbarous period, when the shades of monkery began to retire, and the light of humanity once again to dawn, the arts also of criticism insensibly revived. 'Tis true, indeed, the authors of the philosophical sort (I mean that which respects the causes and principles of good writing in general) were not many in number. However, of this rank, among the Italians, were Vida, and the elder Scaliger; among the French were Rapin, Bouhours, Boileau, together with Bossu, the most methodic and accurate of them all. In our own country, our nobility may be said to have distinguished themselves; Lord Roscommon, in his Essay upon translated Verse; the Duke of Buckingham, in his Essay on Poetry; and Lord Shaftsbury, in his treatise called Advice to an Author: to whom may be added, our late admired genius, Pope, in his truly elegant poem, the Essay upon Criticism.

The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon painting have, after a philosophical manner, investigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himself.

We have mentioned these discourses, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us, that to write well upon a liberal art, we must write philosophically—that all the liberal arts in their principles are congenial—and that these principles, when traced to their common source, are found all to terminate in the first philosophy.

But to pursue our subject—However small among moderns may be the number of these Philosophical Critics, the writers of historical or explanatory criticism have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Victorius, and Robertellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany were Erasmus, Sylburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, DuVall, Harduin, Capperonierus; of England were Stanley (editor of Æschylus)

Gataker,

Gataker, Davies, Clark (editor of Homer) together with multitudes more from every region and quarter,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks
In Vallombrosa. —

But I fear I have given a strange catalogue, where we seek in vain for such illustrious personages, as Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Tortila, Tamerlane, &c. The heroes of this work (if I may be pardoned for calling them so) have only aimed in retirement to present us with knowledge. Knowledge only was their object, not havock, nor devastation.

Harris.

§ 172. *Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, and Authors upon Grammars.*

After Commentators and Editors, we must not forget the compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, such as Charles and Henry Stevens, Favorinus, Constantine, Budæus, Cooper, Faber, Vossius, and others. To these also we may add the authors upon Grammar; in which subject the learned Greeks, when they quitted the East, led the way, Moschopolus, Chrysoloras, Lascaris, Theodore Gaza; then in Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, Grocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; in the Low Countries, Vossius; in France, Cæsar Scaliger by his residence, though by birth an Italian, together with those able writers Mess. de Port Royal. Nor ought we to omit the writers of Philological Epistles, such as Emanuel Martin; nor the writers of Literary Catalogues (in French called Catalogues Raisonnées) such as the account of the manuscripts in the imperial library at Vienna, by Lambecius; or of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escurial library, by Michael Casiri.

Ibid.

§ 173. *Modern Critics of the Explanatory Kind, commenting Modern Writers—Lexicographers—Grammarians—Translators.*

Though much historical explanation has been bestowed on the ancient Classics, yet have the authors of our own country by no means been forgotten, having exercised many critics of learning and ingenuity.

Mr. Thomas Warton (besides his fine edition of Theocritus) has given a curious history of English Poetry during the middle centuries; Mr. Tyrwhit, much accu-

rate and diversified erudition upon Chaucer; Mr. Upton, a learned Comment on the Fairy Queen of Spenser; Mr. Addison, many polite and elegant Spectators on the Conduct and Beauties of the Paradise Lost; Dr. Warton, an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, a work filled with speculations, in a taste perfectly pure. The lovers of literature would not forgive me, were I to omit that ornament of her sex and country, the critic and patroness of our illustrious Shakespeare, Mrs. Montague. For the honour of criticism, not only the divines already mentioned, but others also, of rank still superior, have bestowed their labours upon our capital poets (Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Pope) suspending for a while their severer studies, to relax in these regions of genius and imagination.

The Dictionaries of Minshew, Skinner, Spelman, Sumner, Junius, and Johnson, are all well known, and justly esteemed. Such is the merit of the last, that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work. For grammatical knowledge we ought to mention with distinction the learned prelate, Dr. Lowth, bishop of London; whose admirable tract on the Grammar of the English language, every lover of that language ought to study and understand, if he would write, or even speak it, with purity and precision.

Let my countrymen too reflect, that in studying a work upon this subject, they are not only studying a language in which it becomes them to be knowing, but a language which can boast of as many good books as any among the living or modern languages of Europe. The writers, born and educated in a free country, have been left for years to their native freedom. Their pages have been never defiled with an index expurgatorius, nor their genius ever shackled with the terrors of an inquisition.

May this invaluable privilege never be impaired either by the hand of power, or by licentious abuse!

Ibid.

§ 174. *On Translators.*

Perhaps with the critics just described I ought to arrange Translators, if it be true that translation is a species of explanation, which differs no otherwise from explanatory comments, than that these attend to parts, while translation goes to the whole.

Now as translators are infinite, and many of them (to borrow a phrase from sportsmen)

men) unqualified persons, I shall enumerate only a few, and those such as for their merits have been deservedly esteemed.

Of this number I may very truly reckon Meric Casaubon, the translator of Marcus Antoninus; Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus; and Mr. Sydenham, the translator of many of Plato's Dialogues. All these seem to have accurately understood the original language from which they translated. But that is not all. The authors translated being philosophers, the translators appear to have studied the style of their philosophy, well knowing that in ancient Greece every sect of philosophy, like every science and art, had a language of its own*.

To these may be added the respectable names of Melmoth and of Hampton, of Franklin and of Potter; nor should I omit a few others, whose labours have been similar, did I not recollect the trite, though elegant admonition:

—fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singuladum capti circumvectamur amore. VIRG.
Harris.

§ 175. *Rise of the third Species of Criticism, the Corrective—practised by the Ancients, but much more by the Moderns; and why.*

But we are now to enquire after another species of Criticism. All ancient books, having been preserved by transcription, were liable, through ignorance, negligence, or fraud, to be corrupted in three different ways, that is to say, by retrenchings, by additions, and by alterations.

To remedy these evils, a third sort of criticism arose, and that was Criticism Corrective. The business of this at first was painfully to collate all the various copies of authority, and then, from amidst the variety of readings thus collected, to establish, by good reasons, either the true, or the most probable. In this sense we may call such criticism not only corrective but authoritative.

As the number of these corruptions must needs have increased by length of time, hence it has happened that corrective criticism has become much more necessary in these later ages, than it was in others more ancient. Not but that even in ancient days various readings have been noted. Of this kind there are a multitude in the text of

Homer; a fact not singular, when we consider his great antiquity. In the Comments of Ammonius and Philoponus upon Aristotle, there is mention made of several in the text of that philosopher, which these his commentators compare and examine.

We find the same in Aulus Gellius, as to the Roman authors; where it is withal remarkable, that, even in that early period, much stress is laid upon the authority of ancient manuscripts, a reading in Cicero being justified from a copy made by his learned freed-man, Tiro: and a reading in Virgil's Georgics, from a book which had once belonged to Virgil's family.

But since the revival of literature, to correct has been a business of much more latitude, having continually employed, for two centuries and a half, both the pains of the most laborious, and the wits of the most acute. Many of the learned men before enumerated were not only famous as historical critics, but as corrective also. Such were the two Scaligers (of whom one has been already mentioned, § 171.) the two Casaubons, Salmosius, the Rhenii, Grævius, the Gronovii, Burman, Kuster, Wasse, Bentley, Pearce, and Markland. In the same class, and in a rank highly eminent, I place Mr. Toupe of Cornwall, who, in his Emendations upon Suidas, and his edition of Longinus, has shewn a critical acumen, and a compass of learning, that may justly arrange him with the most distinguished scholars. Nor must I forget Dr. Taylor, residentiary of St. Paul's, nor Mr. Upton, prebendary of Rochester. The former, by his edition of Demosthenes, (as far as he lived to carry it) by his Lyriæ, by his Comment on the Marmor Sarravense, and other critical pieces; the latter, by his correct and elegant edition, in Greek and Latin, of Arrian's Epictetus (the first of the kind that had any pretensions to be called complete) have rendered themselves, as Scholars, lasting ornaments of their country. These two valuable men were the friends of my youth; the companions of my social, as well as my literary hours. I admired them for their erudition; I loved them for their virtues; they are now no more—

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere— VIRG.

Ibid.
§ 176.

* See Hermes, p. 269, 270.

§ 176. *Criticism may have been abused—yet defended, as of the last Importance to the Cause of Literature.*

But here was the misfortune of this last species of criticism. The best of things may pass into abuse. There were numerous corruptions in many of the finest authors, which neither ancient editions, nor manuscripts, could heal. What then was to be done?—Were forms so fair to remain disfigured, and be seen for ever under such apparent blemishes?—“No (says a critic,) Conjecture can cure all—Conjecture, whose performances are for the most part more certain than any thing that we can exhibit from the authority of manuscripts.”—We will not ask, upon this wonderful assertion, how, if so certain, can it be called conjecture?—’Tis enough to observe (be it called as it may) that this spirit of conjecture has too often passed into an intemperate excess: and then, whatever it may have boasted, has done more mischief by far than good. Authors have been taken in hand, like anatomical subjects, only to display the skill and abilities of the artist; so that the end of many an edition seems often to have been no more than to exhibit the great sagacity and erudition of an editor. The joy of the task was the honour of mending, while corruptions were fought with a more than common attention, as each of them afforded a testimony to the editor and his art.

And here I beg leave, by way of digression, to relate a short story concerning a noted empiric. “Being once in a ball-room crowded with company, he was asked by a gentleman, what he thought of such a lady? was it not pity that she squinted?”—“Squint! Sir!” replied the doctor, “I wish every lady in the room squinted; there is not a man in Europe can cure squinting but myself.”—

But to return to our subject—well indeed would it be for the cause of letters, were this bold conjectural spirit confined to works of second rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably sure to leave matters, as they were; or if not much better, at least not much worse: but when the divine geniuses of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when these come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the subject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim, with a kind of religious abhorrence—

—procul! O! procul este profani!

These sentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the first of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticism upon the *Paradise Lost*; had he not so repeatedly and injuriously offered violence to its author, from an affected superiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture seems to have seized him, as that of jealousy did Medea: a rage which she confessed herself unable to resist, although she knew the mischiefs it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited censure, (as if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuse) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticism or critics that I presume to find fault. The arts, and its professors, while they practise it with temper, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours, we should be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whose assistance we are introduced into some of the first and best company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to slight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well if we do not slight also those Classics with whom criticism converses, becoming content to read them in translations, or (what is still worse) in translations of translations, or (what is worse even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to assert, if that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darkness, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature. *Harris.*

§ 177. *The Epic Writers came first.*

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries more barbarous, the first writings were in metre, and of an epic cast, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghosts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men seemed to have thought, that the higher they soared the more important they should appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered respectable by more refined and polished manners, that

men thought it might be copied, so as to gain them applause.

Even in Greece itself, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as may be seen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philemon and Menander.

For ourselves, we shall find most of our first poets prone to a turgid bombast, and most of our first prosaic writers to a pedantic stiffness; which rude styles gradually improved, but reached not a classical purity sooner than Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, Shaftsbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c. &c. *Harris.*

§ 178. *Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.*

As to what is asserted soon after upon the efficacy of causes in works of ingenuity and art, we think in general, that the effect must always be proportioned to its cause. It is hard for him, who reasons attentively, to refer to chance any superlative production.

Effects indeed strike us, when we are not thinking about the cause; yet may we be assured, if we reflect, that a cause there is, and that too a cause intelligent and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taste truly critical, than on every occasion to investigate this cause, and to ask ourselves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted; why thus affected; why melted into pity; why made to shudder with horror?

Till this *why* is well answered, all is darkness; and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance.

Ibid.

§ 179. *The Causes or Reasons of such Excellence.*

To explain, by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reason here alleged, because they are known.

I am struck with the night scene in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*—"The universal silence throughout the globe—the sweet rest of its various inhabitants, soothing their cares and forgetting their labours—the unhappy Dido alone restless; restless, agitated with impetuous passions."—*Æn. iv. 522.*

I am affected with the story of Regulus, as painted by West—"The crowd of anxious friends, persuading him not to return—his wife fainting through sensibility and fear—persons the least con-

nected appearing to feel for him, yet "himself unmoved, inexorable, and stern."

Horat. *Carm. L. iii. Od. 5.*

Without referring to these deeply tragic scenes, what charms has music, when a masterly band pass unexpectedly from loud to soft, or from soft to loud!—When the system changes from the greater third to the less; or reciprocally, when it changes from this last to the former.

All these effects have a similar and well known cause, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxtaposition, or by quick succession. *Ibid.*

§ 180. *Why Contraries have this Effect.*

But we ask still farther, Why have contraries this force?—We answer, Because, of all things which differ, none differ so widely. Sound differs from darkness, but not so much as from silence; darkness differs from sound, but not so much as from light. In the same intense manner differ repose and restlessness; felicity and misery; dubious solicitude and firm resolution: the epic and the comic; the sublime and the ludicrous.

And why differ contraries thus widely?—Because while attributes, simply different, may co-exist in the same subject, contraries cannot co-exist, but always destroy one another. Thus the same marble may be both white and hard: but the same marble cannot be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intense, so is our recognition of them more vivid, and our impressions more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of sense, where imagination and intellect are not in the least concerned. When we pass (for example) from a hot-house, we feel the common air more intensely cool; when we pass from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intensely glaring.

But to proceed to instances of another and a very different kind.

Few scenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as described in the second *Æneid*—"The apparition of Hector to Eneas, when asleep, announcing to him the commencement of that direful event—the distant lamentations, heard by Eneas as he awakes—his ascending the house-top, and viewing the city in flames—his friend Pentheus, escaped from destruction, and relating to him their wretched and deplorable condition—Eneas, "with

“ with a few friends, rushing in to the thick-
 “ est danger—their various success till
 “ they all perish, but himself and two more
 “ —the affecting scenes of horror and pity
 “ and Priam’s palace—a son slain at his fa-
 “ ther’s feet; and the immediate massacre
 “ of the old monarch himself—Eneas, on
 “ seeing this, inspired with the memory of
 “ his own father—his resolving to return
 “ home, having now lost all his compan-
 “ ions—his seeing Helen in the way, and
 “ his design to dispatch so wicked a woman
 “ —Venus interposing, and shewing him
 “ (by removing the film from his eyes)
 “ the most sublime, though most direful, of
 “ all sights; the Gods themselves busied
 “ in Troy’s destruction; Neptune at one
 “ employ, Juno at another, Pallas at a
 “ third—It is not Helen (says Venus)
 “ but the gods, that are the authors of
 “ your country’s ruin—it is their incle-
 “ mency,” &c.

Not less solemn and awful, though less
 leading to pity, is the commencement of
 the sixth *Æneid*—“ The Sibyl’s cavern—
 “ her frantic gestures, and prophecy—the
 “ request of Eneas to descend to the shades
 “ —her answer, and information about the
 “ loss of one of his friends—the fate of
 “ poor Misenus—his funeral—the golden
 “ bough discovered, a preparatory cir-
 “ cumstance for the descent—the sacrifice
 “ —the ground bellowing under their feet
 “ —the woods in motion—the dogs of Hec-
 “ cate howling—the actual descent, in all
 “ its particulars of the marvellous, and the
 “ terrible.”

If we pass from an ancient author to a
 modern, what scene more striking than the
 first scene in *Hamlet*?—“ The solemnity
 “ of the time, a severe and pinching night
 “ —the solemnity of the place, a platform
 “ for a guard—the guards themselves;
 “ and their opposite discourse—yonder star
 “ in such a position; the bell then beating
 “ one—when description is exhausted,
 “ the thing itself appears, the Ghost enters.”

From Shakespeare the transition to Mil-
 ton is natural. What pieces have ever
 met a more just, as well as universal ap-
 plause, than his *L’Allegro* and *Il Penfero*?—
 The first, a combination of every
 incident that is lively and cheerful; the
 second, of every incident that is melancholy
 and serious: the materials of each collected,
 according to their character, from rural life,
 from city life, from music, from poetry; in
 a word, from every part of nature, and
 every part of art.

To pass from poetry to painting—the
Crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvator Ro-
 sa, is “ a most affecting representation of
 “ various human figures, seen under diffe-
 “ rent modes of horror and pity, as they
 “ contemplate a dreadful spectacle, the
 “ crucifixion above-mentioned.” The
Aurora of Guido, on the other side, is
 “ one of those joyous exhibitions, where
 “ nothing is seen but youth and beauty, in
 “ every attitude of elegance and grace.”
 The former picture in poetry would have
 been a deep *Penfero*; the latter, a most
 pleasing and animated *Allegro*.

And to what cause are we to refer these
 last enumerations of striking effects?

To a very different one from the for-
 mer—not to an opposition of contrary
 incidents, but to a concatenation or ac-
 cumulation of many that are similar and
 congenial.

And why have concatenation and accu-
 mulation such a force?—From these most
 simple and obvious truths, that many things
 similar, when added together will be more
 in quantity than any of them taken singly;
 —consequently, that the more things are
 thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned, at the same time,
 both accumulation and concatenation; be-
 cause in painting, the objects, by existing
 at once, are accumulated; in poetry, as
 they exist by succession, they are not accu-
 mulated but concatenated. Yet, through
 memory and imagination, even these also
 derive an accumulative force, being pre-
 served from passing away by those admir-
 able faculties, till, like many pieces of me-
 tal melted together, they collectively form
 one common magnitude.

It must be further remembered, there is
 an accumulation of things analogous, even
 when those things are the objects of diffe-
 rent faculties. For example—As are pas-
 sionate gestures to the eye, so are passion-
 ate tones to the ear; so are passionate
 ideas to the imagination. To feel the
 amazing force of an accumulation like
 this, we must see some capital actor, acting
 the drama of some capital poet, where all
 the powers of both are assembled at the
 same instant.

And thus have we endeavoured, by a few
 obvious and easy examples, to explain what
 we mean by the words, “ seeking the cause
 “ or reason, as often as we feel works of
 “ art and ingenuity to affect us.”—See
 § 167. 178.

Harris.

§ 181. *Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticism.*

If I might advise a beginner in this elegant pursuit, it should be, as far as possible, to recur for principles to the most plain and simple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmost latitude, so as to make it suit, and include, the greatest number of possible cases.

I would advise him farther, to avoid subtle and far-fetched refinement, which, as it is for the most part adverse to perspicuity and truth, may serve to make an able Sophist, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would advise a young Critic, in his contemplations, to turn his eye rather to the praise-worthy than the blameable; that is, to investigate the causes of praise, rather than the causes of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may, in a single instance, happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the censure passed upon the criticising cobbler, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Harris.

§ 182. *On numerous Composition.*

As Numerous Composition arises from a just arrangement of words, so is that arrangement just, when formed upon their verbal quantity,

Now if we seek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we shall find that, while those two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity also. Every syllable had a measure of time, either long or short, defined with precision either by its constituent vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterized, when combined, made a foot, ; and feet thus characterized, when combined, made a verse : so that while a particular harmony existed in every part, a general harmony was diffused through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately distinguished; of which distinction, familiar then, though now obscure, we venture to suggest the following explanation. We compare quantity to musical tones differing in long and short, as upon whatever line they stand, a semibreve differs from a minim. We compare accent to musical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the first, be its length the same, or be it longer or shorter.

And thus things continued for a succession of centuries, from Homer and Hesiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the truly classical poets, both Greek and Latin, flourished.

Nor was prose at the same time neglected. Penetrating wits discovered this also to be capable of numerous composition, and founded their ideas upon the following reasonings :

Though they allowed that prose should not be strictly metrical (for then it would be no longer prose, but poetry) ; yet at the same time they asserted, if it had no Rhythm at all, such a vague effusion would of course fatigue, and the reader would seek in vain for those returning pauses, so helpful to his reading, and so grateful to his ear. *Ibid.*

§ 183. *On other Decorations of Prose besides Prosæic Feet ; as Alliteration.*

Besides the decoration of Prosæic Feet, there are other decorations, admissible into English composition, such as Alliteration, and Sentences, especially the Period.

First therefore for the first ; I mean Alliteration.

Among the classics of old, there is no finer illustration of this figure, than Lucretius's description of those blest abodes, where his gods, detached from providential cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine serenity :

Apparet divum numen, sedesque quietæ,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nim-
bis
Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis æther
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

Lucret. III. 18.

The sublime and accurate Virgil did not condemn this decoration, though he used it with such pure, unaffected simplicity, that we often feel its force without contemplating the cause. Take one instance out of infinite, with which his works abound :

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus alman
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
ÆN. XI. v. 183.

To Virgil we may add the superior authority of Homer :

Ἡτοι ὁ καππεδίων τὸ Ἀχίλῆος οἶος Ἀλᾶτο,
"Οἱ θυμὸν κατέδων πᾶτων Ἀθρήτων Ἀλεείνων.
ΙΛ. ζ. 201.

Hermogenes, the rhetorician, when he quotes these lines, quotes them as an example.

ample of the figure here mentioned, but calls it by a Greek name, ΠΑΡΗΧΘΗΣΙΣ.

Cicero has translated the above verses elegantly, and given us too Alliteration, though not under the same letters :

Qui miser in campis errabat solus Alæis,
Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.
Cic.

Aristotle knew this figure, and called it ΠΑΡΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΣ, a name perhaps not so precise as the other, because it rather expresses resemblance in general, than that which arises from sound in particular. His example is—ΑΙΡΟΝ γὰρ ἔλαβεν, ΑΙΡΟΝ παρ' αὐτῶ.

The Latin rhetoricians stiled it Annomination, and give us examples of similar character.

But the most singular fact is, that so early in our own history, as the reign of Henry the second, this decoration was esteemed and cultivated both by the English and the Welch. So we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary writer, who, having first given the Welch instance, subjoins the English in the following verse—

God is together Gammen and Wifedóme.

—that is, God is at once both joy and wisdom.

He calls the figure by the Latin name Annomination, and adds, “ that the two nations were so attached to this verbal ornament in every high-finished composition, that nothing was by them esteemed elegantly delivered, no diction considered but as rude and rustic, if it were not first amply refined with the polishing art of this figure.”

‘Tis perhaps from this national taste of ours, that we derive many proverbial similes, which, if we except the sound, seem to have no other merit—Fine as five-pence—Round as a Robin—&c.

Even Spenser and Shakespear adopted the practice, but then it was in a manner suitable to such geniuses.

Spenser says—

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could save the son of Thetis from to die ;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Castille.

Shakespear says—

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
This day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked, &c.—Hen. IVth, Part 2d, Act 2d.

Milton followed them.

For eloquence, the soul ; song charms the senses,
P. L. II. 556.
and again,

Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness— P. L. VII. 471

From Dryden we select one example out of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater simplicity and strength.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wife for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend,
DRYD. Fables.

Pope sings in his Dunciad—

‘Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring
all ;
And noise, and Norton ; brangling, and Brevall ;
Dennis, and dissonance—

Which lines, though truly poetical and humourous, may be suspected by some to shew their art too conspicuously, and too nearly to resemble that verse of old Ennius—

O ! tite, tute, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti.
Script. ad Herenn. l. 17. f. 13.

Gray begins a sublime Ode,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, &c.

We might quote also Alliterations from prose writers, but those we have alledged we think sufficient. Harris.

§ 184. On the Period,

Nor is elegance only to be found in single words, or in single feet ; it may be found, when we put them together, in our peculiar mode of putting them. ‘Tis out of words and feet thus compounded, that we form sentences, and among sentences none so striking, none so pleasing as the Period. The reason is, that, while other sentences are indefinite, and (like a geometrical right line) may be produced indefinitely, the Period (like a circular line) is always circumscribed, returns, and terminates at a given point. In other words, while other sentences, by the help of common copulatives, have a sort of boundless effusion ; the constituent parts of a Period have a sort of reflex union, in which union the sentence is so far complete, as neither to require, nor even to admit, a farther extension. Readers find a pleasure in this

grateful circuit, which leads them so agreeably to an acquisition of knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would refer by way of illustration, to the beginnings of his *Hermes*, and his philological arrangements, where some attempts have been made in this periodical style. He would refer also, for much more illustrious examples, to the opening of Cicero's Offices; to that of the capital Oration of Demosthenes concerning the Crown; and to that of the celebrated Panegyric, made (if he may be so called) by the father of Periods, Isocrates.

Agair—every compound sentence is compounded of other sentences more simple, which compared to one another, have a certain proportion of length. Now it is in general a good rule, that among these constituent sentences, the last (if possible) should be equal to the first; or if not equal, then rather longer than shorter. The reason is, that without a special cause, abrupt conclusions are offensive, and the reader, like a traveller quietly pursuing his journey, finds an unexpected precipice, where he is disagreeably flopt.

Harris.

§ 185. *On Monosyllables.*

It has been called a fault in our language, that it abounds in Monosyllables. As these, in too lengthened a suite, disgrace a composition, Lord Shaftesbury, (who studied purity of style with great attention) limited their number to nine; and was careful in his characteristics, to conform to his own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quintilian.

Above all, care should be had, that a sentence end not with a crowd of them, those especially of the vulgar, untunable sort, such as, "to set it up," to "get by and by at it," &c. for these disgrace a sentence that may be otherwise laudable, and are like the rabble at the close of some pompous cavalcade.

Ibid.

§ 186. *Authorities alledged.*

'Twas by these, and other arts of similar sort, that authors in distant ages have cultivated their style. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the allusion) to pass into the mansions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may pursue the metaphor) not to offend in the vestibule. They did not esteem it pardonable to despise the public ear, when

they saw the love of numbers so universally diffused.

Nor were they discouraged, as if they thought their labour would be lost. In these more refined but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge:—that to execute was the joint effort of genius and of habit; a painful acquisition, only attainable by the few;—to judge, the simple effort of that plain but common sense, imparted by Providence in some degree to every one *Ibid.*

§ 187. *Objectors answered.*

But here methinks an objector demands—“And are authors then to compose, and form their treatises by rule?—Are they to balance periods?—To scan pœans and cretics?—To affect alliterations?—To enumerate monosyllables?” &c.

If, in answer to this objector, it should be said, They ought; the permission should at least be tempered with much caution. These arts are to be so blended with a pure but common style, that the reader, as he proceeds, may only feel their latent force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more disgusting, because less natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpolished clown. ‘Tis in writing, as in acting—The best writers are like our late admired Garrick—And how did that able genius employ his art?—Not by a vain ostentation of any one of his powers, but by a latent use of them all in such an exhibition of nature, that while we were present in a theatre, and only beholding an actor, we could not help thinking ourselves in Denmark with Hamlet, or in Bosworth field with Richard.

Ibid.

§ 188. *When the Habit is once gained, nothing so easy as Practice.*

There is another objection still.—These speculations may be called minutiae; things partaking at best more of the elegant than of the solid; and attended with difficulties beyond the value of the labour.

To answer this, it may be observed, that when habit is once gained, nothing so easy as practice. When the ear is once habituated to these verbal rhythms, it forms them spontaneously, without attention or labour. If we call for instances, what more easy, to every smith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic, than

the

the several energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verse obstruct a genius truly poetic? How little did they cramp a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes, that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extempore, and that, whenever he chose to verify, words followed him of course. We may add to Antipater the ancient Rhapsodists of the Greeks, and the modern Improvisatori of the Italians. If this then be practicable in verse, how much more so in prose? In prose, the laws of which so far differ from those of poetry, that we can at any time relax them as we find expedient? Nay more, where to relax them is not only expedient, but even necessary, because, though numerous composition may be a requisite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we should avoid.

Harris.

§ 189. *In every Whole, the constituent Parts, and the Facility of their Coincidence, merit our Regard.*

In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the constituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landscape, how pleasing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers, and lawns! If we select from this landscape a tree, how well does the trunk correspond with its branches, and the whole of its form, with its beautiful verdure! If we take an animal, for example a fine horse, what a union in his colour, his figure and his motions! If one of human race, what more pleasingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

—pulchro veniens e corpore virtus?

The charm increases, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened still, if it convey elegant sentiments; and these again are heightened, if clothed with graceful diction, that is, with words which are pure, precise, and well arranged.

Ibid.

§ 190. *Verbal Decorations not to be called Minutiæ.*

We must not call these verbal decorations, minutiæ. They are essential to the beauty, nay to the completion, of the whole. Without them the composition, though its sentiments may be just, is like a picture with good drawing, but with bad and defective colouring.

These we are assured were the sentiments of Cicero, whom we must allow to have been a master in his art, and who has amply and accurately treated verbal decoration and numerous composition, in no less than two capital treatises, (his *Orator*, and his *De Oratore*) strengthening withal his own authority with that of Aristotle and Theophrastus; to whom, if more were wanting, we might add the names of Demetrius Phalæus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Longinus, and Quintilian.

Ibid.

§ 191. *Advice to Readers.*

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, whatever be the language, whatever the subject, should read it, even if alone, both audibly and distinctly.

In a composition of this character, not only precise words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther—as every sentence contains a latent harmony, so is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its constituent parts.

A composition then like this, should (as I said before) be read both distinctly and audibly; with due regard to stops and pauses; with occasional elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. He who, despising or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this, reads a work of such character as he would read a session-paper, will not only miss many beauties of the style, but will probably miss (which is worse) a large proportion of the sense.

Ibid.

§ 192. *Every Whole should have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.*

Let us take for an example the most highly finished performance among the Romans, and that in their most polished period, I mean the *Georgics* of Virgil:

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenas. (I) ulmistque adjungere vites
Conveniat; (II) quæ cura boum, qui cultus
habendo

Sit pecori; [IV] apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam, &c.—Virg. *Georg. I.*

In these lines, and so on (if we consult the original) for forty two lines inclusive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the four first verses we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes

the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, comes a perfect oak. After this comes the invocation, which extends to the last of the forty-two verses above mentioned. The two together give us the true character of a beginning, which, as above described, nothing can precede, and which it is necessary that something should follow.

The remaining part of the first book, together with the three books following, to verse the 458th of book the fourth, make the middle, which also has its true character, that of succeeding the beginning, where we expect something farther; and that of preceding the end, where we expect nothing more.

The eight last verses of the poem make the end, which, like the beginning, is short, and which preserves its real character by satisfying the reader that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finishes like an epistle, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in such a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem, from its very name, respects various matters relative to land, (*Georgica*) and which are either immediately or mediately connected with it; among the variety of these matters the poem begins from the lowest, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till, having reached the highest, it there properly stops.

The first book begins from the simple culture of the earth, and from its humblest progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler species of vegetables which employs the second book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it must be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet rises to nature sensitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horses, sheep, &c.

At length, in the fourth book, when matters draw to a conclusion, then it is he treats his subject in a moral and political way. He no longer pursues the culture of the mere brute nature; he then describes, as he tells us

—Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia, &c.

for such is the character of his bees, those truly social and political animals. It is here he first mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great sagacity considered) he supposes a portion imparted of a sublimer principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal seems forgotten, while all appears at least human, and sometimes, even divine:

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
Ætherius dixere; deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris, &c.

Georg. IV. 219.

When the subject will not permit him to proceed farther, he suddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Aristæus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company supposed more than mortal.

This is not only a sublime conclusion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the conclusion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than shortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Augustus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the *Georgics*, made it necessary they should be enlivened by episodes and digressions. It has been the art of the poet, that these episodes and digressions should be homogeneous: that is, should so connect with the subject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On these principles every book has for its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the several precepts relative to its subject, I mean husbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itself becomes a smaller whole, though with respect to the general plan, it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm, with a view to its elbow, its hands, its fingers &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is simply but a part with a view to the entire body.

The smaller wholes of this divine poem may merit some attention; by these I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The first invokes the sun, the moon, the various rural deities, and lastly Augustus: the second invokes Bacchus; the third, Pales and Apollo; the fourth his patron Mæcenas. I do not dwell on these invocations, much less on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the Epilogues, besides

their

their own intrinsic beauty, are too much to our purpose to be passed in silence.

In the arrangement of them the poet seems to have pursued such an order, as that alternate affections should be alternately excited; and this he has done, well knowing the importance of that generally acknowledged truth, "the force derived to contraries by their juxta-position or succession *." The first book ends with those portents and prodigies, both upon earth and in the heavens, which preceded the death of the dictator Cæsar. To these direful scenes the epilogue of the second book opposes the tranquillity and felicity of the rural life, which (as he informs us) faction and civil discord do not usually impair—

Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna—

In the ending of the third book we read of a pestilence, and of nature in desolation; in the fourth, of nature restored, and, by help of the gods, replenished.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean the fable of Aristæus) occupies the most important place; so is it decorated accordingly with language, events, places, and personages.

No language was ever more polished and harmonious. The descent of Aristæus to his mother, and of Orpheus to the shades, are events; the watery palace of the Nereides, the cavern of Proteus, and the scene of the infernal regions, are places; Aristæus, old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, Cyllene, and her nymphs, are personages; all great, all striking, all sublime.

Let us view these epilogues in the poet's order.

I. Civil Horrors.

II. Rural Tranquillity.

III. Nature laid waste.

IV. Nature restored.

Here, as we have said already, different passions are, by the subjects being alternate, alternately excited; and yet withal excited so judiciously, that when the poem concludes, and all is at an end, the reader leaves off with tranquillity and joy.

Harris.

§ 193. Exemplified again in the *Menæxenus* of PLATO.

From the *Georgics* of Virgil we proceed to the *Menæxenus* of Plato; the first being the most finished form of a didactic

poem, the latter the most consummate model of a panegyric oration.

The *Menæxenus* is a funeral oration in praise of those brave Athenians, who had fallen in battle by generously asserting the cause of their country. Like the *Georgics*, and every other just composition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a solemn account of the deceased having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour not only by deeds but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a speech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their posterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceased were brave and gallant men, we are shewn by what means they came to possess their character, and what noble exploits they perform in consequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains first their origin; next their education and form of government; and last of all, the consequence of such an origin and education; their heroic achievements from the earliest days to the time then present.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the conclusion, which is perhaps the most sublime piece of oratory, both for the plan and execution, which is extant, of any age, or in any language.

By an awful *prolepsea*, the deceased are called up to address the living; and fathers slain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children slain in battle, to console their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly consolation, with every generous incentive to a contempt of death, and a love of their country, that the powers of nature or of art could suggest.

'Tis here this oration concludes, being (as we have shewn) a perfect whole, executed with all the strength of a sublime language, under the management of a great and a sublime genius.

If these speculations appear too dry, they may be rendered more pleasing, if the reader would peruse the two pieces criticized. His labour, he might be assured, would not be lost, as he would peruse two of the finest pieces which the two finest ages of antiquity produced. *Ibid.*

* See before, § 179.

§ 194. *The Theory of Whole and Parts concerns small Works as well as great.*

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without observing that it regards alike both small works and great; and that it descends even to an essay, to a sonnet, to an ode. These minuter efforts of genius, unless they possess (if I may be pardoned the expression) a certain character of Totality, lose a capital pleasure derived from their union; from a union which, collected in a few pertinent ideas, combines them all happily under one amicable form. Without this union, the production is no better than a sort of vague effusion, where sentences follow sentences, and stanzas follow stanzas, with no apparent reason why they should be two rather than twenty, or twenty rather than two.

If we want another argument for this minuter Totality, we may refer to nature, which art is said to imitate. Not only this universe is one stupendous whole, but such also is a tree, a shrub, a flower; such those beings which, without the aid of glasses, even escape our perception. And so much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and essential character to every legitimate composition.

Harris.

§ 195. *On Accuracy.*

There is another character left, which, though foreign to the present purpose, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as possible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or small. In greater works (such as histories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuses incidental defects; and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to slumber. It is otherwise in smaller works, for the very reason that they are smaller. Such, through every part, both in sentiment and diction, should be perspicuous, pure, simple, and precise.

Ibid.

§ 196. *On Diction.*

As every sentiment must be express'd by words; the theory of sentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connection between them is so intimate, that the same sentiment, where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the

same person, dress'd like a peasant, or dress'd like a gentleman. And hence we see how much diction merits a serious attention.

But this perhaps will be better understood by an example. Take then the following—"Don't let a lucky hit slip; if you do, be-like you mayn't any more get at it." The sentiment (we must confess) is express'd clearly, but the diction surely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way—"Opportune moments are few and fleeting; seize them with avidity, or your progression will be impeded." Here the diction, though not low, is rather obscure. The words are unusual, pedantic, and affected.—But what says Shakespeare?—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows—

Here the diction is elegant, without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are so far estranged by this metaphorical use, that they acquire, through the change, a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear.

Ibid.

§ 197. *On the Metaphor.*

Knowing the stress laid by the ancient critics on the Metaphor, and viewing its admirable effects in the decorating of Diction, we think it may merit a farther regard.

There is not perhaps any figure of speech so pleasing as the Metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His sagacity discerns not only common analogies, but those others more remote, which escape the vulgar, and which, though they seldom invent, they seldom fail to recognize, when they hear them from persons more ingenious than themselves.

It has been ingeniously observed, that the Metaphor took its rise from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occasion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourse to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was just (and this often happened) there was something peculiarly pleasing in what was both new, and yet familiar; so that the Metaphor was then cultivated, not out of necessity, but for ornament.

nement. It is thus that cloaths were first assumed to defend us against the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for distinction and decoration.

It must be observed, there is a force in the united words, *new* and *familiar*. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than common-place. It is in the union of the two, that the obscure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a just Metaphor.

But after we have so praised the Metaphor, it is fit at length we should explain what it is; and this we shall attempt, as well by a description, as by examples.

“A Metaphor is the transferring of a word from its usual meaning to an analogous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to such transfer.” For example, the usual meaning of evening is the conclusion of the day. But age too is a conclusion; the conclusion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all conclusions, we arrange in order the two we have alledged, and say, that, as evening is to the day, so is age to human life. Hence, by an easy permutation, (which furnishes at once two metaphors) we say alternately, that evening is the age of the day; and that age is the evening of life.

There are other metaphors equally pleasing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be mistaken. It is thus that old men have been called flubbe; and the stage, or theatre, the mirror of human life.

In language of this sort there is a double satisfaction: it is strikingly clear; and yet raised, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praise too of such metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The similitude and the thing illustrated are commonly dispatched in a single word, and comprehended by an immediate and instantaneous intuition.

Thus a person of wit, being dangerously ill, was told by his friends, two more physicians were called in. So many! says he—do they fire then in platoons?—

Harris.

§ 198. *What Metaphors the best.*

These instances may assist us to discover what metaphors may be called the best.

They ought not, in an elegant and polite style (the style of which we are speaking) to be derived from meanings too sublime;

for then the diction would be turgid and bombast. Such was the language of that poet who, describing the footman's flambeaux at the end of an opera, sung or said,

Now blaz'd a thousand flaming fans, and bade Grim night retire——

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he was become a perfect centaur. His honest friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horse.

Another extreme remains, the reverse of the too sublime, and that is, the transferring from subjects too contemptible. Such was the case of that poet quoted by Horace, who to describe winter, wrote——

Jupiter hybernas causâ nive conspuit Alpes.

(Hor. L. II. Sat. 5.)

O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary snow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the same subject, supposed winter——

To periwig with snow the baldpate woods.

With the same class of wits we may arrange that pleasant fellow, who, speaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one short sentence no less than three choice metaphors. I perceive (said he) her back is up;—I must curry favour—or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the same word, when transferred to the same subjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the words *to embrace*, from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears just, when we say, to embrace a proposition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application perhaps was not quite so elegant, when the old steward wrote to his lord, upon the subject of his farm, that, “if he met any oxen, he would not fail to embrace them.”

If then we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the base or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but such as may be described by negatives; such as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor base and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alledged; among others that of Shakespeare's, where tides are transferred to speedy and determined conduct.

Nor does his Wolfey with less propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature:

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And——nips his root——

In such metaphors (besides their intrinsic elegance) we may say the reader is flattered; I mean flattered by being left to discover something for himself.

There is one observation, which will at the same time shew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men.

There are metaphors so obvious, and of course so naturalized, that, ceasing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we say, a sharp fellow; a great orator; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river; to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

These we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wish to be something more, that is, to be formed under the respectable conditions here established.

We observe too, that a singular use may be made of metaphors either to exalt or to depreciate, according to the sources from which we derive them. In ancient story, Orestes was by some called the murderer of his mother; by others, the avenger of his father. The reasons will appear, by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain mules, that had won a race. The sum being pitiful, he said, with disdain, he should not write upon demi-asses—A more competent sum was offered, he then began,

Hail! Daughters of the generous horse,
That skim, like wind, along the course.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars, petitioners; and pick-pockets, collectors: other times, when, in order to depreciate, we may call petitioners, beggars; and collectors, pick-pockets.—But enough of this.

We say no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every species, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from subjects which are contrary.

Such was the case of that orator, who once asserted in his orations, that—“If cold water were thrown upon a certain mea-

“sure, it would kindle a flame, that would “obscure the lustre,” &c. &c. *Harris.*

§ 199. On Enigmas and Puns.

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns, It shall indeed be short, because, though they resemble the metaphor, it is as brass and copper resemble gold.

A pun seldom regards meaning, being chiefly confined to sound.

Horace gives a sad sample of this spurious wit, where (as Dryden humorously translates it) he makes Persius the buffoon exhort the patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Rupilius Rex, because Brutus, when he slew Cæsar, had been accustomed to king-killing:

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede
tuorum est. *Horat. Sat. Lib. I. VII.*

We have a worse attempt in Homer; where Ulysses makes Polypheme believe his name was ΟΥΤΙΣ, and where the dull Cyclops, after he had lost his eye, upon being asked by his brethren, who had done him so much mischief, replies it was done by ΟΥΤΙΣ, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or sometimes in both:

*Ανδρείδων σπιγὶ χαλκὸν ἐπ’ αἰέρι κολλήσαντα.

I saw a man, who, unprovok'd with ire,
Struck brass upon another's back by fire.

This enigma is ingenious, and means the operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of brass.

In such fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor and good writing, a perplexity is caused, not by accident but by design, and the pleasure lies in the being able to resolve it. *Ibid.*

§ 200. Rules defended.

Having mentioned Rules; and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion, which seems to have arisen either from prejudice or mistake.

“Do not rules,” say they, “cramp genius? Do they not abridge it of certain privileges?”

'Tis answered, If the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this; to defend them would be absurd, and against the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, supposing them good, like good government, take away no privileges.

They

They do no more, than save genius from error, by shewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

'Tis surely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of syntax; in poetry, those of metre; in music, those of harmony; in logic, those of syllogism; in painting, those of perspective; in dramatic poetry, those of probable imitation.

Harris.

§ 201. *The flattering Doctrine that Genius will suffice, fallacious.*

It must be confessed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to trust his own genius, and to contemn all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for geniuses, like Milton's Harps, (Par. Lost, Book III. v. 365, 366.) are supposed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is something rare; nor can he who possesses it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Those, on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may still make tolerable critics; may be able to shew the difference between the creeping and the simple; the pert and the pleasing; the turgid and the sublime; in short, to sharpen, like the whetstone, that genius in others, which nature in her frugality has not given to themselves.

Ibid.

§ 202. *No Genius ever acted without Rules.*

Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever cramped by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses, miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength.

And yet 'tis somewhat singular in literary compositions, and perhaps more so in poetry than elsewhere, that many things have been done in the best and purest taste, long before rules were established and systematized in form. This we are certain was true with respect to Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greeks. In modern times it appears as true of our admired Shakespeare; for who can believe

that Shakespeare studied rules, or was ever versed in critical systems? *Ibid.*

§ 203. *There never was a time when Rules did not exist.*

A specious objection then occurs. "If these great writers were so excellent before rules were established, or at least were known to them, what had they to direct their genius, when rules (to them at least) did not exist?"

To this question 'tis hoped the answer will not be deemed too hardy, should we assert, that there never was a time when rules did not exist; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that if, at that early Greek period, systems of rules were not established, those great and sublime authors were a rule to themselves. They may be said indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The case is nearly the same with respect to our Shakespeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the rules of sound and ancient criticism.

That this is true with respect to his characters and his sentiment, is evident hence, that in explaining these rules, we have so often recurred to him for illustrations.

Besides quotations already alledged, we subjoin the following as to character.

When Falstaff and his suite are so ignominiously routed, and the scuffle is by Falstaff so humorously exaggerated; what can be more natural than such a narrative to such a character, distinguished for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The sagacity of common poets might not perhaps have suggested so good a narrative, but it certainly would have suggested something of the kind, and 'tis in this we view the essence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or say, from what he has done or said already.

If we pass from characters (that is to say manners) to sentiment, we have already given instances, and yet we shall still give another.

When Rosincrosse and Guildenstern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe,

pipe, and desires them to play—they reply, they cannot—He repeats his request—they answer, they have never learnt—He assures them nothing was so easy—they still decline.—’Tis then he tells them, with disdain, “There is much music in this little organ; and yet you cannot make it speak—Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?” Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant sample of sentiment, taken under its comprehensive sense. But we stop not here—We consider it as a complete instance of Socratic reasoning, though ’tis probable the author knew nothing how Socrates used to argue.

To explain—Xenophon makes Socrates reason as follows with an ambitious youth, by name Euthydemus.

“’Tis strange (says he) that those who desire to play upon the harp, or upon the flute, or to ride the managed horse, should not think themselves worth notice, without having practised under the best masters—while there are those who aspire to the governing of a state, and can think themselves completely qualified, though it be without preparation or labour.” Xenoph. Mem. IV. c. 2. §. 6.

Aristotle’s Illustration is similar, in his reasoning against men chosen by lot for magistrates. “’Tis (says he) as if wrestlers were to be appointed by lot, and not those that are able to wrestle; or, as if from among sailors we were to chuse a pilot by lot, and that the man so elected was to navigate, and not the man who knew the business.” Rhetor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit. Sylb.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this mode of reasoning. The premises are obvious and undeniable; the conclusion cogent and yet unexpected. It is a species of that argumentation, called in dialectic *Ἐπαγωγή*, or induction.

Aristotle in his Rhetoric (as above quoted) calls such reasonings *τὰ Σωκρατικά*, the Socratic; in the beginning of his Poetics, he calls them the *Σωκρατικοὶ λόγοι*, the Socratic discourses; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, calls them the Socraticæ chartæ. Harris.

§ 204. *The Connection between Rules and Genius.*

If truth be always the same, no wonder geniuses should coincide, and that too in philosophy, as well as in criticism.

We venture to add, returning to rules, that if there be any things in Shakespeare objectionable (and who is hardy enough to deny it?) the very objections, as well as the beauties, are to be tried by the same rules; as the same plummet alike shews both what is out of the perpendicular, and in it; the same rules alike prove both what is crooked and what is straight.

We cannot admit that geniuses, though prior to systems, were prior also to rules, because rules from the beginning existed in their own minds, and were a part of that immutable truth, which is eternal and every where. Aristotle, we know, did not form Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; ’twas Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that formed Aristotle.

And this surely should teach us to pay attention to rules, in as much as they and genius are so reciprocally connected, that ’tis genius which discovers rules; and then rules which govern genius.

’Tis by this amicable concurrence, and by this alone, that every work of art justly merits admiration, and is rendered as highly perfect as, by human power, it can be made. *Ibid.*

§ 205. *We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.*

’Tis not however improbable, that some intrepid spirit may demand again, What avail these subtleties?—Without so much trouble, I can be full enough pleased—I know what I like.—We answer, And so does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a carcase. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. Till these ends are obtained, we may admire Durfey before Milton; a smoking boor of Hemskirk, before an apostle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing how to like, and then what is worth liking; the first of these, being the object of critical disquisition, has been attempted to be shewn through the course of these inquiries.

As to the second, what is worth our liking, this is best known by studying the best authors, beginning from the Greeks; then passing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding those who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we pursue some author of high rank, we perceive we don’t instantly relish him, let us not be disheartened—let us even feign a relish, till we find

find a relish come. A morsel perhaps pleases us—let us cherish it—Another morsel strikes us—let us cherish this also.—Let us thus proceed, and steadily persevere, till we find we can relish, not morsels, but wholes; and feel, that what began in fiction terminates in reality. The film being in this manner removed, we shall discover beauties which we never imagined; and condemn for puerilities, what we once foolishly admired.

One thing however in this process is indispensably required: we are on no account to expect that fine things should descend to us; our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleasure in the success, and praise even in the attempt.

This speculation applies not to literature only: it applies to music, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We should in each of them endeavour to investigate what is best, and there (if I may so express myself) fix our abode.

By only seeking and perusing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind insensibly becomes accustomed to it, and finds that in this alone it can acquiesce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a subject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct: if we chase the best life, use will make it pleasant.

Harris.

§ 206. *Character of the ENGLISH, the ORIENTAL, the LATIN, and the GREEK Languages.*

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multifarious language may sufficiently shew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in music and painting, that these came from Italy; our phrases in cookery and war, that we learnt these from the French; and our phrases in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. These many and very different sources of our language may be the cause why it is so deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compensate the defect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiousness, in which last respect few languages will be found superior to our own.

Let us pass from ourselves to the nations of the East. The Eastern world, from the earliest days, has been at all

times the seat of enormous monarchy*: on its natives fair liberty never shed its genial influence. If at any time civil discords arose among them, (and arise there did innumerable) the contest was never about the form of their government (for this was an object of which the combatants had no conception;) it was all from the poor motive of, who should be their master; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Mustapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the consequence?—Their ideas became consonant to their servile state, and their words became consonant to their servile ideas. The great distinction for ever in their sight, was that of tyrant and slave; the most unnatural one conceivable, and the most susceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themselves as the meanest and most abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every sentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they sometimes ascended into the great and magnificent, they as frequently degenerated into the tumid and bombast. The Greeks too of Asia became infected by their neighbours, who were often, at times, not only their neighbours, but their masters; and hence that luxuriance of the Asiatic style, unknown to the chaste eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to speak now, as we shall speak of them more fully, when we have first considered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what sort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, some foreign, some domestic, which for seven hundred years wholly engrossed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expressive of things political, and well adapted to the purposes both of history and popular eloquence.—But what was their philosophy?—As a nation it was none, if we may credit their ablest writers. And hence

* For the Barbarians, by being more slavish in their manners than the Greeks, and those of Asia than those of Europe, submit to despotic government without murmuring or discontent. Arist. Polit. III. 4.

† The tract sublime of the East may be found in the scriptures, of which perhaps the principal cause is the intrinsic greatness of the subject there treated; the creation of the universe, the dispensations of divine Providence, &c.

the unfitness of their language to this subject; a defect which even Cicero is compelled to confess, and more fully makes appear, when he writes philosophy himself, from the number of terms which he is obliged to invent*. Virgil seems to have judged the most truly of his countrymen, when, admitting their inferiority in the

* See Cic. de Fin. I. C. 1, 2, 3. III. C. 1, 2, 4, &c. but in particular Tusc. Disp. I. 3, where he says, "Philosophia jacuit usque ad hanc ætatem, nec ullum habuit lumen literarum Latinarum: quæ illustranda & excitanda nobis est; ut sit," &c. See also Tusc. Disp. IV. 3, and Acad. I. 2, where it appears, that until Cicero applied himself to the writing of philosophy, the Romans had nothing of the kind in their language, except some mean performances of Amasianus the Epicurean, and others of the same sect. How far the Romans were indebted to Cicero for philosophy, and with what industry, as well as eloquence, he cultivated the subject, may be seen not only from the titles of those works that are now lost, but much more from the many noble ones still fortunately preserved.

The Epicurean poet Lucretius, who flourished nearly at the same time, seems by his silence to have overlooked the Latin writers of his own sect; deriving all his philosophy, as well as Cicero, from Grecian sources; and, like him, acknowledging the difficulty of writing philosophy in Latin, both from the poverty of the tongue, and from the novelty of the subject.

Nec me animi fallit, Graiorum obscura reperta
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse.
(Multa novis rebus præsertim quam sit agendum.)

Propter egestatem linguæ et rerum novitatem:
Sed tua me virtus tamen, et sperata voluptas
Suavis amicitia quævis perferre laborem
Suaudet ——— Lucr. l. 237.

In the same age, Varro, among his numerous works, wrote some in the way of philosophy; as did the patriot Brutus a treatise concerning virtue, much applauded by Cicero; but these works are now lost.

Soon after the writers above mentioned came Horace, some of whose satires and epistles may be justly ranked among the most valuable pieces of Latin philosophy, whether we consider the purity of their style, or the great address with which they treat the subject.

After Horace, though with as long an interval as from the days of Augustus to those of Nero, came the satirist Persius, the friend and disciple of the stoic Cornutus; to whose precepts, as he did honour by his virtuous life, so his works, though small, shew an early proficiency in the science of morals. Of him it may be said, that he is almost the single difficult writer among the Latin classics, whose meaning has sufficient merit to make it worth while to labour through his obscurities.

In the same degenerate and tyrannic period lived also Seneca; whose character, both as a man and a writer, is discussed with great accuracy by the noble author of the Characteristics, to whom we refer.

more elegant arts, he concludes at last with his usual majesty:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæc tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem,
Pareere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

From considering the Romans, let us pass to the Greeks. The Grecian commonwealths, while they maintained their

Under a milder dominion, that of Hadrian and the Antonines, lived Aulus Gellius, or (as some call him) Agellius, an entertaining writer in the miscellaneous way, well skilled in criticism and antiquity; who, though he can hardly be entitled to the name of a philosopher, yet deserves not to pass unmentioned here, from the curious fragments of philosophy interspersed in his works.

With Aulus Gellius we range Macrobius, not because a contemporary (for he is supposed to have lived under Honorius and Theodosius) but from his near resemblance, in the character of a writer. His works, like the other's, are miscellaneous; filled with mythology and ancient literature, some philosophy being intermixed. His Commentary upon the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero may be considered as wholly of the philosophical kind.

In the same age with Aulus Gellius, flourished Apuleius of Madura in Africa, a Platonic writer, whose matter in general far exceeds his perplexed and affected style, too conformable to the false rhetoric of the age when he lived.

Of the same country, but of a later age, and a harsher style, was Martianus Capella, if indeed he deserve not the name rather of a philologist, than of a philosopher.

After Capella we may rank Chalcidius the Platonic, though both his age, and country, and religion, are doubtful. His manner of writing is rather more agreeable than that of the two preceding, nor does he appear to be their inferior in the knowledge of philosophy, his work being a readable commentary upon the Timæus of Plato.

The last Latin philosopher was Boëthius, who was descended from some of the noblest of the Roman families, and was consul in the beginning of the sixth century. He wrote many philosophical works, the greater part in the logical way. But his etic piece, "On the Consolation of Philosophy," and which is partly prose and partly verse, deserves great encomiums both for the matter and for the style; in which last he approaches the purity of a far better age than his own, and is in all respects preferable to those crabb'd Africans already mentioned. By command of Theoderic, king of the Goths, it was the hard fate of this worthy man to suffer death; with whom the Latin tongue, and the last remains of Roman dignity, may be said to have sunk in the western world.

There were other Romans, who left philosophical writings; such as Mufonius Rufus, and the two emperors, Marcus Antoninus and Julian; but as these preferred the use of the Greek tongue to their own, they can hardly be considered among the number of Latin writers.

And so much (by way of sketch) for the Latin authors of philosophy; a small number for so vast an empire, if we consider them as all the product of near six successive centuries.

liberty,

liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest, of men. In the short space of little more than a century they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and (last of all) philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period, as a providential event in honour of human nature, to shew to what perfection the species might ascend*.

Now the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves; it was conformable to their transcendent and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those exquisite in every kind, as the ideas for which they stood. And hence it followed, there was not a subject to be found which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the

* If we except Homer, Hesiod, and the Lyric poets, we hear of few Grecian writers before the expedition of Xerxes. After that monarch had been defeated, and the dread of the Persian power was at an end, the effulgence of Grecian genius (if I may use the expression) broke forth, and shone till the time of Alexander the Macedonian, after whom it disappeared, and never rose again. This is that golden period spoken of above. I do not mean that Greece had not many writers of great merit subsequent to that period, and especially of the philosophic kind; but the great, the striking, the sublime (call it as you please) attained at that time to a height, to which it never could ascend in any after age.

The same kind of fortune befel the people of Rome. When the Punic wars were ended, and Carthage, their dreaded rival, was no more, then, as Horace informs us, they began to cultivate the politer arts. It was soon after this their great orators, and historians, and poets arose, and Rome, like Greece, had her golden period, which lasted to the death of Octavius Cæsar.

I call these two periods, from the two greatest geniuses that flourished in each, one the Socratic period, the other the Ciceronian.

There are still farther analogies subsisting between them. Neither period commenced, as long as solicitude for the common welfare engaged men's attentions, and such wars impended as threatened their destruction by foreigners and barbarians. But when once these fears were over, a general security soon ensued, and instead of attending to the arts of defence and self-preservation, they began to cultivate those of elegance and pleasure. Now, as these naturally produced a kind of wanton insolence, not unlike the vicious temper of high-fed animals; so by this the bands of union were insensibly dissolved. Hence then, among the Greeks, that fatal Peloponnesian war, which, together with other wars, its immediate consequence, broke the confede-

humour of an Aristophanes; for the native elegance of a Philemon or Menander; for the amorous strains of a Mimnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the sublime conceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The same in prose. Here Isocrates was enabled to display his art, in all the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoise of diction. Here Demosthenes found materials for that nervous composition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which rushed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withstood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philosophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his disciple Aristotle? Different, I say, in their character of composition; for, as to their philosophy itself, it was in reality the same. Aristotle, strict, methodic, and orderly; subtle in thought; sparing in ornament; with little address to the passions or imagination; but exhibiting the

racy of their commonwealths; wasted their strength; made them jealous of each other; and thus paved a way for the contemptible kingdom of Macedon to enslave them all, and ascend in a few years to universal monarchy.

A like luxuriance of prosperity sowed discord among the Romans; raised those unhappy contests between the senate and the Gracchi; between Sylla and Marius; between Pompey and Cæsar; till at length, after the last struggle for liberty by those brave patriots, Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and the subsequent defeat of Antony at Actium, the Romans became subject to the dominion of a fellow citizen.

It must indeed be confessed, that after Alexander and Octavius had established their monarchies, there were many bright geniuses, who were eminent under their government. Aristotle maintained a friendship and epistolary correspondence with Alexander. In the time of the same monarch lived Theophrastus, and the cynic Diogenes. Then also Demosthenes and Æschines spoke their two celebrated orations. So likewise, in the time of Octavius, Virgil wrote his *Æneid*, and with Horace, Varius, and many other fine writers, partook of his protection and royal munificence. But then it must be remembered, that these men were bred and educated in the principles of a free government. It was hence they derived that high and manly spirit which made them the admiration of after-ages. The successors and forms of government left by Alexander and Octavius, soon stopt the growth of any thing farther in the kind. So true is that noble saying of Longinus—*Θερίμα τε γὰρ ἑκάθ' τὰ φρονήματα τῶν μεγαλοφρόνων ἢ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ, ἢ ἰσοπείσις ἢ ἄμα διωθεῖν τὸ πρῶτον τῆς αὐτοῦ ἀλλήλους ἕβδος, ἢ τῆς αὐτοῦ σωτηρίας φιλοτιμίας.* "It is liberty that is formed to nurse the sentiments of great geniuses; to inspire them with hope; to push forward the propensity of contest one with another, and the generous emulation of being the first in rank." De subl. Sect. 44.

whole with such a pregnant brevity, that in every sentence we seem to read a page. How exquisitely is this all performed in Greek! Let those, who imagine it may be done as well in another language, satisfy themselves, either by attempting to translate him, or by perusing his translations already made by men of learning. On the contrary, when we read either Xenophon or Plato, nothing of this method and strict order appears. The formal and didactic is wholly dropt. Whatever they may teach, it is without professing to be teachers; a train of dialogue and truly polite address, in which, as in a mirror, we behold human life adorned in all its colours of sentiment and manners.

And yet, though these differ in this manner from the Stagyrite, how different are they likewise in character from each other!—Plato, copious, figurative, and majestic; intermixing at times the facetious and satiric; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the mystic theology of ancient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect simplicity; every where smooth, harmonious, and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the mystic; ascending but rarely into the sublime; nor then so much trusting to the colours of style, as to the intrinsic dignity of the sentiment itself.

The language, in the mean time in which he and Plato wrote, appears to suit so accurately with the style of both, that when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has hit its character, and that it could not have appeared so elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and universality, made for all that is great and all that is beautiful, in every subject and under every form of writing:

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.

It were to be wished, that those amongst us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leisure (for as to such as do either from views more sordid, we leave them, like slaves, to their destined drudgery) it were to be wished, I say, that the liberal (if they have a relish for letters) would inspect the finished models of Grecian literature; that they would not waste time hours, which they cannot recal, upon the meaner productions of the French

and English press; upon that fungous growth of novels and of pamphlets, where it is to be feared, they rarely find any rational pleasure, and more rarely still any solid improvement.

To be competently skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to those who tell us, with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is men, and not books, we must study to become knowing; this I have always remarked, from repeated experience, to be the common consolation and language of dunces. They shelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whose transcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been sufficient of themselves to great and important ends. But alas!

Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile—

In truth, each man's understanding, when ripened and mature, is a composite of natural capacity, and of superinduced habit. Hence the greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits. Hence also moderate capacities, when adorned with valuable science, will far transcend others the most acute by nature, when either neglected, or applied to low and base purposes. And thus, for the honour of culture and good learning, they are able to render a man, if he will take the pains, intrinsically more excellent than his natural superiors. *Harris.*

§ 207. *History of the Limits and Extent of the Middle Age.*

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Constantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, distinguished by the different names of the Western, and the Eastern.

The Western empire soon sunk. So early as in the sixth century, Rome, once the mistress of nations, beheld herself at the feet of a Gothic sovereign. The Eastern empire lasted many centuries longer

longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet still it retained traces of its ancient splendor, resembling, in the language of Virgil, some fair but faded flower:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma
recessit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various escapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of these two empires (the Western or Latin in the fifth century, the Eastern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a space of near a thousand years, constitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion passed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military skill; and who, having little or no taste either for sciences or arts, naturally despised those things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monckery and Legends; of Leonine verses, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhyme;) of projects, to decide truth by ploughshares and battoons; of crusades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes deposed, not as Cræsus was by Cyrus, but one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a sword.

Different portions of this age have been distinguished by different descriptions: such as *Sæculum Monotheliticum*, *Sæculum Eiconoclasticum*, *Sæculum Obscurum*, *Sæculum Ferreum*, *Sæculum Hildibrandinum*, &c.; strange names it must be confessed, some more obvious, others less so, yet none tending to furnish us with any high or promising ideas.

And yet we must acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forsakes it, that some sparks of intellect were at all times visible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we must look for the taste and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and sciences were thus obscured, may be said to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may use the expression) like the twilight of a summer's night; that auspicious gleam between the setting and the rising sun, which, though it cannot retain the lustre

of the day, helps at least to save us from the totality of darkness. Harris.

§ 208. *An Account of the Destruction of the Alexandrian Library.*

“When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Amrus was a lover of letters, and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day Philoponus said to him: ‘You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing; but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me.’ Amrus said to him: ‘And what is it you want?’ ‘The philosophical books (replied he) preserved in the royal libraries.’ ‘This (said Amrus) is a request upon which I cannot decide. You desire a thing where I can issue no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.’—Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said; and an answer was returned by Omar, to the following purport: ‘As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the book of God (meaning the Alcoran) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. Order them therefore to be all destroyed.’ Amrus, upon this ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six months, they were all consumed.”

The historian, having related the story, adds from his own feelings, “Hear what was done, and wonder!”

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Ibid.*

§ 209. *A short historical Account of ATHENS, from the Time of her PERSIAN Triumphs to that of her becoming subject to the TURKS.—Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State; of her Philosophers; of her Gymnasia; of her good and bad Per-*

tune, &c. &c.—Manners of the present Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.

When the Athenians had delivered themselves from the tyranny of Pisistratus, and after this had defeated the vast efforts of the Persians, and that against two successive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be considered as at the summit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without controul, the sovereignty of Greece*.

As their taste was naturally good, arts of every kind soon rose among them, and flourished. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an ascendant; and that ascendant produced a security, which left their minds at ease, and gave them leisure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed as his architect; who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himself, and added statues and basso-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not along after, that they saw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and states, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealousy and ambition insensibly fomented wars: and success in these wars, as in others, was often various. The military strength of the Athenians was first impaired by the Lacedæmonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, last of all, it was wholly crushed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political sovereignty was lost, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not sink along with it.

Just at the close of their golden days of empire, flourished Xenophon and Plato, the disciples of Socrates; and from Plato descended that race of philosophers called the Old Academy.

Aristotle, who was Plato's disciple, may be said not to have invented a new philosophy, but rather to have tempered the sublime and rapturous mysteries of his mas-

ter with method, order, and a stricter mode of reasoning.

Zeno, who was himself also educated in the principles of Platonism, only differed from Plato in the comparative estimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinsically good but virtue, nothing intrinsically bad but vice, and considering all other things to be in themselves indifferent.

He too, and Aristotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Aristotle chiefly dwelt upon the simple syllogism; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philosophers, cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requisite for those who think of addressing mankind with all the efficacy of persuasion. Zeno elegantly illustrated the force of these two powers by a simile, taken from the hand: the close power of logic he compared to the fist, or hand compressed; the diffuse power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I shall mention but two sects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, so called from the Old Academy (the name given to the school of Plato) was founded by Arcefilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a mistaken imitation of the great parent of philosophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) because Socrates doubted some things, therefore Arcefilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another source; Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concurrence of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, lest the trouble of it should impair their uninterrupted state of bliss. Virtue he recommended, though not for the sake of virtue, but pleasure; pleasure, according to him, being our chief and sovereign good. It must be confessed, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate esteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philosophy and rhetorick. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetoric be the art by which men are persuaded, and if men cannot be persuaded without a knowledge of human nature; for what,

* For these historical facts consult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian history.

but philosophy, can procure us this knowledge?

It was for this reason the ablest Greek philosophers not only taught (as we hinted before) but wrote also treatises upon rhetoric. They had a farther inducement, and that was the intrinsic beauty of their language, as it was then spoken among the learned and polite. They would have been ashamed to have delivered philosophy, as it has been too often delivered since, in compositions as clumsy as the common dialect of the mere vulgar.

The same love of elegance, which made them attend to their style, made them attend even to the places where their philosophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place shaded with groves, on the banks of the river Ilissus; and which, as it once belonged to a person called Academicus, was called after his name, the Academy. Aristotle chose another spot of a similar character, where there were trees and shade; a spot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught in a portico or colonnade, distinguished from other buildings of that sort (of which the Athenians had many) by the name of the Variegated Portico, the walls being decorated with various paintings of Polygnotus and Myro, two capital masters of that transcendent period. Epicurus addressed his hearers in those well-known gardens called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of these places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Plato's philosophy took its name of Academic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was called the Stoic, from a Greek word signifying a portico.

The system indeed of Aristotle was not denominated from the place, but was called Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the time when he disserted. The term Epicurean philosophy needs no explanation.

Open air, shade, water, and pleasant walks, seem above all things to favour that exercise the best suited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fatigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own countrymen the truth of this assertion, and best explain how Horace lived, while the student at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

—inter silvas Academi querere verum.

These places of public institution were

called among the Greeks by the name of *Gymnasia*, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all those exercises, and all those arts, which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being consisting of both, the Greeks could not consider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their *Gymnasia*, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two statues, those of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accomplishments being patronized (as they supposed) by the God of strength, the mental accomplishments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, scarce deserve the name upon this extensive plan, if the professors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horses.

It was for the cultivation of every liberal accomplishment that Athens was celebrated (as we have said) during many centuries, long after her political influence was lost, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately sprung up. Athens then, though she still maintained the form of her ancient government, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their insolence. Antipater destroyed her orators, and she was sacked by Demetrius. At length she became subject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her severest enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners) was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumstance could not escape the witty Athenians: they described him in a verse, and ridiculously said;

Sylla's face is a mulberry, sprinkled with meal.

The devastations and carnage which he caused soon after, gave them too much reason to repent their sarcasm.

The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey soon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them side with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæsar conquered. But Cæsar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made so amiable a part of his character, he dismissed them, by a fine allusion to their illustrious ancestors, saying, 'that he spared the living for the sake of the dead.'

Another storm followed soon after this, the wars of Brutus and Cassius with Augustus and Antony. Their partiality for li-

berthy did not here forsake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attach-

ment to this city and country, had attained such a perfection in its arts and language, that he acquired to himself the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be said to have lived during times of the worst and cruellest factions. His youth was spent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the sanguinary scenes that followed; and when he was old, he saw the proscriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone: his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every side, that he was able to save not himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for ostentation.

Another person, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus) was equally celebrated for his affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that vicissitudes befall both men and cities, and changes too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and so on from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour into the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we learn so from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess, it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege.

Harris.

§ 210. *The Account given by SYNESIUS of ATHENS, and its subsequent History.*

Synesius, who lived in the fifth century, visited Athens, and gives, in his epistles, an account of his visit. Its lustre appears at that time to have been greatly diminished.

Among

Among other things he informs us, that the celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the sect of Stoics, had, by an oppressive proconsul, been despoiled of its fine pictures; and that, on this devastation, it had been forsaken by those philosophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppressed by the crusaders, and all things in confusion, Athens was besieged by one Segurus Leo, who was unable to take it; and, after that, by a Marquis of Montferrat, to whom it surrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it was sometimes under the Venetians, sometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet the Great made himself master of Constantinople. This fatal catastrophe (which happened near two thousand years after the time of Pisistratus) brought Athens, and with it all Greece, into the hands of the Turks, under whose despotic yoke it has continued ever since.

The city from this time has been occasionally visited, and descriptions of it published by different travellers. Wheeler was there along with Spon, in the time of our Charles the Second, and both of them have published curious and valuable narratives. Others, as well natives of this island as foreigners, have been there since, and some have given (as Monsr. Le Roy) specious publications of what we are to suppose they saw. None however have equalled the truth, the accuracy, and the elegance of Mr. Stuart, who, after having resided there between three and four years, has given such plans and elevations of the capital buildings now standing, together with learned comments to elucidate every part, that he seems, as far as was possible for the power of description, to have restored the city to its ancient splendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines and their measures, but separate measures and drawings of the minuter decorations; so that a British artist may (if he please) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, speaking of Attica, says, 'that the road near Athens was pleasing, and the very peasants polished.' Speaking of the Athenians in general, he says of them — "ils ont une politesse d'esprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'adresse dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprenent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller, says as follows, when he and his

company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourselves in a more civilized country than we had yet past: for not a shepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wished us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This must with great truth be said of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much subtlety or wit." p. 347. And again. "The Athenians, notwithstanding the long possession that barbarism hath had of this place, seem to be much more polished, in point of manners and conversation, than any other in these parts; being civil, and of respectful behaviour to all, and highly complimentary in their discourse." p. 356.

Stuart says of the present Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler said of their forefathers;—"he found in them the same address, the same natural acuteness, though severely curbed by their despotic masters."

One custom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a species of guitar, and after a short prelude on the instrument, as if he were waiting for inspiration, accompanies his instrumental music with his voice, suddenly chanting some extempore verses, which seldom exceed two or three distichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the same, delivers it to another; and that so the lyre circulates, till it has past round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithstanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica was still famous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent.

Harris.

§ 211. *Anecdote of the Modern GREEKS.*

I shall quit the Greeks, after I have related a short narrative; a narrative, so far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the present Greeks, in the day of servitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anson (Lord Anson's brother) was upon his travels in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the isle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were sailing along, said with some satisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anson demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the question)

question) "why our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy?"

Harris.

described, 'twas natural they should paint the life and the manners which they saw.

Ibid.

§ 212. *On the different Modes of History.*

The modes indeed of history appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call historical declamation; a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps both of chronology and geography.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the sameness of the events resembles not a little the sameness of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well preserved, will please the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic composition, is no less true in historical.

Plutarch, among the Greek historians, appears in a peculiar manner to have incited this praise.

Nor ought I to omit (as I shall soon refer to them) some of our best Monkish historians, though prone upon occasion to degenerate into the incredible. As they often lived during the times which they

§ 213. *Concerning Natural Beauty; its Idea the same in all Times.*—THESSALIAN TEMPLE.—Taste of VIRGIL, and HORACE—of MILTON, in describing Paradise—exhibited of late Years first in Pictures—thence transferred to ENGLISH Gardens—not wanting to the enlightened Flaw of the middle Age—proved in LELAND, PETRARCH, and SANNAZARIUS.—Comparison between the Younger CYRUS, and PHILIP LE BEL of FRANCE.

Let us pass for a moment from the elegant works of Art, to the more elegant works of Nature. The two subjects are so nearly allied, that the same taste usually relishes them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar, indeed, look no farther than to scenes of culture, because all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; as an ox or an ass, if they could speak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views; and though they give to culture its due praise, they can be delighted with natural beauties, where culture was never known.

Ages ago they have celebrated with enthusiastic rapture, "a deep retired vale, " with a river rushing through it; a vale " having its sides formed by two immense " and opposite mountains, and those sides " diversified by woods, precipices, rocks, " and romantic caverns." Such was the scene produced by the river Peneu, as it ran between the mountains Olympus and Ossa, in that well-known vale the Thesalian Tempe.

Virgil and Horace, the first for taste among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with the beauties of this character. Horace prayed for a villa, where there was a garden, a rivulet, and above these a little grove:

Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulùm sylvæ super his foret.

Sat. VI. 2.

Virgil wished to enjoy rivers and woods, and to be hid under immense shade in the cool valleys of mount Hæmus—

—O! quime gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
S' fluit, et argenti ramorum preterit umbra?

Georg. II. 496.

* This story was told the author, Mr. Harris, by Mr. Anon himself.

The great elements of this species of beauty, according to these principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to say, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of these four that produces every scene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more mysterious mixture of other elements (perhaps as simple, and not more in number) that produces a world or universe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman, Milton. Speaking of the flow'ers of Paradise, he calls them flowers,

— which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.
P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he subjoins—

— this was the place,
A happy rural seat, of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grotts, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, describing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine messenger pass

— through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm,
A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss!
IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century seem to have felt the power of these elements, and to have transferred them into their landscapes with such amazing force, that they appear not so much to have followed as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Poussins, Salvator Rosa, and a few more, may be called superior artists in this exquisite taste.

Our gardens in the mean time were tasteless and insipid. Those who made them, thought the farther they wandered from nature, the nearer they approached the sublime. Unfortunately, where they travelled, no sublime was to be found; and the farther they went, the farther they left it behind.

But perfection, alas! was not the work of a day. Many prejudices were to be removed; many gradual ascents to be made; ascents from bad to good, and from good to better, before the delicious amenities of a Claude or a Pouffin could be rivalled in a Stour-head, a Hagley, or a Stow; or the tremendous charms of a Salvator Rosa

be equalled in the scenes of a Piercefield, or a Mount Edgecumb.

Not however to forget the subject of our inquiry.—Though it was not before the present century, that we established a chaster taste; though our neighbours at this instant are but learning it from us; and though to the vulgar every where it is totally incomprehensible (be they vulgar in rank, or vulgar in capacity): yet, even in the darkest periods we have been treating, of periods when taste is often thought to have been lost, we shall still discover an enlightened few, who were by no means insensible to the power of these beauties.

How warmly does Leland describe Guy's Cliff; Sannazarius, his villa of Mergillina; and Petrarch, his favourite Vaucluse!

I take Guy's Cliff from Leland in his own old English, mixt with Latin—"It is a place meet for the Muses; there is sylence; a praty wood; antra in vivo faxo (grottos in the living rock); the river rolling over the stones with a praty noyse." His Latin is more elegant—"Nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes liquidi et gemmei, prata, florida, antra muscosa, rivi levis et per saxa decursus, nec non solitudo et quies Musis amicissima."—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergillina, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples, is thus sketched in different parts of his poems:

Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens, cello se culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautique procul venientibus offert.
Sannaz. De partu Virgin. I. 25.

Rupis O! sacrae, pelagique custos,
Villa, Nympharum custos et propinquæ
Doridos—
Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus
Das, et hærentes per opaca lauros
Saxa: Tu, fontes, Aganippedumque
Antra recludis.

Ejusd. Epigr. I. 2.

—quæque in primis mihi grata ministrat
Otia, Musarumque cavae per saxa latebras,
Mergillina; novos fundunt ubi citria flores.
Citria, Medorum sacros referentia lucos.

Ejusd. De partu Virgin. III. sub. fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.
Est mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Fons, arenosum prope litus, unde
Sæpè descendens sibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos, &c.

Ejusd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to translate these elegant morsels.—It is sufficient to express

what they mean, collectively—"that the villa of Mergillina had solitary woods; had groves of laurel and citron; had grottos in the rock, with rivulets and springs; and that from its lofty situation it looked down upon the sea, and commanded an extensive prospect."

It is no wonder that such a villa should enamour such an owner. So strong was his affection for it, that when, during the subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished by the imperial troops, this unfortunate event was supposed to have hastened his end.

Vaucluse (Vallis Claufa) the favourite retreat of Petrarch, was a romantic scene, not far from Avignon

"It is a valley, having on each hand, as you enter, immense cliffs, but closed up at one of its ends by a semicircular ridge of them; from which incident it derives its name. One of the most stupendous of these cliffs stands in the front of the semicircle, and has at its foot an opening into an immense cavern. Within the most retired and gloomy part of this cavern is a large oval basin, the production of nature, filled with pellucid and unfathomable water; and from this reservoir issues a river of respectable magnitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows beneath, and winding through the precipices that impend from above."

This is an imperfect sketch of that spot, where Petrarch spent his time with so much delight, as to say that this alone was life to him, the rest but a state of punishment.

In the two preceding narratives I seem to see an anticipation of that taste for natural beauty, which now appears to flourish through Great Britain in such perfection. It is not to be doubted that the owner of Mergillina would have been charmed with Mount Edgcomb; and the owner of Vaucluse have been delighted with Piercefield.

When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But when we read, that in the beginning of the 14th century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, *qui a este gardé pour sa beauté*, 'which had been preserved for its beauty;' though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened. *Harris.*

§ 214. *Superior Literature and Knowledge both of the Greek and Latin Clergy, whence—Barbarity and Ignorance of the Laity, whence—Samples of Lay Manners, in a Story from Anna Comnena's History.—Church Authority ingeniously employed to check Barbarity—the same Authority employed for other good Purposes—to save the poor Jews—to stop Trials by Battle.—Move suggested concerning Lay Manners.—Ferocity of the Northern Laymen, whence—different Causes assigned.—Inventions during the dark Ages great, though the Inventors often unknown.—Inference arising from these Inventions.*

Before I quit the Latins, I shall subjoin two or three observations on the Europeans in general.

The superior characters for literature here enumerated, whether in the Western or Eastern Christendom (for it is of Christendom only we are now speaking) were by far the greatest part of them ecclesiastics.

In this number we have selected from among the Greeks the patriarch of Constantinople, Photius; Michael Pfellus; Eustathius and Eustratius, both of episcopal dignity; Planudes; Cardinal Bessarion—among the Latins, venerable Bede; Gerbertus, afterwards Pope Silvester the Second; Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland; Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours; Peter Abelard; John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres; Roger Bacon; Francis Petrarch; many Monkish historians; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, &c.

Something has been already said concerning each of these, and other ecclesiastics. At present we shall only remark, that it was necessary, from their very profession, that they should read and write; accomplishments at that time usually confined to themselves.

Those of the Western Church were obliged to acquire some knowledge of Latin; and for Greek, to those of the Eastern Church it was still (with a few corruptions) their native language.

If we add to these preparations their mode of life, which, being attended mostly with a decent competence, gave them immense leisure; it was not wonderful that, among such a multitude, the more meritorious should emerge and soar, by dint of genius, above the common herd. Similar effects proceed from similar causes. The learning of Egypt was possessed by their priests;

priests; who were likewise left from their institution to a life of leisure.

From the laity, on the other side, who, from their mean education, wanted all these requisites, they were in fact no better than what Dryden calls them, a tribe of Issachar; a race, from their cradle bred in barbarity and ignorance.

A sample of these illustrious laymen may be found in Anna Comnena's history of her father Alexius, who was Grecian emperor in the eleventh century, when the first Crusade arrived at Constantinople. So promiscuous a rout of rude adventurers could not fail of giving umbrage to the Byzantine court, which was stately and ceremonious, and conscious withal of its internal debility.

After some altercation, the court permitted them to pass into Asia through the Imperial territories, upon their leaders taking an oath of fealty to the emperor.

What happened at the performance of this ceremonial, is thus related by the fair historian above-mentioned.

“ All the commanders being assembled, and Godfrey of Bulloign himself among the rest, as soon as the oath was finished, one of the counts had the audaciousness to seat himself beside the emperor upon his throne. Earl Baldwin, one of their own people, approaching, took the count by the hand, made him rise from the throne, and rebuked him for his insolence.

“ The count rose, but made no reply, except it was in his own unknown jargon, to mutter abuse upon the emperor.

“ When all things were dispatched, the emperor sent for this man, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and of what lineage?—His answer was as follows—I am a genuine Frank, and in the number of their nobility. One thing I know, which is, that in a certain part of the country I came from, and in a place where three ways meet, there stands an ancient church, where every one who has a desire to engage in single combat, having put himself into fighting order, comes, and there implores the assistance of the Deity, and then waits in expectation of some one that will dare attack him. On this spot I myself waited a long time, expecting and seeking some one that would arrive and fight me. But the man, that would dare this, was nowhere to be found.”

“ The emperor, having heard this strange narrative, replied pleasantly—“ If at the time when you fought war, you could not find it, a season is now coming in which you will find wars enough. I therefore give you this advice; not to place yourself either in the rear of the army, or in the front, but to keep among those who support the centre; for I have long had knowledge of the Turkish method in their wars.”

This was one of those counts, or barons, the petty tyrants of Western Europe; men, who, when they were not engaged in general wars (such as the ravaging of a neighbouring kingdom, the massacring of infidels, heretics, &c.) had no other method of filling up their leisure, than, through help of their vassals, by waging war upon one another.

And here the humanity and wisdom of the church cannot enough be admired, when by her authority (which was then mighty) she endeavoured to shorten that scene of bloodshed, which she could not totally prohibit. The truce of God (a name given it purposely to render the measure more solemn) enjoined these ferocious beings, under the terrors of excommunication, not to fight from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, out of reverence to the mysteries accomplished on the other four days; the ascension on Thursday; the crucifixion on Friday; the descent to hell on Saturday; and the resurrection on Sunday.

I hope a farther observation will be pardoned, when I add, that the same humanity prevailed during the fourteenth century, and that the terrors of church power were then held forth with an intent equally laudable. A dreadful plague at that period desolated all Europe. The Germans, with no better reason than their own senseless superstition, imputed this calamity to the Jews, who then lived among them in great opulence and splendour. Many thousands of these unhappy people were inhumanly massacred, till the pope benevolently interfered, and prohibited, by the severest bulls, so mad and sanguinary a proceeding.

I could not omit two such salutary exertions of church power, as they both occur within the period of this inquiry. I might add a third, I mean the opposing and endeavouring to check that absurdest of all practices, the trial by battle, which Spel-

man expressly tells us, that the church in all ages condemned.

It must be confessed, that the fact just related, concerning the unmannered count, at the court of Constantinople, is rather against the order of Chronology, for it happened during the first crusades. It serves, however, to shew the manners of the Latin, or Western laity, in the beginning of that holy war. They did not in a succession of years, grow better, but worse.

It was a century after, that another crusade, in their march against infidels, sacked this very city; deposed the then emperor; and committed devastations, which no one would have committed but the most ignorant, as well as cruel barbarians.

But a question here occurs, easier to propose than to answer—"To what are we to attribute this character of ferocity, which seems to have then prevailed through the laity of Europe?"

Shall we say it was climate, and the nature of the country?—These, we must confess, have, in some instances, great influence.

The Indians, seen a few years since by Mr. Byron in the southern parts of South America, were brutal and savage to an enormous excess. One of them, for a trivial offence, murdered his own child (an infant) by dashing it against the rocks.—The Cyclopes, as described by Homer, were much of the same sort; each of them gave law to his own family, without regard for one another; and besides this, they were Atheists and Man-eaters.

May we not suppose, that a stormy sea, together with a frozen, barren, and inhospitable shore, might work on the imagination of these Indians, so as, by banishing all pleasing and benign ideas, to fill them with habitual gloom, and a propensity to be cruel?—Or might not the tremendous scenes of *Ætna* have had a like effect upon the Cyclopes, who lived amid smoke, thunderings, eruptions of fire, and earthquakes? If we may believe Fazellius, who wrote upon Sicily about two hundred years ago, the inhabitants near *Ætna* were in his time a similar race.

If therefore these limited regions had such an effect upon their natives, may not a similar effect be presumed from the vast regions of the North? may not its cold, barren, uncomfortable climate, have made its numerous tribes equally rude and savage?

If this be not enough, we may add ano-

ther cause, I mean their profound ignorance. Nothing mends the mind more than culture; to which these emigrants had no desire, either from example or education, to lend a patient ear.

We may add a farther cause still, which is, that when they had acquired countries better than their own, they settled under the same military form through which they had conquered; and were in fact, when settled, a sort of army after a campaign, quartered upon the wretched remains of the ancient inhabitants, by whom they were attended under the different names of serfs, vassals, villains, &c.

It was not likely the ferocity of these conquerors should abate with regard to their vassals, whom, as strangers, they were more likely to suspect than to love.

It was not likely it should abate with regard to one another, when the neighbourhood of their castles, and the contiguity of their territories, must have given occasions (as we learn from history) for endless altercation. But this we leave to the learned in feudal tenures.

We shall add to the preceding remarks, one more, somewhat similar, and yet perfectly different; which is, that though the darkness in Western Europe, during the period here mentioned, was (in Scripture language) "a darkness that might be felt," yet it is surprising, that during a period so obscure, many admirable inventions found their way into the world; I mean such as clocks, telescopes, paper, gunpowder, the mariner's needle, printing, and a number here omitted.

It is surprising too, if we consider the importance of these arts, and their extensive utility, that it should be either unknown, or at least doubtful, by whom they were invented.

A lively fancy might almost imagine, that every art, as it was wanted, had suddenly started forth, addressing those that sought it, as *Eneas* did his companions—

—Coram, quem queritis, adsum. VIRG.

And yet, fancy apart, of this we may be assured, that though the particular inventors may unfortunately be forgotten, the inventions themselves are clearly referable to man; to that subtle and active principle, human wit, or ingenuity.

Let me then submit the following query—

If the human mind be as truly of divine origin

origin as every other part of the universe; and if every other part of the universe bear testimony to its author; do not the inventions above-mentioned give us reason to assert, that God, in the operations of man, never leaves himself without a witness?

Harris.

§ 215. *Opinions on Past Ages and the Present.—Conclusion arising from the Discussion of these Opinions.—Conclusion of the Whole.*

And now having done with the Middle Age, we venture to say a word upon the Present.

Every past age has in its turn been a present age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every past age, when present, has been the object of abuse. Men have been represented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predecessors both in morals and bodily powers.

This is an opinion so generally received, that Virgil (in conformity to it) when he would express former times, calls them simply better, as if the term, *better*, implied former of course.

Hic genus antiquum Fœneci, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.

Æn. vi. 648.

The same opinion is ascribed by Homer to old Nestor, when that venerable chief speaks of those heroes whom he had known in his youth. He relates some of their names. Perithous, Dryas, Cæneus, Theseus; and some also of their exploits; as how they had extirpated the savage Centaurs.—He then subjoins.

κείνοισι δ' ἂν ἔτις,
Τῶν εἰνὲ βροτοῖ ἐῖσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέειτο.

Il. A. 271.

—with these no one
Of earthly race, as men are now, could fight.

As these heroes were supposed to exceed in strength those of the Trojan war, so were the heroes of that period to exceed those that came after. Hence, from the time of the Trojan war to that of Homer, we learn that human strength was decreased by a complete half.

'T'hus the same Homer,

ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβει χεῖρῖ
Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ ἢ δύοσ' ἀνδρῶ φέροιεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοῖ ἐῖσ' ὁ δὲ μιν ῥῆα πάλλει κ' αἶος.

Il. E. 302.

Then grasp'd Tydides in his hand a stone,
A bulk immense, which not two men could bear,
As men are now, but he alone with ease
Hurl'd at——

Virgil goes farther, and tells us, that not twelve men of his time (and those too chosen ones) could even carry the stone which Turnus flung:

Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus:
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem.

Æn. xii. 899.

Thus human strength, which in Homer's time was lessened to half, in Virgil's time was lessened to a twelfth. If strength and bulk (as commonly happens) be proportioned, what pygmies in stature must the men of Virgil's time have been, when their strength, as he informs us, was so far diminished! A man only eight times as strong (and not, according to the poet, twelve times) must at least have been between five and six feet higher than they were.

But we all know the privilege claimed by poets and painters.

It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, asserts that "their fathers were worse than their grandfathers; that they were worse than their fathers; and that their children would be worse than they were;" describing no fewer, after the grandfather, than three successions of degeneracy:

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorum.

Hor. Od. L. iii. 6.

We need only ask, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or six generations more?

Yet Juvenal, subsequent to all this, supposes a similar progression; a progression in vice and infamy, which was not complete till his own times.

Then truly we learn, it could go no farther:

Nil erit ulterius, nostris quod moribus addas
Posteritas, &c.

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit, &c.

Sat. i. 147, &c.

But even Juvenal, it seems, was mistaken, bad as we must allow his times to have been. Several centuries after, without regard to Juvenal, the same doctrine was inculcated with greater zeal than ever.

When the Western empire began to decline, and Europe and Africa were ravaged by barbarians, the calamities then happening (and formidable they were) naturally

led men, who felt them, to esteem their own age the worst.

The enemies of Christianity (for Paganism was not then extinct) absurdly turned these calamities to the discredit of the Christian religion, and said, the times were so unhappy, because the gods were dishonoured, and the ancient worship neglected. Orosius, a Christian, did not deny the melancholy facts, but, to obviate an objection so dishonourable to the true religion, he endeavours to prove from historians, both sacred and profane, that calamities of every sort had existed in every age, as many and as great as those that existed then.

If Orosius has reasoned right (and his work is an elaborate one) it follows, that the lamentations made then, and made ever since, are no more than natural declamations incidental to man; declamations naturally arising (let him live at any period) from the superior efficacy of present events upon present sensations.

There is a praise belonging to the past, congenial with this censure; a praise formed from negatives, and best illustrated by examples.

Thus a declaimer might assert, (supposing he had a wish, by exalting the eleventh century, to debase the present) that "in the time of the Norman conqueror we had no routs, no riotous, no Newmarket, no candidates to bribe, no voters to be bribed, &c." and string on negatives, as long as he thought proper.

What then are we to do, when we hear such panegyric?—Are we to deny the facts?—That cannot be.—Are we to admit the conclusion?—That appears not quite agreeable.—No method is left, but to compare evils with evils; the evils of 1666 with those of 1780; and see whether the former age had not evils of its own, such as the present never experienced, because they do not now exist.

We may allow the evils of the present day to be real—we may even allow that a much larger number might have been added—but then we may alledge evils, by way of return, felt in those days severely, but now not felt at all.

We may assert, "we have not now, as happened then, seen our country conquered by foreign invaders, nor our property taken from us, and distributed among the conquerors; nor ourselves, from freemen, debased into slaves; nor our rights submitted to unknown laws,

"imported, without our consent, from foreign countries."

Should the same reasonings be urged in favour of times nearly as remote, and other imputations of evil be brought, which, though well known now, did not then exist, we may still retort that—"we are no longer now, as they were then, subject to feudal oppression; nor dragged to war, as they were then, by the petty tyrant of a neighbouring castle; nor involved in scenes of blood, as they were then, and that for many years, during the unintermitted disputes between a Stephen and a Maud."

Should the same declaimer pass to a later period, and praise, after the same manner, the reign of Henry the Second, we have then to retort, "that we have now no Beckets." Should he proceed to Richard the First, "that we have now no holy wars"—to John Lackland, and his son Henry, "that we have now no barons wars"—and with regard to both of them, "that, though we enjoy at this instant all the benefits of Magna Charta, we have not been compelled to purchase them at the price of our blood."

A series of convulsions bring us, in a few years more, to the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster—thence from the fall of the Lancaster family to the calamities of the York family, and its final destruction in Richard the Third—thence to the oppressive period of his avaricious successor; and from him to the formidable reign of his reluctant son, when neither the coronet, nor the mitre, nor even the crown, could protect their wearers; and when (to the amazement of posterity) those, by whom church authority was denied, and those, by whom it was maintained, were dragged together to Smithfield, and burnt at one and the same stake.

The reign of his successor was short and turpid, and soon followed by the gloomy one of a bigotted woman.

We stop here, thinking we have instances enough. Those, who hear any portion of these past times praised for the invidious purpose above-mentioned, may answer by thus retorting the calamities and crimes which existed at the time praised, but which now exist no more. A true estimate can never be formed, but in consequence of such a comparison; for if we drop the laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop the bad, and alledge only the laudable, there is no age, whatever its real character, but

may be made to pass at pleasure either for a good one or a bad one.

If I may be permitted in this place to add an observation, it shall be an observation founded upon many years experience. I have often heard declamations against the present race of men; declamations against them, as if they were the worst of animals; treacherous, false, selfish, envious, oppressive, tyrannical, &c. &c. This (I say) I have often heard from grave declaimers, and have heard the sentiment delivered with a kind of oracular pomp.—Yet I never heard any such declaimer say (what would have been sincere at least, if it had been nothing more) “I prove my assertion by an example, where I cannot err; I assert myself to be the wretch I have been just describing.”

So far from this, it would be perhaps dangerous to ask him, even in a gentle whisper—“You have been talking, with much confidence, about certain profligate beings—Are you certain, that you yourself are not one of the number?”

I hope I may be pardoned for the following anecdote, although compelled, in relating it, to make myself a party.

“Sitting once in my library with a friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I read him, out of a book, the following passage—

“In our time it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the church is under foot; the clergy is in error; the devil reigneth, &c. &c. My friend interrupted me with a sigh, and said, Alas! how true! How just a picture of the times!—I asked him, of what times?—Of what times! replied he with emotion; can you suppose any other but the present? were any before ever so bad, so corrupt, so &c. &c.—Forgive me (said I) for stopping you—the times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered about four hundred years ago; its author Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371.”

As man is by nature a social animal, good-humour seems an ingredient highly necessary to his character. It is the salt which gives a seasoning to the feast of life; and which, if it be wanting, surely renders the feast incomplete. Many causes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more than bad opinions of mankind. Bad opinions of mankind naturally lead us to Misanthropy. If these bad opinions go farther, and are applied

to the universe, then they lead to something worse, for they lead to Atheism. The melancholy and morose character being thus insensibly formed, morals and piety sink of course; for what equals have we to love, or what superior have we to revere, when we have no other objects left than those of hatred or of terror?

It should seem then expedient; if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happiness, to withstand such dreary sentiments. It was the advice of a wise man—“Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.” Eccl. vii. 10.

Things present make impressions amazingly superior to things remote; so that, in objects of every kind, we are easily mistaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvass of the same picture a near sparrow occupies the space of a distant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a distant mountain. In the perpetration of crimes there are few persons, I believe, who would not be more shocked at actually seeing a single man assassinated (even taking away the idea of personal danger) than they would be shocked in reading the massacre of Paris.

The wise man, just quoted, wishes to save us from these errors. He has already informed us—“The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us.” He then subjoins the cause of this apparent novelty—“things past, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things present will appear so, should they too be forgotten, when they return.” Eccl. i. 9. ii. 16.

This forgetfulness of what is similar in events which return (for in every returning event such similarity exists) is the forgetfulness of a mind unabstracted and weak; a mind ignorant of that great, that providential circulation, which never ceases for a moment through every part of the universe.

It is not like that forgetfulness which I once remember in a man of letters; who when, at the conclusion of a long life, he found his memory began to fail, said cheerfully—“Now I shall have a pleasure I could not have before; that of reading my old books, and finding them all new.”

There

There was in this consolation something philosophical and pleasing. And yet perhaps it is a higher philosophy (could we attain it) not to forget the past, but in contemplation of the past to view the future; so that we may say, on the worst prospects, with a becoming resignation, what Eneas said of old to the Cumean Prophets,

———Virgin, no scenes of ill

To me, or new, or unexpected rise;

I've seen 'em all; have seen, and long before
Within myself revolv'd 'em in my mind.

Æn. VI. 103, 104, 105.

In such a conduct, if well founded, there is not only fortitude, but piety: Fortitude, which never sinks, from a conscious integrity; and Piety, which never desists, by referring all to the Divine Will.

Harris.

§ 216. *The Character of the Man of Business often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philosopher.*

Philosophy, taking its name from the love of wisdom, and having for its end the investigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and speculation, in as much as truth of every kind is similar and congenial. Hence we find that some of the most illustrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philosophical speculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the disciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas spent his youth in the Pythagorean school; Alexander the Great had Aristotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epistles, and the philosophical works of the first, shew him sufficiently conversant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when surrounded with business, that he used to read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual scene of the most important actions, he found time not only to study, but to compose a Treatise upon Virtue.

When these were gone, and the worst of times succeeded, Thræsea Patus, and Helvidius Priscus, were at the same period both senators and philosophers; and appear to have supported the severest trials of ty-

rannic oppression, by the manly system of the Stoic moral. The best emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in business of the last consequence; sometimes conspiracies forming, which he was obliged to dissipate; formidable wars arising at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of these periods did he forsake philosophy, but still persisted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by stealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we descend to later ages, and search our own country, we shall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the same time conspicuous for their speculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambassador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate statesman, that pattern of parsimony and political accomplishments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves, and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And so much in defence of Philosophy, against those who may possibly undervalue her, because they have succeeded without her; those I mean (and it must be confessed they are many) who, having spent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themselves habits of amazing efficacy, unassisted by the helps of science and erudition. To such the retired student may appear an awkward being, because they want a just standard to measure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alledged; let them remember that these were eminent in their own way; were men of action and business; men of the world; and yet did they not disdain to cultivate philosophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the splendor of their active character.

This reasoning has a farther end. It justifies me in the address of these philosophical arrangements, as your Lordship

ship* has been distinguished in either character, I mean in your public one, as well as in your private. Those who know the history of our foreign transactions, know the reputation that you acquired in Germany, by negotiations of the last importance: and those who are honoured with your nearer friendship, know that you can speculate as well as act, and can employ your pen both with elegance and instruction.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to your Lordship to see in what manner the 'Preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion, for want of accurate disposition.' It may be thought also a fact worthy your notice, that he became acquainted with this method from the venerable Pythagoras, who, unless he drew it from remoter sources, to us unknown, was, perhaps, himself its inventor and original teacher. *Harris.*

§ 217. *The Progressions of Art disgusting, the Completion beautiful.*

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddess of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as some explain it, gives a double representation of art; Vulcan shewing us the progressions of art, and Venus the completions. The progressions, such as the hewing of stone, the grinding of colours, the fusion of metals, these all of them are laborious, and many times disgusting; the completions, such as the temple, the palace, the picture, the statue, these all of them are beauties, and justly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of those arts, which help to improve human reason, it must necessarily be an art of the progressive character; an art which, not ending with itself, has a view to something farther. If then, in the speculations upon it, it should appear dry rather than elegant, severe rather than pleasing, let it plead, by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddess. *Ibid.*

§ 218. *Thoughts on Elegance.*

Having answered the objections usually

* Addressed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, &c.

brought against a permanent sense of beauty, let us now proceed to single out the particular species or kinds of beauty; and begin with elegance of person, that so wonderfully elevates the human character.

Elegance, the most undoubted offspring and visible image of fine taste, the moment it appears, is universally admired: men disagree about the other constituent parts of beauty, but they all unite without hesitation to acknowledge the power of elegance.

The general opinion is, that this most conspicuous part of beauty, that is perceived and acknowledged by every body, is yet utterly inexplicable, and retires from our search when we would discover what it is. Where shall I find the secret retreat of the graces, to explain to me the elegance they dictate, and to paint, in visible colours, the fugitive and varying enchantment that hovers round a graceful person, yet leaves us for ever in agreeable suspense and confusion? I need not seek for them, madam; the graces are but emblems of the human mind, in its loveliest appearances; and while I write for you, it is impossible not to feel their influence.

Personal elegance, for that is the object of our present enquiry, may be defined the image and reflection of the grandeur and beauty of the invisible soul. Grandeur and beauty in the soul itself are not objects of sense; colours cannot paint them, but they are united to sentiments that appear visible; they bestow a noble meaning and importance of attitude, and diffuse inexpressible loveliness over the person.

When two or more passions or sentiments unite, they are not so readily distinguished, as if they had appeared separate; however, it is easy to observe, that the complacency and admiration we feel in the presence of elegant persons, is made up of respect and affection; and that we are disappointed when we see such persons act a base or indecent part. These symptoms plainly shew, that personal elegance appears to us to be the image and reflection of an elevated and beautiful mind. In some characters, the grandeur of soul is predominant; in whom beauty is majestic and awful. In this stile is Miss F—. In other characters, a soft and attracting grace is more conspicuous: this latter kind is more pleasing.

pleasing, for an obvious reason. But elegance cannot exist in either alone, without a mixture of the other; for majesty without the beautiful, would be haughty and disgusting; and easy accessible beauty would lose the idea of elegance, and become an object of contempt.

The grandeur and beauty of the soul charm us universally, who have all of us implanted in our bosoms, even in the midst of misery, passions of high descent, immense ambition, and romantic hopes. You may conceive an imprisoned bird, whose wild notes, prompted by the approach of spring, gave her a confused notion of joy, although she has no distinct idea of airy flights and summer groves; so when man emerging from wretchedness assumes a nobler character, and the elevation of the human genius appears openly, we view, with secret joy and delightful amazement, the sure evidence and pledge of our dignity: the mind catches fire by a train that lies within itself, and expands with conscious pride and merit, like a generous youth over the images of his country's heroes. Of the softened and engaging part of elegance, I shall have occasion to speak at large hereafter.

Personal elegance or grace is a fugitive lustre, that never settles in any part of the body, you see it glance and disappear in the features and motions of a graceful person; it strikes your view; it shines like an exhalation: but the moment you follow it, the wandering flame vanishes, and immediately lights up in something else: you may as well think of fixing the pleasing delusion of your dreams, or the colours of a dissolving rainbow.

You have arisen early at times, in the summer season, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning, to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have mistaken an hour or two, and just got out a few minutes before the rising of the sun. You see the fields and woods that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you see a profusion of brilliants shining in the dew; you see the stream gradually admitting the light into its pure bosom; and you hear the birds, which are awakened by a rapture, that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a name that has not yet appeared; and if

it be overcast with clouds, you see those clouds stained by a bright red, bordered with gold or silver, that by the changes appear volatile, and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are those appearances, which are not the sun, but the distant effects of it over different objects! In like manner the soul shines inexpressible charms over the human person, and actions; but then the cause is less known, because the soul for ever shines behind a cloud, and is always retired from our senses.

You conceive why elegance is of a fugitive nature, and exists chiefly in motion: as it is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person, it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye with eagerness pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with surprize at every turn, but is never able to overtake. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body: its different powers through attitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the breast, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace has any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just issuing into view.

Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the human powers; but it particularly takes the passions under its charge and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does infinite execution.

The passions that are favourites with the graces are modesty, good nature, particularly when it is heightened by a small colouring of affection into *sweetness*, and that fine languor which seems to be formed of a mixture of still joy and hope. Surprize, shame, and even grief and anger, have appeared pleasing under proper restrictions; for it must be observed, that all excess is shocking and disagreeable, and that even the most pleasing passions appear to most advantage when the tincture they cast over the countenance is enfeebled and gentle. The passions that are enemies to the graces are, impudence, affectation, strong and harsh degrees of pride, malice, and austerity.

There

There is an union of the fine passions, but so delicate that you cannot conceive any one of them separate from the rest, called *sensibility*, which is requisite in an elegant deportment; it chiefly resides in the eye, which is indeed the seat of the passions.

I have spoken of the passions only as they are subservient to grace, which is the object of our present attention. The face is the mother-country, if I may call it so, or the habitation of grace; and it visits the other parts of the body only as distant provinces, with some little partiality to the neck, and the fine basis that supports it; but the countenance is the very palace in which it takes up its residence; it is there it revels through its various apartments: you see it wrapped in clouded majesty upon the brow; you discover it about the lips hardly rising to a smile, and vanishing in a moment, when it is rather perceived than seen; and then by the most engaging vicissitudes, it enlivens, flames, and dissolves in the eye.

You have, I suppose, all along observed, that I am not treating of beauty, which depends on different principles, but of that elegance which is the effect of a delicate and awakened taste, and in every kind of form is the enchantment that attracts and pleases universally, even without the assistance of any other charm; whereas without it no degree of beauty is charming. You have undoubtedly seen women lovely without much beauty, and handsome without being lovely; it is gracefulness causes this variation, and throws a lustre over disagreeable features, as the sun paints a showery cloud with the colours of the rainbow.

I before remarked, that the grace of every elegant person is varied agreeable to the character and disposition of the person it beautifies; I am sensible you readily conceive the reason. Elegance is the natural habit and image of the soul beaming forth in action; it must therefore be expressed by the peculiar features, air, and disposition of the person; it must arise from nature, and flow with ease and a propriety that distinguishes it. The imitation of any particular person, however graceful, is dangerous, lest the affectation appear; but the unstudied elegance of nature is acquired by the example and conversation of several elegant persons of different characters, which peo-

ple adapt to the import of their own gestures, without knowing how.

It is also because elegance is the reflection of the soul appearing in action, that good statues, and pictures drawn from life, are laid before the eye in motion. If you look at the old Gothic churches built in barbarous ages, you will see the statues reared up dead and inanimate against the walls.

I said, at the beginning of this little discourse, that the beauty of dress results from mode or fashion, and it certainly does so in a great measure; but I must limit that assertion by the following observation, that there is also a real beauty in attire that does not depend on the mode: those robes which leave the whole person at liberty in its motions, and that give to the imagination the natural proportions and symmetry of the body, are always more becoming than such as restrain any part of the body, or in which it is lost or disfigured. You may easily imagine how a pair of stays laced tightly about the Minerva we admired, would oppress the sublime beauty of her comportment and figure. Since persons of rank cannot chuse their own dress, but must run along with the present fashion, the secret of dressing gracefully must consist in the slender variations that cannot be observed to desert the fashion, and yet approach nigher to the complexion and import of the countenance, and that at the same time allows to the whole body the greatest possible freedom, ease, and imagery: by imagery I mean, that as a good painter will shew the effect of the muscles that do not appear to the eye, so a person skilful in dress will display the elegance of the form, though it be covered and out of view. As the taste of dress approaches to perfection all art disappears, and it seems the effect of negligence and instinctive inattention; for this reason its beauties arise from the manner and general air rather than from the richness, which last, when it becomes too gross and oppressive, destroys the elegance. A brilliancy and parade in dress is therefore the infallible sign of bad taste, that in this contraband manner endeavours to make amends for the want of true elegance, and bears a relation to the heaps of ornament that encumbered the Gothic buildings. Apelles observing an Helen painted by one of his scholars, that was overcharged with a rich dress, "I find, young man,"

said

said he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her fine."

Harsh and violent motions are always unbecoming. Milton attributes the same kind of motion to his angels that the Heathens did to their deities, *soft, sliding without step*. It is impossible to preserve the attractions in a country dance that attend on a minuet; as the step quickens, the most delicate of the graces retire. The rule holds universally through all action, whether quick or slow; it should always partake of the same polished and softened motion, particularly in the transitions of the countenance, where the genius of the person seems to hover and reside.

The degrees run very high upon the scale of elegance, and probably few have arrived near the highest pitch; but it is certain, that the idea of surprising beauty, that was familiar in Greece, has been hardly conceived by the moderns: many of their statues remain the objects of our admiration, but wholly superior to imitation; their pictures, that have sunk in the wreck of time, appear in the descriptions made of them to have equal imagination with the statues; and their poetry abounds with the same celestial imagery. But what puts this matter out of doubt is, that their celebrated beauties were the models of their artists, and it is known, that the elegancies of Thais and Phryne were copied by the famous painters of Greece, and consigned to canvass and marble to astonish and charm distant ages.

Personal elegance, in which taste assumes the most conspicuous and noble appearance, confuses us in our enquiries after it, by the quickness and variety of its changes, as well as by a complication that is not easily unravelled. I defined it to be the image and reflection of a great and beautiful soul; let us separate the distinct parts of this variety; when they appear asunder you will find them perfectly familiar and intelligible.

The first, and most respectable part, that enters into the composition of elegance, is the lofty consciousness of worth or virtue, which sustains an habitual decency, and becoming pride.

The second, and most pleasing part, is a display of good-nature approaching to affection, of gentle affability, and, in general, of the pleasing passions. It seems difficult to reconcile these two parts, and in fact it is so; but when they unite, then they appear like a reserved and virgin

kindness, that is at once noble and soft, that may be won, but must be courted with delicacy.

The third part of elegance is the appearance of a polished and tranquil habit of mind, that softens the actions and emotions, and gives a covert prospect of innocence and undisturbed repose. I will treat of these separate, and first of dignity of soul.

I observed, near the beginning of this discourse, in answer to an objection you made, that the mind has always a taste for truth, for gratitude, for generosity, and greatness of soul: these, which are peculiarly called *sentiments*, stamp upon the human spirit a dignity and worth not to be found in any other animated being. However great and surprising the most glorious objects in nature be, the heaving ocean, the moon that guides it, and casts a softened lustre over the night, the starry firmament, or the sun itself; yet their beauty and grandeur instantly appear of an inferior kind, beyond all comparison, to this of the soul of man. These sentiments are united under the general name of virtue; and such are the embellishments they diffuse over the mind, that Plato, a very polite philosopher, says finely, "If Virtue was to appear in a visible shape, all men would be enamoured of her."

Virtue and truth are inseparable, and take their flight together. A mind devoid of truth is a frightful wreck; it is like a great city in ruins, whose mouldering towers, just bring to the imagination the mirth and life that once were there, and is now no more. Truth is the genius of taste, and enters into the essence of simple beauty, in wit, in writing, and throughout the fine arts.

Generosity covers almost all other defects, and raises a blaze around them in which they disappear and are lost: like sovereign beauty, it makes a short cut to our affections; it wins our hearts without resistance or delay, and unites all the world to favour and support its designs.

Grandeur of soul, fortitude, and a resolution that haughtily struggles with despair, and will neither yield to, nor make terms with misfortunes; which, through every situation, reposes a noble confidence in itself, and has an immoveable view to future glory and honour, astonishes the world with admiration and delight. We, as it were, lean forward with surprise and trembling joy to behold the human soul collecting its strength.

strength, and asserting a right to superior fates. When you leave man out of your account, and view the whole visible creation beside, you indeed see several traces of grandeur and unspeakable power, and the intermixture of a rich scenery of beauty; yet still the whole appears to be but a solemn absurdity, and to have a littleness and insignificance. But when you restore man to prospect, and put him at the head of it, endued with genius and an immortal soul; when you give him a passion for truth, boundless views that spread along through eternity, and a fortitude that struggles with fate, and yields not to misfortunes, then the skies, the ocean, and the earth, take the stamp of worth and dignity from the noble inhabitant whose purposes they serve.

A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural soil of elegance. Unaffected truth, generosity, and grandeur of soul, for ever please and charm: even when they break from the common forms, and appear wild and unmethodized by education, they are still beautiful. On the contrary, as soon as we discover that outward elegance, which is formed by the mode, to want truth, generosity, or grandeur of soul, it instantly sinks in our esteem like counterfeit coin, and we are sensible of a reluctant disappointment, like that of the lover in the epigram, who became enamoured with the lady's voice and the softness of her hand in the dark, but was cured of his passion as soon as he had light to view her.

Let us now pass on to the most pleasing part of elegance, an habitual display of the kind and gentle passions.

We are naturally inclined to love those who bear an affection to us; and we are charmed with the homage that is paid to our merit: by these weaknesses politeness attacks us. The well-bred gentleman always in his behaviour insinuates a regard to others, tempered with respect. His attention to please confesses plainly his kindness to you, and the high esteem he holds you in. The assiduous prevention of our wishes, and that yielding sweetness complaisance puts on for our sake, are irresistible; and although we know this kind of flattery to be prostitute and habitual, yet it is not indifferent to us; we receive it in a manner that shows how much it gratifies us.

The desire of being agreeable, finds out the art of being so without study or labour. Rustics who fall in love, grow unusually polite and engaging. This new charm, that

has altered their natures, and suddenly endued them with the powers of pleasing, is nothing more than an enlivened attention to please, that has taken possession of their minds, and tinged their actions. We ought not to wonder that love is thus enchanting: its tender assiduity is but the natural address of the passion; politeness borrows the flattering form of affection, and becomes agreeable by the appearance of kindness.

What pleases us generally appears beautiful. Complaisance, that is so engaging, gives an agreeableness to the whole person, and creates a beauty that nature gave not to the features; it submits, it promises, it applauds in the countenance; the heart lays itself in smiles at your feet, and a voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleasure.

The last constituent part of elegance is the picture of a tranquil soul, that appears in softening the actions and emotion, and exhibits a retired prospect of happiness and innocence.

A calm of mind that is seen in graceful easy action, and in the enfeeblement of our passions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, reposed in the arms of content. This serene prospect of human nature always pleases us; and although the content, whose image it is, be visionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the pursuits of life, and the native home for which we do not cease to languish.

The sentiment of tranquility particularly beautifies pastoral poetry. The images of calm and happy quiet that appear in shaded groves, in silent vales, and slumbers by falling streams, invite the poet to indulge his genius in rural scenes. The music that lulls and composes the mind, at the same time enchants it. The hue of this beauteous ease, cast over the human actions and emotions, forms a very delightful part of elegance, and gives the other constituent parts an appearance of nature and truth: for in a tranquil state of mind, undisturbed by wants or fears, the views of men are generous and elevated. From the combination of these fine parts, grandeur of soul, complacency, and ease, arise the enchantments of elegance; but the appearance of the two last are oftener found together, and then they form Politeness.

When we take a view of the separate

parts that constitute personal elegance, we immediately know the seeds that are proper to be cherished in the infant mind, to bring forth the beautiful production. The virtues should be cultivated early with sacred care. Good-nature, modesty, affability, and a kind concern for others, should be carefully inculcated; and an easy unconstrained dominion acquired by habit over the passions. A mind thus finely prepared, is capable of the highest lustre of elegance; which is afterwards attained with as little labour as our first language, by only associating with graceful people of different characters, from whom an habitual gracefulness will be acquired, that will bear the natural unaffected stamp of our own minds; in short, it will be our own character and genius stripped of its native rudeness, and enriched with beauty and attraction.

Nature, that bestows her favours without respect of persons, often denies to the great the capacity of distinguished elegance, and flings it away in obscure villages. You sometimes see it at a country fair spread an amiableness over a sun-burnt girl, like the light of the moon through a mist; but such, madam, is the necessity of habitual elegance acquired by education and converse, that if even you were born in that low class, you could be no more than the fairest damsel at the may-pole, and the object of the hope and jealousy of a few rustics.

People are rendered totally incapable of elegance by the want of good-nature, and the other gentle passions; by the want of modesty and sensibility; and by a want of that noble pride, which arises from a consciousness of lofty and generous sentiments. The absence of these native charms is generally supplied by a brisk stupidity, an impudence unconscious of defect, a cast of malice, and an uncommon tendency to ridicule; as if nature had given these her step-children an instinctive intelligence, that they can rise out of contempt only by the depression of others. For the same reason it is, that persons of true and finished taste seldom affect ridicule, because they are conscious of their own superior merit. Pride is the cause of ridicule in the one, as it is of candour in the other; but the effects differ as the studied parade of poverty does from the negligent grandeur of riches. You will see nothing more common in the world, than for people, who by stupidity and insensibility are incapable of the graces, to commence wits on the

strength of the *petite* talents of mimicry and the brisk tartness that ill-nature never fails to supply.

From what I have said it appears, that a sense of elegance is a sense of dignity, of virtue, and innocence, united. Is it not natural then to expect, that in the course of a liberal education, men should cultivate the generous qualities they approve and assume? But instead of them, men only aim at the appearances, which require no self-denial; and thus, without acquiring the virtues, they sacrifice their honesty and sincerity: whence it comes to pass, that there is often the least virtue, where there is the greatest appearance of it; and that the polished part of mankind only arrive at the subtle corruption, of uniting vice with the dress and complexion of virtue.

I have dwelt on personal elegance, because the ideas and principles in this part of good taste are more familiar to you. We may then take them for a foundation, in our future observations, since the same principles of easy grace and simple grandeur, will animate our ideas with an unstudied propriety, and enlighten our judgments in beauty, in literature, in sculpture, painting, and the other departments of fine taste.

Usher.

§ 219. On Personal Beauty.

I shall but slightly touch on our taste of personal beauty, because it requires no directions to be known. To ask what is beauty, says a philosopher, is the question of a blind man. I shall therefore only make a few reflections on this head, that lie out of the common track. But, prior to what I have to say, it is necessary to make some observations on physiognomy.

There is an obvious relation between the mind and the turn of the features, so well known by instinct, that every one is more or less expert at reading the countenance. We look as well as speak our minds; and amongst people of little experience, the look is generally most sincere. This is so well understood, that it is become a part of education to learn to disguise the countenance, which yet requires a habit from early youth, and the continual practice of hypocrisy, to deceive an intelligent eye. The natural virtues and vices not only have their places in the aspect, even acquired habits that much affect the mind settle there; contemplation, in length of time, gives a cast of thought on the countenance.

Now to come back to our subject. The

assemblage

assemblage called beauty, is the image of noble sentiments and amiable passions in the face; but so blended and confused that we are not able to separate and distinguish them. The mind has a sensibility, and clear knowledge, in many instances without reflection, or even the power of reasoning upon its own perceptions. We can no more account for the relation between the passions of the mind and a set of features, than we can account for the relation between the sounds of music and the passions; the eye is judge of the one without principles or rules, as the ear is of the other. It is impossible you should not take notice of the remarkable difference of beauty in the same face, in a good and in ill humour: and if the gentle passions, in an indifferent face, do not change it to perfect beauty, it is because nature did not originally model the features to the just and familiar expression of those passions, and the genuine expressions of nature can never be wholly obliterated. But it is necessary to observe, that the engaging import that forms beauty, is often the symbol of passions that, although pleasing, are dangerous to virtue; and that a firmness of mind, whose cast of feature is much less pleasing, is more favourable to virtue. From the affinity between beauty and the passions it must follow, that beauty is relative, that is, a sense of human beauty is confined to our species; and also, as far as we have power over the passions, we are able to improve the face, and transplant charms into it; both of which observations have been often made. From the various principles of beauty, and the agreeable combinations, of which the face gives intelligence, springs that variety found in the style of beauty.

Complexion is a kind of beauty that is only pleasing by association. The brown, the fair, the black, are not any of them original beauty; but when the complexion is united in one picture on the imagination, with the assemblage that forms the image of the tender passions, with gentle smiles, and kind endearments, it is then inseparable from our idea of beauty, and forms a part of it. From the same cause, a national set of features appear amiable to the inhabitants, who have been accustomed to see the amiable dispositions through them. This observation resolves a difficulty, that often occurs in the reflections of men on our present subject. We all speak of beauty as if it were acknowledged and settled by a public standard; yet we find, in fact, that people, in placing their affections, often have little re-

gard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that are visible and conspicuous, the common standard of beauty is generally restrained to those general attractions: but since personal grace and the engaging passions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more universal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in resigning their hearts, so often contradict the common received standard. Accordingly, as the engaging passions and the address are discovered in conversation, the tender attachments of people are generally fixed by an intercourse of sentiment, and seldom by a transient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be observed, that when once the affections are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, because our affections arise from a source within ourselves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender passion is attached by a particular object, the imagination surrounds that object with a thousand ideal embellishments that exist only in the mind of the lover.

The history of the short life of beauty may be collected from what I have said. In youth that borders on infancy, the passions are in a state of vegetation, they only appear in full bloom in maturity; for which reason the beauty of youth is no more than the dawn and promise of future beauty. The features, as we grow into years, gradually form along with the mind: different sensibilities gather into the countenance, and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip, and enrich it. When the eloquent force and delicacy of sentiment has continued some little time, age begins to stiffen the features, and destroy the engaging variety and vivacity of the countenance, the eye gradually loses its fire, and is no longer the mirror of the agreeable passions. Finally, old age furrows the face with wrinkles, as a barbarous conqueror overturns a city from the foundation, and transitory beauty is extinguished.

Beauty and elegance are nearly related, their difference consists in this, that elegance is the image of the mind displayed in motion and deportment; beauty is an image of the mind in the countenance and form; consequently beauty is of a more fixed nature, and owes less to art and habit.

When I speak of beauty, it is not wholly out of my way to make a singular observation on the tender passion in our species.

Innocent and virtuous love casts a beautiful hue over human nature; it quickens and strengthens our admiration of virtue, and our detestation of vice; it opens our eyes to our imperfections, and gives us a pride in excelling; it inspires us with heroic sentiments, generosity, a contempt of life, a boldness for enterprise, chastity, and purity of sentiment. It takes a similitude to devotion, and almost deifies the object of passion. People whose breasts are dulled with vice, or stupified by nature, call this passion romantic love; but when it was the mode, it was the diagnostic of a virtuous age. These symptoms of heroism spring from an obscure principle, that in a noble mind unites itself with every passionate view in life; this nameless principle is distinguished by endowing people with extraordinary powers and enthusiasm in the pursuit of their favourite wishes, and by disgust and disappointment when we arrive at the point where our wishes seem to be completed. It has made great conquerors despise dangers and death in their way to victory, and sigh afterwards when they had no more to conquer.

Ujver.

§ 220. *On Conversation.*

From external beauty we come to the charms of conversation and writing. Words, by representing ideas, become the picture of our thoughts, and communicate them with the greatest fidelity. But they are not only the signs of sensible ideas, they exhibit the very image and distinguishing likeness of the mind that uses them.

Conversation does not require the same merit to please that writing does. The human soul is endued with a kind of natural expression, which it does not acquire. The expression I speak of consists in the significant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of gesture. This native language was not intended by nature to represent the transitory ideas that come by the senses to the imagination, but the passions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and gesture give life and passion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conspicuous; but although their effects be milder in conversation, yet they are very sensible; they agitate the soul by a variety of gentle sensations, and help to form that sweet charm that makes the most trifling subjects engaging. Thus the expression, which is

not learned, is not so much taken notice of as it deserves, because it is much superseded by the use of artificial and acquired language. The modern system of philosophy has also concurred to shut it out from our reflections.

It is in conversation people put on all their graces, and appear in the lustre of good-breeding. It is certain, good-breeding, that sets so great a distinction between individuals of the same species, creates nothing new (I mean a good education) but only draws forth into prospect, with skill and address, the agreeable dispositions and sentiments that lay latent in the mind. You may call good-breeding artificial; but it is like the art of a gardener, under whose hand a barren tree puts forth its own bloom, and is enriched with its specific fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any scene so truly agreeable, as an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won in conversation by its own passions. Its pride, its grandeur, its affections, lay it open to the enchantment of an insinuating address. Flattery is a gross charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding disposition, that infers your superiority with a delicacy so fine, that you cannot see the lines of which it is composed? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble love of truth that will not deceive, a feeling of the distresses of others, and greatness of soul, inspire us with admiration along with love, and take our affections as it were by storm; but, above all, we are seduced by a view of the tender and affectionate passions; they carry a soft infection, and the heart is betrayed to them by its own forces. If we are to judge from symptoms, the soul that engages us so powerfully by its reflected glances, is an object of infinite beauty. I observed before, that the modulations of the human voice that express the soul, move us powerfully; and indeed we are affected by the natural emotions of the mind expressed in the simplest language: in short, the happy art, that, in conversation and the intercourse of life, lays hold upon our affections, is but a just address to the engaging passions in the human breast. But this lyrical power, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleasing speech and graceful outward show,
No arts can gain them, but the gods bestow.

POPE'S HOM.

From

From the various combinations of the several endearing passions and lofty sentiments, arise the variety of pleasing characters that beautify human society.

There is a different source of pleasure in conversation from what I have spoken of, called wit; which diverts the world so much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taste hesitate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in allusion and whimsical similitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantastic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You observe that I am only speaking of the ready wit of conversation.

Wit is properly called in to support a conversation where the heart or affections are not concerned; and its proper business is to relieve the mind from solitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by passion; the mind's eye, when disengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the surface of the imagination, and continually alters its aspect: the motley image, whose comic side we had only time to survey, is too unimportant to be attentively considered, and luckily vanishes before we can view it on every side. Shallow folks expect that those who diverted them in conversation, and made happy *bon mots*, ought to write well; and imagine that they themselves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally disappointed when they see the admired character descend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almost diametrically opposite to true genius, whose natural exercise is deep and slow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man should, like Cæsar, form consistent schemes for subduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people express a surprise, that Swift and Addison, the two greatest masters of humour of the last age, were easily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or repartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear

the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress. Men a little elevated by liquor, seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in sallies of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indelicacy, or malice, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose whimsical consistency we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason that they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable, or rather impossible. In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination without requiring any reflection. Those who have an eternal appetite for wit, like those who are ever in quest of diversion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking.

Ujber.

§ 221. On Music.

* There are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of some of its most affecting strains, we know not.

We feel plainly that music touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it dissolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage: but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded please; its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste of harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest passions put on a new nature, and

become pleasing in harmony: let me add, also, that it awakens some passions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a lingering curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it sinks and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony is always understood by the crowd, and almost always mistaken by musicians; who are, with hardly any exception, servile followers of the taste of mode, and who having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they serve to produce those collections of sound that move the passions. The present Italian taste for music is exactly correspondent to the taste of tragi-comedy, that about a century ago gained ground upon the stage. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprising transitions they make between extremes, while every hearer who has the least remainder of the taste of nature left, is shocked at the strange jargon. If the same taste should prevail in painting, we must soon expect to see the woman's head, a horse's body, and a fish's tail, united by soft gradations, greatly admired at our public exhibitions. Musical gentlemen should take particular care to preserve in its full vigour and sensibility their original natural taste, which alone feels and discovers the true beauty of music.

If Milton, Shakespeare, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossession in favour of the flights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in discourse. The music and the thought

would not make different expressions: the hearers would only think impetuously; and the effect of the music would be to give the ideas a tumultuous violence and divine impulse upon the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, sees instantly that the passionate power of music I speak of, was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients; that the muses of the Greeks always sung, and their song was the echo of the subject, which swelled their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture. An enquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient music, and a comparison thereof with modern composition, by a person of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free from the shackles of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taste, would probably lay the present half-Gothic mode of music in ruins, like those towers of whose little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of passionate harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as from the disposition of things, and the force of fashion, we cannot hope in our time to rescue the sacred lyre, and see it put into the hands of men of genius, I can only recall you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and observe to you, that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantastic, and surprising compositions that form the modern style of music: but you meet them in some few pieces that are the growth of wild unvitiated taste: you discover them in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's sighs, and fluctuate the breast with gentle pain; in the noble strokes that coil up the courage and fury of the soul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy: in short, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inward recesses of the heart:

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.
Ujör,

§ 222. *On Sculpture and Painting.*

Sculpture and painting have their standard in nature; and their principles differ only according to the different materials made use of in these arts. The variety of his colours, and the flat surface on which the painter is at liberty to raise his magic objects,

objects, give him a vast scope for ornament, variety, harmony of parts, and opposition, to please the mind, and divert it from too strict an examination. The sculptor being so much confined, has nothing to move with but beauty, passion, and force of attitude; sculpture therefore admits of no mediocrity; its works are either intolerable, or very fine. In Greece, the finishing of a single statue was often the work of many years.

Sculpture and painting take their merit from the same spirit that poetry does; a justness, a grandeur, and force of expression: and their principal objects are, the sublime, the beautiful, and the passionate. Painting, on account of its great latitude, approaches also very near to the variety of poetry; in general their principles vary only according to the different materials of each.

Poetry is capable of taking a series of successive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the passions in motion gradually, and winds them up by successive efforts, that all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated so violently, if the storm had not come on by degrees: besides, language, by its capacity of representing thoughts, of forming the communication of mind with mind, and describing emotions, takes in several great, awful, and passionate ideas that colours cannot represent; but the painter is confined to objects of vision, or to one point or instant of time: and is not to bring into view any events which did not, or at least might not happen, at one and the same instant. The chief art of the history-painter, is to hit upon a point of time, that unites the whole successive action in one view, and strikes out the emotion you are desirous of raising. Some painters have had the power of preserving the traces of a receding passion, or the mixed disturbed emotions of the mind, without impairing the principal passion. The Medea of Timomachus was a miracle of this kind; her wild love, her rage, and her maternal pity were all poured forth to the eye, in one portrait. From this mixture of passions, which is in nature, the murderers appeared dreadfully affecting.

It is very necessary, for the union of design in painting, that one principal figure appear eminently in view, and that all the rest be subordinate to it; that is,

the passion or attention of that principal object should give a cast to the whole piece: for instance, if it be a wrestler, or a courser in the race, the whole scene should not only be active, but the attentions and passions of the rest of the figures should all be directed by that object. If it be a fisherman over the stream, the whole scene must be silent and meditative; if ruins, a bridge, or waterfall, even the living persons must be subordinate, and the traveller should gaze and look back with wonder. This strict union and concord is rather more necessary in painting than in poetry: the reason is, painting is almost palpably a deception, and requires the utmost skill in selecting a vicinity of probable ideas, to give it the air of reality and nature. For this reason also nothing strange, wonderful, or shocking to credulity, ought to be admitted in paintings that are designed after real life.

The principal art of the landscape-painter lies in selecting those objects of view that are beautiful or great, provided there be a propriety and a just neighbourhood preserved in the assemblage, along with a careless distribution that solicits your eye to the principal object where it rests; in giving such a glance or confused view of those that retire out of prospect, as to raise curiosity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in bestowing as much life and action as possible, without overcharging the piece. A landscape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the cheerful aspect which the sun bestows, either by a proper disposition of shade, or by the appearances that beautify his rising or setting; and by a judicious prospect of water, which always conveys the ideas of motion: a few dishevelled clouds have the same effect, but with somewhat less vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and sculpture springs from the same principles that affect us in life; they are not the persons who perform at a comedy or tragedy we go to see with so much pleasure, but the passions and emotions they display: in like manner, the value of statues and pictures rises in proportion to the strength and clearness of the expression of the passions, and to the peculiar and distinguishing air of character. Great painters almost always chuse a fine face to exhibit the passions in. If you recollect what I said on beauty, you will easily conceive the reason

why the agreeable passions are most lively in a beautiful face; beauty is the natural vehicle of the agreeable passions. For the same reason the tempestuous passions appear strongest in a fine face; it suffers the most violent derangement by them. To which we may add, upon the same principle, that dignity or courage cannot be mixed in a very ill-favoured countenance; and that the painter after exerting his whole skill, finds in their stead pride and terror. These observations, which have been often made, serve to illustrate our thoughts on beauty. Besides the strict propriety of nature, sculpture and figure-painting is a kind of description, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that, while it preserves nature, sometimes, in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal splendor over the figures that never existed in real life. Such is the sublime and celestial character that breathes over the Apollo Belvedere, and the inexpressible beauties that dwell upon the Venus of Medici, and seem to shed an illumination around her. This superior beauty must be varied with propriety, as well as the passions; the elegance of Juno, must be decent, lofty, and elated; of Minerva, masculine, confident, and chaste; and of Venus, winning, soft, and conscious of pleasing. These sister arts, painting and statuary, as well as poetry, put it out of all doubt, that the imagination carries the ideas of the beautiful and the sublime far beyond visible nature; since no mortal ever possessed the blaze of divine charms that surrounds the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Medici, I have just mentioned.

A variety and flush of colouring is generally the refuge of painters, who are not able to animate their designs. We may call a lustre of colouring, the rant and fashion of painting, under which are hid the want of strength and nature. None but a painter of real genius can be severe and modest in his colouring, and please at the same time. It must be observed, that the glow and variety of colours give a pleasure of a very different kind from the object of painting. When foreign ornaments, gilding, and carving come to be considered as necessary to the beauty of pictures, they are a plain diagnostic of a decay in taste and power.

Usher.

§ 223. *On Architecture.*

A free and easy proportion, united with simplicity, seem to constitute the elegance

of form in building. A subordination of parts to one evident design forms simplicity; when the members thus evidently related are great, the union is always very great. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you see the image of a creating mind result from the whole. The evident uniformity of the round, and its unparallelled simplicity, are probably the sources of its superior beauty. When we look up at a vaulted roof, that seems to rest upon our horizon, we are astonished at the magnificence, more than at the visible extent.

When I am taking a review of the objects of beauty and grandeur, can I pass by unnoticed the source of colours and visible beauty? When the light is withdrawn all nature retires from view, visible bodies are annihilated, and the soul mourns the universal absence in solitude; when it returns, it brings along with it the creation, and restores joy as well as beauty.

Ibid.

§ 224. *Thoughts on Colours and Lights.*

If I should distinguish the perceptions of the senses from each other, according to the strength of the traces left on the imagination, I should call those of hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting, *notions*, which impress the memory but weakly; while those of colours I should call ideas, to denote their strength and peculiar clearness upon the imagination. This distinction deserves particular notice. The author of nature has drawn an impenetrable veil over the fixed material world that surrounds us; solid matter refuses our acquaintance, and will be known to us only by resisting the touch; but how obscure are the informations of feeling? light comes like an intimate acquaintance to relieve us: it introduces all nature to us, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the crystal streams, and azure sky. But all this beauteous diversity is no more than an agreeable enchantment formed by the light that spreads itself to view; the fixed parts of nature are eternally entombed beneath the light, and we see nothing in fact but a creation of colours. Schoolmen, with their usual arrogance, will tell you their ideas are transcripts of nature, and assure you that the veracity of God requires they should be so, because we cannot well avoid thinking so: but nothing is an object of vision but light, the picture we see is not annexed to the earth, but comes with angelic celerity to meet our eyes. That which is called body or substance,

stance, that reflects the various colours of the light, and lies hid beneath the appearance, is wrapt in impenetrable obscurity; it is fatally shut out from our eyes and imagination, and only causes in us the ideas of feeling, tasting, or smelling, which yet are not resemblances of any part of matter. I do not know if I appear too strong when I call colours the expression of the Divinity. Light strikes with such vivacity and force, that we can hardly call it inanimate or unintelligent.

Usher.

§ 225. *On Uniformity.*

Shall we admit uniformity into our list of beauty, or first examine its real merits? When we look into the works of nature, we cannot avoid observing that uniformity is but the beauty of minute objects. The opposite sides of a leaf divided in the middle, and the leaves of the same species of vegetables, retain a striking uniformity; but the branch, the tree, and forest, desert this similarity, and take a noble irregularity with vast advantage. Cut a tree into a regular form, and you change its lofty port for a minute prettiness. What forms the beauty of country scenes, but the want of uniformity? No two hills, vales, rivers, or prospects, are alike; and you are charmed by the variety. Let us now suppose a country made up of the most beautiful hills and descents imaginable, but every hill and every vale alike, and at an equal distance; they soon tire you, and you find the delight vanishes with the novelty.

There are, I own, certain assemblages that form a powerful beauty by their union, of which a fine face is incontestible evidence. But the charm does not seem by any means to reside in the uniformity, which in the human countenance is not very exact. The human countenance may be planned out much more regularly, but I fancy without adding to the beauty, for which we must seek another source. In truth, the finest eye in the world without meaning, and the finest mouth without a smile, are insipid. An agreeable countenance includes in the idea thereof an agreeable and gentle disposition. How the countenance, and an arrangement of colours and features, can express the idea of an unseen mind, we know not; but so the fact is, and to this fine intelligent picture, whether it be false or true, certain I am, that the beauty of the human countenance is owing, more than to uniformity. Shall we then say, that the great & uniformity, along

with the greatest variety, forms beauty? But this is a repetition of words without distinct ideas, and explicates a well-known effect by an obscure cause. Uniformity, as far as it extends, excludes variety; and variety, as far as it reaches, excludes uniformity. Variety is by far more pleasing than uniformity, but it does not constitute beauty; for it is impossible that can be called beauty, which, when well known, ceases to please: whereas a fine piece of music shall charm after being heard a hundred times; and a lovely countenance makes a stronger impression on the mind by being often seen, because there beauty is real. I think we may, upon the whole, conclude, that if uniformity be a beauty, it is but the beauty of minute objects; and that it pleases only by the visible design, and the evident footsteps of intelligence it discovers.

Ibid.

§ 226. *On Novelty.*

I must say something of the evanescent charms of novelty. When our curiosity is excited at the opening of new scenes, our ideas are affecting and beyond life, and we see objects in a brighter hue than they after appear in. For when curiosity is sated, the objects grow dull, and our ideas fall to their diminutive natural size. What I have said may account for the raptured prospect of our youth we see backward; novelty always recommends, because expectations of the unknown are ever high; and in youth we have an eternal novelty; unexperienced credulous youth gilds our young ideas, and ever meets a fresh lustre that is not yet allayed by doubts. In age, experience corrects our hopes, and the imagination cools; for this reason, wisdom and high pleasure do not reside together.

I have observed through this discourse, that the delight we receive from the visible objects of nature, or from the fine arts, may be divided into the conceptions of the sublime, and conceptions of the beautiful. Of the origin of the sublime I spoke hypothetically, and with diffidence; all we certainly know on this head is, that the sensations of the sublime we receive from external objects, are attended with obscure ideas of power and immensity; the origin of our sensations of beauty are still more unintelligible; however, I think there is some foundation for classing the objects of beauty under different heads, by a correspondence or similarity, that may be observed between several particulars.

Ibid.
§ 227.

§ 227. *On the Origin of our general Ideas of Beauty.*

A full and consistent evidence of design, especially if the design be attended with an important effect, gives the idea of beauty: thus a ship under sail, a greyhound, a well-shaped horse, are beautiful, because they display with ease a great design. Birds and beasts of prey, completely armed for destruction, are for the same reason beautiful, although objects of terror.

Where different designs at a single view, appear to concur to one effect, the beauty accumulates; as in the Grecian architecture: where different designs, leading to different effects, unite in the same whole, they cause confusion, and diminish the idea of beauty, as in the Gothic buildings. Upon the same principle, confusion and disorder are ugly or frightful; the figures made by spilled liquors are always ugly. Regular figures are handsome; and the circular, the most regular, is the most beautiful. This regulation holds only where the sublime does not enter; for in that case the irregularity and carelessness add to the ideas of power, and raise in proportion our admiration. The confusion in which we see the stars scattered over the heavens, and the rude arrangement of mountains, add to their grandeur.

A mixture of the sublime aids exceedingly the idea of beauty, and heightens the horrors of disorder and ugliness. Personal beauty is vastly raised by a noble air; on the contrary, the dissolution and ruins of a large city, distress the mind proportionally: but while we mourn over great ruins, at the destruction of our species, we are also soothed by the generous commiseration we feel in our own breasts, and therefore ruins give us the same kind of grateful melancholy we feel at a tragedy. Of all the objects of discord and confusion, no other is so shocking as the human soul in madness. When we see the principle of thought and beauty disordered, the horror is too high, like that of a massacre committed before our eyes, to suffer the mind to make any reflex act on the god-like traces of pity that distinguish our species; and we feel no sensations but those of dismay and terror.

Regular motion and life shewn in inanimate objects, give us also the secret pleasure we call beauty. Thus waves spent, and successively breaking upon the shore, and waving fields of corn and grass in con-

tinued motion, are ever beautiful. The beauty of colours may perhaps be arranged under this head: colours, like notes of music, affect the passions; red incites anger, black to melancholy; white brings a gentle joy to the mind; the softer colours refresh or relax it. The mixtures and gradations of colours have an effect correspondent to the transitions and combinations of sounds; but the strokes are too transient and feeble to become the objects of expression.

Beauty also results from every disposition of nature that plainly discovers her favour and indulgence to us. Thus the spring season, when the weather becomes mild, the verdant fields, trees loaded with fruit or covered with shade, clear springs, but particularly the human face, where the gentle passions are delineated, are beyond expression beautiful. On the same principle, inclement wintry skies, trees stripped of their verdure, desert barren lands, and, above all, death, are frightful and shocking. I must, however, observe, that I do not by any means suppose, that the sentiment of beauty arises from a reflex considerate act of the mind, upon the observation of the designs of nature or of art; the sentiment of beauty is instantaneous, and depends upon no prior reflections. All I mean is, that design and beauty are in an arbitrary manner united together; so that where we see the one, whether we reflect on it or no, we perceive the other. I must further add, that there may be other divisions of beauty easily discoverable, which I have not taken notice of.

The general sense of beauty, as well as of grandeur, seems peculiar to man in the creation. The herd in common with him enjoy the gentle breath of spring; they lie down to repose on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and pastures: but we have reason to think, that it is man only who sees the image of beauty over the happy prospect, and rejoices at it; that it is hid from the brute creation, and depends not upon sense, but on the intelligent mind.

We have just taken a transient view of the principal departments of taste; let us now, madam, make a few general reflections upon our subject. *Usher.*

§ 228. *Sense, Taste, and Genius distinguished.*

The human genius, with the best assistance, and the finest examples, breaks forth but

but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with the false and mishapen deceptions that pleased before, and reits with delight on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basis is a sense of beauty and of the sublime, the second step we may call taste, and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome, are so at this day: and, as I observed before, there is not the least necessity of improvement or science, to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an inefficual light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her lustre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us. Thus in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and useless. In utter barbarity, our prospect of it is still less fixed; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breast, like the same planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now descried, and now lost, through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste, the subject of our enquiry, which consists in a distinct, unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many possessed of a good taste, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good

taste by habit and fine examples, so that a delicacy of judgment seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated sense distinguish the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preserved in those cities; while the Plebeians had a share in the government, and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made subservient to the luxury of the latter; then the taste of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor by a fordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and costly, lose view of simple beauty and grandeur. It may seem a paradox, and yet I am firmly persuaded, that it would be easier at this day to give a good taste to the young savages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been possessed but by few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the rest of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themselves through the most remote consequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon; and in several instances, communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable lustre, that is not seen in the creation of nature. The poet, the statuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

The constellations of extraordinary personages who appeared in Greece and Rome, at or near the same period of time, after ages of darkness to which we know no beginning; and the long barrenness of those countries after in great men, prove that genius owes much of its lustre to a personal contest of glory, and the strong rivalry of great examples within actual view and knowledge; and that great parts alone are not able to lift a perion out of barbarity. It is further to be observed, that when the inspiring spirit of the fine arts retired, and left inanimate and cold the

breasts

breasts of poets, painters, and statuaries, men of taste still remained, who distinguished and admired the beauteous monuments of genius; but the power of execution was lost; and although monarchs loved and courted the arts, yet they refused to return. From whence it is evident, that neither taste, nor natural parts, form the creating genius that inspired the great masters of antiquity, and that they owed their extraordinary powers to something different from both.

If we consider the numbers of men who wrote well, and excelled in every department of the liberal arts, in the ages of genius, and the simplicity that always attends beauty; we must be led to think, that although few perhaps can reach to the supreme beauty of imagination displayed by the first-rate poets, orators, and philosophers; yet most men are capable of just thinking and agreeable writing. Nature lies very near our reflections, and will appear, if we be not misled and prejudiced before the sense of beauty grows to maturity. The populace of Athens and Rome prove strongly, that uncommon parts or great learning are not necessary to make men think justly. *Ueber.*

§ 229. *Thoughts on the Human Capacity.*

We know not the bounds of taste, because we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a sleeping giant; it has immense capacities without the power of using them. By listening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philosophers, and legislators; for he of all mankind seemed to have discovered the short and lightsome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an instance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what sentiments, have been transplanted into the motion of a misquet, of which a savage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whose objects are in scenes and in worlds we are strangers to. Children, who die young, have no conception of the sentiment of personal beauty. Are we certain that we are not yet children in respect to several species of beauties? We are ignorant whether there be not passions in the soul, that have

hitherto remained unawaked and undiscovered for want of objects to rouse them; we feel plainly that some such are gently agitated and moved by certain notes of music. In reality, we know not but the taste and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the soul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the sphere of a cockle or an oyster. *Ibid.*

§ 230. *Taste how depraved and lost.*

Let us now consider by what means taste is usually depraved and lost in a nation, that is neither conquered by barbarians nor has lost the improvements in agriculture, husbandry, and defence, that allow men leisure for reflection and embellishment. I observed before that this natural light is not so clear in the greatest men, but it may lie oppressed by barbarity. When people of mean parts, and of pride without genius, get into elevated stations, they want a taste for simple grandeur, and mistake for it what is uncommonly glaring and extraordinary; whence proceeds false wit of every kind, a gaudy richness in dress, an oppressive load of ornament in building, and a grandeur overstrained and puerile universally. I must observe, that people of bad taste and little genius almost always lay a great stress on trivial matters, and are ostentatious and exact in singularities, or in a decorum in trifles. When people of mean parts appear in high stations, and at the head of the fashionable world, they cannot fail to introduce a false embroidered habit of mind: people of nearly the same genius, who make up the crowd, will admire and follow them; and at length solitary taste, adorned only by noble simplicity, will be lost in the general example.

Also when a nation is much corrupted; when avarice and a love of gain have seized upon the hearts of men; when the nobles ignominiously bend their necks to corruption and bribery, or enter into the base mysteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatness of soul, expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-show of elegance, in which the dancing-master and peer are upon a level, and the mind is understood to have no part in the drama of politeness, or else to act under a mean disguise of virtues which it is not possessed of. *Ibid.*

§ 231. *Some Reflections on the Human Mind.*

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections you see two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You see a necessity, that arises from our situation and circumstances, bending us down into unworthy misery and fordid baseness; and you see, when we can escape from the insulting tyranny of our fate, and acquire ease and freedom, a generous nature, that lay stupified and oppressed, begin to awake and charm us with prospects of beauty and glory. This awaking genius gazes in rapture at the beautiful and elevating scenes of nature. The beauties of nature are familiar, and charm it like a mother's bosom; and the objects which have the plain marks of immense power and grandeur, raise in it a still, an inquisitive, and trembling delight: but genius often throws over the objects of its conceptions colours finer than those of nature, and opens a paradise that exists no where but in its own creations. The bright and peaceful scenes of Arcadia, and the lovely descriptions of pastoral poetry, never existed on earth, no more than Pope's shepherds or the river gods of Windsor forest: it is all but a charming illusion, which the mind first paints with celestial colours and then languishes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of delusion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in sentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they be corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princesses in their hearts. The soul, in a beautiful ecstasy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick transitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witness, that the confused ideas of the mind are still infinitely superior, and beyond the reach of all description. It is this divine spirit that, when roused from its lethargy, breathes in noble sentiments, that charms in elegance, that stamps upon marble or canvass the figures of gods and heroes, that inspires them with an air above humanity, and leads the soul through the enchanting meanders of music in a waking vision, through which it cannot break, to discover the near objects that charm it.

How shall we venture to trace the object of this surprizing beauty peculiar to

genius, which evidently does not come to the mind from the senses? It is not conveyed in sound, for we feel the sounds of music charm us by gently agitating and swelling the passions, and setting some passions afloat, for which we have no name, and knew not until they were awaked in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of vision, though it be moved by them; for it evidently bestows on the mimic representations and images the mind makes of the objects of sense, an enchanting loveliness that never existed in those objects. Where shall the soul find this amazing beauty, whose very shadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unspeakable raptures in it, and distracts it with languishing pleasure? What are those stranger sentiments that lie in wait in the soul, until music calls them forth? What is the obscure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all estimation, and punishes the breach of it with conscious terror and despair? What is it, in objects of immeasurable power and grandeur, that we look for with still amazement and awful delight?—But I find, madam, we have been insensibly led into subjects too abstruse and severe; I must not put the graces with whom we have been conversing to flight, and draw the serious air of meditation over that countenance where the smiles naturally dwell.

I have, in consequence of your permission, put together such thoughts as occurred to me on good taste. I told you, if I had leisure hereafter, I would dispose of them with more regularity, and add any new observations that I may make. Before I finish, I must in justice make my acknowledgments of the assistance I received. I took notice, at the beginning, that Rollin's Observations on Taste gave occasion to this discourse. Sir Henry Beaumont's polished dialogue on beauty, called Crito, was of service to me; and I have availed myself of the writings and sentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and statuaries of Greece, which was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I should be very unjust, if I did not make my chief acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modesty will not suffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am

bound at least, in honesty, to disclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original.

Usher.

§ 232. *General Reflections upon what is called Good Taste. From ROLLIN'S Belles Lettres.*

Taste as it now falls under our consideration, that is, with reference to the reading of authors and composition, is a clear, lively, and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth, and justness of the thoughts and expressions, which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate, and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions, most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art, and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. 'Tis equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and perfect. 'Tis the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style; as bombast, conceit, and witticism; in which as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties ingenium judicio caret, & specie boni fallitur.*

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways, yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocosive or serious style, 'tis always the

same, and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace, is the same. And yet they have all, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain tincture of a common spirit, which in that diversity of genius and style makes an affinity between them, and a sensible difference also betwixt them and the other writers, who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said, that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this, we may urge, that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people, and that there is no difference of taste and sentiment upon this point, as Tully observes, between the ignorant and the learned.

The case is the same with music and painting. A concert, that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find somewhat grating in it to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and sense of harmony implanted in them by nature. In like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator, who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in connoisseurs.

The like observations will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection; as they are often stifled or corrupted by a vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country.

But how depraved soever the taste may be, it is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated

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tivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time for a model to facilitate the application of them; we generally see, that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness, and delicacy, which are the effects of a refined taste, and by degrees draw others after them into the same way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors, who by their natural talents have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds, which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason, in their favour; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out amongst us the date of the good taste, which now reigns in all arts and sciences; by tracing each up to its original, we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired the nation this glory and advantage.

Even those, who live in the politer ages without any application to learning or study, do not fail to gain some tincture of the prevailing good taste, which has a share without their perceiving it themselves, in their conversation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our soldiers at present, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have said, we may conclude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this discerning faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quintilian, who justly sets such a value upon it, should say that it is no more to be obtained by art, than the taste of smell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam gustus aut odor*; unless he meant, that some persons are so stupid, and have so little use of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quintilian is

absolutely in the right in the instance he produces, at least with respect to taste. We need only imagine what passes in certain nations, in which long custom has introduced a fondness for certain odd and extravagant dishes. They readily commend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They soon learn to discern the delicacy of the seasoning, when a skilful master in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the grossness of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be understood to think those nations had great cause to complain, for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become so fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the resemblance there is between the taste of the body and mind, and how proper the first is to describe the characters of the second.

The good taste we speak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the sciences, but extends itself imperceptibly to other arts, such as architecture, painting, sculpture, and music. 'Tis the same discerning faculty which introduces universally the same elegance, the same symmetry, and the same order in the disposition of the parts; which inclines us to a noble simplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of ornaments. On the other hand, the deprivation of taste in arts has been always a mark and consequence of the deprivation of taste in literature. The heavy, confused, and gross ornaments of the old Gothic buildings, placed usually without elegance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the same age.

The good taste of literature reaches also to public customs and the manner of living. An habit of consulting the best rules upon one subject, naturally leads to the doing it also upon others. Paulus Æmilius, whose genius was so universally extensive, having made a great feast for the entertainment of all Greece upon the conquest of Macedon, and observing that his guests looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be expected from a soldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be surpris'd at it; for the same genius, which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper disposition of a table.

But by a strange, though frequent revolution, which is one great proof of the weakness,

weakness, or rather the corruption of human understanding, this very delicacy and elegance, which the good taste of literature and eloquence usually introduces into common life, for buildings, for instance, and entertainments, coming by little and little to degenerate into excess and luxury, introduces in its turn the bad taste in literature and eloquence. This Seneca informs us, in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epistles, where he seems to have drawn a good description of himself, though he did not perceive it.

One of his friends had asked him, whence the alteration could possibly arise which was sometimes observable in eloquence, and which carried most people into certain general faults; such as the affectation of bold and extravagant figures, metaphors struck off without measure or caution, sentences so short and abrupt, that they left people rather to guess what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca answers this question by a common proverb among the Greeks; "As is their life, so is their discourse;" *Talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.* As a private person lets us into his character by his discourse, so the reigning style is oft an image of the public manners. The heart carries the understanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men strive to be distinguished from the rest of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, buildings, and entertainments, and a studious search after every thing that is not in common use; the same taste will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accustomed to despise rules in manners, it will not follow them in style. Nothing will then go down but what strikes by its being new and glaring, extraordinary and affected. Trilling and childish thoughts will take place of such as are bold and overstrained to an excess. We shall affect a sleek and florid style, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than mere sound in it.

And this sort of faults is generally the effect of a single man's example, who, having gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, sets up for a master, and gives the strain to others. 'Tis thought honourable to imitate him, to observe and copy after him, and his style becomes the rule and model of the public taste.

As then luxury in diet and dress is a plain indication that the manners are not under so good a regulation as they should be; so a licentiousness of style, when it becomes public and general, shews evidently a depravation and corruption of the understandings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reform the thoughts and expressions used in style, it will be requisite to cleanse the spring from whence they proceed. 'Tis the mind that must be cured. When that is found and vigorous, eloquence will be so too; but it becomes feeble and languid when the mind is enfeebled and enervated by pleasures and delights. In a word, it is the mind which presides, and directs, and gives motion to the whole, and all the rest follows its impressions.

He has observed elsewhere, that a style too studied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have an orator, especially when upon a grave and serious subject, be less curious about words, and the manner of placing them, than of his matter, and the choice of his thoughts. When you see a discourse laboured and polished with so much carefulness and study, you may conclude, says he, that it comes from a mean capacity, that busies itself in trifles. A writer of great genius will not stand for such minute things. He thinks and speaks with more nobleness and grandeur, and we may discern, in all he says, a certain easy and natural air, which argues a man of real riches, who does not endeavour to appear so. He then compares this florid prinked eloquence to young people curled out and powdered, and continually before their glass and the toilet: *Barba et coma nitides, de capsula totos.* Nothing great and solid can be expected from such characters. So also with orators. The discourse is in a manner the visage of the mind. If it is decked out, tricked up, and painted, it is a sign there is some defect in the mind, and all is not found within. So much finery, displayed with such art and study, is not the proper ornament of eloquence. *Non est ornamentum virile, concinnitas.*

Who would not think, upon hearing Seneca talk thus, that he was a declared enemy of bad taste, and that no one was more capable of opposing and preventing it than he? And yet it was he, more than any other, that contributed to the depravation of taste, and corruption of eloquence. I shall take an occasion to speak upon this subject in another place, and shall do it

the more freely, as there is cause to fear lest the bad taste for bright thoughts, and turns of expression, which is properly the character of Seneca, should prevail in our own age. And I question whether this be not a mark and preface of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almost general decay of good manners, are perhaps also the fatal harbingers of it.

One single person of reputation sometimes, as Seneca observes, and he himself is an instance of it, who by his eminent qualifications shall have acquired the esteem of the public, may suffice to introduce this bad taste, and corrupt style. Whilst moved by a secret ambition, a man of this character strives to distinguish himself from the rest of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new disciples, than follow at the heels of the old masters; whilst he prefers the reputation of wit to that of solidity, pursues what is bright rather than what is solid, and sets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilst he chooses rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reason than convince it, to surprize the hearer into an approbation, rather than deserve it; and by a kind of delusion and soft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauses of superficial minds (and such the multitude always are); other writers, seduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of a like success, will suffer themselves insensibly to be hurried down the stream, and add strength to it by following it. And thus the old taste, though better in itself, shall give way to the new one without redress, which shall presently assume the force of law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This should awaken the diligence of the masters in the university, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taste; and as they are entrusted with the public instruction of youth, they should look upon this care as an essential part of their duty. The custom, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often opposite to our way of life, and the usages that prevail amongst us; and the knowledge of them may be therefore less necessary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their course, without any rea-

son left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of states and empires have perhaps very little relation to their present situation and wants, and therefore become of less concern to us. But good taste, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the same in every age; and it is the principal advantage that young persons should be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reason as the masters, depositories, and guardians of sound eloquence and good taste. In fine, of all that may anywise contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly say this is the most essential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taste is not confined to literature; it takes in also, as we have already suggested, all arts and sciences, and branches of knowledge. It consists therefore in a certain just and exact discernment, which points out to us, in each of the sciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is most curious, beautiful, and useful, whatever is most essential, suitable, or necessary to those who apply to it; how far consequently we should carry the study of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deserves a particular application and preference before the rest. For want of this discernment, a man may fall short of the most essential part of his profession, without perceiving it: nor is the case so rare as one might imagine. An instance taken from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon will set the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, son of Cambyfes King of Persia, had long been under the tuition of a master in the art of war, who was without doubt a person of the greatest abilities and best reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyfes was discoursing with his son, he took occasion to mention his master, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was necessary for the command of an army. Has your master, says Cambyfes, given you any lectures of œconomy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with necessities, to supply them with provisions, to prevent the distempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are sick, to strengthen their bodies by frequent exercise, to raise emulation amongst them, how to make yourself obeyed, esteemed, and beloved by them? Upon

all these points, answered Cyrus, and several others the King ran over to him, he has not spoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has he taught you then? To exercise my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to cast a spear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to see that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyfes smiled, and let his son see, that he had learnt nothing of what was most essential to the making of a good officer, and an able general; and taught him far more in one conversation, which certainly deserves well to be studied by young gentlemen that are designed for the army, than his famous master had done in many years.

Every profession is liable to the same inconvenience, either from our not being sufficiently attentive to the principal end we should have in view in our applications to it, or from taking custom for our guide, and blindly following the footsteps of others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more useful than the knowledge of history. But if we rest satisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts of no great curiosity or importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we shall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatise of rhetoric may be extensive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat such questions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that discourse of rhetoric Tully speaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to speak at all, or not to the purpose. *Scriptit artem rhetoricam Cleanthes, sed sic, ut, si quis obrutiscere concupierit, nihil aliud legeret leat.* In philology one might spend abundance of time in knotty and abstruse disputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things; and at the same time neglect the essential part of the study, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the most necessary qualification, not only in the art of speaking and the sciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taste, prudence, and discretion, which upon all subjects and on every

occasion teaches us what we should do, and how to do it. *Illud dicere satis habeo, nihil esse, non modo in orando, sed in omni vita, prius consilio.*
Rollin.

§ 235. DR. JOHNSON'S Preface to his Edition of SHAKESPEARE.

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shade of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear
from

from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined, that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect: but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusion, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enemies has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unassisted by interest or passions they have passed through variations of taste and change of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only

the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to enquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there

which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolic joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters, thus ample and general, were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolic or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous ro-

mances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine

like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend: in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect, among the Greeks or Romans, a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition,

and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued

through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels: Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scene of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is reasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed: he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics or such authority as might restrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting; but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable at all times and to all places; they are na-

tural, and therefore durable: the adventurous peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury to the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure

secure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superfluous veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find HecTOR quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of

fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for, in the same age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet, perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy, his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration, he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations, or set speeches, are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject;

he struggles with it a while, and, if it continues stubborn, comprizes it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the quality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or swoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged

to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be to prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it; for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand, will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, should lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria; and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumspections of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstacy, should count the clock; or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some ac-

tion, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility, than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because

because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of *Cato*?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour, the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether *Shakespeare* knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessens its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such violations of rules, merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of *Shakespeare*, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of *Voltaire*:

*Non usque adeo permisit imis
Locus summa diei, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these perhaps have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost-frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as *Aeneas* withdrew from the defence of *Troy*, when he saw *Neptune* shaking the wall, and *Juno* heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of *Shakespeare*, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native

force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakespear, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people, newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The *Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which was feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of *Plutarch's* lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespear than of any other writer: others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but *Homer* in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle, with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited, had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find, that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's

author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakespeare of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations

of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of *I pra, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confessedly taken from the *Menachmi* of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes, proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of Romeo and Juliet, he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but, as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but

but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using, to any certain purpose, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and, as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct

with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; from this, almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man, had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or found the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from the time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling, as he could, in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakespeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought, or to enquiry: so many, that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight

of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, as *dew-drops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted whether, from all his successors, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just; their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breath. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effected so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems*, says Dennis, *to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of*

blank verse, diversified often by disyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The disyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Corboduca*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo**, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours, indeed, commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew-Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590.

thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which, perhaps, never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the deprivations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state. *Johnson.*

§ 234. POPE'S Preface to his HOMER.

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest Invention of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses; the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for

Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes:

οἱ δ' ἄγ' ἴσαν, ὡσεὶ το σαρξὶ γῆλ' ἅπαντα νέμονται.

“They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.” It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought,

thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this “*vidida vis animi*,” in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakespeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to shew, how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the “*Soul of poetry*,” was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the anger of

Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer’s poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will

will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command: that of Ajax is heavy, and

self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds.—The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is

less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described; Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture: Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homœrica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great

quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his matter.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κρηβυβαίωλον*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *ειροσίφυλλον*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise

is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables, so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his motions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages, both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise

of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow;

Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of his faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to over-

power the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and corresponding images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that * those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else

* Preface to her Homer.

to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used; they were a sort of attributes in which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, *Monf. Boileau* is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as *Alexander* the son of *Philip*, *Herodotus* of *Halicarnassus*, *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, &c. *Homer* therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of *Harold Harefoot*, *Edmund Ironside*, *Edward Long-shanks*, *Edward the Black Prince*, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture: *Hesiod*, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at *Thebes* and *Troy*, are called *Demi-Gods*, and live by the care of *Jupiter* in the islands of the blessed*." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against *Homer*, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work.

* *Hesiod*, lib. i, ver. 155, &c.

Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt *Virgil*; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of *Homer's* having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis*; as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because *Achilles* is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that *Rapin* judges in his comparison of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Others select those particular passages of *Homer*, which are not so laboured as some that *Virgil* drew out of them: this is the whole management of *Scaliger* in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the conduct of *Perault* in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of *Homer*, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and, in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of *Virgil* or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of *Monf. de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age *Homer* had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of

the chief invention; and as long as this (which indeed is the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered, what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by converting into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a dark-

ness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical intolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem, is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dullness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sinner: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scrip-
ture

ture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness, those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English com-

pound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εἰσοσφύλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἐκχέαιλος*, or "far-shooting," is capable of two explications; one literal in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches, where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn

forms of prayer, oaths, or the like, In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question, whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the Versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose, and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odysses*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in *sustian*, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buffy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to

have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general: but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which, if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copied, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing

agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods, neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion, in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was

obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish, for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose goodness (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these, it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeas'd I should undertake the author, to whom he has given (in his excellent Essay) so complete a praise.

“ Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
 “ For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 “ Verse will seem Prose; but still persist to read,
 “ And Homer will be all the books you need.”

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no better way oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shewn me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after ages for his defenders, his translator has had the Beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

Pope.

§ 235. *An Essay on Virgil's Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's Translation.*

Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in

his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been an abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in

our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us, and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. 'A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry.' Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleastest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much

pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other:

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
 Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
 Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna,
 ———Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
 Castanea fagos, ornusque incauit albo
 Flore pyri: Glandemque Jues frigere sub ulmis,
 ———Nec longum tempus: & ingens
 Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
 Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters, as it were, through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to in-cumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while, for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country

life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus. But it is worth while to consider, how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines :

Siclicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incarvo terram molitibus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila :
Aut gravibus rastrois galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem :

———Non ullus aratro

Dignus honos : squalent abductis arva colonis :
Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in enses.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic ; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse, in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk should be admitted into a serious poem ; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity ; much less ought the low phrases and terms of art that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse ; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece,

who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics ; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves ; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod ; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper : he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal ; he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple ; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January, "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods, with their heads flooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs ; the goats and oxen are almost dead with cold ; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather ; but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick,

thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other something of rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images, which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's climate in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

— O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sitat, et ingenti ramiarum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos; which a more northern poet would have omitted,

for the description of a sunny hill and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased as when he is got among his bees, in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapon. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridiculous part of a line translated from Hesiod—*Nudus ara, sere nudus*. —And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever

he was, from his censuring in this particular precept, We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstances of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The *Æneis*, indeed, is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

Addison.

§ 236. *History of the* HEATHEN DEITIES.

1. COELUS and TERRA. Cœlus is said to be the son of the Air, great father of the gods, and husband of Terra the daughter of the Earth; by whom he had the Cyclops, Oceanus, Titan, the Hundred Giants, and many other children, the most eminent of which was Saturn.

Nothing is more uncertain that what is related of Cœlus and Terra; and the whole fable plainly seems to signify that the Air and Earth were the common father and parent of all created beings. Cœlus was called Uranus by the Greeks, and Terra was also named Veſta; she presided over all feasts and banquets; and the first fruits of the earth were offered to her in the most solemn sacrifices. According to the fable, Cœlus was dethroned by his youngest son Saturn, and wounded by him, to prevent his having more children.

2. SATURN. Saturn was the son of Cœlus and Terra, and the most ancient of all the gods. Titan, his elder brother, resigned his birth-right to him, on condition that he should destroy all his male

issue, that the empire of the world might in time fall to his posterity. Saturn accepted of this condition; but Titan afterwards suspecting that his brother had broke the contract between them, made war against him, and kept him in prison; from whence he was released by his son Jupiter, and re-instated in his government: he was afterwards dethroned by Jupiter himself.

Saturn being driven from his throne, left the kingdom, and went into Italy, and there lived with king Janus. That part of Italy where he concealed himself was called Latium.

He is represented as the emblem of Time, with a scythe in his hand; and in his time, it is said, was the golden age of the earth, when the ground yielded all sorts of fruit without culture, and Astræa, or Justice, dwelt among men, who lived together in perfect love and amity.

The Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, were instituted by Tullus king of the Romans; or, according to Livy, by Sempronius and Minutius the consuls.

3. CYBELE. Cybele was the wife of Saturn, and accounted mother of the gods: she was called Ops by the Latins, and Rhea by the Greeks. She was also named Bona Mater, Veſta, and Terra.

Cybele hath her head crowned with towers, and is the goddess of cities, garriſons, and all things that the earth sustains. She is the earth itself, on which are built many towers and castles.

In her hand she carries a key, because, in winter the earth locks up her treasures, which in the spring she unlooses, brings forth and dispenses with a plentiful hand.

She is seated in a chariot, because the earth hangs in the air, being poised by its own weight. Her garments were painted with flowers of various colours, and figured with images of several creatures; which needs no explanation, since every one knows, that such a dress is suitable to the earth.

Divine honours were daily paid to this goddess; and the priests of Cybele performed their sacrifices with a confused noise of timbrels, pipes, cymbals, and other instruments; and the sacrificants profaned both the temple of their goddess, and the ears of their hearers, with howling, riot, and every kind of wantonness.

The priests of this goddess were called Galli, from a river in Phrygia. They were

were also called Curetes, Corybantes, Telchines, Cabiri, and Idæi Dactyli.

4. **JUPITER.** Jupiter, son of Saturn and Cybele, or Ops, is the father and king of gods and men. He is represented sitting on a throne of ivory and gold, holding thunder in his right hand, and in the left, a scepter made of cyprus; which wood, being free from corruption, is a symbol of eternal empire. On this scepter sits an eagle; either because he was brought up by that bird, or that heretofore the eagle sitting upon his head, portended his reign; or because in the war against the Giants, it brought him the thunder, and thence was called his Armour-bearer. He had golden shoes, and an embroidered cloak, adorned with various flowers, and figures of animals.

He was educated, as well as born, upon Ida, a mountain in Crete; but by whom, the variety of opinions is wonderful.

There are some who affirm, that he was nursed by the Curetes, or Corybantes; some by the Nymphs; and some by Amalthea, daughter of Melissus king of that island. Others, on the contrary, have recorded, that he was fed by the bees with honey; others, by goat's milk.

They add besides, that the goat being dead and the skin pulled off, Jupiter made of it a shield, called *Ægis*, which he used afterwards in the battle against the Giants.

Jupiter, after he had deposed his father Saturn from the throne, and expelled him the kingdom, divided the parental inheritance with his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto. He so obliged and assisted mankind by great favours, that he not only got the title of Jupiter, but also obtained divine honours, and was esteemed the common father of gods and men.

Jupiter had names almost innumerable; which he obtained, either from the places where he lived, and wherein he was worshipped, or from the various actions of his life.

The Greeks called him Ammon or Hammon, which signifies *sandy*. He obtained his name first in Lybia, where he was worshipped under the figure of a ram; because when Bacchus was athirst in the deserts of Arabia, and implored the assistance of Jupiter, Jupiter appeared in the form of a ram, opened a fountain with his foot, and discovered it to him.

He was called Capitulinus, from the Capitoline hill, on the top whereof he had

the first temple that ever was built in Rome; which Tarquin the Elder first vowed to build, Tarquin the Proud did build, and Horatius the Consul dedicated. He was besides called Tarpeius, for the Tarpeian rock on which this temple was built. He was also styled Optimus Maximus, from his power and willingness to profit all men.

The title of Dodonæus was given Jupiter from the city Dodona in Chaonia, which was so called from Dodona, a nymph of the sea. Near to this city was a grove sacred to him, which was planted with oaks, and famous, because in it was the most ancient oracle of all Greece.

The name Feretrius was given him, because after the Romans had overcome their enemies they carried the imperial spoils (*Spolia Opima*) to his temple. Romulus first presented such spoils to Jupiter, after he had slain Acron, king of Canina; and Cornelius Gallus offered the same spoils, after he had conquered Tolumnius, king of Hetruria; and, thirdly, M. Marcellus, when he had vanquished Viridomarus king of the Gauls.

Those spoils were called *Opima*, which one general took from the other in battle.

He is also named Olympius from Olympus, the name of the master who taught him, and of the heaven wherein he resides.

The Greeks called him *Σωτήρ* (*Soter*) Servator, the Saviour, because he delivered them from the Medes.

He was likewise called Xenius, or Hospitalis; because he was thought the author of the laws and customs concerning hospitality.

5. **JUNO.** Juno was the Queen of Heaven, both the sister and wife of Jupiter; the daughter of Saturn and Ops; born in the island Samos, where she lived while she continued a virgin.

Juno became extremely jealous of Jupiter, and never ceased to perplex the children he had by his mistresses. She was mother of Vulcan, Mars, and Hebe; she was also called Lucina, and presided over marriages and births; and is represented in a chariot drawn by peacocks, with a scepter in her right hand, and a crown on her head; her person was august, her carriage noble, and her dress elegant and neat.

Iris, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was servant and peculiar messenger of

Junó. Because of her swiftness, she is painted with wings, sitting on a rainbow. It was her office to unloose the souls of dying women from the chains of the body.

6. APOLLO. Apollo is described as a beardless youth, with long hair, crowned with laurel, and shining in an embroidered vestment; holding a bow and arrows in his right hand, and a harp in the left. Sometimes he is seen with a shield in the one hand, and the Graces in the other. The power of this god is threefold; in heaven, where he is called Sol; in earth, where he is named Liber Pater; and in hell, where he is styled Apollo. He generally is painted with a harp, shield, and arrows.

He was the son of Jupiter and Latona. His mother, who was the daughter of Cæus the Titan, conceived twins by Jupiter: at which Junó being incensed, sent the serpent Python against her; Latona, to avoid the intended mischief, fled into the island Delos, where she brought forth Apollo and Diana at the same birth.

By the invention of physie, music, poetry, and rhetoric, he deservedly presided over the Muses. He also taught the arts of foretelling and archery; by which he so much obliged mankind, that he was enrolled in the number of the gods.

He destroyed all the Cyclops, the forgers of Jupiter's thunderbolts, with his arrows, to revenge the death of his son Æsculapius, whom Jupiter had killed with his thunder, because, by the power of physie, he restored the dead to life again.

He fell violently in love with the virgin Daphne, so famous for her modesty. When he pursued her she was changed into a laurel, the most chaste of trees; which is never corrupted with the violence of heat or cold, but remains always flourishing, always pure.

Apollo raised the walls of the city of Troy by the music of his harp alone; and was challenged by Marfyas, a proud musician; but the god slayed him alive, because he presumed to contend with him in his own art, and afterwards turned him into a river. Also when Midas, king of Phrygia, foolishly determined the victory to the god Pan, when Apollo and he sang together, Apollo stretched his ears to the length and shape of asses ears.

This god had many names. He is

called Cynthius, from the mountain Cynthus in the island of Delos; from whence Diana is also called Cynthia; and Delius, from the same island, because he was born there.

He is called Delphicus, from the city Delphi in Bœotia, where he had the most famous temple in the world. They say, that this famous oracle became dumb at the birth of our Saviour; and when Augustus desired to know the reason of its silence, the oracle answered him, That, in Judæa, a child was born, who was the Supreme God, and had commanded him to depart, and return no more answers.

He is called Pæan, either from allaying sorrows, or from his exact skill in hunting, wherefore he is armed with arrows.

He is called Phœbus, from the swiftness of his motion, or from his method of healing by purging.

He was named Pythius, not only from the serpent Python, which he had killed, but likewise from asking and consulting; for none among the gods delivered more responses than he; especially in the temple which he had at Delphi, to which all nations resorted, so that it was called the oracle of all the earth. These oracles were given out by a young virgin, called Pythia from Pythius, one of Apollo's names.

7. SOL. Sol, who enlighteneth the world, is esteemed the same as Apollo. He was the father of Phæton by Clymene; and, as a proof of his paternal affection, promised to grant his son whatever he should request. The rash youth asked the guidance of his chariot for one day: Sol in vain used every argument to dissuade him from the enterprize; but having sworn by the river Styx, an oath it was unlawful for the gods to violate, unwillingly granted his request, and gave him the necessary instructions for his behaviour.

Phæton, transported with joy, mounted the chariot, and began to lash the flaming steeds; but they finding the ignorance of their new driver, ran through the air, and set both heaven and earth on fire. Jupiter, to prevent a total conflagration, struck Phæton with thunder from his chariot, and plunged him into the river Po. His sisters, Phæthusa, Lampetia, and Phœbe, and also Cycnus his friend, immoderately bewailed his death on the banks of the

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river;

river; and, by the pity of the gods, his sisters were changed into poplar trees, and his friend Cycnus into a swan.

8. MERCURY. Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas, was the god of eloquence and merchandize, and messenger of the gods.

He is represented a young man, with a cheerful countenance, an honest look, and lively eyes; fair without paint, with winged shoes and hat, and holding in his hand a winged rod, bound about with two serpents.

He had many remarkable qualities, on account of which they worshipped him as a god. He is said to have invented letters, and the use of them: it is evident, that he excelled in eloquence, and the faculty of speaking; and therefore was accounted the god of rhetoric and oratory. He is reported to have been the first inventor of contracts, weights, and measures: he also taught the arts of buying, selling, and traffic; and thence was called the god of merchants, and of gain.

In the art of thieving, he far exceeded all the sharpers that ever have been, and is named the Prince and God of Tricking. The very day in which he was born, he stole away the cows of king Admetus, though attended by Apollo himself; who, while he complained of the theft, and bent his bow with an intent of revenge, found himself robbed of his quiver and arrows also.

He was a wonderful master at making peace; and pacified not only mortals, but also the gods themselves, when they quarrelled. This faculty is signified by the rod which he holds in his hand, and which formerly he got from Apollo, to whom he had before given a harp.

He had divers offices: the chief were, to carry the commands of Jupiter; also to attend persons dying, to unloose their souls from the chains of the body, and carry them down to hell: likewise to revive, and replace into new bodies, those that had already compleated their time in the Elysian fields.

9. MARS. Mars, the son of Jupiter and Juno, or, as is related by Ovid, of Juno only, who conceived him by the touch of a flower shewed her by Flora.

Mars is the god of war, fierce in aspect, stern in countenance, and terrible in dress: he sits in a chariot drawn by two horses,

which are driven by a distracted woman. He is covered with armour, and brandishes a spear in his right hand. Sometimes he is represented sitting on horseback, formidable with his whip and spear, with a cock near him, the emblem of watchfulness.

His servants are Fear and Terror. Discord also goes before in a tattered garment, and Clamour and Anger follow him.

Bellona, goddess of war, is the companion of Mars, or, according to others, his sister or wife. She prepares for him his chariot and horses, when he goes to battle.

His name, Mars, sets forth the power and influence he has in war, where he presides over the soldiers.

He is called Gradivus, from his stateliness in marching, or from his vigour in brandishing his spear.

He is called Quirinus from Quiris, or Quiris, signifying a spear. This name was afterwards attributed to Romulus, who, with Remus, was esteemed the son of Mars; from whom the Romans were called Quirites.

10. BACCHUS. Bacchus was son of Jupiter and Semele, and is said to have been nourished by Jupiter in his thigh on the death of his mother. As soon as he was born, he was committed to the care of Silenus and the Nymphs, to be brought up; and, in reward for their service, the Nymphs were received into heaven, and there changed into stars called the Hyades.

Bacchus is a filthy, shameful, and immodest god; with a body naked, red face, lascivious look, swollen cheeks and belly, dispirited with luxury, and intoxicated with wine.

He is crowned with ivy and vine-leaves, and in his hand holds a thyrsus for a scepter. His chariot is drawn sometimes by tygers and lions, sometimes by lynxes and panthers: a drunken band of Satyrs, Demons, and Nymphs, presiding over the wine-presses, fairies of the fountains, and priestesses, attend him as his guard, and old Silenus, riding on an ass, brings up the rear.

Bacchus invented so many things useful to mankind, either in finishing controversies, building cities, enacting laws, or obtaining victories, that for this reason he was admitted into the council of the

gods, by the joint suffrages of the whole world.

He first planted the vine and drank the juice of the grape; the tillage of the ground, and making honey, are attributed to Bacchus: when he was king of Phœnicia, he instructed his subjects in trade and navigation. He promoted society amongst men, and brought them over to religion and the knowledge of the gods.

He subdued the Indians, and many other nations, and triumphed in a chariot drawn by tigers. Riding on an elephant, he travelled Ægypt, Syria, Phrygia, and all the East, gained many and great victories, and there erected pillars, as Hercules did in the West.

He had various names: he was called Bromius, from the crackling of fire, and noise of thunder, that was heard when his mother was killed in the embraces of Jupiter.

Binater, because he had two mothers.

Evius, or Evous; for in the war with the Giants, when Jupiter did not see Lacchus, he thought that he was killed; and cried out, *Alas, Son!* Or, because when he found that Bacchus had overcome the Giants, by changing himself into a lion, he cried out again, *Well done, Son!*

Evan, from the acclamations of the Bacchantes, who were therefore called *Evanetes*.

Eleleus and Eleus, from the acclamation wherewith they animated the soldiers before the fight, or encouraged them in the battle itself. The same acclamation was also used in celebrating the Orgia, which were sacrifices offered up to Bacchus.

Iacchus was also one of the names given to Bacchus, from the noise which men when drunk make.

Liber, and Liber Pater, from *libero*, as in Greek they call him *Ἐλευθερίος* [*Eleutherios*] the Deliverer.

Also Leneus, and Lyæus; for wine frees the mind from cares, and those who have drunk plentifully, speak too often whatsoever comes into their minds.

II. MINERVA. Minerva; or Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, war, arts, and sciences, was the daughter of Jupiter; who finding no likelihood of having children by Juno, it is said desired Vulcan to strike his forehead with his hammer; and, after three months, he brought forth Mi-

nerva. She was called Minerva, as some say, from the threats of her stern and fierce look. Instead of a woman's dress, she is arrayed in armour; wears a golden head-piece, and on it glittering crests; a brazen coat of mail covers her breast; she brandishes a lance in her right hand, and in her left holds a shield, whereon is painted the grisly head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons, rough and formidable with snakes.

Upon the head of this goddess there was an olive crown, which is the symbol of peace; either because war is only made that peace may follow; or because she taught men the use of that tree.

There were five Minervas; but that one, to whom the rest are referred, was descended of Jupiter. For he, as some say, finding that his wife was barren, through grief struck his forehead, and brought forth Minerva.

This goddess, like Vesta and Diana, was a perpetual virgin; and so great a lover of chastity, that she deprived Tiresias of his eyes, because he saw her bathing in the fountain of Helicon.

Minerva was the inventress of divers arts, especially of spinning; and therefore the distaff is ascribed to her.

The Athenians were much devoted to her worship; and she had been adored by that people before Athens itself was built. The Rhodians also paid great honour to this goddess. She was extremely jealous lest any one should excel her in any art; and near her are placed divers mathematical instruments, as goddess of arts and sciences. The cock and the owl are sacred to her; the first being expressive of courage and watchfulness, and the latter the emblem of caution and foresight.

Minerva represents wisdom, that is, useful knowledge, joined with discreet practice; and comprehends the understanding of the most noble arts, together with all the virtues, but more especially that of chastity. Her birth from Jupiter's head, is most certainly an emblem, that all human arts and sciences are the production of the mind of man, directed by superior wisdom.

12. VENUS. Venus is said to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. She is styled the goddess of the Graces, Eloquence, Beauty, Neatness, and Cheerfulness; in her countenance many charms abound.

She is clothed with a purple mantle glittering with diamonds, and resplendent with a rosy crown; she breathes pleasures, and flows in softness. Two Cupids attend at her sides, the Graces stand round her, and the lovely Adonis follows after, gently holding up her train. Her chariot is of ivory, finely carved, beautifully painted and gilt, fashioned in form of a shell, and drawn by swans, doves, and swallows, or sometimes by sparrows, as she directs, when she pleases to mount it.

She is said to have sprung from the froth of the sea; and, being laid in a shell, as it were in a cradle, to have been driven by Zephyrus upon the island of Cyprus, where the Horæ received her, cherished her in their bosoms, educated, and adorned her; and when she was grown up, they carried her into heaven, and presented her to the gods, who, being taken with her beauty, all strove to marry her; but at last she was betrothed to Vulcan, to whom afterwards she was given in wedlock.

The first of Venus's companions was Hymenæus, the god of marriage, and protector of virgins. Maids newly married offered sacrifices to him, as also to the goddess Concordia.

Cupid, the god of love, was the next of Venus's companions. She also passionately loved Adonis, a beautiful youth.

The poets speak of two Cupids; one of which is an ingenious youth, the son of Jupiter and Venus, a celestial deity; the other a debauchee, son of Nox and Erebus, whose companions are Drunkenness, Sorrow, Enmity, Contention, and other plagues of that kind.

The Graces, called Charities, were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus.—These will be more particularly mentioned in a future place.

Venus was worshipped under various names: Cypris and Cypria, Cytheris and Cytherea, from the islands of Cyprus and Cythera, whither she was first carried in a sea-shell.

Erycina, from the mountain Eryx, in the island of Sicily; upon which Æneas built a splendid and famous temple to her honour, because she was his mother.

Idalia and Acidalia, from the mountain Idalus, in the island Cyprus, and the fountain Acidalius, in Bœotia.

Marina, because she was born of the sea, and begotten of the froth of the waters.

From thence she is called Aphroditis and

Anadyomene, that is, *emerging out of the waters*, as Apelles painted her.

She is called Paphia, from the city Paphos in the island of Cyprus, where they sacrificed flowers and frankincense to her: also the Lesbian Queen, from Lesbos, in the same island.

On a dispute at a feast of the gods, between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, for the pre-eminence of beauty, Jupiter, not being able to bring them to an agreement, referred the decision to Paris, a shepherd on Mount Ida, with direction that a golden apple should be given to the fairest. Paris determined the prize in favour of Venus, and assigned to her the golden reward. Venus, in return for this singular regard to her, promised Paris Helena, the fairest beauty in the world. Paris sailed into Greece with a great fleet, and brought away Helen, who had been betrothed to Menelaus, king of Sparta; but he being then absent, Paris carried her away with him to Troy, which brought on the famous siege of that city, as is related in the Grecian History.

[These were the principal, or first class of Deities in the Heathen Mythology; the *Dii Majores*, to whom the highest degree of worship was paid; as it was universally imagined, that these deities were more eminently employed in the government of the world, and presided over the immediate concerns of mankind.]

Vulcan, Neptune, Pluto, and some others, are also esteemed principal Deities; but mention will be made of these as they occur in the several orders or ranks of Terrestrial, Marine, and Infernal Deities.]

I. TERRESTRIAL.

1. TITAN. Titan, the elder brother of Saturn, though not a god, claims the first place, being the elder son of Cœlus and Terra; and, on an agreement with Jupiter his younger brother, he yielded to him his birthright, as is before mentioned. His sons were the Giants, called from him Titans.

2. VESTA. Vesta, the eldest of all the goddesses, the mother of Saturn, and the wife of Cœlus, is represented as a matron sitting and holding a drum. She is not reckoned among the Celestials, she being the Earth herself. Vesta is her name

from cloathing, because the earth is cloathed with plants and fruits. She sits, because the earth being immoveable, rests in the lowest part of the world. She carries a drum, because the earth contains the boisterous winds in its bosom.

Her head is also surrounded with divers flowers and plants, voluntarily weaving themselves into a crown, while animals of every kind play about, and fawn upon her. By reason the earth is round, Vesta's temple at Rome was built round; and they say, that her image was orbicular in some places.

It is no wonder that the first oblations were offered to her, since all the sacrifices spring from the earth; and the Greeks both began and concluded all sacrifices with this goddess.

3. **VULCAN.** Vulcan, the husband of Venus, was son of Jupiter and Juno (some say of Juno only); but, being born deformed, he was cast down from heaven by Jupiter as soon as he was born, and in the fall broke his leg. He was the god of subterraneous fires, and presided over metals.

He first made his addressees to Minerva, and was refused by her: he afterwards married Venus, but that goddess disregarded him for his deformity.

Vulcan made the chariot of the sun, and supplied Jupiter with thunder: he fixed his forges on Mount *Ætna*, but chiefly in the island *Lemnos*, where he worked for the gods, and taught the natives the art of working iron by fire. His forgers were the Cyclops, who were represented as having only one eye, in the middle of their foreheads. Apollo, it is said, slew them all, for having forged the thunder with which Jupiter struck *Æsculapius*, the god of physic. The principal temple of Vulcan was on Mount *Ætna*; and he is painted with a hat of blue colour, the symbol of fire.

He was called *Mulciber*, or *Multifer*, from his softening and polishing iron.

4. **JANUS.** Janus was the son of *Cælus* and *Hecate*. He had a double face and forehead in one and the same head; hence he was called the two-faced God; and therefore is said to see things placed behind his back, as well as before his face. In his right hand he holds a key, and in his left a rod; and beneath his feet are twelve altars.

He had several temples built and de-

icated to him, some of which had double doors, others four gates; because he was sometimes represented with four faces.

It was a custom among the Romans, that, in his temple, the consuls were inaugurated, and from thence said to open the year on the kalends of January, when new laurel was put on the statue of the god. The temple of Janus was held in great veneration by the Romans, and was kept open in the time of war, and shut in the time of peace; and it is remarkable, that, within the space of seven hundred years, this temple was shut only thrice: once by *Numa*; afterwards by the consuls *Marcus Attilius* and *Titus Manlius*, after a league struck up with the *Carthagenians*; and, lastly, by *Augustus*, after the victory of *Actium*.

5. **LATONA.** Latona was the daughter of *Phœbe*, and *Cœus* the Titan; whom, for her great beauty, Jupiter loved and de-flowered.

When Juno perceived her with child, she cast her out of heaven to the earth, having first obliged *Terra* to swear, that she would not give her any where an habitation to bring forth her young: and besides, she sent the serpent *Python* to persecute the harlot all over the world. But in vain; for in the island *Delos*, under a palm or an olive-tree, Latona brought forth *Diana* and *Apollo*.

6. **DIANA.** Diana, goddess of hunting, was the daughter of *Ceres* and *Jupiter*, and sister of *Apollo*. She is usually painted in a hunting habit, with a bow in her hand, a quiver full of arrows hanging down from her shoulders, and her breast covered with the skin of a deer: she was the goddess of hunting and chastity.

She has three different names, and as many offices: in the heavens she is called *Luna* and *Phœbe*, on the earth *Diana*, and in hell *Hecate*. In the heavens she enlightens all things by her rays; on the earth she subdues all the wild beasts by her bow and darts; and in hell keeps in subjection the ghouls and spirits, by her power and authority.

Diana was exposed by her mother in the streets, and was nourished by shepherds: for which reason, she was worshipped in the streets, and her statue usually set before the doors of the houses.

Many temples were erected to this goddess, of which, that of *Ephesus* was the chief.

chief. The woods, groves, and forests, were also consecrated to her.

Actæon, grandson of Cadmus, a famous hunter, introducing himself into the privacy of Diana, whilst she was bathing in a fountain, the goddess changed him into a stag, and he was devoured by his dogs.

7. **AURORA.** Aurora was the daughter of Terra and Titan, the sister of the sun and moon, and mother of all the stars.

She sits high in a golden chariot, drawn by white horses. She was much taken with the love of Cephalus, a very beautiful youth; and when she could by no persuasion move him to violate his faith, plighted to his wife Procris, daughter of the king of Athens, she carried him up into heaven by force.

Aurora, being also charmed with the singular beauty of Tithonus, son of Laomedon, and brother of Priamus, carried him up into heaven, joined him to herself in wedlock, and from the Fates obtained immortality for him instead of a portion.

Memnon was the son of this marriage, who, when he came to Troy, to bring assistance to Priamus, fighting in a single combat with Achilles, was slain.

8. **CERES.** Ceres is represented as a lady, tall in stature, venerable with majesty, beautified with yellow hair, and crowned with a turban composed of the ears of corn. She holds in her right hand a burning torch, and, in her left, a handful of poppies and ears of corn.

She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and of so great beauty, that she drew the gods into the love and admiration of her person.

She first invented and taught the art of tilling the earth, of sowing pulse and corn, and of making bread; whereas before men ate only acorns. As soon as agriculture was introduced, and men began to contend about the limits of those fields, which before were common and uncultivated, she enacted laws, and determined the rights and properties of each person when disputes arose.

Ceres is beautiful, because the earth, which she resembles, gives a very delightful and beautiful spectacle to beholders: especially when it is arrayed with plants, diversified with trees, adorned with flowers, enriched with fruits, and covered with green herbs; when it displays the honours of the

Spring, and pours forth the gifts of Autumn with a bountiful hand.

She holds a lighted torch, because when Proserpine was stolen away by Pluto, she lighted torches with the flames of mount *Ætna*, and with them sought her daughter through the whole world. She also carries poppies, because when spent with grief, and could not obtain the least rest or sleep, Jupiter gave her poppies to eat, which plant, they say, has a power of creating sleep and forgetfulness.

Among various nations, the first fruits of the earth were offered to Ceres, as goddess of corn and agriculture; and the Cerealia, or Mysteries instituted in honour of Ceres, both in Greece and Sicily, were of two sorts: the greater, or chief, were peculiar to Ceres, and called Eleusinia, from Eleusis, a city of Attica; and, in the lesser, sacrifices were made also to Proserpine.

In these feasts, the votaries ran through the public streets with great noise and lamentation, carrying lighted torches in their hands, in representation of the search made by Ceres after her daughter, when stolen by Pluto.

II. MARINE DEITIES.

1. **NEPTUNE.** Neptune was the son of Saturn and Ops, and brother of Jupiter and Pluto. His mother preserved him from the devouring jaws of his father, who ate up all the male children, and conveyed him to shepherds to be brought up as is before mentioned. In the division of his father's dominions by Jupiter, the empire of the sea was allotted to Neptune.

He having joined with Apollo in a conspiracy against Jupiter, they were both driven from heaven; and, by Jupiter's command, forced to serve Laomedon in building the walls of Troy. Neptune, not receiving the reward of his service, sent a sea-monster on the coasts, which ravaged the country.

Neptune afterwards became charmed with the beauty of Amphitrite, and long bore her disdain; at last, by the assistance of a Dolphin, and the power of flattery, he drew her into marriage. Neptune, as an acknowledgment for this kindness, placed the dolphin among the stars, and he became a constellation.

As to the actions of this god; the poets say, that in a dispute with Minerva, who should give a name to Athens, the capital city of Greece, he struck the ground with

his trident, and produced a horse; for which reason the Athenians sacrificed to him that animal. Neptune was called Poseidon by the Greeks: the Romans gave him also the name of *Conus*, and erected an altar to him in the circus of Rome. The Circensian games, or horse-races, instituted in honour of him, were, from this name, called *Con-sualia*. In these games, which were celebrated in the months of February and July, the rape of the Sabine virgins was represented.

Neptune is esteemed governor of the sea, and father of the rivers and fountains. He is represented riding on the sea in a car, in the form of a shell, drawn by sea-horses, preceded by Tritons. He holds a trident in his hand, as an emblem of his sovereignty, and is attended by the younger Tritons, and sea-nymphs.

The other DEITIES are,

1. *Oceanus*, a marine deity, descended from *Cælus* and *Vesta*; and by the ancients was called, not only the father of rivers, but also of animals, and of the gods themselves.

2. *Thetis*, goddess of the sea, wife of *Oceanus*, by whom she is said to have had many sons; the chief of whom was *Nereus*, who dwelt in the *Ægean* sea, and by his wife *Doris* had fifty daughters, called from him *Nereides*. *Thetis* is represented sitting in a chariot, in the form of a shell, drawn by dolphins.

3. *Amphitrite*, daughter of *Oceanus* and *Doris*, goddess of the sea, and wife of *Neptune*. She is by the poets frequently taken for the sea itself; and by some writers, *Thetis* and *Amphitrite* are said to be the same person.

4. *Triton*, the son of *Neptune* and *Amphitrite*, was also his companion and trumpeter. In the upper part of his body he bears the resemblance of a man, and of a fish in the lower part. Most of the sea-gods from him are called *Tritons*.

5. The *Syræns* were inhabitants of the sea. They had faces of women, but the bodies of flying fish. Their names were *Parthenope*, *Ligæa*, and *Leucosia*. These dwelt near the coast of *Sicily*, and drew to them all passengers by the sweetness of their singing, and then devoured them.

III. INFERNAL DEITIES.

1. *Pluto*. *Pluto*, son of *Saturn* and *Rhea*, and brother of *Jupiter* and *Neptune*.

In the division of his father's kingdom, when he was dethroned by *Jupiter*, *Pluto* had the western parts assigned to him, which gave rise to the poetical fable, that he was the god of hell.

These infernal kingdoms are attributed to him, not only because the western part of the world fell to him by lot; but also because he introduced the use of burying and funeral obsequies: hence he is believed to exercise a sovereignty over the dead. He sits on a dark throne, holding a key instead of a scepter, and wearing a crown of ebony. Sometimes he is crowned with a diadem, sometimes with cypress, and sometimes with the daffodil, which flower *Proserpine* was gathering when he stole her away. He is called *Dis* by the Latins, and *Hades* by the Greeks, which last signifies dark and gloomy. His horses and chariot are of a black colour; and himself is often painted with a rod in his hand for a scepter, and covered with a head-piece.

2. *PROSERPINE*. *Proserpine* is queen of hell, the infernal *Juno*, and wife of *Pluto*. She was daughter of *Jupiter* and *Ceres*.

When none of the goddesses would marry *Pluto*, because of his deformity, the god being vexed that he was despised, and forced to live a single life, in a rage mounted his chariot, and suddenly sprung up from a den in *Sicily* amongst a company of very beautiful virgins, who were gathering flowers in the fields of *Enna*. *Pluto*, inflamed with the love of *Proserpine*, carried her off with him, and sunk into the earth, not far from *Syracuse*, where suddenly a lake arose.

The nymphs, her companions, being struck with terror, acquainted her mother with the loss of her daughter. *Ceres*, with lighted torches from *Mount Ætna*, long sought her in vain: but at last, being informed by the nymph *Arethusa*, that she was stolen by *Pluto*, she went down into hell, where she found *Proserpine* queen of those dark dominions. The enraged mother complained to *Jupiter* of the violence offered to her daughter by his brother *Pluto*. *Jupiter* promised that she should return to the earth, provided she had eat nothing in hell: hereupon *Ceres* went down rejoicing; and *Proserpine* was returning with transport, when *Acalaphus* declared, that he saw *Proserpine* eat some grains of a pomegranate which she gathered in *Pluto's*

to's orchard: by this discovery her return was stopped. The mother, incensed at this intelligence, changed Ascalaphus into an owl; and, by her importunate intreaty, extorted from Jupiter, that Proserpine should live one half of the year with her, and the rest of the time with her husband Pluto. Proserpine afterwards so loved this disagreeable husband, that she became jealous of him, and changed his mistress Mentha into the herb named Mint.

The other DEITIES are,

1. *Plutus*, either from the affinity of the name, or that both were gods of riches, is frequently joined to Pluto. He was said to be blind, void of judgment, and of a nature quite timorous, all which qualities denote some peculiar property of this god: blind, and void of judgment, in the unequal distribution of riches, as he frequently passes by good men, whilst the wicked are loaded with wealth; and timorous, by reason the rich are constantly in fear, and watch over their treasures with great care and anxiety.

2. *Nox*, goddess of darkness, is the most ancient of all the goddesses. She married the river Erebus in hell, by whom she had many daughters. Nox is painted in black robes beset with stars.

3. *Charon*, the son of Erebus and Nox, is the ferryman of hell. He is represented by the poets as a terrible, grim, dirty old fellow. According to the fable, he attended with his boat, and, for a small piece of money, carried over the river Styx the souls of the dead; yet not all promiscuously, but only those whose bodies were committed to the grave; for the unburied shades wandered about the shores an hundred years, and then were admitted into the boat, and ferried over the lake.

4. The *Giants* or *Titans* were at first inhabitants of the earth; who, trusting to their great stature and strength, waged war against Jupiter, and attempted to dethrone him from the possession of heaven. In this battle, they heaped up mountains upon mountains, and from thence darted trees of fire into heaven. They hurled also prodigious stones and solid rocks, which falling again upon the earth, or in the sea, became mountains or islands: but being unsuccessful in their attempt, and destroyed by the thunder of Jupiter, with the assistance of the other gods, they were driven from the earth and cast into hell.

5. The *Fates* were three in number,

daughters of Erebus and Nox. These were said to preside over time past, present, and to come. Their names are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Their office is to superintend the thread of life; Clotho holds the distaff, and draws the thread, Lachesis turns the spindle, and Atropos cuts the thread with her scissors; that is, the first calls us into life, the second determines our lot and condition, and the third finishes our life.

6. The *Furies*, or *Eumenides*, were daughters of Nox and Acheron. They were three, namely, Alecto, Megæra, Tisiphone: their abode was in hell, to torment the wicked; they were armed with blazing torches, and surrounded with snakes, and other instruments of horror.

The RIVERS of HELL were,

1. *Acheron*, Son of Sol and Terra. He supplied the Titans with water when they waged war against Jupiter; who, for this reason, changed him into a river, and cast him into hell. The waters of this river are extremely muddy and bitter.

2. *Styx*, the principal river of hell; and held in so great veneration by the gods, that whoever broke the oath he had once made by this river, was deprived of his divinity for one hundred years.

3. *Cocytus*. This river is increased by the tears of the wicked; and flows with a lamentable noise, imitating the damned.

4. *Phlegethon*. This river swells with fiery waves, and rolls streams of fire. The souls of the dead, having passed over these rivers, are carried to Pluto's palace.

5. *Lethe* is a river in hell. If the ghosts of the dead drink the waters of this river, they are said to lose the remembrance of all that had passed in this world.

[It may here be very properly observed, that these infernal regions, the residence of Pluto, are said to be a subterraneous cavern, whither the shades or souls of mortals descended, and were judged by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, appointed by Pluto judges of hell. This place contained Tartarus, the abode of the unhappy; also Elysium, the abode of those that had lived well. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, was door-keeper, and covered with serpents, always waited at the infernal gate, to prevent mortals from entering, or the manes or shades from going out. Charon,

as is said before, was ferryman of hell, and conducted the departed souls to the tribunal of Minos. The Harpies, or birds of prey, were also inhabitants of hell. These were indifferently called Furia, Ocypete, and Lamia; and were instruments in the hands of the gods to raise wars in the world, and disturb the peace of mankind.]

Fable relates two remarkable punishments in hell. 1. Ixion, for attempting to seduce Juno, was by Jupiter cast into hell, and condemned to be chained to a wheel, which continually whirled round. 2. Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, was doomed in hell to roll a huge round stone from the bottom to the top of a mountain, whence it immediately descended. This punishment was allotted him, because he revealed the secrets of the gods, and discovered to Asopus the place where Jupiter had concealed his daughter Ægina.

INFERIOR DEITIES.

In the Heathen Mythology, there are many other deities or gods of inferior note, styled *Dii Minores*; and as these frequently occur in the writings of the poets, it is necessary to make brief mention of them.

The MUSES, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, goddesses of memory, were the reputed goddesses of the several arts and sciences, and presided over the feasts and solemnities of the gods. They were the companions of Apollo, and inhabited with him chiefly on the hills of Parnassus, Helicon, and Pindus. The Hippocrene, and other fountains at the foot of Parnassus, were sacred to them; as were also the palm-tree and the laurel. They are represented young and very handsome, and are nine in number.

1. *Clio* is said to be the chief muse. She derives her name from glory and renown. She presided over history, and is said to be the inventress of the lute.

2. *Calliope*, so called from the sweetness of her voice. She presided over eloquence and heroic poetry.

3. *Erato*, or the lovely. She presided over lyric poetry.

4. *Thalia*, from the gaiety and pleasure of her songs, called the Flourishing Maid. She invented comedy and geometry.

5. *Melpomene* was the muse of that age,

She presided over tragedy, and melancholy subjects.

6. *Terpsichore*, or the Jovial. She presided over music and dancing.

7. *Euterpe*, so called because she imparts joy. She invented the flute, and presided over music: she is also said to be the patroness of logic.

8. *Polyhymnia*, so called from multiplicity of songs. She is said to excel in memory, and preside over history.

9. *Urania*, or, the Celestial Muse. She presided over divine poetry, and is said to be the inventress of astronomy.

The Muses are distinguished by masks, lyres, garlands, globes, and other emblems, expressive of their different offices or accomplishments.

PEGASUS, the famous horse of ancient fable, was an attendant on Apollo and the Muses; he inhabited the hills of Parnassus, Helicon, and other mountains. He is said to be sprung from the blood of Medusa, killed by Perseus, and is represented by the poets with wings to his sides, expressive of the flights and elevation of the mind in poetry. When Perseus cut off the head of Medusa, the horse Pegasus struck the ground with his foot; upon which, at the bottom of the hill, a fountain arose named Hippocrene. This fountain was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

The GRACES, called also Charities, were three sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus. The first was named Aglaia from her cheerfulness; the second Thalia from her perpetual verdure; and the third Euphrosyne, from delight. They were companions of the Muses and Mercury, and attendants on Venus. They are represented with pleasing countenances and naked, to denote that our actions should be free and candid, not covered over with dissimulation or deceit. A chain binds their arms together, to express that the link of love and harmony should be united and unbroken.

THEMIS, ASTREA, and NEMESIS, were three goddesses: the first of law and peace; the second of justice; and the third, a rewarder of virtue, and punisher of vice.

ÆOLUS, god of the winds, and son of Jupiter and Accsa.

MIOMUS, son of Nox and Somnus, and god of banter or jesting.

PAN, son of Mercury and Penelope, was the god of the woods and shepherds. He is represented half man, and half goat, with

with a large pair of horns on his head, a crook in one hand, a pipe, composed of reeds, in the other. The Arcadians much admired his music, and paid him divine honours. The Romans also built a temple to Pan, at the foot of Mount Palatine, and his feasts were called Luperalia. Sylvanus and Faunus were also gods of the forests, from whom were descended the other rural deities, as Satyrs, Sylvans, Fauns, Nymphs, or Dryades, who were all inhabitants of the woods.

PALES is the goddess of the shepherds and pasture, and by some is called Magna Mater and Vesta. They offered to her milk and wafers of millet for a good growth of pasture. Her feasts, Palilia, were celebrated about the eleventh or twelfth of the kalends of May, on which day Romulus founded the city of Rome.

FLORA, goddess of the spring and flowers, and wife of Zephyrus. She is represented adorned with garlands, and near her is a basket of flowers. Feronia is also counted the goddess of groves and orchards.

POMONA was goddess of the gardens, and all fruit-trees and plants. She was beloved of Vertumnus, as Ovid relates.

PRIAPUS, son of Venus and Bacchus, an obscene deity. He also presided over gardens.

TERMINUS was a deity who presided over the boundaries of lands, which were held so sacred, that whoever removed a land-mark, or ploughed them up, was subject to death. On the last day of the year, the Romans offered sacrifice to the god Terminus; and these festivals were called Terminalia.

CUPID, god of love, son of Mars and Venus, is represented blind, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows on his shoulders, with which he wounds the hearts of lovers.

HYMENÆUS, or Hymen, son of Apollo and Urania, or, as some say, of Bacchus and Venus. He is the god of marriage; and is represented under the figure of a young man, holding a torch in his hand, with a crown of roses, or sweet marjorum, on his head.

The PENATES and LARES were also deemed gods; the first presided over provinces and kingdoms, and the latter over houses and particular families. The Lares also presided over the highways; and they were wont to sacrifice to these household gods, frankincense, wine, bread, corn, and

a cock; and, according to some writers, a lamb and a hog.

The GENII also were spirits, or deities, that presided over all persons and places. And indeed so great were the number of these inferior gods, that the ancient mythology furnished almost as many deities as there are things in nature; for there was no part of the body, or action of life, but had a peculiar divinity, by whom it was said to be immediately directed or protected.

ÆSCULAPIUS, son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis, was the god of physic: he was slain by Jupiter with a thunderbolt forged by the Cyclops, on the complaint of Pluto, for raising the dead, or rather recovering men, by his skill in medicine, from their sickness. He was worshipped under the figure of a serpent; and sometimes he is represented seated on a throne of gold and ivory, with a long beard, holding a rod environed with a serpent, and a dog at his feet.

The CYCLOPS, four in number, were sons of Neptune and Amphitrite. They were servants to Vulcan, and had only one eye, placed in the middle of their foreheads: they were slain by Apollo, in revenge for forging the thunderbolts with which Jupiter killed Æsculapius, as is before related. They inhabited the island of Sicily; and, on account of their great strength, were deemed giants by the poets.

SILENUS was the foster-father of Bacchus. He is accounted the god of abstruse mysteries and knowledge. He is represented as a fat, old, drunken fellow, riding on an ass.

ÆGYPTIAN DEITIES.

OSIRUS, Apis, and Serapis, are different names of one and the same deity, son of Jupiter by Niobe, and husband to Io, daughter of Inachus and Ismena. Jupiter became passionately in love with Io; and, in order to pursue his unlawful passion, changed her into a cow. Io, to avoid the resentment of Juno, fled into Egypt; and Osirus, after he had reigned many years over the Argives in Peloponnesus, left his kingdom to his brother Ægialus, and sailed into Egypt to seek new dominions. He there married Io, who was also named Isis; and, obtaining the government, they taught the Egyptians husbandry, also every other useful art and science, and governed with great wisdom and equity.

Osiris, having conferred the greatest benefits

benefits on his own subjects, committed the regency of his kingdom to Isis; and, with a large body of forces, set out in order to civilize the rest of mankind. This he performed more by the power of persuasion, and the soothing arts of music and poetry, than by the terror of his arms. He marched first into Æthiopia, thence to Arabia and India; and, returning to Egypt, was slain by his brother Typhon, and buried at Memphis, the chief city of Egypt.

Isis afterwards vanquished Typhon, reigned happily in Egypt to her death, and was also buried at Memphis.

ORUS, son of Osiris and Isis, succeeded to the government. The Egyptians deemed him the protector of the river Nile, the averter of evils, governor of the world, and the author of plenty.

These deities of the Egyptians were held in the greatest veneration. Temples were erected, and divine honours paid to Osiris under the figure of an ox; and the priestesses of Isis sacrificed to that goddess under different shapes, according to the purposes for which they were intended. And, as fable is said to take its origin from the Egyptians, it will appear, from their intercourse with the Jews long resident in Egypt, that a mixture of true religion and error increased that false worship, which first prevailed in that country, and afterwards spread into Rome, and the more distant parts of the world. These gods of the Egyptians were worshipped under various names and characters, according to the prevailing opinion of different countries, or some other incident. Thus, according to Herodotus, Osiris and Bacchus are the same; according to Diodorus the historian, Osiris is Sol, Jupiter, &c. and Plutarch says, Osiris, Serapis, and Apis of the Egyptians, are Pluto, Oceanus, &c. in the Roman mythology.

Isis is said to be the same with the Roman Cybele, Ceres, Minerva, Luna, &c. and was called the mother of the gods. Orus also was the symbol of light, and was figured as a winged boy. He was named the Hermes of the Greeks, and the Apollo and Cupid of the Romans.

Both in Egypt and Rome, each deity had his peculiar temple, where the most solemn sacrifices were made to them, according to the prevailing notion of their power and influence. The worship of these gods so far prevailed among the Romans, that they erected to their honour

a public edifice named the Pantheon, in which, as a general repository, were placed the statues of their several deities, with their respective symbols: Jupiter was distinguished by a thunderbolt: Juno by a crown; Mars by a helmet; Apollo, or the Sun, by its beams; Diana, or the Moon, by a crescent; Ceres by a cornucopia, or horn of plenty; or an ear of corn; Cupid by a bundle of arrows; Mercury by wings on his feet, and a caduceus, or wand, in his hand; Bacchus by the ivy; Venus by the beauty of her person; and the rest had the like distinguishing characters placed above their statues, or in their hands, according to the received opinion of the people, or the ingenuity of the artist.

Of ORACLES.

The ORACLES of the ancients were deemed the predictions, mysterious declarations of the will of the gods: it may, with a kind of certainty, be admitted, that the natural bent of the mind of man to search into futurity gave rise to this institution.

To whatever cause, however, the origin may be ascribed, the institution of oracles became general, among the idolatrous nations, and increased over the face of the whole earth. Not to mention other nations, the oracles of the Egyptians and Greeks were numerous, especially of the latter people, at least we have a more full account of them. The oracle of Dodona, a city of Epirus in Greece, was sacred to Jupiter; the oracle of Jupiter Hammond was also of ancient date, and famous in Lybia; the oracle of Apollo at Heliopolis was of great note; the oracle also of Apollo at Delphi, if not the most ancient, was the most celebrated of all Greece, in so much that it was called the oracle of the whole earth. And, indeed, so established was the credit of these oracular declarations, that the enacting laws, the reformation of government, also peace or war, were not undertaken by states or princes, but even in the more common concerns of life, no material business was entered upon without the sanction of the oracle. Each oracle had its priest, or priestess, who delivered out the answers of the gods. These answers, for the most part, were in verse, and couched under such mysterious terms, that they admitted of a double interpretation; in so much, that whether the prediction was completed, or the expectation of the supplicant disappointed, the oracle was clear

clear from blame. The oracle of Apollo at Delphos, being in the greatest reputation, was resorted to from all parts. The priestess of Apollo was named Pythia, from the serpent Python, killed by that god, as is before mentioned. The offerings to the gods on these applications were liberal, according to the ability, or the importance of the answer required by the supplicant; and, it is said, the temple and city of Delphos especially, was, by these means, filled with immense treasure.

The principal oracle of the Egyptians was at Memphis, a royal city of Egypt, where they erected an altar, and worshipped their god Apis, under the figure of an ox. His wife Isis had also worship, and her priests were called Isiaci.

The SYBILINE ORACLES were certain women, whom the ancients believed to be endued with the gift of prophecy. They are said to be ten in number, and were famous in all lands. They had no fixed residence, but travelled into different countries, and delivered their predictions in verse in the Greek tongue. One of these Sybils, named Erythraea, or Cumæa, from Cuma, a city in the Ionian sea, according to Virgil, came into Italy, and was held in the highest esteem by the Romans, who consulted the oracle of the Sybil on all occasions that related to the welfare of the republic.

AUGURY, or the art of divination by birds, the meteors of the heavens, or the entrails of beasts, was held in the highest veneration by the idolatrous nations. The people of God, the Jews, were not free from idolatry in the time of Moses; and we read also in holy writ, that Saul, being vexed in spirit, applied to the seers, or persons skilled in the knowledge of futurity. But not to go so far back, Romulus and Remus consulted the Auguries before they built Rome; and the foundation of that city was determined by the flight of birds. Numa established a college of Augurs, and confirmed his regulation of the Roman state by their sanction. It appears also, in the history of that people, that no national concern was entered upon, without first consulting the Auguries; and, according to the propitious or bad omen, they made peace or war, and appointed magistrates. Indeed the Augurs, and their declarations, were held in so high regard by the Romans, that whoever contemned them was accounted impious and pro-

phane. To conclude, divination, or the spirit of prediction, made a considerable part of the Pagan theology, especially among the Romans, those lords of the world, who fell into the general delusion, and adopted almost all the gods of every people they subdued.

CONCLUSION. *Of fabulous History.*

Notwithstanding the origin of fable seems uncertain, and to be lost in antiquity, it may be said to take its rise from truth, or sacred history. And in the foregoing relation of the Heathen deities, it is evident, many particulars correspond with the history of the most early transactions, as they are recorded by Moses in holy writ. The golden age of Saturn, the wars of the Giants, the deluge of Deucalion, and the re-peopling of the earth, declare their origin from divine truth, as received and delivered down by the patriarchs.

On the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind, the tradition of the patriarchs became subject to variation; and, as is observed by the learned Kollin, the change of habitation, and diversity of language, opened the door of error, and introduced an alteration in worship, agreeable to the soil, or rather according to the humour, or some accidental event of the respective colonies.

However confused and erroneous the general worship of man became, it is evident, from every circumstance, that, in the first ages of the world, mankind knew but one Deity, the SUPREME GOD, and Creator of the universe; but afterwards, when men abandoned themselves to vice, and, as is said in Scripture, "went a whoring after their own inventions," and departed from the purity of their forefathers, their ideas of the Divinity became weakened, and instead of the worship of the only TRUE GOD, they substituted other deities, or objects of worship, more agreeable to the comprehension of their own depraved nature. Thus, by a mixture of truth and fable, one deity became productive of another, till at last the inventive fancy gradually gave life to every visible object, both in the heavens, and on earth. Thus, "having changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and serving the creature more than the Creator," not only Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and other

other false deities, but stars, rivers, and fountains, animals, reptiles, and plants, received divine adoration. At length, great men and heroes, who excelled in any useful science, or became famous by conquests, or a superior conduct of life, by an easy transition from admiration to a superstitious respect, were deemed more than human, and had divine honours paid to them also under different names, in different countries; or, probably, prompted by ambition, they assumed to themselves the homage and adoration that was due only to the Divine Creator, the ALMIGHTY LORD, and Governor of the world. This accounts for that multitude of deities, both in heaven and on earth, which makes the marvellous part of antient fiction, and became the object of Pagan divinity, when the earth was overwhelmed with darkness, and, as is expressed in holy writ, "the hearts of men went after their idols."

The fertile imagination of the poets, who celebrated the exploits of the ancient heroes, and expressed the common actions of life in figurative characters, joined to the extravagance of priests and orators in their panegyrics on the living and the dead, greatly forwarded the work of fable: and in time, learning being obliterated, their writings were looked upon as registers of facts. Thus the world, grown old in error, by the folly and credulity of mankind, fiction got admission into history, and became at last a necessary part in composing the annals of the early ages of the world.

For this cause, an acquaintance with fabulous history, as is before observed, is become a necessary part of polite learning in the education of youth, and for the due understanding the Greek and Roman authors; also the paintings, statues and other monuments of antiquity. By this knowledge, the tender mind will moreover be inspired with an early abhorrence of the absurd ceremonies and impious tenets of the Heathen mythology; and, at the same time, be impressed with the deepest sense and veneration for the Christian religion, the light of the Gospel in CHRIST JESUS, who, in the fulness of time, through the tender mercies of God, dispelled those clouds of darkness, ignorance and folly, which had long debased human nature, and spread over the face of the earth the greatest and most absurd superstitions, as is before related, and will farther appear

from many incidents in the histories of Greece and Rome.

§ 237. *Concerning the Neglect of Oratorical Numbers.—Observations upon Dr. TILLOTSON'S Style.—The Care of the ancient Orators with respect to Numerous Composition, stated and recommended. In a Letter.*

The passage you quote is entirely in my sentiments. I agree with that celebrated author and yourself, that our oratory is by no means in a state of perfection; and, though it has much strength and solidity, that it may yet be rendered far more polished and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in those countries where she flourished most, has ever been exceedingly slow. Athens had been in possession of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretensions to the persuasive arts were in any degree considerable; as the earliest orator of note among the Romans did not appear sooner than about a century before Tully.

That great master of persuasion, taking notice of this remarkable circumstance, assigns it as an evidence of the superior difficulty of his favourite art. Possibly there may be some truth in the observation: but whatever the cause be, the fact I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances, in our own country, with her sister arts; and though we have seen some excellent poets, and a few good painters, rise up amongst us, yet I know not whether our nation can supply us with a single orator of deserved eminence. One cannot but be surpris'd at this, when it is considered, that we have a profession set apart for the purposes of persuasion, and which not only affords the most animating and interesting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likeliest, perhaps, of any other, to obtain those ambitious prizes which were thought to contribute so much to the successful progress of ancient eloquence.

Among the principal defects of our English orators, their general disregard of harmony has, I think, been the least observed. It would be injustice indeed to deny that we have some performances of this kind amongst us tolerably musical: but it must be acknowledged at the same time, that it is more the effect of accident than design, and rather a proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotson, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this species of eloquence to its highest perfection? seems to have had no sort of notion of rhetorical numbers: and may I venture to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected singularity, that I think no man had ever less pretensions to genuine oratory than this celebrated preacher? If any thing could raise a flame of eloquence in the breast of an orator, there is no occasion upon which one should imagine it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit; yet the two sermons which he preached on the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote, are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon such an animating subject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with such noble and generous sentiments, should want the art of setting them off with all the advantage they deserve; that the sublime in morals should not be attended with a suitable elevation of language. The truth however is, his words are frequently ill-chosen, and almost always ill-placed: his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were easy to produce numberless instances in support of this assertion. Thus, in his sermon preached before queen Anne, when she was princess of Denmark, he talks of squeezing a parable, thrusting religion by, driving a strict bargain with God, sharking shifts, &c.; and, speaking of the day of judgment, he describes the world as cracking about our ears. I cannot however but acknowledge, in justice to the oratorical character of this most valuable prelate, that there is a noble simplicity, in some few of his sermons; as his excellent discourse on sincerity deserves to be mentioned with particular applause.

But to show his deficiency in the article I am considering at present, the following stricture will be sufficient, among many others that might be cited to the same purpose. "One might be apt," says he, "to think, at first view, that this parable was over-done, and wanted something of a due decorum; it being hardly credible, that a man, after he had been so mercifully and generously dealt withal, as upon his humble request to have so huge a debt so freely forgiven, should, whilst the memory of so much mercy was fresh upon him, even in the very next moment handle his fellow-servant,

"who had made the same humble request to him which he had done to his lord, with so much roughness and cruelty, for so inconsiderable a sum."

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might justly be raised against it) is unmusical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are most miserably loose and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was so exquisitely refined, as not always to be satisfied even when he read Demosthenes; how would it have been offended at the harshness and dissonance of so unharmonious a sentence!

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater distance from that of the ancients, than this Gothic arrangement; as those wonderful effects, which sometimes attended their elocution, were in all probability, chiefly owing to their skill in musical concords. It was by the charm of numbers, united with the strength of reason, that Tully confounded the audacious Catiline, and silenced the eloquent Hortensius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he rose up to oppose that great master of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæsar himself tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæsar alter his determined purpose, and acquit the man he had resolved to condemn.

You will not suspect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous composition, when you recollect the instance which Tully produces of its wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatises, that he was himself a witness of its influence, as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence, *Patris dictum sapiens, temeritas filii comprobavit*, it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occasion: and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with its genuine emphasis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the music of it consisted in the dichoree with which it is terminated: for Cicero himself assures us, that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed.

This art was first introduced among the Greeks

Greeks by Thrasymachus, though some of the admirers of Isocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been observed by the Romans till near the time of Tully, and even then it was by no means universally received. The ancient and less numerous manner of composition had still many admirers, who were such enthusiasts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A disposition of the same kind may, perhaps, prevent its being received with us; and while the archbishop shall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this species of eloquence. That strength of understanding likewise, and solidity of reason, which is so eminently our national characteristic, may add somewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a study of this kind; as at first glance it may seem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a sacrifice of sense to sound. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman republic, this art was so perverted from its true end, as to become the single study of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quintilian, assures us it was the ridiculous boast of certain orators, in the time of the declension of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being set to music, and sung upon the stage. But it must be remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to supersede reason; that it is so far from being necessarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but strength to the powers of persuasion. For this purpose Tully and Quintilian, those great masters of numerous composition, have laid it down as a fixed and invariable rule, that it must never appear the effect of labour in the orator; that the tuneful flow of his periods must always seem the casual result of their disposition; and that it is the highest offence against the art, to weaken the expression, in order to give a more musical tone to the cadence. In short, that no unmeaning words are to be thrown in merely to fill up the requisite measure; but that they must still rise in sense as they improve in sound.

Fitzosborne.

§ 238. *Upon Grace in Writing. In a Letter.*

When I mentioned Grace as essential in constituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my sentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours, than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confess the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be said to illustrate this uncommon quality, it must not at last be resolved into the poet's *nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*. In cases of this kind, where language does not supply us with proper words to express the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our sentiments in figurative terms: a defect which necessarily introduces some obscurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any sort of precision, that idea which I would express by the word Grace: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly described than justly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air which so remarkably distinguishes certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finished writers. Those several members must be so agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other; their arrangement must be so happily disposed as not to admit of the least transposition, without manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced or affected in the sentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expression, is the very reverse of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet: she is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only shews all the figures in their several proportions and relations, but shews them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illustration) appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture; so Grace is discovered in the placing even a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourse.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good-sense have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the Graces, having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison.

Fitzosborne.

§ 239, *Concerning the Style of HORACE, in his Moral Writings. In a Letter.*

Are you aware how far I may mislead you, when you are willing to resign yourself to my guidance, through the regions of criticism? Remember, however, that I take the lead in these paths, not in confidence of my own superior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a request, which I never yet knew how to refuse. In short, I give you my sentiments, because it is my sentiments you require: but I give them at the same time rather as doubts than decisions.

After having thus acknowledged my insufficiency for the office you have assigned me, I will venture to confess, that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far less successful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble pensée,
Ne peut plaire à l'esprit quand l'oreille est blessée.

BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and strength in the sentiments of your friend's moral epistle, it by no means falls in with those notions I have formed to myself, concerning the essential requisites in compositions of this kind. He seems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he professes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than Hyperion to a Satyr. His deficiency in point of versification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is sufficient to destroy the pretended resemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd, than to write in poetical measure, and yet neglect harmony; as, of all the kinds of false style, that which is neither prose nor verse, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerless words bordered with rhyme, is far, surely, the most insufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive (and it is an opinion in which you are not singular) that a negligence of this kind may be justified by the authority of the Roman satirist: yet surely those who entertain that notion have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confess, his satirical composition to the inspiration of a certain Muse, whom he distinguishes by the title of the *musa pedestris*: and it is this expression which seems to have misled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends she should creep: on the contrary, it may be said of the Muse of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

—grace is in all her steps.

That this was the idea which Horace himself had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epistles, but from several express declarations, which he lets fall in his progress through them. Even when he speaks of her in his greatest fits of modesty, and describes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly insists upon the ease and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly disclaims, indeed, all pretensions to the higher poetry, the *acer spiritus et vis*, as he calls it; he represents his style as being governed by the *temperata modoque*, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predecessor Lucilius for the dissonance of his numbers; and he professes to have made the experiment, whether the same

kind of moral subjects might not be treated in more soft and easy measures :

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes,
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos et euntes
Mollius ?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the single prerogative of poetry, which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind ; and so far is he from thinking it unessential, that he acknowledges it as the only separation which distinguishes them from prose, If that were once to be broken down, and the musical order of his words destroyed, there would not, he tells us, be the least appearance of poetry remaining.

Non

Invenias etiam dissecta membra poetæ.

However, when he delivers himself in this humble strain, he is not, you will observe, sketching out a plan of this species of poetry in general ; but speaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands rise much higher, when he informs us what he expects of those who would succeed in compositions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers but an expression concise and unincumbered ; wit exerted with good-breeding, and managed with reserve ; as upon some occasions the sentiments may be enforced with all the strength of eloquence and poetry : and though in some parts the piece may appear with a more serious and solemn cast of colouring, yet, upon the whole, he tells us it must be lively and *vivac*. This I take to be his meaning in the following passage :

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures ;
Et sermone opus est modo rhetoris atque poetæ ;
Interdum ubani, parentis viribus atque
Extenuatis eas consulto.

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in these his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taste and art ; I fear the performance in question, with numberless others of the same stamp (which have not however wanted admirers) must inevitably stand condemned. The truth of it is, most of the pieces which are usually produced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace : the authors of them seem to mistake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the easy air of the friend of Mæcenæus.

You will still tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himself is an unanswerable objection to the notion I have embraced ; as there are numberless lines in his Satires and Epistles, where the versification is evidently neglected. But are you sure, Hortensius, that those lines which sound so unharmonious to a modern ear, had the same effect upon a Roman one ? For myself, at least, I am much inclined to believe the contrary : and it seems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to censure Lucilius for the uncouthness of his numbers, should himself be notoriously guilty of the very fault against which he so strongly exclaims. Most certain it is, that the delicacy of the ancients with respect to numbers, was far superior to any thing that modern taste can pretend to ; and that they discovered differences which are to us absolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable instance ; a very ancient writer has observed upon the following verse in Virgil,

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

that if instead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis* (*is* being long, and *us* short) the entire harmony of the line would be destroyed.—But whose ear is now so exquisitely sensible, as to perceive the distinction between those two quantities ? Some refinement of this kind might probably give music to those lines in Horace, which now seem so untuneable.

In subjects of this nature it is not possible, perhaps, to express one's ideas in any very precise and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general observe, with respect to the requisite style of these performances, that it consists in a natural ease of expression, an elegant familiarity of phrase, which though formed of the most usual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy, no less striking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compositions in this way, which, without being so bright and glowing as is necessary for the higher poetry, is nevertheless equally removed from whatever appears harsh and dry. But particular instances will, perhaps, better illustrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther say to explain it. There is scarce a line in the Moral Epistles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpose. I chuse however to lay before you the following verses, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted
from

from that inimitable satirist; but as they afford me an opportunity of comparing them with a version of the same original lines, of which they are an imitation; and, by that means, of shewing you at one view what I conceive is, and is not, in the true manner of Horace:

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no minister so fore:
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin passage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of these verses; and content myself with adding a translation of the lines from Horace by another hand:

Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace!
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

There is a strength and spirit in the former of these passages, and a flatness and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being discovered by every reader of the least delicacy of discernment; and yet the words which compose them both are equally sounding and significant. The rules then, which I just now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cause of the different effects which these two passages produce in our minds; as the passages themselves will serve to confirm the truth and justice of the rules. In the lines of Mr. Pope, one of the principal beauties will be found to consist in the shortness of the expression; whereas the sentiments in the other are too much incumbered with words. Thus for instance,

Peace is my dear delight,
is pleasing, because it is concise; as,

Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace!
is, in comparison of the former, the *verba lassas onerantia aures*. Another distinguishing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that spirit of gaiety which he has diffused through these lines, not to mention those happy, though familiar, images of *sliding* into verse, and *hitching* in rhyme; which can never be sufficiently admired. But the translator, on the contrary, has cast too serious an air over his numbers, and appears with an emotion and earnestness that disappoints the force of his satire:

Nay, I will be heard,

has the mien of a man in a passion; and

His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
though a good line in itself, is much too solemn and tragical for the undisturbed pleasantry of Horace.

But I need not enter more minutely into an examination of these passages. The general hints I have thrown out in this letter will suffice to shew you wherein I imagine the true manner of Horace consists. And after all, perhaps, it can no more be explained, than acquired, by rules of art. It is what true genius can only execute, and just taste alone discover. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 240. *Concerning the Criterion of Taste.*
In a Letter.

It is well, my friend, that the age of transformation is no more: otherwise I should tremble for your severe attack upon the Muses, and expect to see the story of your metamorphosis embellish the poetical miracles of some modern Ovid. But it is long since the fate of the Pierides has gained any credit in the world, and you may now, in full security, condemn the divinities of Parnassus, and speak irreverently of the daughters of Jove himself. You see, nevertheless, how highly the Ancients conceived of them, when they thus represented them as the offspring of the great father of gods and men. You reject, I know, this article of the heathen creed: but I may venture, however, to assert, that philosophy will confirm what fable has thus invented, and that the Muses are, in strict truth, of heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, literally derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general principles of taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with one equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reasonings concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles, that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently is by no means so precarious and

unsettled an idea as you choose to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imitative and oratorical arts is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to any one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the Criterion of Taste in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compass than a letter affords, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention therefore those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now, some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition then, are so far from exciting only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal, faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise; the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any par-

ticular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish for that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind; and, therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rule of criticism, that we must submit to their authority; it is because those rules are derived from works which have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

The opposition, however, which sometimes divides the opinions of those whose judgments may be supposed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection against the reality of a fixed canon of criticism: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be said of fine taste, it must ultimately be resolved into the peculiar relish of each individual. But this diversity of sentiments will not, of itself, destroy the evidence of the criterion; since the same effect may be produced by numberless other causes. A thousand accidental circumstances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever so fixed and invariable, when left in its free and uninfluenced state. Not to mention that false bias which party or personal dislike may fix upon the mind,

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the most unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to disengage himself entirely from those partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general course of his studies, or the peculiar cast of his temper, may have rendered him most sensible. But as perfection in any works of genius results from the united beauty and propriety of its several distinct parts, and as it is impossible that any human composition should possess all those qualities in their highest and most sovereign degree; the mind, when she pronounces judgment upon any piece of this sort, is apt to decide of its merit, as those circumstances which she most admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for instance, the excellency of the Roman masters in painting, consists in beauty of design, nobleness of attitude, and delicacy of expression; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian school is said to have neglected design a little too much; but at the same time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-disposed lights and shades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no composition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of these qualities are absent; yet the most accomplished judge may be so particularly struck with one or other of these excellencies, in preference to the rest, as to be influenced in his censure or applause of the whole tabature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced by the most approved judges on the same piece. But this only shews that much caution is necessary, to give a fine taste its full and unobstructed effect; not that it is in itself uncertain and precarious.

Fitzosborne.

§ 241. *Reflections upon seeing Mr. POPE'S House at Binfield. In a Letter.*

Your letter found me just upon my return from an excursion into Berkshire, where I have been paying a visit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally passed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in times to come, perhaps, it will be visited by the lovers of the polite arts, with

as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated spot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taste) for so much exquisite entertainment, spent the earliest part of his youth. I will not scruple to confess, that I looked upon the scene where he planned some of those beautiful performances, which first recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthusiasm; and could not but consider the ground as sacred, that was impressed with the footsteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the highest honour to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found myself upon this occasion, suggested to my remembrance a passage in Tully, which I thought I never so thoroughly entered into the spirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philosophical conversation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as observing the pleasing effect which scenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind: "Movemur enim," says that polite Roman, "nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramus, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsa illa nostrae Athenae, non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recollectione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi federe, ubi disputare sit solitus."

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation, a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain, that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves, by the high reverence they shewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous

generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry that raises the professors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him, with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one would imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivaling her sister art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since: for is not Milton's Paradise Lost more universally esteemed than Raphael's Cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear; but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium, which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence, that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use, and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes, that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have lain

concealed to me with other common observers.

Fitzborne.

§ 242. *Concerning the Use of the Ancient Mythology in Modern Poetry. In a Letter.*

If there was any thing in any former letter inconsistent with that esteem which is justly due to the ancients, I desire to retract it in this; and disavow every expression which might seem to give precedency to the moderns in works of genius. I am so far indeed from entertaining the sentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that superiority which is so visible in the compositions of their poets: and have frequently assigned their religion as in the number of those causes, which probably concurred to give them this remarkable pre-eminence. That enthusiasm which is so essential to every true artist in the poetical way, was considerably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their sacred doctrines; and the fancied presence of their Muses had almost as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inspired. Whilst all nature was supposed to swarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the residence of some presiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined influence of such exalted society, and found himself transported beyond the ordinary limits of sober humanity? The mind when attended only by mere mortals of superior powers, is observed to rise in her strength; and her faculties open and enlarge themselves when she acts in the view of those, for whom she has conceived a more than common reverence. But when the force of superstition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry must shine out in all her brightest perfection and splendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philosopher might think of the religion of his country; it was the interest of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up his creed, he must renounce his numbers: and there could be no inspiration, where there were no Muses. This is so true, that it is in compositions of the poetical kind alone that the ancients seem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other species of writing one might venture per-

perhaps to assert, that these latter ages have, at least, equalled them. When I say so, I do not confine myself to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewise those of our neighbours: and with that extent the observation will possibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of history and oratory.

But whatever may with justice be determined concerning that question, it is certain, at least, that the practice of all succeeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of Paganism have many ages since been thrown down, and groves are no longer sacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are still adored in modern verse. Is not this a confession, that fancy is enlivened by superstition, and that the ancient bards caught their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is something ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an awkward figure with his antiquated gods. When the Pagan system was sanctioned by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very striking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumstance, or raising any common one. But now that this superstition is no longer supported by vulgar opinion, it has lost its principal grace and efficacy, and seems to be, in general, the most cold and uninteresting method in which a poet can work up his sentiments. What, for instance, can be more unaffecting and spiritless, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth on his famous passage over the Rhine? He represents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garrison to fall out and dispute the intended passage. Accordingly they range themselves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head; who, after some vain efforts, observing Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or

justified by custom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely insipid and puerile.

I have not, however, so much of the spirit of Typhœus in me, as to make war upon the gods without restriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To represent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as persons, and appropriate to them those general emblems by which their powers and properties are usually typified in Pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the most pleasing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addressing himself to the month of May as to a person, says,

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may consider him as speaking only in metaphor: and when such shadowy beings are thus just shown to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can relish them no farther than as figures only; when they are extended in any serious composition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real persons, I cannot but consider them as so many absurdities, which custom has unreasonably patronized. Thus Spenser, in one of his pastorals, represents the god of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the bushes, supposes it to be some game, and accordingly discharges his bow. Cupid returns the shot, and after several arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate swain discovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his escape, receives a desperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the subject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and disgusting as it is adopted by our British bard. And the reason of the difference is plain: in the former it is supported by a popular superstition; whereas no strain of imagination can give it the least air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter,

Quodcumque mihi ostendis sic, incredulus odi.
HOR.

I must confess, at the same time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous scheme with such uncommon grace, and has paid so many genteel compliments

pliments to his mistress by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleasing address with which he manages it; and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: *Major ille est qui judicium abstulit, quem qui meruit.*

To speak my sentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full possession of allegorical and burlesque poems: in all others I would never suffer them to make their appearance in person and as agents, but to enter only in simile or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them: and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance, in what manner the ancient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty.

Fitzosborne.

§ 243. *On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius, with respect to his own performances. In a Letter.*

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquetur*, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application; and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials,

before they can be properly adjusted; not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pangs it costs even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, *Ob! that mine adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the imitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his *Æneid*, he intended to have set apart three more for the revival of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches, which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy, Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken

more

more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better: but never, he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not contented with those little transient flashes of applause, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation, and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. What Sir William Temple observes of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taste and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greatest contrivances to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit." But though I know you would not value yourself upon any performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were not conspicuous: yet I must remind you at the same time, that when the file ceases to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three Olympiads in writing a single oration; and the extravagant expedition of that poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. *Fitzosborne.*

§ 244. *Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.*

The beauties of Style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberless graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that strength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the noblest sentiments.

There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the truest refinements) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments; as it was the ambition of some of the greatest names of antiquity to distinguish themselves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the

finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments: and we are told he studied the language of his country with much application: as we are sure he possessed it in its highest elegance. What a loss, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatise which he wrote upon this subject, is perished with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar, not only of true generalship, but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer durst attempt to touch the subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered, that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes, in one of his essays, that "there is as much difference between comprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper and the light of the sun."

It is surely then a very strange conceit

of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution, as it is a proof of its retaining some relish at least of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to suspect, that certain writers amongst us had considered all beauties of this sort in the same gloomy view with Malbranche: or, at least, that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curse, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, esteeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers, like Epiphanius, know to hit that true medium which lies between those distant extremes! How seldom do we meet with an author, whose expressions, like those of my friend, are glowing but not glaring, whose metaphors are natural but not common, whose periods are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, whose sentiments are well set, and shewn to the understanding in their truest and most advantageous lustre.

Fitzgerbore.

§ 245. *On Thinking. In a Letter.*

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am sure, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found their judicious author rise

in my esteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more singular character in the world, than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which lightly skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be stiled by that denomination. It is observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connections, that constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purposes of animal life. But even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise, their understandings; we shall find, that thinking is one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles, which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed: I mean, pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progression of well-examined deductions, is considered as a reproach to the quickness of understanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason, the greater part of our species generally choose either to seize upon their conclusions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as best suiting with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly Mr. Locke observes, that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring, into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which

which truth has advanced in the world, on one side; and for those absurd systems which, at different periods, have had an universal currency, on the other. For there is a strange disposition in human nature, either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of an heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissonance and contention. For while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps to remark, that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of those writers who can, with any justness of expression, be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort, all critics, commentators, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature, that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject, for the same reason, such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses likewise, who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reason I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the Ancients are said to have produced:

Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius anni
Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse, librisque
Ambustum propriis. HOR.

THIS Epicurus, we are told, left behind

him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words, that he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us, that Didymus the Grammarian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origin, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine, with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, prove an instance that it is so, if I suspend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with such as mine?

Fitzosborne.

§ 246. *Reflections on the Advantages of Conversation.*

It is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shews the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That "it is not good for man to be alone," is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent, than the counterwarmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent

zent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark, that most of those wild doctrines, which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never, at least, with so much justice) that "there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in its support."

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is, that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidst the amicable opposition of well regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now, perhaps, restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects which such animating representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors; but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My lord Shaftsbury's dialogue, intitled "The

Moralists;" Mr. Addison's upon Ancient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the *Odyssey*; together with those of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to *Hydaspes*; are, almost, the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all masterpieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

Fitzosborne.

§ 247. *On the Great Historical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the era of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of *Virtù*, as the first Greeks had distinguished them by the name of *Willous*. Every thing tended towards
perfection;

perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Tasso, and an Ariosto, flourished. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the most triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbarism, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taste.

The arts, always transplanted from Greece to Italy, found themselves in a favourable soil, where they instantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather these fruits; but either they could not live in those climates, or else they degenerated very fast.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but such as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to establish schools for painting; the Italian masters whom he invited to France, raised no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few loose tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only prose-writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in possession of every thing that was beautiful, excepting music, which was then but in a rude state; and experimental philosophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Lastly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the nearest to perfection of all the four; enriched by the discoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than those three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Augustus, and Alexander; but human reason in general was more improved. In this age we first became acquainted with sound philosophy. It may truly be said, that from the last years of Cardinal Richelieu's administration till those which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened such a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will serve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itself to England, where it has stirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation stood in need of at that time; it has introduced taste into Germany, and the sciences into Russia; it has

even re-animated Italy, which was languishing; and Europe is indebted for its politeness and spirit of society, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this side the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It must be owned that the French, in some degree, deserved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeness. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongst them; which is a proof that the useful arts were likewise neglected; for, when once the things of use are carried to perfection, the transition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all astonishing, that painting, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, should be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though possessed of harbours on the Western ocean and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carolingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about

the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts: but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness: the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted.

Voltaire.

§ 248. *On the Constitution of ENGLAND.*

In every government there are three sorts of power: the legislative; the executive, in respect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives embassies, he establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter we shall call the judiciary power, and the other simply the executive power of the state.

The political liberty of the subject is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite the government be so constituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because apprehensions may arise, lest the same monarch or senate should enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary control; for the judge would be then the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the same man, or the same body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exercise those three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public resolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Most kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, because the prince, who is invested with the two first powers, leaves the third to his subjects. In Turkey, where these three powers are united in the Sultan's person, the subjects groan under the weight of a most frightful oppression.

In the republics of Italy, where these three powers are united, there is less liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourse to as violent methods for its support, as even that of the Turks; witness the state inquisitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accusations.

What

What a situation must the poor subject be in under those republics! The same body of magistrates are possessed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themselves in quality of legislators. They may plunder the state by their general determinations; and, as they have likewise the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular decisions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a despotic sway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whose aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have constantly set out with uniting in their own persons all the branches of magistracy, and all the great offices of state.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary aristocracy of the Italian republics, does not answer exactly to the despotic power of the eastern princes. The number of magistrates sometimes softens the power of the magistracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the same designs; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legislative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the mischief is, that these different tribunals are composed of magistrates all belonging to the same body, which constitutes almost one and the same power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a standing senate; it should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that should last only as long as necessity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power so terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular state or profession, becomes, as it were, invisible. People have not then the judges continually present to their view; they fear the office, but not the magistrate.

In accusations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the person accused should have the privilege of chusing in some measure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at least he should have a right to except against so great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magistrates or permanent bodies, because they are not exercised on any private subject; one being no more than the general will of the state, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to such a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in society without knowing exactly the obligation it lays them under.

The judges ought likewise to be in the same station as the accused, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of persons inclined to treat him with-rigour.

If the legislature leaves the executive power in possession of a right to imprison those subjects who can give security for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unless they are taken up, in order to answer without delay to a capital crime: in this case they are really free, being subject only to the power of the law.

But should the legislature think itself in danger by some secret conspiracy against the state, or by a correspondence with a foreign enemy, it might authorise the executive power, for a short and limited time, to imprison suspected persons, who in that case would lose their liberty only for a while, to preserve it for ever.

And this is the only reasonable method than can be substituted to the tyrannical magistracy of the Ephori, and to the state inquisitors of Venice, who are also despotical.

As in a free state, every man who is supposed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; so the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. But since this is impossible in large states, and in small ones is subject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people should act by their representatives, what they cannot act by themselves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and interests, than with those of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the rest of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legislature should not be chosen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every considerable place, a representative should be elected by the inhabitants,

The great advantage of representatives is their being capable of discussing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greatest inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all necessary that the representatives, who have received a general instruction from their electors, should wait to be particularly instructed in every affair, as is practised in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the speeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but, on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the assembly; and on the most urgent and pressing occasions, the springs of the nation might be stopp'd by a single caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well observes, represent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their constituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the several districts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a representative, except such as are in some a situation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in most of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active resolutions, such as require some execution; a thing of which they are absolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chusing of representatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the person they chuse is better qualified than most of his neighbours.

Neither ought the representative body to be chosen for active resolutions, for which it is not so fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to see whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themselves can properly perform.

In a state, there are always persons distinguished by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a single vote like the rest, the common liberty would be their slavery, and they would have no interest in supporting it, as most of the popular resolutions would be against them. The share

they have, therefore, in the legislature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the state; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a stop to the enterprizes of the people, as the people have a right to put a stop to theirs.

The legislative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body chosen to represent the people, which have each their assemblies and deliberations apart, each their separate views and interests.

Of the three powers above-mentioned, the judiciary is in some measure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as those have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legislative body, composed of the nobility, is extremely proper for this very purpose.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the first place it is so in its own nature: and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges; privileges that in themselves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of course, in a free state, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to pursue its own particular interests, and forget those of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a singular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the supplies, they should have no other share in the legislation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of resolving.

By the power of resolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be understood to mean the right of annulling a resolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the person possessed of the privilege of rejecting may likewise have the right of approving, yet this approbation passes for no more than a declaration, that he intends to make no use of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be in the hands of a monarch: because this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better administered by one than by many: whereas whatever depends on the legislative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a single person.

But

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of persons selected from the legislative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reason the two powers would be united, as the same persons would actually sometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a share in both.

Were the legislative body to be a considerable time without meeting, this would likewise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy; or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually sitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people, upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled: and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are seasons, some of which are more proper than others, for assembling the legislative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power should regulate the time of convening as well as

the duration of those assemblies, according to the circumstances and exigencies of state known to itself.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to the encroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic; for as it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased, it would soon destroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legislative power should have a right to stop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischiefs.

But if the legislative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the *Cosmi* and the *Ephori* gave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct, of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of *Gnidus*, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the *Amymones* * to an account, even after their administration †; and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See *S. ephen* of *Byzantium*.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices. See *Dionys. Halic. l. 2. p.* the affair of *Genulius* the tribune.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legislature which is composed of their own body.

It is possible that the law, which is clear-sighted in one sense, and blind in another, might in some cases be too severe. But as we have already observed, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere passive beings, incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legislative body, which we have just now observed to be a necessary tribunal on another occasion, is also a necessary tribunal in this; it belongs to its supreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itself, by mitigating the sentence.

It might also happen, that a subject intrusted with the administration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magistrates either could not, or would not punish. But in general the legislative power cannot judge; and much less can it be a judge in this particular case, where it represents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court shall it bring its impeachment? Must it go and abase itself before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being composed moreover of men who are chosen from the people as well as itself, will naturally be swayed by the authority of so powerful an accuser? No: in order to preserve the dignity of the people, and the security of the subject, the legislative part which represents the people, must bring in its charge before the legislative part which represents the nobility, who have neither the same interests nor the same passions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over most of the ancient republics, where there was this abuse, that the people were at the same time both judge and accuser.

The executive power, pursuant to what has been already said, ought to have a share in the legislature by the power of rejecting, otherwise it would soon be stripped of its prerogative. But should the legislative power usurp a share of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a share in the legislature by the power of resolving, liberty would be lost. But as it is necessary he should have a share in the legislature, for the support of his own prerogative, this share must consist in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the senate who had one part of the executive power, nor the magistrates, who were entrusted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental constitution of the government we are treating of. The legislative body being composed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legislative.

These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legislature than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no share in the public debates. It is not even necessary that it should propose, because, as it may always disapprove of the resolutions that shall be taken, it may likewise reject the decisions on those proposals which were made against its will.

In some ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propose and debate with the people, otherwise their resolutions must have been attended with a strange confusion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raising of public money, otherwise than by giving its consent, liberty would be at an end; because it would become legislative in the most important point of legislation.

If the legislative power was to settle the subsidies, not from year to year, but for
ever,

ever, it would run the risk of losing its liberty, because the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was possessed of such a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itself, or of another. The same may be said, if it should fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the sea and land forces with which it is to intrust the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the people, and have the same spirit as the people; as was the case at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the persons employed in the army should have sufficient property to answer for their conduct to their fellow-subjects, and be enlisted only for a year, as was customary at Rome: or if there should be a standing army, composed chiefly of the most despicable part of the nation, the legislative power should have a right to disband them as soon as it pleased; the soldiers should live in common with the rest of the people; and no separate camp, barracks, or fortress, should be suffered.

When once an army is established, it ought not to depend immediately on the legislative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its business consisting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongst mankind, they set a higher value upon courage than timorousness, on activity than prudence, on strength than counsel. Hence the army will ever despise a senate, and respect their own officers. They will naturally slight the orders sent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as soon as the army depends on the legislative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to some extraordinary circumstances. It is because the army has always kept divided; it is because it was composed of several bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is because the capital towns were strong places, defended by their natural situation, and not garrisoned with regular troops. Holland, for instance, is still safer than Venice: she might drown

or starve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furnishing them with necessary subsistence, this subsistence is of course precarious.

Whoever shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful system was invented first in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty, it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my business to examine whether the English actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that it is established by their laws; and I enquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to say that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneasiness to those who have only a moderate share of it. How should I have any such design, I, who think that even the excess of reason is not always desirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his *Oceana*, has also inquired into the highest point of liberty to which the constitution of a state may be carried. But of him indeed it may be said, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he busied himself in pursuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

Montesquieu.

§ 249. Of COLUMBUS, and the Discovery of AMERICA.

It is to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conquest of America an obligation, which proved so fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themselves.

This was doubtless the most important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto strangers to the other. Whatever had been esteemed most great or noble before, seemed absorbed in this kind of new creation. We still mention with respectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts,

who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the sailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raised by the ancients to a Greek, who had discovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Christopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, struck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portuguese, imagined that something greater might be done; and from a bare inspection of the map of our world, concluded that there must be another, which might be found by sailing always west. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed superior, seeing he had to struggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulses of several princes to whom he tendered his services. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his schemes as visionary, and by that means lost the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not listen to the proposals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himself was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whose attention was wholly employed upon the coast of Africa. He had no prospect of success in applying to the French, whose marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confused than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for shipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor sufficient courage to engage in a scheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural aversion of the Genoese to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain: which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of incessant

application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after, he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprize to see him return, at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one was vying who should be foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again, with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless, he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius

of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is said, went from that city to the straits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Dukes of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shewn; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vesputi, whom we call Americus Vesputius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true, that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Vesputius had made one as a geographer, under the command of Admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had discovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination should be made before the door of his house every three years, on the feast of All Saints. And yet could this man be said to deserve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, sailed along the coast of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the rest of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Vesputius, which seems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any conclusive reasoning. Several French authors are there

complained of, who have done justice to Columbus's merit; but the writer should not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spanish, who were the first that did this justice. This writer says, that "he will confound the vanity of the French nation, who have always attacked with impunity the honour and success of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in saying, that it was a Genoese who first discovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purposely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-sense, as we have too many examples of it; and I must say, that the good French writers have in general been the least guilty of this insufferable fault; and one great reason of their being so universally read throughout Europe, is their doing justice to all nations.

The inhabitants of these islands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much astonished at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ships and artillery: they at first looked upon these new visitors as monsters or gods, who had come out of the sky or the sea. These voyages, and those of the Portuguese, had now taught us how inconsiderable a spot of the globe our Europe was, and what an astonishing variety reigns in the world. Indostan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whose complexions were yellow. In Africa and Asia, at some distance from the equator, there had been found several kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chinese still appear to differ entirely from the rest of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noses. But what is still to be remarked is, that into whatsoever regions these various races are transplanted, their complexions never change, unless they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifest proof that there is a differential principle in each species of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are seldom known to change. Hence the ne-

groes are slaves to other men, and are purchased on the coast of Africa, like beasts, for a sum of money; and the vast multitudes of negroes transplanted into our American colonies, serve as slaves under a very inconsiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewise taught us how great a superiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where easily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thousand to one superior in numbers.

This part of America was also remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of so great use to us. Horses, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its use in dying has now made us forget the scarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was soon succeeded by that of Indigo, cacao, vanilla, and those woods which serve for ornament and medicinal purposes, particularly the quinquina, or jesuits bark, which is the only specific against intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilst she had dispersed the disease it cured through all the rest of the world. This new continent likewise furnished pearls, coloured stones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at present furnishes the meanest citizen of Europe with his conveniences and pleasures. The gold and silver mines, at their first discovery, were of service only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the rest of the world was impoverished by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow business, found themselves possessed of a very small quantity of specie, in comparison with the immense sums accumulated by those, who had the advantage of the first discoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and silver which was sent from America, was dispersed throughout all Europe, and by passing into a number of hands, the distribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewise increased in Europe, in proportion to the increase of specie.

To comprehend how the treasures of America passed from the possession of the Spaniards

Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be sufficient to consider these two things: the use which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a share in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, necessarily dispersed a great quantity of that specie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he sent his son Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince deposited in the tower of London twenty-seven large chests of silver in bars, and an hundred horse-loads of gold and silver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, cost this Philip, according to his own confession, above three thousand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and silver of Peru is distributed amongst all the people of Europe, and from thence is sent to the East-Indies, is a surprising, though well known circumstance. By a strict law enacted by Ferdinand and Isabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spanish America, but likewise from having the least share, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to subdue all Europe; and yet Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time consigned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bul-

lion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: these, armed with pistols at their belt, and a long sword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchants was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which, nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shews, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subjects, by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hispaniola. Several of the companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards spread over Europe. It is certain, that this poison, which taints the springs of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the small-pox were diseases originally endemic to the southern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human flesh, practised by some of the

American savages, occasioned this disorder. There were no cannibals on the island of Hispaniola, where it was most frequent and inveterate; neither are we to suppose, with some, that it proceeded from too great an excess of sensual pleasures. Nature had never punished excesses of this kind with such disorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been passed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and shameful scourge upon the chastest union.

The great Columbus, after having built several houses on these islands, and discovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unfulfilled by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hispaniola, who succeeded him, being persuaded that these provinces furnished gold, resolved to make the discovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In short, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehensive of their superior numbers; or that the rage of slaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they, in the space of a few years, entirely depopulated Hispaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above six hundred thousand.

Bartholomew de la Casas, bishop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witness to these desolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. These wretched savages, almost naked and without arms, were pursued like wild beasts in the forests, devoured alive by dogs, shot to death, or surpris'd and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular testimony, that they frequently caused a number of these miserable wretches to be summoned by a priest to come in, and submit to the Christian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injustice, they put them to death without the least remorse.—I believe that De la Casas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have said ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us shudder with horror.

It may seem surpris'ing, that this massacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the sight, and under the administration of several religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that

Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime minister of Castile before the time of Charles V. sent over four monks of this order, in quality of presidents of the royal council of the island. Doubtless they were not able to resist the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new masters, being with just reason become implacable, rendered their destruction unhappily necessary.

Voltaire.

§ 250. *The Influence of the Progress of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.*

The progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in a state of ignorance. But as soon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits

of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical enquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith soon after they settled in their new conquests: but they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries, and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of enquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, cor-

rupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies, was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review *, were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had

* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill judged, spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

Robertson.

§ 251. *On the respect paid by the LACEDÆMONIANS and ATHENIANS to old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man hustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes ap-

pointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

Spectator.

§ 252. *On PÆTUS and ARRIA.*

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinnus Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both, at the same time, attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—"What!" said she

she, "shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered in thy very arms, and yet survest him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daughter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus, it is not painful *." *Pliny.*

§ 253. ABDOLONYMUS raised to the Government of SIDON.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had ren-

dered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation—At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

Quintus Curtius.

§ 254. *The Resignation of the Emperor CHARLES V.*

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects,

* In the Tatler, No. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcinnæ Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly; charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. pp. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. lx. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 35.

subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that

now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people: and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with

"such

“ such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you!”

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. In this humble retreat, hardly sufficient

for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

Robertson.

§ 255. *An Account of MULY MOLUC.*

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

Spesator.

§ 256. *An Account of VALENTINE and UNNION.*

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private

vate centinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salfine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse, *Tatler*.

§ 257. *An Example of Historical Narration from SALLUST.*

The Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the Roman commonwealth; who, under the conduct of Æneas, having made their escape from their own ruined country, got to Italy, and there for some time lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction, language, and customs, united into one body, in a surprisngly short space of time.

And as their little state came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and seemed likely to make a figure among the nations, according to the common course of things, the appearance of prosperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring states; so that the princes and people who bordered upon them, began to seek occasions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form were but few: for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans, seeing that they had nothing to trust to but their own conduct, found it necessary to bestir themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by often giving, and seldom demanding, favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government, to wit, the monarchical. And a senate, consisting of men advanced in years, and grown wise by experience, though infirm of body, consulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the state, came to degenerate into lawless tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes, and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c. *Sall. Bell. Catilinæ.*

§ 258. *The Story of DAMON and PYTHIAS.*

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition that the
other

other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared, that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind of his friends's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his friend to suffer it in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged that they would take himself in for a third.

Val. Max. Cic.

§ 259. *The Story of DIONYSIUS the Tyrant.*

Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he had abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck

as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

Cic. Tuscul. Quest.

§ 260. *A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner!

manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 261. *The Continnence of* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who resemble us; and there are not a people in the

universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," said he, "a young hero, like the gods, who conquers all things as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse. *Livy.*

§ 262. *The private Life of* ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and

and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to mingle leisure and action, nor to use the intervals of rest from public business with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and books, between the military labours of the camp, and the peaceful occupations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the dangers and fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences*."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, That he was never less idle, than when at leisure, or less alone, than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeas'd in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever pro-

duced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the *Adelphi*. I shall undoubtedly not advise any body, and least of all persons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occasion, let us only consider taste in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more necessary to a military person, than that which results from reading works of wit, and from the conversation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the observation of a Pagan, that he should be above those trivial pleasures, to which persons without letters, knowledge, curiosity, and taste for reading, are obliged to give themselves up.

Another kind of pleasure, still more sensible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, constituted the greatest felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendship; a pleasure seldom known by great persons or princes, because, generally loving only themselves, they do not deserve to have friends. However, this is the most grateful tie of human society; so that the poet Ennius says with great reason, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and those very illustrious: but I shall speak here only of Lælius, whose probity and prudence acquired him the surname of the Wise.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better suited to each other than those great men. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he signalized himself very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the superiority, in respect of eloquence, seems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and says, that Lælius's style favoured more of the ancient manner, and had something less agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himself (that is the words

* Velleius Paterculus.

words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the strict union which subsisted between Scipio and him. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table at our common expence, the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to learn something; this was the employment of all our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? What a consolation is it to have a second self, to whom we have nothing secret, and in whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves! What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded at all upon interest, but solely upon esteem for each other's virtues. "What occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I of him. But my attachment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea of my character and manners. The friendship increased afterwards upon both sides, by habit and commerce. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it; but those were not our view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embassy of Scipio Africanus into the East and Egypt, better than here; we shall see the same taste of simplicity and modesty, as we have just been representing in his private life, shine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to send ambassadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their

affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illustrious persons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were sent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Physon then reigned, the most cruel tyrant mentioned in history. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongst the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to visit Asia Minor, and Greece; to inspect into the affairs of those countries; to inquire into what manner the treaties made with the Romans were observed; and to remedy, as far as possible, all the disorders that should come to their knowledge. They acquitted themselves with so much equity, wisdom, and ability, and did such great services to those to whom they were sent, in re-establishing order amongst them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambassadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the senate for having sent persons of such great merit to them, whose wisdom and goodness they could not sufficiently commend.

The first place to which they went, according to their instructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it so little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richest and most powerful person of Rome, had only one friend, the philosopher Panætius, with him, and five domestics. His victories, says an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were considered; and his personal virtues and qualities were esteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and silver,

Though, during their whole stay in Egypt, the king caused their table to be covered with the most exquisite provisions of every kind, they never touched any but the most simple and common, despising all the rest, which only serve to soften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on such occasions, ought not the ambassadors of so powerful a state as Rome to have sustained its reputation of majesty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taste of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all nations of the earth, thought the most justly of true greatness and solid glory.

Rollin.

§ 263.

§ 263. *On Punctuation.*

Punctuation is the art of marking in writing the several pauses, or rests, between sentences and the parts of sentences, according to their proper quantity or proportion, as they are expressed in a just and accurate pronunciation.

As the several articulate sounds, the syllables and words, of which sentences consist, are marked by letters; so the rests and pauses, between sentences and their parts, are marked by Points.

But, though the several articulate sounds are pretty fully and exactly marked by letters of known and determinate power; yet the several pauses, which are used in a just pronunciation of discourse, are very imperfectly expressed by Points.

For the different degrees of connexion between the several parts of sentences, and the different pauses in a just pronunciation, which express those degrees of connexion according to their proper value, admit of great variety; but the whole number of Points, which we have to express this variety, amounts only to four.

Hence it is, that we are under a necessity, of expressing pauses of the same quantity, on different occasions, by different Points; and more frequently, of expressing pauses of different quantity by the same Points.

So that the doctrine of Punctuation must needs be very imperfect: few precise rules can be given which will hold without exception in all cases; but much must be left to the judgment and taste of the writer.

On the other hand, if a greater number of marks were invented to express all the possible different pauses of pronunciation; the doctrine of them would be very perplexed and difficult, and the use of them would rather embarrass than assist the reader.

It remains, therefore, that we be content with the rules of Punctuation, laid down with as much exactness as the nature of the subject will admit: such as may serve for a general direction, to be accommodated to different occasions; and to be supplied, where deficient, by the writer's judgment.

The several degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constructive parts, Rhetoricians have considered under the following distinctions,

as the most obvious and remarkable: the Period, Colon, Semicolon, and Comma.

The Period is the whole sentence, complete in itself, wanting nothing to make a full and perfect sense, and not connected in construction with a subsequent sentence.

The Colon, or Member, is a chief constructive part, or greater division, of a sentence.

The Semicolon, or Half-member, is a less constructive part, or subdivision, of a sentence or member.

A sentence or member is again subdivided into Commas, or Segments; which are the least constructive parts of a sentence or member, in this way of considering it; for the next subdivision would be the resolution of it into phrases and words.

The Grammarians have followed this division of the Rhetoricians, and have appropriated to each of these distinctions its mark, or point; which takes its name from the part of the sentence which it is employed to distinguish: as follows:

The Period	} is thus marked {	.
The Colon		;
The Semicolon		;
The Comma		,

The proportional quantity, or time, of the points, with respect to one another, is determined by the following general rule: The Period is a pause in quantity or duration double of the Colon: the Colon is double of the Semicolon; and the Semicolon is double of the Comma. So that they are in the same proportion to one another, as the Semibref, the Minim, the Crotchet, and the Quaver, in music. The precise quantity, or duration, of each pause or note cannot be defined; for that varies with the time: and both in discourse and music the same composition may be rehearsed in a quicker or a slower time: but in music the proportion between the notes remains ever the same; and in discourse, if the doctrine of Punctuation were exact, the proportion between the pauses would be ever invariable.

The Points then being designed to express the pauses, which depend on the different degrees of connexion between sentences, and between their principal constructive parts; in order to understand the meaning of the Points, and to know how to apply them properly, we must consider the nature of a sentence, as divided into its principal constructive parts, and the degrees of connexion

nexion between those parts upon which such division of it depends.

To begin with the least of these principal constructive parts, the Comma. In order the more clearly to determine the proper application of the Point which marks it, we must distinguish between an imperfect phrase, a simple sentence, and a compounded sentence.

An imperfect phrase contains no assertion, or does not amount to a proposition or sentence.

A simple sentence has but one subject, and one finite verb.

A compounded sentence has more than one subject, or one finite verb, either expressed or understood: or it consists of two or more simple sentences connected together.

In a sentence, the subject and the verb may be each of them accompanied with several adjuncts; as the object, the end, the circumstances of time, place, manner, and the like; and the subject or verb may be either immediately connected with them, or mediately; that is, by being connected with some thing, which is connected with some other; and so on.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in a different manner, they are only so many imperfect phrases; and the sentence is simple.

A simple sentence admits of no point, by which it may be divided, or distinguished into parts.

If the several adjuncts affect the subject or the verb in the same manner, they may be resolved into so many simple sentences; the sentence then becomes compounded, and it must be divided into its parts by Points.

For, if there are several subjects belonging in the same manner to one verb, or several verbs belonging in the same manner to one subject, the subjects and verbs are still to be accounted equal in number: for every verb must have its subject, and every subject its verb; and every one of the subjects, or verbs, should or may have its point or distinction.

Examples:

“The passion for praise produces excellent effects in women of sense.” Addison, Spect. N^o 73. In this sentence *passion* is the subject, and *produces* the verb: each of which is accompanied and connected with its adjuncts. The subject is not passion in general, but a particular passion deter-

mined by its adjunct of specification, as we may call it; the passion *for praise*. So likewise the verb is immediately connected with its object, *excellent effects*; and mediately, that is, by the intervention of the word *effects*, with *women*, the subject in which these effects are produced; which again is connected with its adjunct of specification; for it is not meant of women in general, but of women *of sense only*. Lastly, it is to be observed, that the verb is connected with each of these several adjuncts in a different manner; namely, with *effects*, as the object; with *women*, as the subject of them; with *sense*, as the quality or characteristic of those women. The adjuncts therefore are only so many imperfect phrases; the sentence is a simple sentence, and admits of no point, by which it may be distinguished into parts.

“The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense.” Here a new verb is introduced, accompanied with adjuncts of its own; and the subject is repeated by the relative pronoun *which*. It now becomes a compounded sentence, made up of two simple sentences, one of which is inserted in the middle of the other; it must therefore be distinguished into its component parts by a point placed on each side of the additional sentence.

“How many instances have we [in the fair sex] of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands; which are the great qualities and achievements of women-kind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name!” *Ibid.*

In the first of these two sentences, the adjuncts *chastity, fidelity, devotion*, are connected with the verb by the word *instances* in the same manner, and in effect make so many distinct sentences: “how many instances have we of chastity! how many instances have we of fidelity! how many instances have we of devotion!” They must therefore be separated from one another by a point. The same may be said of the adjuncts, “education of their children, &c.” in the former part of the next sentence: as likewise of the several subjects, “the making of war, &c.” in the latter part; which have in effect each their verb;

for each of these "is an achievement by which men grow famous."

As sentences themselves are divided into simple and compounded, so the members of sentences may be divided likewise into simple and compounded members: for whole sentences, whether simple or compounded, may become members of other sentences by means of some additional connexion.

Simple members of sentences closely connected together in one compounded member, or sentence, are distinguished or separated by a Comma: as in the foregoing examples.

So likewise, the case absolute; nouns in opposition, when consisting of many terms; the participle with something depending on it; are to be distinguished by the Comma: for they may be resolved into simple members.

When an address is made to a person, the noun, answering to the vocative case in Latin, is distinguished by a Comma.

Examples:

"This said, He form'd thee, Adam; thee, O man, Dust of the ground."

"Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl."
Milton.

Two nouns, or two adjectives, connected by a single Copulative or Disjunctive, are not separated by a point: but when there are more than two, or where the conjunction is understood, they must be distinguished by a Comma.

Simple members connected by relatives, and comparatives, are for the most part distinguished by a Comma: but when the members are short in comparative sentences; and when two members are closely connected by a relative, restraining the general notion of the antecedent to a particular sense; the pause becomes almost insensible, and the Comma is better omitted.

Examples:

"Raptures, transports, and extasies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them."
Addison, ibid.

"Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust, Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust."
Pope.

"What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?"

A circumstance of importance, though no more than an imperfect phrase, may be set off with a Comma on each side, to give it greater force and distinction.

Example:

"The principle may be defective or faulty; but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished."
Addison, ibid.

A member of a sentence, whether simple or compounded, that requires a greater pause than a Comma, yet does not of itself make a complete sentence, but is followed by something closely depending on it, may be distinguished by a Semicolon.

Example:

"But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them, when it is governed by vanity and folly."
Addison, ibid.

Here the whole sentence is divided into two parts by the Semicolon; each of which parts is a compounded member, divided into its simple members by the Comma.

A member of a sentence, whether simple or compounded, which of itself would make a complete sentence, and so requires a greater pause than a Semicolon, yet is followed by an additional part making a more full and perfect sense, may be distinguished by a Colon.

Example:

"Were all books reduced to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be scarce any such thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves: not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated."
Addison, Spect. N^o 124.

Here the whole sentence is divided into four parts by Colons: the first and last of which are compounded members, each divided by a Comma; the second and third are simple members.

When a Semicolon has preceded, and a greater pause is still necessary; a Colon
R r 2 may

may be employed, though the sentence be incomplete.

The Colon is also commonly used, when an example, or a speech, is introduced.

When a sentence is so far perfectly finished, as not to be connected in construction with the following sentence, it is marked with a Period.

In all cases, the proportion of the several points in respect to one another is rather to be regarded, than their supposed precise quantity, or proper office, when taken separately.

Besides the points which mark the pauses in discourse, there are others which denote a different modulation of the voice in correspondence with the sense. These are

The Interrogation point,	} thus marked	} ? ! ()
The Exclamation point,		
The Parenthesis,		

The Interrogation and Exclamation Points are sufficiently explained by their names: they are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that respect to a Semicolon, a Colon, or a Period, as the sense requires. They mark an elevation of the voice.

The Parenthesis incloses in the body of a sentence a member inserted into it, which is neither necessary to the sense, nor at all affects the construction. It marks a moderate depression of the voice, with a pause greater than a Comma. *Lowth.*

END OF THE SECOND BOOK

Elegant Extracts:

OR

useful and entertaining

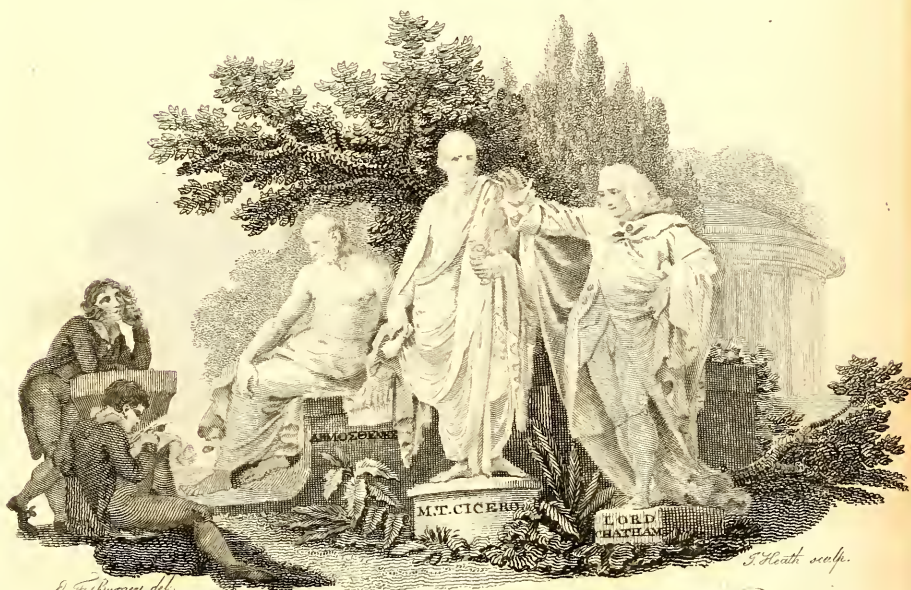
PASSAGES

IN

PROSE.

Shepherd, Sculp.

Book Third & Fourth.



E. F. Kennedy del.

E. Heath sculp.

Ex his ceterisque Sectione dignis Auctoribus et Verborum
sumenda Copia est, et Varietas Figurarum et componendi Ratio,
tum ad Exemplum Virtutum omnium Mens dirigenda: neque enim
dubitari potest quin Artis pars magna continetur IMITATIONE.
Quintilian.

L O R D A :

Printed for C. DILLY, and A. Robinson T. Cadell, & Co.

By Wm. B. Linn & Son, J. Johnson.

Published as the Act directs, 29 Sep. 1790.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *The first Oration against Philip : pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

WE have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people, in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative

to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a *Προγραμματα* or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which they

they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the Lunar year complete, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and, of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epistate: three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assembled the people: the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epistatæ demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epistatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely, by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repealed about fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the custom

still continued, out of respect to the reasonable and decent purpose for which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker has delivered his sentiments, he generally called on an officer, appointed for that purpose, to read his motion, and propound it in form. He then sat down, or resumed his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments: and sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching out their hands to him whose proposal pleased them most. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come on when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Perrexerunt manus, saith Cicero (pro Flacco) & *Psephisma natum est*. And, to constitute this Psephisma or decree, six thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was prefixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date of it contained the name of the Archon, that of the day and month, and that of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dismissed the assembly.

The reader who chuses to be more minutely informed in the customs, and manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult the *Archæologia* of Archbishop Potter, *Sigonis* or the *Concionatrices* of *Aristophanes*.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued silent: If not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already are, at this time, to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon; for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, ye would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems intirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once remis, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion,

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methonè, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" He would not have engaged in those enterprizes which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these

sentiments, he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each enquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip

“ dead? No, but in great danger.” How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him; should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded: this point therefore I shall urge no further. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessaries; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at first, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out “ Instantly!” “ This moment!” whose counsels suit the present juncture (as it is not possible to repel violences already committed by any occasional detachment) but he who will shew you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may subsist until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out; not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transport, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse,

Thus far we should be provided against those sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Chersonesus, to Olynthus, to whatever places he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and, but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensable duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing): or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him; as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make, And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the state: and if you chuse a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you shall think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse, fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve

in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light galleys. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain, when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harass him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a prodigious army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions), nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed, that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet; because I am informed, that some time since, the state maintained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polystratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedæmonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the state, fail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them: nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians?" the answer would immediately be, "By no means! we are at war with Philip. Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of clay, you make your officers for shew, and

not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body, that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten galleys, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty minæ. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myself am ready to sail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what funds the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conquests; that he watches the blowing

ing of the Eteſians, and the ſeverity of the winter, and forms his ſieges when it is impoſſible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to conſider this, and not to carry on the war by occaſional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army conſtantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thafſus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent iſlands; in which there are ports and proviſions, and all things neceſſary for the foldiery in abundance. As to the ſeaſon of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greateſt eaſe, and be in no danger from the winds, either upon the coaſt to which we are bound, or at the entrance of thoſe harbours where we may put in for proviſions—this will be eaſily diſcovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the junctures of affairs, What you are to perform, on your part, is contained in the decree I have now propoſed. And if you will be perſuaded, Athenians! firſt, to raiſe theſe ſupplies which I have recommended, then, to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and, laſtly, to confine your forces, by a law, to that ſervice which is appointed to them; reſerving the care and diſtribution of their money to yourſelves, and ſtrictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer waſted in continual debates upon the ſame ſubject, and ſcarcely to any purpoſe; then, you will deprive him of the moſt conſiderable of his revenues. For his arms are now ſupported, by ſeiſing and making prizes of thoſe who paſs the ſea.—But is this all?—No.—You ſhall alſo be ſecure from his attempts: not as when ſome time ſince he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he ſurprized your veſſels at Gerafus, and ſpoiled them of an unſpeakable quantity of riches: not as when lately he made a deſcent on the coaſt of Marathon, and carried off our ſacred galley: while you could neither oppoſe theſe inſults, nor detach your forces at ſuch junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians! what is the reaſon (think ye) that the public feſtivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of perſons leſs diſtinguiſhed: (feſtivals which coſt more trea-

ſure than is uſually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever coſt) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methonè, that to Pegafæ, that to Potidaa. The reaſon is this: every thing relating to the former is aſcertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the ſeveral entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of theſe things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, firſt, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the ſupplies are conſidered. Theſe points once ſettled, we reſolve to man our fleet with ſtrangers and foreigners; then find it neceſſary to ſupply their place ourſelves. In the midſt of theſe delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already maſter of: for the time of action we ſpend in preparing: and the junctures of affairs will not wait our ſlow and irrefolute meaſures. Theſe forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raiſed, when put to the proof plainly diſcover their inſufficiency. By theſe means hath he arrived at ſuch a pitch of inſolence, as to ſend a letter to the Eubæans, conceived in ſuch terms as theſe:

* * * *The LETTER is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the moſt part true, Athenians! too true! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by ſuppreſſing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themſelves could be prevented, then the ſole concern of a public ſpeaker ſhould be to pleaſe. If, on the contrary, theſe unſeaſonably pleaſing ſpeeches be really injurious, it is ſhameful, Athenians, to deceive yourſelves, and, by deſerring the conſideration of every thing diſagreeable, never once to move until it be too late; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events; to direct them with the ſame abſolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces: that the courſe of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their meaſures. But you, Athenians, although poſſeſſed of the greateſt power of all kinds, ſhips, infantry, cavalry, and treaſure;

treasure; yet, to this day, have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip: for, when one of them receives a blow, that blow engages him; if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted: but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—*for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit.* Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither; if in Thermopylæ, thither; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this restless ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly, he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you look back to the beginning of this war, and consider that we engaged in it to chastise the insolence of Philip; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we send out armaments (composed of empty galleys, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you; can you then think your interests well secured? shall we not embark? shall we not sail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto?—But where shall we make our descent?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will shew us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our ora-

tors; we cannot expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person: but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed? —By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life, by once engaging his enemy. No; they chuse the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, *as to your own conduct*—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours)—Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this,

this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resource left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occasion chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be assured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantages: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal!

Leland.

§ 2. *The first Olynthiac Oration: pronounced four Years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any considerable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian assembly, who probably recommended less vigorous measures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince pursued his ambitious designs. When he found himself shut out of Greece, he turned his arms to such remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the states of Greece. And, at the same time, he revenged himself upon the Athenians, by making himself master of some places which they laid claim to. At length his success emboldened him to declare those inten-

tions which he had long entertained secretly against the Olynthians.

Olynthius (a city of Thrace possessed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Eubœa and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcidian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had arisen by degrees to such a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable contests both with Athens and Lacedæmon. Nor did the Olynthians shew great regard to the friendship of Philip when he first came to the throne, and was taking all measures to secure the possession of it. For they did not scruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealousy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, against him, which he, by secret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet scarcely secure upon his throne, instead of expressing his repentment, he courted, or rather purchased, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the cession of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long disputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidæa; which their joint forces had besieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards such a benefactor. The rapid progress of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made some inroads on their territories, and now began to act against them with less reserve. They therefore dispatched ambassadors to Athens to propose an alliance, and request assistance against a power which they were equally concerned to oppose.

Philip affected the highest resentment at this step; alledged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed against their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conspirators; and, under pretence of punishing their infractions, pursued his hostilities with double vigour, made himself master of some of their cities, and threatened the capital with a siege.

In the mean time, the Olynthians pressed the Athenians for immediate suc-

courses,

cours. Their ambassadors opened their commission in an assembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the importance of the occasion increased the number of speakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demosthenes arose. In the following oration therefore he speaks as to a people already informed, urges the necessity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the designs and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehensions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuses, to restore ancient discipline, and to put an end to all domestic dissensions.

IN many instances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifestly declared their favour to this state: nor is it least observable in this present juncture. For that an enemy should arise against Philip, on the very confines of his kingdom, of no inconsiderable power, and, what is of most importance, so determined upon the war, that they consider any accommodation with him, first, as insidious, next, as the downfall of their country: this seems no less than the gracious interposition of Heaven itself. It must, therefore, be our care (Athenians!) that we ourselves may not frustrate this goodness. For it must reflect disgrace, nay, the foulest infamy upon us, if we appear to have thrown away not those states and territories only which we once commanded, but those alliances and favourable incidents, which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occasion with a display of Philip's power, or to press you to exert your vigour, by motives drawn from hence, is, in my opinion, quite improper. And why? Because whatever may be offered upon such a subject, sets him in an honourable view, but seems to me, as a reproach to our conduct. For the higher his exploits have arisen above his former estimation, the more must the world admire him: while your disgrace hath been the greater, the more your conduct hath proved unworthy of your state. These things therefore I shall pass over. He indeed, who examines justly, must find the source of all his greatness here, not in himself. But the services he hath here re-

ceived, from those whose public administration hath been devoted to his interest; those services which you must punish, I do not think it seasonable to display. There are other points of more moment for you all to hear; and which must excite the greatest abhorrence of him, in every reasonable mind.—These I shall lay before you.

And now, should I call him perjured and perfidious, and not point out the instances of this his guilt, it might be deemed the mere virulence of malice, and with justice. Nor will it engage too much of your attention to hear him fully and clearly convicted, from a full and clear detail of all his actions. And this I think useful upon two accounts: first, that he may appear, as he really is, treacherous and false; and then, that they who are struck with terror, as if Philip was something more than human, may see that he hath exhausted all those artifices to which he owes his present elevation; and that his affairs are now ready to decline. For I myself (Athenians!) should think Philip really to be dreaded and admired, if I saw him raised by honourable means. But I find, upon reflection, that at the time when certain persons drove out the Olynthians from this assembly, when desirous of conferring with you, he began with abusing our simplicity by his promise of surrendering Amphipolis, and executing the secret article of his treaty, then so much spoken of: that, after this, he courted the friendship of the Olynthians by seizing Potidæa, where we were rightful sovereigns, despoiling us his former allies, and giving them possession: that, but just now, he gained the Thessalians, by promising to give up Magnesia; and, for their ease, to take the whole conduct of the Phocian war upon himself. In a word, there are no people who ever made the least use of him, but have suffered by his subtlety: his present greatness being wholly owing to his deceiving those who were unacquainted with him, and making them the instruments of his success. As these states therefore raised him, while each imagined he was promoting some interest of theirs; these states must also reduce him to his former meanness, as it now appears that his own private interest was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circumflanced. If not, let the man stand forth, who can prove to me, I should have said

said to this assembly, that I have asserted these things falsely; or that they whom he hath deceived in former instances, will confide in him for the future; or that the Thessalians, who have been so basely, so undeservedly enslaved, would not gladly embrace their freedom.—If there be any one among you, who acknowledges all this, yet thinks that Philip will support his power, as he hath secured places of strength, convenient ports, and other like advantages; he is deceived. For when forces join in harmony and affection, and one common interest unites the confederating powers, then they share the toils with alacrity, they endure the distresses, they persevere. But when extravagant ambition, and lawless power (as in his case) have aggrandised a single person; the first pretence, the slightest accident, overthrows him, and all his greatness is dashed at once to the ground. For it is not, no, Athenians! it is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may perhaps succeed for once; and borrow for a while, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness; and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true. But these advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I say then, that you should dispatch succours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiously this is proposed to be done, the more agreeably to my sentiments) and send an embassy to the Thessalians, to inform some, and to enliven that spirit already raised in others: (for it hath actually been resolved to demand the restitution of Pagasæ, and to assert their claim to Magnesia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambassadors may not depend only upon words, but give them some action to display, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the state, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, must ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whose prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in speaking, make us to be always heard with the greater suspicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your measures must be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed;

your fortunes, your persons, must appear devoted to the common cause; your utmost efforts must be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your interest require; then, Athenians! you will not only discover the weakness and insincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will also be laid open. The power and sovereignty of Macedon may have some weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched against the Olynthians, under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an useful ally; when united with the Olynthians against Potidæa, it added something to their force; just now, when the Thessalians were in the midst of disorder, sedition, and confusion, it aided them against the family of their tyrants: (and in every case, any, even a small accession of strength, is, in my opinion, of considerable effect.) But of itself, unsupported, it is infirm, it is totally disempowered: for by all those glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatness, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his subjects are the same with those of Philip. He thirsts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly pursues, through toils and dangers of every kind; despising safety and life, when compared with the honour of achieving such actions as no other prince of Macedon could ever boast of. But his subjects have no part in this ambition. Harassed by those various excursions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their business, and their families, and without opportunity to dispose of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is shut out from the coast of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his subjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the soldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained compleatly to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a person from that country, incapable of falsehood, that they have no such superiority. For, as he assures me, if any man of experience in military affairs should be found among them, he dismisses all such, from an ambition of having every great action ascribed wholly to himself: (for, besides his other passions, the man hath this ambition in the highest degree.) And if any per-

son, from a sense of decency, or other virtuous principle, betrays a dislike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obsecenities, he loses all favour and regard; so that none are left about him, but wretches, who subsist on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not scruple to descend to such instances of revelry, as it would shock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conspired to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Callias the public servant, and others of the same stamp; buffoons, composers of lewd songs, in which they ridicule their companions: these are the persons whom he entertains and caresses. And these things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to some, are to men of just discernment great indications of the weakness both of his mind and fortune. At present, his successes cast a shade over them; for prosperity hath great power to veil such baseness from observation. But let his arms meet with the least disgrace, and all his actions will be exposed. This is a truth, of which he himself, Athenians! will, in my opinion, soon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weakness; but, when disease attacks him, every thing becomes sensible, in the vessels, in the joints, or in whatever other part his frame may be disordered; so in states and monarchies, while they carry on a war abroad, their defects escape the general eye: but when once it approaches their own territory, then they are all detected.

If there be any one among you who, from Philip's good fortune, concludes that he must prove a formidable enemy; such reasoning is not unworthy a man of prudence. Fortune hath great influence, nay, the whole influence, in all human affairs: but then, were I to chuse, I should prefer the fortune of Athens (if you yourselves will assert your own cause, with the least degree of vigour) to this man's fortune. For we have many better reasons to depend upon the favour of Heaven, than this man. But our present state is, in my opinion, a state of total inactivity; and he who will not exert his own strength, cannot apply for aid, either to his friends or to the gods. It is not then surprising, that he who is himself ever amidst the dangers and labours of the field; who is every-

where; whom no opportunity escapes; to whom no season is unfavourable; should be superior to you, who are wholly engaged in contriving delays, and framing decrees, and enquiring after news. I am not surpris'd at this, for the contrary must have been surpris'ing: if we, who never act in any single instance, as becomes a state engaged in war, should conquer him, who, in every instance, acts with an indefatigable vigilance. This indeed surpris'es me; that you, who fought the cause of Greece against Lacedemon, and generously declined all the many favourable opportunities of aggrandizing yourselves; who, to secure their property to others, parted with your own, by your contributions; and bravely exposed yourselves in battle; should now decline the service of the field, and delay the necessary supplies, when called to the defence of your own rights: that you, in whom Greece in general, and each particular state, hath often found protection, should sit down quiet spectators of your own private wrongs. This I say surpris'es me: and one thing more; that not a man among you can reflect how long a time we have been at war with Philip, and in what measures, this time hath all been wasted. You are not to be informed, that, in delaying, in hoping that others would assert our cause, in accusing each other, in impeaching, then again entertaining hopes, in such measures as are now pursued, that time hath been intirely wasted. And are you so devoid of apprehension, as to imagine, when our state hath been reduced from greatness to wretchedness, that the very same conduct will raise us from wretchedness to greatness? No! this is not reasonable, it is not natural; for it is much easier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we must acquire. And to this work you yourselves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion, You should raise supplies; you should take the field with alacrity. Prosecutions should be all suspended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man's sentence be determined by his actions: honour those who have deserved applause; let the iniquitous meet their punishment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a severe scrutiny, unless you have first been careful of your own duty. What indeed can be the reason, think ye, that every

every man whom ye have sent out at the head of an army, hath deserted your service, and fought out some private expedition? (if we must speak ingenuously of these our generals also,) the reason is this: when engaged in the service of the state, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, should Amphipolis be now taken, you instantly possess yourselves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not share. But, in their private enterprizes, the dangers are less; the acquisitions are all shared by the generals and soldiers; as were Lampfacus, Sigeum, and those vessels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private interest. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched state of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to speak; you hear the necessities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be distracted with endless contests and divisions: (some urging these, some those measures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into classes, to raise supplies. Now the business of these classes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the THREE HUNDRED are assistants to these, and the rest of you divide, some to this, some to that party. You must rectify these disorders: you must appear yourselves: you must leave the power of speaking, of advising, and of acting, open to every citizen. But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effected seasonably and successfully: for the injured party ever will desert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the

moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state. *Leland.*

§ 3. *The second Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same Year.*

INTRODUCTION.

To remove the impression made on the minds of the Athenians by the preceding oration, Demades and other popular leaders in the interests of Philip rose up, and opposed the propositions of Demosthenes, with all their eloquence. Their opposition, however, proved ineffectual: for the assembly decreed, that relief should be sent to the Olynthians: and thirty galleys and two thousand forces were accordingly dispatched, under the command of Chares. But these succours, consisting entirely of mercenaries, and commanded by a general of no great reputation, could not be of considerable service: and were besides suspected, and scarcely less dreaded by the Olynthians than the Macedonians themselves. In the mean time, the progress of Philip's arms could meet with little interruption. He reduced several places in the region of Chalcis, razed the fortrefs of Zeira, and, having twice defeated the Olynthians in the field, at last shut them up in their city. In this emergency, they again applied to the Athenians, and pressed for fresh and effectual succours. In the following oration, Demosthenes endeavours to support this petition; and to prove that both the honour and the interest of the Athenians demanded their immediate compliance. As the expence of the armament was the great point of difficulty, he recommends the abrogation of such laws, as prevented the proper settlement of the funds necessary for carrying on a war of such importance. The nature of these laws will come immediately to be explained.

It appears, from the beginning of this oration, that other speakers had arisen before Demosthenes, and inveighed loudly against Philip. Full of the national prejudices, or disposed to flatter the Athenians in their notions of the dignity and importance of their state,

state, they breathed nothing but indignation against the enemy, and possibly, with some contempt of his present enterprises, proposed to the Athenians to correct his arrogance, by an invasion of his own kingdom. Demosthenes, on the contrary, insists on the necessity of self-defence; endeavours to rouse his hearers from their security, by the terror of impending danger; and affects to consider the defence of Olynthus, as the last and only means of preserving the very being of Athens.

I AM by no means affected in the same manner, Athenians! when I review the state of our affairs, and when I attend to those speakers, who have now declared their sentiments. They insist, that we should punish Philip: but our affairs, situated as they now appear, warn us to guard against the dangers with which we ourselves are threatened. Thus far therefore I must differ from these speakers, that I apprehend they have not proposed the proper object of your attention. There was a time indeed, I know it well, when the state could have possessed her own dominions in security, and sent out her armies to inflict chastisement on Philip. I myself have seen that time when we enjoyed such power. But, now, I am persuaded we should confine ourselves to the protection of our allies. When this is once effected, then we may consider the punishment his outrages have merited. But, till the first great point be well secured, it is weakness to debate about our more remote concerns.

And now, Athenians, if ever we stood in need of mature deliberation and counsel, the present juncture calls loudly for them. To point out the course to be pursued on this emergency, I do not think the greatest difficulty: but I am in doubt in what manner to propose my sentiments; for all that I have observed, and all that I have heard, convinces me, that most of your misfortunes have proceeded from a want of inclination to pursue the necessary measures, not from ignorance of them.—Let me intreat you, that, if I now speak with an unusual boldness, ye may bear it: considering only, whether I speak truth, and with a sincere intention to advance your future interests: for you now see, that by some orators, who study but

to gain your favour, our affairs have been reduced to the extremity of distress.

I think it necessary, in the first place, to recal some late transactions to your thoughts. You may remember, Athenians, that, about three or four years since, you received advice that Philip was in Thrace, and had laid siege to the fortress of Heræa. It was then the month of November. Great commotions and debates arose. It was resolved to send out forty galleys; that all citizens, under the age of five-and-forty, should themselves embark; and that sixty talents should be raised. Thus it was agreed; that year passed away; then came in the months July, August, September. In this last month, with great difficulty, when the mysteries had first been celebrated, you sent out Charidemus, with just ten vessels unmann'd, and five talents of silver. For when reports came of the sickness, and the death of Philip, (both of these were affirmed) you laid aside your intended armament, imagining, that at such a juncture, there was no need of succours. And yet this was the very critical moment; for, had they been dispatched with the same alacrity with which they were granted, Philip would not have then escaped, to become that formidable enemy he now appears.

But what was then done, cannot be amended. Now we have the opportunity of another war: that war I mean, which hath induced me to bring these transactions into view, that you may not once more fall into the same errors. How then shall we improve this opportunity? *This is the only question.* For, if you are not resolved to assist with all the force you can command, you are really serving under Philip, you are fighting on his side. The Olynthians are a people, whose power was thought considerable. Thus were the circumstances of affairs: Philip could not confide in them; they looked with equal suspicion upon Philip. We and they then entered into mutual engagements of peace and alliance: this was a grievous embarrassment to Philip, that we should have a powerful state confederated with us, spies upon the incidents of his fortune. It was agreed, that we should, by all means, engage this people in a war with him: and now, what we all so earnestly desired, is effected; the manner is of no moment. What then remains for us, Athenians, but to send immediate and effectual succours,

I cannot see. For besides the disgrace that must attend us, if any of our interests are supinely disregarded, I have no small apprehensions of the consequence, (the Thebans affected as they are towards us, and the Phocians exhausted of their treasures) if Philip be left at full liberty to lead his armies into these territories, when his present enterprises are accomplished. If any one among you can be so far immersed in indolence as to suffer this, he must chuse to be witness of the misery of his own country, rather than to hear of that which strangers suffer; and to seek assistants for himself, when it is now in his power to grant assistance to others. That this must be the consequence, if we do not exert ourselves on the present occasion, there can scarcely remain the least doubt among us.

But, as to the necessity of sending succours, this, it may be said, we are agreed in; this is our resolution. But how shall we be enabled? that is the point to be explained. Be not surpris'd, Athenians, if my sentiments on this occasion seem repugnant to the general sense of this assembly. Appoint magistrates for the inspection of your laws: not in order to enact any new laws; you have already a sufficient number; but to repeal those, whose ill effects you now experience. I mean the laws relating to the theatrical funds (thus openly I declare it) and some about the soldiery. By the first, the soldier's pay goes as theatrical expences to the useless and inactive; the others screen those from justice, who decline the service of the field, and thus damp the ardour of those disposed to serve us. When you have repealed these, and rendered it consistent with safety to advise you justly, then seek for some person to propose that decree, which you all are sensible the common good requires. But, till this be done, expect not that any man will urge your true interest, when, for urging your true interest, you repay him with destruction. Ye will never find such zeal; especially since the consequence can be only this; he who offers his opinion, and moves for your concurrence, suffers some unmerited calamity; but your affairs are not in the least advanced: nay, this additional inconvenience must arise, that for the future it will appear more dangerous to advise you, than even at present. And the authors of these laws should also be the authors of their repeal. For it is not just that the public favour should be

bestowed on them who, in framing these laws, have greatly injured the community; and that the odium should fall on him, whose freedom and sincerity are of important service to us all. Until these regulations be made, you are not to think any man so great that he may violate these laws with impunity; or so devoid of reason, as to plunge himself into open and foreseen destruction.

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance, unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty, could they even execute the things which they enact; so many would not have been made to so little, or rather to no good purpose; nor would the insolence of Philip have had so long a date. For, if decrees can punish, he hath long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power: for, though proposing and resolving be first in order, yet, in force and efficacy, action is superior. Let this then be your principal concern; the others you cannot want; for you have men among you capable of advising, and you are of all people most acute in apprehending; now, let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What season indeed, what opportunity do you wait for, more favourable than the present? Or when will you exert your vigour, if not now, my countrymen? Hath not this man seized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacked themselves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in possession of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs; heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well, we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as in the dangers of the field: not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-soldiers: yet every single man that fled was necessary to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and, had every man maintained his, success must have ensued. Thus then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection?

tion? Let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Doth another offer some more salutary counsel? Pursue it, in the name of Heaven. "But then it is not pleasing." This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he hath neglected to express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained.

But if there be a man who will leave us the theatrical funds, and propose other subsidies for the service of the war, are we not rather to attend to him? I grant it, Athenians! if that man can be found. But I should account it wonderful, if it ever did, if it ever can happen to any man on earth, that while he lavishes his present possessions on unnecessary occasions, some future funds should be procured to supply his real necessities. But such proposals find a powerful advocate in the breast of every hearer. So that nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe; but such expectations are oftentimes inconsistent with our affairs. On this occasion, therefore, let your affairs direct you; then will you be enabled to take the field; then you will have your full pay. And men, whose judgments are well directed, and whose souls are great, could not support the infamy which must attend them, if obliged to desert any of the operations of a war, from the want of money. They could not, after snatching up their arms, and marching against the Corinthians and Megareans, suffer Philip to enslave the states of Greece, through the want of provisions for their forces. I say not this wantonly, to raise the resentment of some among you. No; I am not so unhappily perverse as to study to be hated; when no good purpose can be answered by it: but it is my opinion, that every honest speaker should prefer the interest of the state to the favour of his hearers. This (I am assured, and perhaps you need not be informed) was the principle which actuated the public conduct of those of our ancestors who spoke in this assembly (men, whom the applaud set of orators are ever ready to applaud, but whose example they by no means imitate): such were Aristides, Nicias, the former Demosthenes, and Pe-

ricles. But since we have had speakers, who, before their public appearance, ask you, "What do you desire? What shall I propose? How can I oblige you?" The interest of our country hath been sacrificed to momentary pleasure, and popular favour. Thus have we been distressed; thus have these men risen to greatness, and you sunk into disgrace.

And here let me intreat your attention to a summary account of the conduct of your ancestors, and of your own. I shall mention but a few things, and these well known, (for, if you would pursue the way to happiness, you need not look abroad for leaders) our own countrymen point it out. These our ancestors, therefore, whom the orators never courted, never treated with that indulgence with which you are flattered, held the sovereignty of Greece with general consent, five-and-forty years; deposited above ten thousand talents in our public treasury; kept the king of this country in that subjection, which a barbarian owes to Greeks; erected monuments of many and illustrious actions, which they themselves achieved by land and sea; in a word, are the only persons who have transmitted to posterity such glory as is superior to envy. Thus great do they appear in the affairs of Greece. Let us now view them within the city, both in their public and private conduct. And, first, the edifices which their administrations have given us, their decorations of our temples, and the offerings deposited by them, are so numerous and so magnificent, that all the efforts of posterity cannot exceed them. Then, in private life, so exemplary was their moderation, their adherence to the ancient manners so scrupulously exact, that if any of you ever discovered the house of Aristides, or Miltiades, or any of the illustrious men of those times, he must know that it was not distinguished by the least extraordinary splendor. For they did not so conduct the public business as to aggrandise themselves; their sole great object was to exalt the state. And thus, by their faithful attachment to Greece, by their piety to the gods, and by that equality which they maintained among themselves, they were raised (and no wonder) to the summit of prosperity.

Such was the state of Athens at that time, when the men I have mentioned were in power. But what is your condition under these indulgent ministers who now direct us? Is it the same, or nearly the same?

Other things I shall pass over, though I might expatiate on them. Let it only be observed, that we are now, as you all see, left without competitors; the Lacedæmonians lost; the Thebans engaged at home; and not one of all the other states of consequence sufficient to dispute the sovereignty with us. Yet, at a time when we might have enjoyed our own dominions in security, and been the umpires in all disputes abroad; our territories have been wrested from us; we have expended above one thousand five hundred talents to no purpose; the allies which we gained in war have been lost in time of peace; and to this degree of power have we raised an enemy against ourselves. (For let the man stand forth who can shew, whence Philip hath derived his greatness, if not from us.)

“Well! if these affairs have but an unfavourable aspect, yet those within the city are much more flourishing than ever.” Where are the proofs of this? The walls which have been whitened? the ways we have repaired? the supplies of water, and such trifles? Turn your eyes to the men, of whose administrations these are the fruits. Some of whom, from the lowest state of poverty, have arisen suddenly to affluence; some from meanness to renown: others have made their own private houses much more magnificent than the public edifices. Just as the state hath fallen, their private fortunes have been raised.

And what cause can we assign for this? How is it that our affairs were once so flourishing, and now in such disorder? Because formerly, the people dared to take up arms themselves; were themselves masters of those in employment, disposed themselves of all emoluments: so that every citizen thought himself happy to derive honours and authority, and all advantages whatever from the people. But now, on the contrary, favours are all dispensed, affairs all transacted by the ministers; while you, quite enervated, robbed of your riches, your allies, stand in the mean rank of servants and assistants: happy if these men grant you the theatrical appointments, and send you scraps of the public meal. And, what is of all most fordid, you hold yourselves obliged to them for that which is your own, while they confine you within these walls, lead you on gently to their purposes, and soothe and tame you to obedience. Nor is it possible,

that they who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits, can entertain great and generous sentiments. No! such as their employments are, so must their dispositions prove.—And now I call Heaven to witness, that it will not surprize me, if I suffer more by mentioning this your condition, than they who have involved you in it! Freedom of speech you do not allow on all occasions; and that you have now admitted it, excites my wonder.

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field, and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen! perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and ye may become so happy as to despise those pittances, which are like the morsels that a physician allows his patient. For these do not restore his vigour, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, “What then! is it your opinion that these sums should pay our army?”—And besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner, that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself an useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required. Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indigence to any thing dishonourable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country, by applying these sums to his support in the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives, without any duty enjoined, or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled; by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life, and our affairs require.

require. But it never hath, nor could it have been moved by me, that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the uselefs citizen: or that you should fit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops (for thus it is at present)—not that I would reflect on him who serves you in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services, for which you heap honours upon others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion, which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance. *Leland.*

§ 4. *The third Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same year.*

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding oration had no further effect upon the Athenians, than to prevail on them to send orders to Charidemus, who commanded for them at the Hellespont, to make an attempt to relieve Olynthus. He accordingly led some forces into Chalcis, which, in conjunction with the forces of Olynthus, ravaged Pallene, a peninsula of Macedon, towards Thrace and Bottia, a country on the confines of Chalcis, which among other towns contained Pella, the capital of Macedon.

But these attempts could not divert Philip from his resolution of reducing Olynthus, which he had now publicly avowed. The Olynthians, therefore, found it necessary to have once more recourse to Athens: and to request, that they would send troops, composed of citizens, animated with a sincere ardor for their interest, their own glory, and the common cause.

Demosthenes, in the following oration, insists on the importance of saving Olynthus; alarms his hearers with the apprehension of the war, which actually threatened Attica, and even the capital; urges the necessity of personal service; and returns to his charge of the misapplication of the public money; but in such a manner,

as sheweth, that his former remonstrances had not the desired effect.

I AM persuaded, Athenians! that you would account it less valuable to possess the greatest riches, than to have the true interest of the state on this emergency clearly laid before you. It is your part, therefore, readily and cheerfully to attend to all who are disposed to offer their opinions. For your regards need not be confined to those, whose counsels are the effect of premeditation: it is your good fortune to have men among you, who can at once suggest many points of moment. From opinions, therefore, of every kind, you may easily chuse that most conducive to your interest.

And now, Athenians, the present juncture calls upon us; we almost hear its voice, declaring loudly, that you yourselves must engage in these affairs, if you have the least attention to your own security. You entertain I know not what sentiments, on this occasion: my opinion is, that the reinforcements should be instantly decreed; that they should be raised with all possible expedition; that to our succours may be sent from this city, and all former inconveniencies be avoided; and that you should send ambassadors to notify these things, and to secure our interests by their presence. For as he is a man of consummate policy, complete in the art of turning every incident to his own advantage; there is the utmost reason to fear, that partly by concessions, where they may be seasonable; partly by menaces, (and his menaces may be believed) and partly by rendering us and our absence suspected; he may tear from us something of the last importance, and force it into his own service.

Those very circumstances, however, which contribute to the power of Philip, are happily the most favourable to us. For that uncontrolled command, with which he governs all transactions public and secret; his intire direction of his army, as their leader, their sovereign, and their treasurer; and his diligence, in giving life to every part of it, by his presence; these things greatly contribute to carrying on a war with expedition and success, but are powerful obstacles to that accommodation, which he would gladly make with the Olynthians. For the Olynthians see plainly, that they do not now fight for glory, or for part of their territory, but to defend

defend their state from dissolution and slavery. They know how he rewarded those traitors of Amphipolis, who made him master of that city; and those of Pydna, who opened their gates to him. In a word, free states, I think, must ever look with suspicion on an absolute monarchy: but a neighbouring monarchy must double their apprehensions.

Convinced of what hath now been offered, and possessed with every other just and worthy sentiment; you must be resolved, Athenians! you must exert your spirit; you must apply to the war, now, if ever; your fortunes, your persons, your whole powers, are now demanded. There is no excuse, no pretence left, for declining the performance of your duty. For that which you were all ever urging loudly, that the Olynthians should be engaged in a war with Philip, hath now happened of itself; and this in a manner most agreeable to our interest. For, if they had entered into this war at our persuasion, they must have been precarious allies, without steadiness or resolution: but, as their private injuries have made them enemies to Philip, it is probable that enmity will be lasting, both on account of what they fear, and what they have already suffered. My countrymen! let not so favourable an opportunity escape you: do not repeat that error which hath been so often fatal to you. For when, at our return from assisting the Eubœans, Hierax, and Stratocles, citizens of Amphipolis, mounted this gallery, and pressed you to send out your navy, and to take their city under your protection; had we discovered that resolution in our own cause, which we exerted for the safety of Eubœa; then had Amphipolis been yours; and all those difficulties had been avoided, in which you have been since involved. Again, when we received advice of the sieges of Pydna, Potidea, Methone, Pegasa, and other places, (for I would not detain you with a particular recital) had we ourselves marched with a due spirit and alacrity to the relief of the first of these cities, we should now find much more compliance, much more humility in Philip. But by still neglecting the present, and imagining our future interests will not demand our care: we have aggrandized our enemy, we have raised him to a degree of eminence, greater than any king of Macedon hath ever yet enjoyed.—Now we have another opportunity. That which the Olynthians, of themselves, present to the state: one no less considerable than any of the former.

And, in my opinion, Athenians! if a man were to bring the dealings of the gods towards us to a fair account, though many things might appear not quite agreeable to our wishes, yet he would acknowledge that we had been highly favoured by them; and with great reason: for that many places have been lost in the course of war, is truly to be charged to our own weak conduct. But that the difficulties, arisen from hence, have not long affected us; and that an alliance now presents itself to remove them, if we are disposed to make the just use of it; this I cannot but ascribe to the divine goodness. But the same thing happens in this case, as in the use of riches. If a man be careful to save those he hath acquired, he readily acknowledges the kindness of fortune: but if by his imprudence they be once lost; with them he also loses the sense of gratitude. So in political affairs, they who neglect to improve their opportunities, forget the favours which the gods have bestowed; for it is the ultimate event which generally determines mens judgment of every thing precedent. And, therefore, all affairs hereafter should engage your strictest care; that, by correcting our errors, we may wipe off the inglorious stain of past actions. But should we be deaf to these men too, and should he be suffered to subvert Olynthus; say, what can prevent him from marching his forces into whatever territory he pleases.

Is there not a man among you, Athenians! who reflects by what steps, Philip, from a beginning so inconsiderable, hath mounted to this height of power? First, he took Amphipolis: then he became master of Pydna; then Potidea fell; then Methone: then came his incroad into Thessaly: after this, having disposed affairs at Phœæ, at Pegasa, at Magnesia, intirely as he pleased, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged in expelling some, and establishing other princes, he fell sick. Again, recovering, he never turned a moment from his course to ease or indulgence, but instantly attacked the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pœonians, against Arymbas, I pass all over.—But I may be asked, why this recital, now? That you may know and see your own error, in ever neglecting some part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard: and that active spirit with which Philip pursueth his designs: which ever fires him; and which never can permit him to rest satisfied with those things he hath already accom-

accomplished. If then he determines firmly and invariably to pursue his conquests : and if we are obstinately resolved against every vigorous and effectual measure : think, what consequences may we expect ! In the name of Heaven, can any man be so weak, as not to know, that by neglecting this war, we are transferring it from that country to our own ! And should this happen, I fear, Athenians, that as they who inconsiderably borrow money upon high interest, after a short-lived affluence are deprived of their own fortunes ; so we, by this continued indolence, by consulting only our ease and pleasure, may be reduced to the grievous necessity of engaging in affairs the most shocking and disagreeable, and of exposing ourselves in the defence of this our native territory.

To censure, some one may tell me, is easy, and in the power of every man : but the true counsellor should point out that conduct which the present exigence demands.—Sensible as I am, Athenians, that when your expectations have in any instance been disappointed, your resentment frequently falls not on those who merit it, but on him who hath spoken last ; yet I cannot, from a regard to my own safety, suppress what I deem of moment to lay before you. I say then, this occasion calls for a twofold armament. First, we are to defend the cities of the Olynthians, and for this purpose to detach a body of forces : in the next place, in order to infect his kingdom, we are to send out our navy manned with other levies. If you neglect either of these, I fear your expedition will be fruitless. For, if you content yourselves with infecting his dominions, this he will endure, until he is master of Olynthus, and then he can with ease repel the invasion ; or, if you only send succours to the Olynthians, when he sees his own kingdom free from danger, he will apply with constancy and vigilance to the war, and at length weary out the besieged to a submission. Your levies therefore must be considerable enough to serve both purposes.—These are my sentiments with respect to our armament.

And now, as to the expence of these preparations. You are already provided for the payment of your forces better than any other people. This provision is distributed among yourselves in the manner most agreeable ; but if you restore it to the army, the supplies will be complete without any addition ; if not, an addition will be necessary, or the whole, rather, will remain to

be raised. “ How then (I may be asked) “ do you move for a decree to apply those “ funds to the military service ? ” By no means ! it is my opinion indeed, that an army must be raised ; that this money really belongs to the army ; and that the same regulation which entitles our citizens to receive, should oblige them also to act. At present you expend these sums on entertainments, without regard to your affairs. It remains then that a general contribution be raised : a great one, if a great one be required : a small one, if such may be sufficient. Money must be found : without it nothing can be effected : various schemes are proposed by various persons : do you make that choice which you think most advantageous ; and, while you have an opportunity, exert yourselves in the care of your interests.

It is worthy your attention to consider, how the affairs of Philip are at this time circumstanced. For they are by no means so well disposed, so very flourishing, as an inattentive observer would pronounce. Nor would he have engaged in this war at all, had he thought he should have been obliged to maintain it. He hoped that, the moment he appeared, all things would fall before him. But these hopes were vain. And this disappointment, in the first place, troubles and dispirits him. Then the Thessalians alarm him ; a people remarkable for their perfidy on all occasions, and to all persons. And just as they have ever proved, even so he finds them now. For they have resolved in council to demand the restitution of Pegasæ, and have opposed his attempt to fortify Magnesia : and I am informed, that for the future he is to be excluded from their ports and markets, as these conveniencies belong to the states of Thessaly, and are not to be intercepted by Philip. And, should he be deprived of such a fund of wealth, he must be greatly fireightened to support his foreign troops. Besides this, we must suppose that the Pæonian and the Illyrian, and all the others, would prefer freedom and independence to a state of slavery. They are not accustomed to subjection, and the insolence of this man, it is said, knows no bounds ; nor is this improbable : for great and unexpected success is apt to hurry weak minds into extravagancies. Hence it often proves much more difficult to maintain acquisitions, than to acquire. It is your part, therefore, to regard the time of his distress as your most favourable opportunity : improve it to the utmost ;

utmost; send out your embassies; take the field yourselves, and excite a general ardor abroad; ever considering how readily Philip would attack us, if he were favoured by any incident like this, if a war had broken out on our borders. And would it not be shameful to want the resolution to bring that distress on him, which, had it been equally in his power, he certainly would have made you feel?

This too demands your attention, Athenians! that you are now to determine whether it be most expedient to carry the war into his country, or to fight him here. If Olynthus be defended, Macedon will be the seat of war: you may harass his kingdom, and enjoy your own territories free from apprehensions. But, should that nation be subdued by Philip, who will oppose his marching hither? will the Thesians? let it not be thought severe when I affirm, that they will join readily in the invasion. Will the Phocians? a people scarcely able to defend their own country, without your assistance. Will any others?—"But, Sir," cries some one, "he would make no such attempt."—This would be the greatest of absurdities; not to execute those threats, when he hath full power, which, now when they appear so idle and extravagant, he yet dares to utter. And I think you are not yet to learn how great would be the difference between our engaging him here, and there. Were we to be only thirty days abroad, and to draw all the necessaries of the camp from our own lands, even were there no enemy to ravage them, the damage would, in my opinion, amount to more than the whole expence of the late war. Add then the presence of an enemy, and how greatly must the calamity be increased: but, further, add the infamy; and to those who judge rightly, no distress can be more grievous than the scandal of misconduct.

It is incumbent therefore, upon us all, (justly influenced by these considerations) to unite vigorously in the common cause, and repel the danger that threatens this territory. Let the rich exert themselves on this occasion; that, by contributing a small portion of their affluence, they may secure the peaceful possession of the rest. Let those who are of the age for military duty; that, by learning the art of war in Philip's dominions, they may become formidable defenders of their native land. Let our orators, that they may safely submit their conduct to the public inspection. For

your judgment of their administrations will ever be determined by the event of things. And may we all contribute to render that favourable! *Leland.*

§ 5. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician extraction, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, he was sent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following years he likewise stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust has drawn of Catiline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pronounced in the senate, convened in the temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occasion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conspirators, had met together in the house of one Marcus Lecca; where it was resolved, that a general insurrection should be raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the consternation

of the fire and massacre, Catiline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Cassius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very desirous to see him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meeting was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conspirators of senatorian rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening, as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the same subject of Cataline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Cataline, by a profound dissimulation, and the constant professions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; repre-

senting the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself to the custody of any whom the senate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the prator Metellus, or of Cicero himself: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mask, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him; and the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Catiline, he broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the fire and force of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villainies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wise and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have suffi-

sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen Publius Scipio, sovereign pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Sturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country. But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could wish, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could wish too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The

enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate-house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death: I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canst now have in view, if neither the obscurity of night can conceal thy traiterous assemblies, nor the walls of a private house prevent the voice of thy treason from reaching our ears? If all thy projects are discovered, and burst into public view? Quit then your detestable purpose, and think no more of massacres and conflagrations. You are beset on all hands; your most secret counsels are clear as noon-day; as you may easily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October last, I said publicly in the senate, that before the twenty-fifth of the same month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I say not as to this enormous, this detestable, this improbable attempt; but, which is still more surprising, as to the very day on which it happened? I said likewise, in the senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth of the same month for the massacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the first rank to retire from Rome, not so much on account of their own preservation, as with a view to baffle your designs. Can you deny, that on that very same day you was so beset by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against the state; though you had given out, after the departure of the rest, that you would never,

nevertheless content yourself with the blood of those who remained? Nay, when on the first of November, you confidently hoped to surprize Præneste by night; did you not find that colony secured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garrison I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, see, and plainly understand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with me, the transactions of last night. You will soon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preservation, than you in plotting the destruction of the state. I say then, and say it openly, that last night you went to the house of M. Lecca, in the street called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your associates in guilt and madness. Dare you deny this? Why are you silent? If you disown the charge, I will prove it: for I see some in this very assembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conscript fathers, within these walls, and in this assembly, the most awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin and yours, the destruction of this city, and consequently of the world itself. Myself, your consul, behold these men, and ask their opinions on public affairs; and instead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not so much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Catiline, to the house of Lecca; you cantoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you singled out those who were to be left at Rome, and those who were to accompany you in person; you marked out the parts of the city destined to conflagration; you declared your purpose of leaving it soon, and said you only waited a little to see me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to ease you of that care, and assassinate me the same night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your assembly dismissed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to secure my house from assault; I refused admittance to those whom you sent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy persons beforehand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, such is the state of your affairs, finish what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody opposes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themselves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at least as many as possible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears, to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to stay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not suffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee Jupiter Stator, the ancient protector of this city, for having already so often preserved us from this dangerous, this destructive, this pestilent scourge of his country. The supreme safety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again exposed to danger for the sake of a single man. While I was only consul elect, Catiline, I contented myself with guarding against your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the last election of consuls, you had resolved to assassinate me, and your competitors, in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpose by the aid of my friends, without disturbing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I singly opposed your fury; though I well saw, that my death would necessarily be attended with many signal calamities to the state. But now you openly strike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the mansions of Rome, the lives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to slaughter and devastation. Since therefore I dare not pursue that course, which is most agreeable to ancient discipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, less severe indeed as to the criminal, but more useful in its consequences to the public. For should I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would still harbour in its bosom the other conspirators; but by driving you from the city, I shall clear Rome at once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How, Catiline! Do you hesitate to do at my command, what you was so lately about to do of your own accord? The consul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You ask whether this be a real banishment? I say not expressly so: but was I to advise in the case, it is the best course you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not defiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and chuse to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information.

Yet you cease not to concert, and enterprize. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul!

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man, do you expect that I should embitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a dread of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countrymen, I would sooner withdraw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long-merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does the reason with you, Catiline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years,

but

but has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that, to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the prator. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a life, so often and so justly forfeited to thy country? But, say you, put the question to the senate, (for so you affect to talk) and if it be their pleasure that I go into banishment, I am ready to obey. I will put no such question; it is contrary to my temper: yet will I give you an opportunity of knowing the sentiments of the senate with regard to you. Leave the city, Catiline; deliver the republic from its fears; go, if you wait only for that word, into banish-

ment. Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform! Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would swell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure;

nor shall I, be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouze every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right-hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but, on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you, for this desperate enterprize. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically stiled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprizes: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress

her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which is to me much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience; that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put pestilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of posterity? A noble proof indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them through all the degrees of honour to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety. But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity? When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to escape the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply; That if I had thought it the most advisable to put Catiline to death, I would

would not have allowed that gladiator the use of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of slaying, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this parricide, any envy would lie upon me with posterity. Yet if the greatest was sure to befall me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who, by the softness of their votes, cherish Catiline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whither he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this pestilence would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried out his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only this ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and seed of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy: but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all these crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the republic. For as men, oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner this distemper which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will

from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to beset the tribunal of the city prator, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead: This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: wilt thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, will drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villainy.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 6. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, astonished by the thunder of the last speech, had little to say for himself in answer to it; yet with downcast looks, and suppliant voice, he begged of the fathers, not to believe too hastily what was said against him by an enemy; that his birth and past life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whose ancestors, as well as himself, had given many proofs of their affection to the Roman people, should want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a stranger, and late

late inhabitant of Rome, was so zealous to preserve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the senate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and desperate, he declared again aloud what he had said before to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raised about him by the common ruin; and so rushed out of the assembly. As soon as he was come to his house, and began to reflect on what had passed, perceiving it in vain to dissemble any longer, he resolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the republic were increased, or any new levies made: so that after a short conference with Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest, about what had been concerted in the last meeting, having given fresh orders and assurances of his speedy return at the head of a strong army, he left Rome that very night with a small retinue, to make the best of his way towards Etruria. He no sooner disappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marseilles, which was industriously spread through the city the next morning, to raise an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into banishment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions, to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had sent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the ensigns of military command, with that silver eagle, which he used to keep with great superstition in his house, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition against the Cimbri. But, lest the story should make an ill impression on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what passed in the senate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the subject of the oration now before us.

AT length, Romans, have we driven, discarded, and pursued with the keenest

reproaches to the very gates of Rome, L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing mischief, impiously plotting the destruction of his country, and threatening to lay waste this city with fire and sword. He is gone, he is fled, he has escaped, he has broke away. No longer shall that monster, that prodigy of mischief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conquest over this chief and ring-leader of domestic broils. His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breasts, nor shall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the senate-house, or within our domestic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his most advantageous post. We shall now, without opposition, carry on a just war against an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his secret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think he is overwhelmed and crushed with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at seeing the weapons prepared for our destruction wrested out of his hands: in a word, that Rome is still standing, and her citizens safe. He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himself impotent and despised, often casting back his eyes upon this city, which he sees, with regret, rescued from his destructive jaws; and which seems to me to rejoice for having disgorged and rid herself of so pestilent a citizen.

But if there be any here, who blame me for what I am boasting of, as you all indeed justly may, that I did not rather seize than send away so capital an enemy: that is not my fault, citizens, but the fault of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have suffered the last punishment; the custom of our ancestors, the discipline of the empire, and the republic itself required it: but how many would there have been, who would not have believed what I charged him with? How many, who, through weakness, would never have imagined it? how many, who would even have defended him? how many, who, through wickedness, would have espoused his cause? But had I judged that his death would have put a final period to all your dangers, I would long ago have ordered him to execution, at the hazard not only of public censure, but even of my life. But when I saw, that by sentencing him to the death

death he deserved, and before you were all fully convinced of his guilt, I should have drawn upon myself such an odium, as would have rendered me unable to prosecute his accomplices; I brought the matter to this point, that you might then openly and vigorously attack Catiline, when he was apparently become a public enemy. What kind of an enemy I judge him to be, and how formidable in his attempt, you may learn from hence, citizens, that I am only sorry he went off with so few to attend him. I wish he had taken his whole forces along with him. He has carried off Tongillus indeed, the object of his criminal passion when a youth; he has likewise carried off Publicius and Munatius, whose tavern debts would never have occasioned any commotions in the state. But how important are the men he has left behind him? how oppressed with debt, how powerful, how illustrious by their descent?

When therefore I think of our Gallic legions, and the levies made by Metellus in Picenum and Lombardy, together with those troops we are daily raising; I hold in utter contempt that army of his, composed of wretched old men, of debauchees from the country, of rustic vagabonds, of such as have fled from their bail to take shelter in his camp: men ready to run away not only at the sight of an army, but of the prætor's edict. I could wish he had likewise carried with him those whom I see fluttering in the forum, sauntering about the courts of justice, and even taking their places in the senate; men sleek with perfumes, and shining in purple. If these still remain here, mark what I say, the deserters from the army are more to be dreaded than the army itself; and the more so, because they know me to be informed of all their designs, yet are not in the least moved by it. I behold the person to whom Apulia is allotted, to whom Etruria, to whom the territory of Picenum, to whom Cisalpine Gaul. I see the man who demanded the task of setting fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter. They know that I am acquainted with all the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting: I laid them open yesterday in the senate: Catiline himself was disheartened and fled: what then can these others mean? They are much mistaken if they imagine I shall always use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hi-

therto been waiting for, to make you all sensible that a conspiracy is openly formed against the state: unless there be any one who imagines, that such as resemble Catiline may yet refuse to enter into his designs. There is now therefore no more room for clemency, the case itself requires severity. Yet I will still grant them one thing; let them quit the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suffer their miserable leader to languish in their absence. Nay, I will even tell them the way; it is the Aurelian road: if they make haste, they may overtake him before night. O happy state, were it but once drained of this sink of wickedness! To me the absence of Catiline alone seems to have restored fresh beauty and vigour to the commonwealth. What villainy, what mischief can be devised or imagined, that has not entered into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be found in all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what sharper, what debauchee, what squanderer, what adulterer, what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal, who will not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? What murder has been perpetrated of late years without him? What act of lewdness speaks not him for its author? Was ever man possessed of such talents for corrupting youth? To some he prostituted himself unnaturally; for others he indulged a criminal passion. Many were allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoyment, many by the promise of their parents death; to which he not only incited them, but even contributed his assistance. What a prodigious number of profligate wretches has he just now drawn together, not only from the city, but also from the country? There is not a person oppressed with debt, I will not say in Rome, but in the remotest corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public schools, remarkable for being audacious in mischief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of distinguished impudence and guilt, but openly boasts of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continual exercise of lewdness and villainy, while he was wasting in riot and debauchery

chery the means of virtue, and supplies of industry, was extolled by these his associates for his fortitude and patience in supporting cold, hunger, thirst, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of desperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my consulship? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or supportable measure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing less than murders, rapines, and conflagrations employ their thoughts. They have squandered away their patrimonies, they have wasted their fortunes in debauchery; they have long been without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet still they retain the same desires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidst their revels and gaming, affect no other pleasures than those of lewdness and feasting, however desperate their case must appear, it might still notwithstanding be borne with. But it is altogether insufferable, that the cowardly should pretend to plot against the brave, the foolish against the prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy against the vigilant; who lolling at feasts, embracing mistresses, staggering with wine, stuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, wasted with intemperance, belch in their conversations of maffacing the honest, and firing the city. Over such, I trust, some dreadful fatality now hangs; and that the vengeance so long due to their villainy, baseness, guilt, and crimes, is either just breaking, or just ready to break upon their heads. If my consulship, since it cannot cure, should cut off all these, it would add no small period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reason to fear; no king, who can make war upon the Roman people. All disturbances abroad, both by land and sea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domestic war still remains: the treason, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madness, with villainy. In this war I profess myself your leader, and take upon myself all the animosity of the desperate. Whatever can possibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at rest; but if they are resolved both to remain in the

city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the punishment they deserve.

But some there are, Romans, who assert, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very timorous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the consul; but being ordered into banishment, immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In mine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and not rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the consular senators quitted that part of the house where he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent consul, who by a single word drive citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night; where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plains of Fesulæ, would declare war against the Roman people in his own name: that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general: or that he, submitting to a voluntary banishment, has, as some pretend, repaired to Marseilles, and not to the before-mentioned camp?

O wretched condition! not only of governing, but even of preserving the state. For should Catiline, discouraged and disconcerted by my counsels, vigilance, and

frenuous care of the republic, be seized with a sudden dread, change his resolution, desert his party, quit his hostile designs, and alter his course of war and guilt, into that of flight and banishment; it will not then be said, that I have wrested out of his hands the weapons of insolence, that I have astonished and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and schemes: but he will be considered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into banishment by the threats and violence of the consul. Nay there are, who in this event, would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant consul, but a cruel tyrant. But I little regard this storm of bitter and undeserved censure, provided I can screen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into banishment, and I am content it be ascribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no design to go. My desire of avoiding public envy, Romans, shall never induce me to wish you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traversing, in a hostile manner, the territories of the republic. But assuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reason to fear being censured for letting him escape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are so perverse as to complain of his being driven away, what would they have said if he had been put to death? Yet there is not one of those who talk of his going to Marseilles, but would be sorry for it if it was true; and with all the concern they express for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himself, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet such is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and desire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome; let us rather wish he may go into banishment, than complain of it.

But why do I speak so much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himself such; and whom I no longer dread, since, as I always wished, there is now a wall between us. Shall I say nothing of those who dissemble their treason, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our assemblies? With regard to these, indeed, I am less intent upon ven-

geance, than to reclaim them; if possible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but listen to my advice. For first I will shew you, citizens, of what different sorts of men their forces consist, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the most powerful remedies of persuasion and eloquence. The first sort consists of those, who having great debts, but still greater possessions, are so passionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the most honourable class, for they are rich: but their intention and aim is the most infamous of all. Art thou distinguished by the possession of an estate, houses, money, slaves, and all the conveniences and superfluities of life; and dost thou scruple to take from thy possessions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expectest? Is it war? and dost thou hope thy possessions will remain unviolated, amidst an universal invasion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou hast in view? 'Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations shall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preserve those who have estates from ruin. And had they consented to this expedient sooner, nor foolishly run out their estates in mortgages, they would have been at this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this class of men, as believing they may be easily disengaged from the conspiracy; or, should they persist, they seem more likely to have recourse to imprecations than arms.

The next class consists of those, who though oppressed with debt, yet hope for power, and aspire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they shall obtain those honours by throwing the state into confusion, which they despair of during its tranquillity. To these I shall give the same advice as to the rest, which is, to quit all hope of succeeding in their attempts. For first, I myself am watchful, active, and attentive to the interest of the republic: then there is on the side of the honest party, great courage, great unanimity, a vast multitude of citizens, and very numerous forces: in fine, the immortal gods themselves will not fail to interpose in behalf of this unconquered people, this illustrious empire, this fair

city, against the daring attempts of guilty violence. And even supposing them to accomplish what they wish with so much frantic rage desire, do they hope to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings, from the ashes of a city, and blood of her citizens, which with so much treachery and sacrilege they have conspired to spill? They are ignorant of the tendency of their own desires, and that, in case of success, they must themselves fall a prey to some fugitive or gladiator. The third class consists of men of advanced age, but hardened in all the exercises of war. Of this sort is Manlius, whom Catiline now succeeds. These come mostly from the colonies planted by Sylla at Fesulæ; which, I am ready to allow, consist of the best citizens, and the bravest men: but coming many of them to the sudden and unexpected possession of great wealth, they ran into all the excesses of luxury and profusion. These, by building fine houses, by affluent living, splendid equipages, numerous attendants, and sumptuous entertainments, have plunged themselves so deeply in debt, that, in order to retrieve their affairs, they must recal Sylla from his tomb. I say nothing of those needy indigent rustics, whom they have gained over to their party, by the hopes of seeing the scheme of rapine renewed: for I consider both in the same light of robbers, and plunderers. But I advise them to drop their frantic ambition, and think no more of dictatorships and proscriptions. For so deep an impression have the calamities of those times made upon the state, that not only men, but the very beasts would not bear a repetition of such outrages.

The fourth is a mixt, motly, mutinous tribe, who have been long ruined beyond hopes of recovery; and, partly through indolence, partly through ill management, partly too through extravagance, droop beneath a load of ancient debt: who, persecuted with arrests, judgments, and confiscations, are said to resort in great numbers, both from city and country, to the enemy's camp. These I consider, not as brave soldiers, but dispirited bankrupts. If they cannot support themselves, let them even fall: yet so, that neither the city nor neighbourhood may receive any shock. For I am unable to perceive why, if they cannot live with honour, they should chuse to die with infamy: or why they should fancy it less painful to die in company with others, than to perish by themselves. The

fifth sort is a collection of parricides, assassins, and rustians of all kinds; whom I ask not to abandon Catiline, as knowing them to be inseparable. Let these even perish in their robberies, since their number is so great, that no prison could be found large enough to contain them. The last class, not only in this enumeration, but likewise in character and morals, are Catiline's peculiar associates, his choice companions, and bosom friends; such as you see with curled locks, neat array, beardless, or with beards nicely trimmed; in full dress, in flowing robes, and wearing mantles instead of gowns; whose whole labour of life, and industry in watching, are exhausted upon midnight entertainments. Under this class we may rank all gamblers, whoremasters, and the lewd and lustful of every denomination. These slim delicate youths, practised in all the arts of raising and allaying the amorous fire, not only know to sing and dance, but on occasion can aim the murdering dagger, and administer the poisonous draught. Unless these depart, unless these perish, know, that was even Catiline himself to fall, we shall still have a nursery of Catilines in the state. But what can this miserable race have in view? Do they propose to carry their wenches along with them to the camp? Indeed, how can they be without them these cold winter nights? But have they considered of the Appennine frosts and snows? or do they imagine they will be the abler to endure the rigours of winter, for having learned to dance naked at revels? O formidable and tremendous war! where Catiline's pratorian guard consists of such a dissolute effeminate crew.

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies: and first, to that battered and maimed gladiator, oppose your consuls and generals: next, against that outcast miserable crew, lead forth the flower and strength of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and free towns will easily resist the efforts of Catiline's rustic troops. But I ought not to run the parallel farther, or compare your other resources, preparations, and defences, to the indigence and nakedness of that robber. But if omitting all those advantages of which we are provided, and he destitute, as the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign states: I say,

say, if omitting all these, we only compare the contending parties between themselves, it will soon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one side modesty contends, on the other petulance: here chastity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here resolution, there rage: here honour, there baseness: here moderation, there unbridled licentiousness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice. Lastly, the contest lies between wealth and indigence, sound and depraved reason, strength of understanding and frenzy; in fine, between well-grounded hope, and the most absolute despair. In such a conflict and struggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable such illustrious virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before advised, watch and keep guard in your private houses: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to secure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline's nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard against him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon, as his best and surest support, though in truth they are better affected than some part of the patricians, are nevertheless taken care of in such a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Q. Metellus the prætor, whom, foreseeing Catiline's flight, I sent into Gaul and the district of Picenum, will either wholly crush the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to settle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a conclusion, I am just going to lay them, before the senate, which you see now assembling. As for those therefore who continue in the city, and were left behind by Catiline, for the destruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are likewise fellow-citizens, I again and again admonish them, that my lenity, which to some may have rather appeared remissness, has been waiting only for an opportunity of demonstrating the certainty of the plot. As for the rest, I shall never forget that this is my country, that I am its consul, and that I think it my duty either to live with my countrymen, or die for them.

There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himself, he may go wherever he pleases. But whoever makes the least stir within the city, so as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt against the republic; he shall know, that there are in it vigilant consuls, excellent magistrates, and a resolute senate; that there are arms, and a prison, which our ancestors provided as the avenger of manifest and atrocious crimes.

And all this shall be transacted in such a manner, citizens, that the greatest disorders shall be quelled without the least hurry; the greatest dangers without any tumult; a domestic and intestine war, the most cruel and desperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage so, that, as far as it is possible, not one even of the guilty shall suffer punishment in the city: but if their audaciousness and my country's danger should necessarily drive me from this mild resolution; yet I will effect, what in so cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honest man shall fall, but all of you be safe by the punishment of a few. This I promise, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counsels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whose impulse I am led into this persuasion; who assist us, not as they used to do, at a distance, against foreign and remote enemies, but by their present help and protection defend their temples and our houses. It is your part, therefore, citizens, to worship; implore, and pray to them, that since all our enemies are now subdued both by land and sea, they would continue to preserve this city, which was designed by them for the most beautiful, the most flourishing and most powerful on earth, from the detestable treasons of its own desperate citizens.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 7. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, as we have seen, being forced to leave Rome, Lentulus, and the rest who remained in the city, began to prepare all things for the execution of their grand design. They solicited men of all ranks, who seemed likely to favour their cause, or to

be of any use to it; and among the rest, agreed to make an attempt on the ambassadors of the Allobrogians, a warlike, mutinous, faithless people, inhabiting the countries now called Savoy and Dauphiny, greatly disaffected to the Roman power, and already ripe for rebellion. These ambassadors, who were preparing to return home, much out of humour with the senate, and without any redress of the grievances which they were sent to complain of, received the proposal at first very greedily, and promised to engage their nation to assist the conspirators with what they principally wanted, a good body of horse, whenever they should begin the war: but reflecting afterwards, in their cooler thoughts, on the difficulty of the enterprise, and the danger of involving themselves and their country in so desperate a cause, they resolved to discover what they knew to Q. Fabius Sanga, the patron of their city, who immediately gave intelligence of it to the consul. Cicero's instructions upon it were, that the ambassadors should continue to feign the same zeal which they had hitherto shewn, and promise every thing which was required of them, till they had got a full insight into the extent of the plot, with distinct proofs against the particular actors in it: upon which, at their next conference with the conspirators, they insisted on having some credentials from them to shew to their people at home, without which they would never be induced to enter into an engagement so hazardous. This was thought reasonable, and presently complied with, and Vulturcius was appointed to go along with the ambassadors, and introduce them to Catiline on their road, in order to confirm the agreement, and exchange assurances also with him; to whom Lentulus sent at the same time a particular letter under his own hand and seal, though without his name. Cicero being punctually informed of all these facts, concerted privately with the ambassadors the time and manner of their leaving Rome in the night, and that on the Milvian bridge, about a mile from the city, they should be arrested with their papers and letters about

them, by two of the prætors, L. Flaccus and C. Pontinius, whom he had instructed for that purpose, and ordered to lie in ambush near the place, with a strong guard of friends and soldiers: all which was successfully executed, and the whole company brought prisoners to Cicero's house by break of day. The rumour of this accident presently drew a resort of Cicero's principal friends about him, who advised him to open the letters before he produced them in the senate, lest, if nothing of moment were found in them, it might be thought rash and imprudent to raise an unnecessary terror and alarm through the city. But he was too well informed of the contents, to fear any censure of that kind; and declared, that in a case of public danger, he thought it his duty to lay the matter entire before the public council. He summoned the senate therefore to meet immediately, and sent at the same time for Gabinus, Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus, who all came presently to his house, suspecting nothing of the discovery; and being informed also of a quantity of arms provided by Cethegus for the use of the conspiracy, he ordered C. Sulpicius, another of the prætors, to go and search his house, where he found a great number of swords and daggers, with other arms, all newly cleaned, and ready for present service. With this preparation he set out to meet the senate in the temple of Concord, with a numerous guard of citizens, carrying the ambassadors and the conspirators with him in custody: and after he had given the assembly an account of the whole affair, the several parties were called in and examined, and an ample discovery made of the whole progress of the plot. After the criminals and witnesses were withdrawn, the senate went into a debate upon the state of the republic, and came unanimously to the following resolutions: That public thanks should be decreed to Cicero in the amplest manner, by whose virtue, counsel, and providence, the republic was delivered from the greatest dangers: that Flaccus and Pontinius the prætors, should be thanked likewise, for their vigorous and punctual execution

tion of Cicero's orders: that Antonius, the other consul, should be praised, for having removed from his counsels all those who were concerned in the conspiracy: that Lentulus, after having abdicated the prætorship, and divested himself of his robes; and Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinus, with their other accomplices also whentaken, Cassius, Cæparius, Furius, Chilo, and Umbrenus, should be committed to safe custody; and that a public thanksgiving should be appointed in Cicero's name, for his having preserved the city from a conflagration, the citizens from a massacre, and Italy from a war. The senate being dismissed, Cicero went directly into the Rostra; and, in the following speech, gave the people an account of the discovery that had been made, with the resolutions of the senate consequent thereupon.

TO-Day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, your lives, estates, fortunes, your wives and children, the august seat of this renowned empire, this fair and flourishing city, preserved and restored to you, rescued from fire and sword, and almost snatched from the jaws of fate, by the distinguished love of the immortal gods towards you, and by means of my toils, counsels and dangers. And if the days in which we are preserved from ruin, be no less joyous and memorable than those of our birth; because the pleasure of deliverance is certain, the condition to which we are born uncertain; and because we enter upon life without consciousness, but are always sensible to the joys of preferment: surely, since our gratitude and esteem for Romulus, the founder of this city, has induced us to rank him amongst the immortal gods; he cannot but merit honour with you and posterity, who has preserved the same city, with all its accessions of strength and grandeur. For we have extinguished the flames that were dispersed on all sides, and just ready to seize the temples, sanctuaries, dwellings, and walls of this city; we have blunted the swords that were drawn against the state; and turned aside the daggers that were pointed at your throats. And as all these particulars have been already explained, cleared, and fully proved by me in the senate; I shall now, Romans, lay them briefly before you, that such as are strangers to what has happened,

and wait with impatience to be informed, may understand what a terrible and manifest destruction hung over them, how it was traced out, and in what manner discovered. And first, ever since Catiline, a few days ago, fled from Rome; as he left behind him the partners of his treason, and the boldest champions of this execrable war, I have always been upon the watch, Romans, and studying how to secure you amidst such dark and complicated dangers.

For at that time, when I drove Catiline from Rome (for I now dread no reproach from that word, but rather the censure of having suffered him to escape alive) I say, when I forced him to quit Rome, I naturally concluded, that the rest of his accomplices would either follow him, or, being deprived of his assistance, would proceed with less vigour and firmness. But when I found that the most daring and forward of the conspirators still continued with us, and remained in the city; I employed myself night and day to unravel and fathom all their proceedings and designs; that since my words found less credit with you, because of the inconceivable enormity of the treason, I might lay the whole so clearly before you, as to compel you at length to take measures for your own safety, when you could no longer avoid seeing the danger that threatened you. Accordingly, when I found, that the ambassadors of the Allobrogiens had been solicited by P. Lentulus to kindle a war beyond the Alps, and raise commotions in Hither Gaul; that they had been sent to engage their state in the conspiracy, with orders to confer with Catiline by the way, to whom they had letters and instructions; and that Vulturcius was appointed to accompany them, who was likewise entrusted with letters to Catiline; I thought a fair opportunity offered, not only of satisfying myself with regard to the conspiracy, but likewise of clearing it up to the senate and you, which had always appeared a matter of the greatest difficulty, and been the constant subject of my prayers to the immortal gods. Yesterday, therefore, I sent to the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus, men of known courage, and distinguished zeal for the republic. I laid the whole matter before them, and made them acquainted with what I designed. They, full of the noblest and most generous sentiments with regard to their country, undertook the business without delay or hesitation; and

upon the approach of night, privately repaired to the Milvian bridge, where they disposed themselves in such manner in the neighbouring villages, that they formed two bodies, with the river and bridges between them. They likewise carried along with them a great number of brave soldiers, without the least suspicion; and I dispatched from the prefecture of Reate several chosen youths well armed, whose assistance I had frequently used in the defence of the commonwealth. In the mean time, towards the close of the third watch, as the deputies of the Allobrogians, accompanied by Vulturcius, began to pass the bridge with a great retinue, our men came out against them, and swords were drawn on both sides. The affair was known to the prators alone, none else being admitted into the secret.

Upon the coming up of Pontinus and Flaccus, the conflict ceased; all the letters they carried with them were delivered sealed to the prators; and the deputies, with their whole retinue being seized, were brought before me towards the dawn of day. I then sent for Gabinus Cimber, the contriver of all these detestable treasons, who suspected nothing of what had passed: L. Statilius was summoned next, and then Cethegus: Lentulus came the last of all, probably because, contrary to custom, he had been up the greatest part of the night before, making out the dispatches. Many of the greatest and most illustrious men in Rome, hearing what had passed, crowded to my house in the morning, and advised me to open the letters before I communicated them to the senate, lest, if nothing material was found in them, I should be blamed for rashly occasioning so great an alarm in the city. But I refused to comply, that an affair which threatened public danger, might come entire before the public council of the state. For, citizens, had the informations given me appeared to be without foundation, I had yet little reason to apprehend, that any censure would befall me for my over-diligence in so dangerous an aspect of things. I immediately assembled, as you saw, a very full senate; and at the same time, in consequence of a hint from the Allobrogian deputies, dispatched C. Sulpicius the prator, a man of known courage, to search the house of Cethegus, where he found a great number of swords and daggers.

I introduced Vulturcius without the Gallic deputies; and by order of the house,

offered him a free pardon in the name of the public, if he would faithfully discover all that he knew: upon which, after some hesitation, he confessed, that he had letters and instructions from Lentulus to Catiline, to press him to accept the assistance of the slaves, and to lead his army with all expedition towards Rome, to the intent that when, according to the scheme previously settled and concerted among them, it should be set on fire in different places, and the general massacre begun, he might be at hand to intercept those who escaped, and join with his friends in the city. The ambassadors were next brought in, who declared, that an oath of secrecy had been exacted from them, and that they had received letters to their nation from Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius; that these three, and L. Cassius also, required them to send a body of horse as soon as possible into Italy, declaring, that they had no occasion for any foot: that Lentulus had assured them from the Sibylline books, and the answers of soothsayers, that he was the third Cornelius, who was destined to empire, and the sovereignty of Rome, which Cinna and Sylla had enjoyed before him; and that this was the fatal year marked for the destruction of the city and empire, being the tenth from the acquittal of the vestal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol: that there was some dispute between Cethegus and the rest about the time of firing the city; because, while Lentulus and the other conspirators were for fixing it on the feast of Saturn, Cethegus thought that day too remote and dilatory.

But not to be tedious, Romans, I at last ordered the letters to be produced, which were said to be sent by the different parties. I first shewed Cethegus his seal; which he owning, I opened and read the letter. It was written with his own hand, and addressed to the senate and people of the Allobrogians, signifying that he would make good what he had promised to their ambassadors, and entreating them also to perform what the ambassadors had undertaken for them. Then Cethegus, who a little before, being interrogated about the arms that were found at his house, had answered that he was always particularly fond of neat arms; upon hearing his letter read, was so dejected, confounded, and self-convicted, that he could not utter a word in his own defence. Statilius was then brought in, and acknowledged his hand

hand and seal; and when his letter was read, to the same purpose with that of Cethegus, he confessed it to be his own. Then Lentulus's letter was produced. I asked if he knew the seal: he owned he did. It is indeed, said I, a well known seal; the head of your illustrious grandfather, so distinguished for his love to his country and fellow-citizens, that it is amazing the very sight of it was not sufficient to restrain you from so black a treason. His letter, directed to the senate and people of the Allobroges, was of the same import with the other two: but having leave to speak for himself, he at first denied the whole charge, and began to question the ambassadors and Vulturcius, what business they ever had with him, and on what occasion they came to his house; to which they gave clear and distinct answers; signifying by whom, and how often they had been introduced to him; and then asked him in their turn, whether he had never mentioned any thing to them about the Sibylline oracles; upon which being confounded, or insatuated rather by the sense of his guilt, he gave a remarkable proof of the great force of conscience: for not only his usual parts and eloquence, but his impudence too, in which he outdid all men, quite failed him; so that he confessed his crime, to the surprise of the whole assembly. Then Vulturcius desired, that the letter to Catiline, which Lentulus had sent by him, might be opened; where Lentulus again, though greatly disordered, acknowledged his hand and seal. It was written without any name, but to this effect: "You will know who I am, from him whom I have sent to you. Take care to shew yourself a man, and recollect in what situation you are, and consider what is now necessary for you. Be sure to make use of the assistance of all, even of the lowest." Gabinus was then introduced, and behaved impudently for a while; but at last denied nothing of what the ambassadors charged him with. And indeed, Romans, though their letters, seals, hands, and lastly their several voluntary confessions, were strong and convincing evidences of their guilt; yet had I still clearer proofs of it from their looks, change of colour, countenances, and silence. For such was their amazement, such their downcast looks, such their stolen glances one at another, that they seemed not so much convicted by the information of others, as detected by the consciousness of their own guilt.

The proofs being thus laid open and cleared, I consulted the senate upon the measures proper to be taken for the public safety. The most severe and vigorous resolutions were proposed by the leading men, to which the senate agreed without the least opposition. And as the decree is not yet put into writing, I shall, as far as my memory serves, give you an account of the whole proceeding. First of all, public thanks were decreed to me in the amplest manner, for having by my courage, counsel, and foresight, delivered the republic from the greatest dangers: then the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus were likewise thanked, for their vigorous and punctual execution of my orders. My colleague, the brave Antonius was praised, for having removed from his own and the counsels of the republic, all those who were concerned in the conspiracy. They then came to a resolution, that P. Lentulus, after having abdicated the prætorship, should be committed to safe custody; that C. Cethegus, L. Statilius, P. Gabinius, all three then present, should likewise remain in confinement; and that the same sentence should be extended to L. Cassius, who had offered himself to the task of firing the city; to M. Ceparius, to whom, as appeared, Apulia had been assigned for raising the shepherds; to P. Furius, who belonged to the colonies settled by Sylla at Feiulæ; to Q. Magius Chilo, who had always seconded this Furius, in his application to the deputies of the Allobrogians; and to P. Umbrenus, the son of a freedman, who was proved to have first introduced the Gauls to Gabinius. The senate chose to proceed with this lenity, Romans, from a persuasion that though the conspiracy was indeed formidable, and the strength and number of our domestic enemies very great; yet by the punishment of nine of the most desperate, they should be able to preserve the state, and reclaim all the rest. At the same time, a public thanksgiving was decreed in my name to the immortal gods, for their signal care of the commonwealth; the first, Romans, since the building of Rome, that was ever decreed to any man in the gown. It was conceived in these words: "Because I had preserved the city from a conflagration, the citizens from a massacre, and Italy from a war." A thanksgiving, my countrymen, which, if compared with others of the same kind, will be found to differ from them in this; that all others were appointed

appointed for some particular services to the republic, this alone for saving it. What required our first care was first executed and dispatched. For P. Lentulus, though in consequence of the evidence brought against him, and his own confession, the senate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the praetorship, but the privileges of a Roman citizen, divested himself of his magistracy: that the consideration of a public character, which yet had no weight with the illustrious C. Marius, when he put to death the praetor C. Glarcia, against whom nothing had been expressly decreed, might not occasion any scruple to us in punishing P. Lentulus, now reduced to the condition of a private man.

And now, Romans, as the detestable leaders of this impious and unnatural rebellion are seized and in custody, you may justly conclude, that Catiline's whole strength, power, and hopes are broken, and the dangers that threatened the city dispelled. For when I was driving him out of the city, Romans, I clearly foresaw, that if he was once removed, there would be nothing to apprehend from the drowsiness of Lentulus, the fat of Cassius, or the rashness of Cethegus. He was the alone formidable person of the whole number, yet no longer so, than while he remained within the walls of the city. He knew every thing; he had access in all places; he wanted neither abilities nor boldness to address, to tempt, to solicit. He had a head to contrive, a tongue to explain, and a hand to execute any undertaking. He had select and proper agents to be employed in every particular enterprize; and never took a thing to be done, because he had ordered it; but always pursued, urged, attended, and saw it done himself; declining neither hunger, cold, nor thirst. Had I not driven this man, so keen, so resolute, so daring, so crafty, so alert in mischief, so active in desperate designs, from his secret plots within the city, into open rebellion in the fields, I could never so easily, to speak my real thoughts, Romans, have delivered the republic from its dangers. He would not have fixed upon the feast of Saturn, nor name the fatal day for our destruction so long before-hand, nor suffered his hand and seal to be brought against him, as manifest proofs of his guilt. Yet all this has been so managed in his absence, that no theft in any private house was ever more clearly detected than this whole conspiracy. But if Catiline

had remained in the city till this day; though to the utmost I would have obstructed and opposed all his designs; yet, to say the least, we must have come at last to open force; nor would we have found it possible, while that traitor was in the city, to have delivered the commonwealth from such threatening dangers with so much ease, quiet, and tranquillity.

Yet all these transactions, Romans, have been so managed by me, as if the whole was the pure effect of a divine influence and foresight. This we may conjecture, not only from the events themselves being above the reach of human counsel, but because the gods have so remarkably interposed in them, as to shew themselves almost visibly. For not to mention the nightly streams of light from the western sky, the blazing of the heavens, the thunders, the earthquakes, with the other many prodigies which have happened in my consulship, that seem like the voice of the gods predicting these events; surely, Romans, what I am now about to say, ought neither to be omitted, nor pass without notice. For doubtless, you must remember, that under the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, several turrets of the capitol were struck down with lightning: that the images of the immortal gods were likewise overthrown, the statues of ancient heroes displaced, and the brazen tables of the laws melted down: that even Romulus, the founder of this city, escaped not unhurt; whose gilt statue, representing him as an infant, sucking a wolf, you may remember to have seen in the capitol. At that time the soothsayers, being called together from all Etruria, declared, that fire, slaughter, the overthrow of the laws, civil war, and the ruin of the city and empire were portended, unless the gods, appeased by all sorts of means, could be prevailed with to interpose, and bend in some measure the destinies themselves. In consequence of this answer, solemn games were celebrated for ten days, nor was any method of pacifying the gods omitted. The same soothsayers likewise ordered a larger statue of Jupiter to be made, and placed on high, in a position contrary to that of the former image, with its face turned towards the east; intimating, that if his statue, which you now behold, looked towards the rising sun, the forum, and the senate-house; then all secret machinations against the city and empire would be detected so evidently,

evidently, as to be clearly seen by the senate and people of Rome. Accordingly the consuls of that year ordered the statue to be placed in the manner directed: but from the slow progress of the work, neither they, nor their successors, nor I myself, could get it finished till that very day.

Can any man after this be such an enemy to truth, so rash, so mad, as to deny, that all things which we see, and above all, that this city is governed by the power and providence of the gods? For when the soothsayers declared, that massacres, conflagrations, and the entire ruin of the state were then devising; crimes! the enormity of whose guilt rendered the prediction to some incredible: yet are you now sensible, that all this has been by wicked citizens not only devised, but even attempted. Can it then be imputed to any thing but the immediate interposition of the great Jupiter, that this morning, while the conspirators and witnesses were by my order carried through the forum to the temple of Concord, in that very moment the statue was fixed in its place? And being fixed, and turned to look upon you and the senate, both you and the senate saw all the treasonable designs against the public safety, clearly detected and exposed. The conspirators, therefore, justly merit the greater punishment and detestation, for endeavouring to involve in impious flames, not only your houses and habitations, but the dwellings and temples of the gods themselves: nor can I, without intolerable vanity and presumption, lay claim to the merit of having defeated their attempts. It was he, it was Jupiter himself, who opposed them: to him the capitol, to him the temples, to him this city, to him are you all indebted for your preservation. It was from the immortal gods, Romans, that I derived my resolution and foresight; and by their providence, that I was enabled to make such important discoveries. The attempt to engage the Allobrogiens in the conspiracy, and the infatuation of Lentulus and his associates, in trusting affairs and letters of such moment to men barbarous and unknown to them, can never surely be accounted for, but by supposing the gods to have confounded their understandings. And that the ambassadors of the Gauls, a nation so disaffected, and the only one at present that seems both able and willing to make war upon the Roman people,

should slight the hopes of empire and dominion, and the advantageous offers of men of patrician rank, and prefer your safety to their own interest, must needs be the effect of a divine interposition; especially when they might have gained their ends, not by fighting, but by holding their tongues.

Wherefore, Romans, since a thanksgiving has been decreed at all the shrines of the gods, celebrate the same religiously with your wives and children. Many are the proofs of gratitude you have justly paid to the gods on former occasions; but never surely were more apparently due than at present. You have been snatched from a most cruel and deplorable fate; and that too without slaughter, without blood, without an army, without fighting. In the habit of citizens, and under me your only leader and conductor in the robe of peace, you have obtained the victory. For do but call to mind, Romans, all the civil dissensions in which we have been involved; not those only you may have heard of, but those too within your own memory and knowledge. L. Sylla destroyed P. Sulpicius; drove Marius, the guardian of this empire, from Rome; and partly banished, partly slaughtered, a great number of the most deserving citizens. Cn. Octavius, when consul, expelled his colleague by force of arms, from the city. The forum was filled with carcases, and flowed with the blood of the citizens. Cinna afterwards, in conjunction with Marius, prevailed: and then it was that the very lights of our country were extinguished by the slaughter of her most illustrious men. Sylla avenged this cruel victory; with what massacre of the citizens, with what calamity to the state, it is needless to relate. M. Lepidus had a difference with Q. Catulus, a man of the most distinguished reputation and merit. The ruin brought upon the former was not so afflictive to the republic, as that of the rest who perished upon the same occasion. Yet all these dissensions, Romans, were of such a nature, as tended only to a change in the government, not a total destruction of the state. It was not the aim of the persons concerned, to extinguish the commonwealth, but to be leading men in it; they desired not to see Rome in flames, but to rule in Rome. And yet all these civil differences, none of which tended to the overthrow of the state, were so obstinately kept up, that they never ended in a reconciliation of the parties,

ties, but in a massacre of the citizens. But in this war, a war the fiercest and most implacable ever known, and not to be paralleled in the history of the most barbarous nations; a war in which Lentulus, Catiline, Cassius and Cethegus laid it down as a principle, to consider all as enemies who had any interest in the well being of the state; I have conducted myself in such a manner, Romans, as to preserve you all. And though your enemies imagined that no more citizens would remain, than what escaped endless massacre; nor any more of Rome be left standing, than was snatched from a devouring conflagration; yet have I preserved both city and citizens from harm.

For all these important services, Romans, I desire no other reward of my zeal, no other mark of honour, no other monument of praise, but the perpetual remembrance of this day. It is in your breasts alone, that I would have all my triumphs, all my titles of honour, all the monuments of my glory, all the trophies of my renown, recorded and preserved. Lifeless statues, silent testimonies of fame; in fine, whatever can be compassed by men of inferior merit, has no charms for me. In your remembrance, Romans, shall my actions be cherished, from your praises shall they derive growth and nourishment, and in your annals shall they ripen and be immortalized: nor will this day, I flatter myself, ever cease to be propagated, to the safety of the city, and the honour of my consularship: but it shall eternally remain upon record, that there were two citizens living at the same time in the republic, the one of whom was terminating the extent of the empire by the bounds of the horizon itself; the other preserving the seat and capital of that empire.

But as the fortune and circumstances of my actions are different from those of your generals abroad, in as much as I must live with those whom I have conquered and subdued, whereas they leave their enemies either dead or enthralled; it is your part, Romans, to take care, that if the good actions of others are beneficial to them, mine prove not detrimental to me. I have baffled the wicked and bloody purposes formed against you by the most daring offenders; it belongs to you to baffle their attempts against me; though as to myself, I have in reality no cause to fear any thing, since I shall be protected by the guard of all honest men,

whose friendship I have for ever secured by the dignity of the republic itself, which will never cease to be my silent defender; and by the power of conscience, which all these must needs violate, who shall attempt to injure me. Such too is my spirit, Romans, that I will never yield to the audaciousness of any, but even provoke and attack all the wicked and the profligate: yet if all the rage of our domestic enemies, when repelled from the people, shall at last turn singly upon me, you will do well to consider, Romans, what effect this may afterwards have upon those, who are bound to expose themselves to envy and danger for your safety. As to myself in particular, what have I farther to wish for in life, since both with regard to the honours you confer, and the reputation flowing from virtue, I have already reached the highest point of my ambition. This however I expressly engage for, Romans, always to support and defend in my private condition, what I have acted in my consularship; that if any envy be stirred up against me for preserving the state, it may hurt the envious, but advance my glory. In short, I shall so behave in the republic, as ever to be mindful of my past actions, and shew that what I did was not the effect of chance, but of virtue. Do you, Romans, since it is now night, repair to your several dwellings, and pray to Jupiter, the guardian of this city, and of your lives: and though the danger be now over, keep the same watch in your houses as before. I shall take care to put a speedy period to the necessity of these precautions, and to secure you for the future in uninterrupted peace.

Whitworth's Cicero,

§ 3. *Oration against Catiline.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Though the design of the conspiracy was in a great measure defeated, by the commitment of the most considerable of those concerned in it, yet as they had many secret favourers and well-wishers within the city, the people were alarmed with the rumor of fresh plots, formed by the slaves and dependants of Lentulus and Cethegus for the rescue of their masters, which obliged Cicero to reinforce his guards; and for the prevention of all such attempts, to put an end to the whole affair, by bringing the

the question of their punishment, without farther delay, before the senate; which he accordingly summoned for that purpose. The debate was of great delicacy and importance; to decide upon the lives of citizens of the first rank. Capital punishments were rare, and ever odious in Rome, whose laws were of all others the least sanguinary; banishment, with confiscation of goods, being the ordinary punishment for the greatest crimes. The senate indeed, as has been said above, in cases of sudden and dangerous tumults, claimed the prerogative of punishing the leaders with death, by the authority of their own decrees. But this was looked upon as a stretch of power, and an infringement of the rights of the people, which nothing could excuse but the necessity of times, and the extremity of danger. For there was an old law of Porcius Læca, a tribune, which granted all criminals capitally condemned, an appeal to the people; and a later one of C. Gracchus, to prohibit the taking away the life of any citizen, without a formal hearing before the people: so that some senators, who had concurred in all the previous debates, withdrew themselves from this, to shew their dislike of what they expected to be the issue of it, and to have no hand in putting Roman citizens to death by a vote of the senate. Here then was ground enough for Cicero's enemies to act upon, if extreme methods were pursued: he himself was aware of it, and saw, that the public interest called for the severest punishment, his private interest the gentlest: yet he came resolved to sacrifice all regards for his own quiet, to the consideration of the public safety. As soon therefore as he had moved the question, What was to be done with the conspirators? Silanus, the consul elect, being called upon to speak the first, advised, that those who were then in custody, with the rest who should afterwards be taken, should all be put to death. To this all who spoke after him readily assented, till it came to Julius Cæsar, then prætor elect, who in an elegant and elaborate speech, treated that opinion, not as cruel, since death, he

said, was not a punishment, but relief to the miserable, and left no sense either of good or ill beyond it; but as new and illegal, and contrary to the constitution of the republic: and though the heinousness of the crime would justify any severity, yet the example was dangerous in a free state; and the salutary use of arbitrary power in good hands, had been the cause of fatal mischiefs when it fell into bad; of which he produced several instances, both in other cities and their own; and though no danger could be apprehended from these times, or such a consul as Cicero; yet in other times, and under another consul, when the sword was once drawn by a decree of the senate, no man could promise what mischief it might not do before it was sheathed again: his opinion therefore was, that the estates of the conspirators should be confiscated, and their persons closely confined in the strong towns of Italy; and that it should be criminal for any one to move the senate or the people for any favour towards them. These two contrary opinions being proposed, the next question was, which of them should take place: Cæsar's had made a great impression on the assembly, and staggered even Silanus, who began to excuse and mitigate the severity of his vote; and Cicero's friends were going forwardly into it, as likely to create the least trouble to Cicero himself, for whose future peace and safety they began to be solicitous: when Cicero, observing the inclination of the house, and rising up to put the question, made this fourth speech on the subject of the conspiracy; in which he delivers his sentiments with all the skill both of the orator and statesman; and while he seems to shew a perfect neutrality, and to give equal commendation to both the opinions, artfully labours all the while to turn the scale in favour of Silanus's, which he considered as a necessary example of severity in the present circumstances of the republic.

I PERCEIVE, conscript fathers, that every look, that every eye is fixed upon me. I see you solicitous not only for your

own and your country's danger, but was that repelled, for mine also. This proof of your affection is grateful to me in sorrow, and pleasing in distress: but by the immortal gods I conjure you! lay it all aside; and without any regard to my safety, think only of yourselves, and of your families. For should the condition of my consulship be such as to subject me to all manner of pains, hardships, and sufferings; I will bear them not only resolutely but cheerfully, if by my labours I can secure your dignity and safety, with that of the people of Rome. Such, conscript fathers, has been the fortune of my consulship, that neither the forum, that centre of all equity, nor the field of Mars, consecrated by consular auspices, nor the senate-house, the principal refuge of all nations, nor domestic walls, the common asylum of all men; nor the bed, destined to repose; nay, nor even this honourable seat, this chair of state, have been free from perils and the snares of death. Many things have I dissembled, many have I suffered, many have I yielded to, and many struggled with in silence, for your quiet. But if the immortal gods would grant that issue to my consulship, of saving you, conscript fathers, and the people of Rome, from a massacre; your wives, your children, and the vestal virgins, from the bitterest persecution; the temples and altars of the gods, with this our fair country, from sacrilegious flames; and all Italy from war and desolation; let what fate soever attend me, I will be content with it. For if P. Lentulus, upon the report of soothsayers, thought his name portended the ruin of the state; why should not I rejoice, that my consulship has been as it were reserved by fate for its preservation.

Wherefore, conscript fathers, think of your own safety, turn your whole care upon the state, secure yourselves, your wives, your children, your fortunes; guard the lives and dignity of the people of Rome, and cease your concern and anxiety for me. For first, I have reason to hope, that all the gods, the protectors of this city, will reward me according to my deserts. Then, should any thing extraordinary happen, I am prepared to die with an even and constant mind. For death can never be dishonourable to the brave, nor premature to one who has reached the dignity of consul, nor afflicting to the wife. Not that I am so hardened against

all the impressions of humanity, as to remain indifferent to the grief of a dear and affectionate brother here present, and the tears of all those by whom you see me surrounded. Nor can I forbear to own, that an afflicted wife, a daughter dispirited with fear, an infant son, whom my country seems to embrace as the pledge of my consulship, and a son-in-law, whom I behold waiting with anxiety the issue of this day, often recal my thoughts homewards. All these objects affect me, yet in such a manner, that I am chiefly concerned for their preservation and yours, and scruple not to expose myself to any hazard, rather than that they and all of us should be involved in one general ruin. Wherefore, conscript fathers, apply yourselves wholly to the safety of the state, guard against the storms that threaten us on every side, and which it will require your utmost circumspection to avert. It is not a Tiberius Gracchus, caballing for a second tribuneship; nor a Caius Gracchus, stirring up the people in favour of his Agrarian law; nor a Lucius Saturninus, the murderer of Caius Memmius, who is now in judgment before you, and exposed to the severity of the law; but traitors, who remained at Rome to fire the city, to massacre the senate, and to receive Catiline. Their letters, their seals, their hands; in short, their several confessions, are in your custody; and clearly convict them of soliciting the Allobrogians, spiriting up the slaves, and sending for Catiline. The scheme proposed was, to put all, without exception, to the sword, that not a soul might remain to lament the fate of the commonwealth, and the overthrow of so mighty an empire.

All this has been proved by witnesses, the criminals themselves have confessed, and you have already condemned them by several previous acts. First, by returning thanks to me in the most honourable terms, and declaring that by my virtue and vigilance, a conspiracy of desperate men has been laid open. Next, by deposing Lentulus from the prætorship, and committing him, with the rest of the conspirators, to custody. But chiefly, by decreeing a thanksgiving in my name, an honour which was never before conferred upon any man in the gown. Lastly, you yesterday voted ample rewards to the deputies of the Allobrogians, and Titus Vulturcius; all which proceedings are of such a nature, as plainly

to make it appear, that you already without scruple condemn those, whom you have by name ordered into custody. But I have resolved, conscript fathers, to propose to you anew the question both of the fact and punishment, having first premised what I think proper to say as consul. I have long observed a spirit of disorder working in the state, new projects devising, and pernicious schemes set on foot: but never could I imagine, that a conspiracy so dreadful and destructive, had entered into the minds of citizens. Now whatever you do, or which ever way your thoughts and voices shall incline, you must come to a resolution before night. You see the heinous nature of the crime laid before you; and if you think that but few are concerned in it, you are greatly mistaken. The mischief is spread wider than most people imagine, and has not only infected Italy, but crossed the Alps, and, imperceptibly creeping along, seized many provinces. You can never hope to suppress it by delay and irresolution. Whatever course you take, you must proceed with vigour and expedition.

There are two opinions now before you; the first, of D. Silanus, who thinks the projectors of so destructive a conspiracy worthy of death; the second of C. Cæsar, who, excepting death, is for every other the most rigorous method of punishing. Each, agreeably to his dignity, and the importance of the cause, is for treating them with the last severity. The one thinks, that those who have attempted to deprive us and the Roman people of life, to abolish this empire, and extinguish the very name of Rome, ought not to enjoy a moment's life, or breathe this vital air: and hath shewed withal, that this punishment has often been inflicted by this state on seditious citizens. The other maintains, that death was not designed by the immortal gods as a punishment, but either as a necessary law of our nature, or a cessation of our toils and miseries; so that the wise never suffer it unwillingly, the brave often seek it voluntarily: that bonds and imprisonment, especially if perpetual, are contrived for the punishment of detestable crimes: that therefore the criminals should be distributed among the municipal towns. In this proposal, there seems to be some injustice, if you impose it upon the towns; or some difficulty, if you only desire it. Yet decree so, if you think fit. I will endeavour, and I hope I shall be able

to find those, who will not think it unfit to their dignity, to comply with whatever you shall judge necessary for the common safety. He adds a heavy penalty on the municipal towns, if any of the criminals should escape; he invests them with formidable guards; and, as the enormity of their guilt deserves, forbids, under severe penalties, all application to the senate or people, for a mitigation of their punishments. He even deprives them of hope, the only comfort of unhappy mortals. He orders their estates also to be confiscated, and leaves them nothing but life; which, if he had taken away, he would by one momentary pang have eased them of much anguish both of mind and body, and all the sufferings due to their crimes. For it was on this account that the ancients invented those infernal punishments of the dead; to keep the wicked under some awe in this life, who without them would have no dread of death itself.

Now, conscript fathers, I see how much my interest is concerned in the present debate. If you follow the opinion of C. Cæsar, who has always pursued those measures in the state, which favour most of popularity; I shall perhaps be less exposed to the arrows of public hatred, when he is known for the author and adviser of this vote. But if you fall in with the motion of D. Silanus, I know not what difficulties it may bring me under. However, let the service of the commonwealth supersede all considerations of my danger. Cæsar, agreeably to his own dignity, and the merits of his illustrious ancestors, has by this proposal given us a perpetual pledge of his affection to the state, and shewed the difference between the affected lenity of busy declaimers, and a mind truly popular, which seeks nothing but the real good of the people. I observe that one of those, who affects the character of popularity, has absented himself from this day's debate, that he may not give a vote upon the life of a Roman citizen. Yet but the other day he concurred in sending the criminals to prison, voted me a thanksgiving, and yesterday decreed ample rewards to the informers. Now no one can doubt what his sentiments are on the merits of the cause, who votes imprisonment to the accused, thanks to the discoverer of the conspiracy, and rewards to the informers. But C. Cæsar urges the Sempronian law, forbidding to put Roman citizens to death. Yet here it ought to be remem-

remembered, that those who are adjudged enemies to the state, can no longer be considered as citizens; and that the author of that law himself suffered death by the order of the people. Neither does Cæsar think that the profuse and prodigal Lentulus, who has concerted so many cruel and bloody schemes for the destruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of the city, can be called a popular man. Accordingly this mild and merciful senator makes no scruple of condemning P. Lentulus to perpetual bonds and imprisonment; and provides that no one shall henceforward have it in his power to boast of having procured a mitigation of this punishment, or made himself popular by a step so destructive to the quiet of his fellow-citizens. He likewise adds the confiscation of their goods, that want and beggary may attend every torment of mind and body.

If therefore you decree according to this opinion, you will give me a partner and companion to the assembly, who is dear and agreeable to the Roman people. Or, if you prefer that of Silanus, it will be easy still to defend both you and myself from any imputation of cruelty; nay, and to make appear, that it is much the gentler punishment of the two. And yet, conscript fathers, what cruelty can be committed in the punishment of so enormous a crime? I speak according to my real sense of the matter. For may I never enjoy, in conjunction with you, the benefit of my country's safety, if the eagerness which I shew in this cause proceeds from any severity of temper, (for no man has less of it) but from pure humanity and clemency. For I seem to behold this city, the light of the universe, and the citadel of all nations, suddenly involved in flames. I figure to myself my country in ruins, and the miserable bodies of slaughtered citizens, lying in heaps without burial. The image of Cethegus, furiously revelling in your blood, is now before my eyes. But when I represent to my imagination Lentulus on the throne, as he owns the fates encouraged him to hope; Gabinius clothed in purple; and Catiline approaching with an army; then am I struck with horror at the shrieks of mothers, the flight of children, and the violation of the vestal virgins. And because these calamities appear to me in the highest degree deplorable and dreadful, therefore am I severe and unrelenting towards those who endeavoured

to bring them upon us. For let me ask should a master of a family, finding his children butchered, his wife murdered, and his house burnt by a slave, inflict upon the offender a punishment that fell short of the highest degree of vigour; would he be accounted mild and merciful, or inhuman and cruel? For my own part, I should look upon him as hard-hearted and insensible, if he did not endeavour to allay his own anguish and torment, by the torment and anguish of the guilty cause. It is the same with us in respect of those men who intended to murder us with our wives and children; who endeavoured to destroy our several dwellings, and this city, the general seat of the commonwealth; who conspired to settle the Allobrogians upon the ruins of this state, and raise them from the ashes of our empire. If we punish them with the utmost severity, we shall be accounted compassionate; but if we are remiss in the execution of justice, we may deservedly be charged with the greatest cruelty, in exposing the republic and our fellow citizens to ruin. Unless any one will pretend to say, that L. Cæsar, a brave man, and zealous for the interest of his country, acted a cruel part the other day, when he declared, that the husband of his sister, a lady of distinguished merit, and that too in his own presence and hearing, deserved to suffer death; alledging the example of his grandfather, slain by order of the consul; who likewise commanded his son, a mere youth, to be executed in prison, for bringing him a message from his father. And yet, what was their crime compared with that now before us? had they formed any conspiracy to destroy their country? A partition of lands was then indeed proposed, and a spirit of faction began to prevail in the state: at which time the grandfather of this very Lentulus, an illustrious patriot, attacked Gracchus in arms; and in defence of the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, received a cruel wound. This his unworthy descendant, to overthrow the very foundations of the state, sends for the Gauls, stirs up the slaves, invites Catiline, assigns the murdering of the senators to Cethegus, the massacre of the rest of the citizens to Gabinius, the care of setting the city on fire to Cassius, and the devastation and plunder of Italy to Catiline. Is it possible you should be afraid of being thought too severe in the punishment of so unnatural and monstrous a treason? when

in reality you have much more cause to dread the charge of cruelty to your country for your too great lenity, than the imputation of severity for proceeding in an exemplary manner against such implacable enemies.

But I cannot, conscript fathers, conceal what I hear. Reports are spread through the city, and have reached my ears, tending to insinuate, that we have not a sufficient force to support and execute what you shall this day decree. But be assured, conscript fathers, that every thing is concerted, regulated, and settled, partly through my extreme care and diligence; but still more by the indefatigable zeal of the Roman people, to support themselves in the possession of empire, and preserve their common fortunes. The whole body of the people is assembled for your defence: the forum, the temples round the forum, and all the avenues of the senate are possessed by your friends. This, indeed, is the only cause since the building of Rome, in which all men have been unanimous, those only excepted, who, finding their own ruin unavoidable, chose rather to perish in the general wreck of their country, than fall by themselves. These I willingly except, and separate from the rest; for I consider them not so much in the light of bad citizens, as of implacable enemies. But then as to the rest, immortal gods! in what crowds, with what zeal, and with what courage do they all unite in defence of the public welfare and dignity? What occasion is there to speak here of the Roman knights? who without disputing your precedency in rank, and the administration of affairs, vie with you in their zeal for the republic; whom, after a dissension of many years, this day's cause has entirely reconciled and united with you. And if this union, which my consulship has confirmed, be preserved and perpetuated, I am confident, that no civil or domestic evil can ever again disturb this state. The like zeal for the common cause appears among the tribunes of the exchequer, and the whole body of the scribes: who happening to assemble this day at the treasury, have dropt all consideration of their private affairs, and turned their whole attention upon the public safety. The whole body of free-born citizens, even the meanest, offer us their assistance. For where is the man, to whom these temples, the face of the city, the possession of liberty; in short, this very light,

and this parent soil, are not both dear and delightful.

And here, conscript fathers, let me recommend to your notice the zeal of those freedmen, who, having by their merit obtained the privilege of citizens, consider this as their real country: whereas some born within the city, and born too of an illustrious race, treat it not as a mother-soil, but as a hostile city. But why do I speak of men, whom private interest, whom the good of the public, whom, in fine, the love of liberty, that dearest of all human blessings, have roused to the defence of their country? There is not a slave in any tolerable condition of life, who does not look with horror on this daring attempt of profligate citizens, who is not anxious for the preservation of the state; in fine, who does not contribute all in his power to promote the common safety. If any of you, therefore, are shocked by the report of Lentulus's agents running up and down the streets, and soliciting the needy and thoughtless to make some effort for his rescue; the fact indeed is true, and the thing has been attempted: but not a man was found so desperate in his fortune, so abandoned in his inclinations, who did not prefer the shed in which he worked and earned his daily bread, his little hut and bed in which he slept, and the easy peaceful course of life he enjoyed, to all the proposals made by these enemies of the state. For the greatest part of those who live in shops, or to speak indeed more truly all of them, are of nothing so fond as peace: for their whole stock, their whole industry and subsistence, depends upon the peace and fulness of the city; and if their gain would be interrupted by shutting up their shops, how much more would it be so, by burning them? Since then, conscript fathers, the Roman people are not wanting in their zeal and duty towards you, it is your part not to be wanting to the Roman people.

You have a consul snatched from various snares and dangers, and the jaws of death, not for the preservation of his own life, but for your security. All orders unite in opinion, inclination, zeal, courage, and a professed concern to secure the commonwealth. Your common country, beset with the brands and weapons of an impious conspiracy, stretches out her suppliant hands to you for relief, recommends herself to your care, and beseeches you to take under your protection the lives of the citizens,

zens, the citadel, the capitol, the altars of domestic worship, the everlasting fire of Vesta, the shrines and temples of the gods, the walls of the city, and the houses of the citizens. Consider likewise, that you are this day to pass judgment on your own lives, on those of your wives and children, on the fortunes of all the citizens, on your houses and properties. You have a leader, such as you will not always have, watchful for you, regardless of himself. You have likewise, what was never known before in a case of this kind, all orders, all ranks of men, the whole body of the Roman people, of one and the same mind. Reflect how this mighty empire, reared with so much toil, this liberty established with so much bravery, and this profusion of wealth improved and heightened by such favour and kindness of the gods, were like in one night to have been for ever destroyed. You are this day to provide, that the same thing not only shall never be attempted, but not so much as thought of again by any citizen. All this I have said, not with a view to animate your zeal, in which you almost surpass me; but that my voice, which ought to lead in what relates to the commonwealth, may not fall short of my duty as consul.

But before I declare my sentiments farther, conscript fathers, suffer me to drop a word with regard to myself. I am sensible I have drawn upon myself as many enemies, as there are persons concerned in the conspiracy, whose number you see to be very great: but I look upon them as a base, abject, impotent, contemptible faction. But if, through the madness of any, it shall rise again, so as to prevail against the senate and the republic; yet never, conscript fathers, shall I repent of my present conduct and counsels. For death, with which perhaps they will threaten me, is prepared for all men; but none ever acquired that glory of life, which you have conferred upon me by your decrees. For to others you have decreed thanks for serving the republic successfully; to me alone, for having saved it. Let Scipio be celebrated, by whose conduct and valour Hannibal was forced to abandon Italy, and return into Africa: let the other Africanus be crowned with the highest praise, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, two cities at irreconcilable enmity with Rome: for ever renowned by L. Paulus, whose chariot was graced by the captivity of Perseus, a once powerful and illustrious monarch: im-

mortal honour be the lot of Marius, who twice delivered Italy from invasion, and the dread of servitude: above all others, let Pompey's name be renowned, whose great actions and virtues know no other limits than those that regulate the course of the sun. Yet, surely, among so many heroes, some place will be left for my praise; unless it be thought a greater merit to open a way into new provinces, whence we may retire at pleasure, than to take care that our conquerors may have a home to return to. In one circumstance, indeed, the condition of a foreign victory is better than that of a domestic one; because a foreign enemy, when conquered, is either quite crushed and reduced to slavery, or, obtaining favourable terms, becomes a friend: but when profligate citizens once turn rebels, and are baffled in their plots, you can neither keep them quiet by force, nor oblige them by favours. I therefore see myself engaged in an eternal war with all traitorous citizens; but am confident I shall easily repel it from me and mine, through your's and every worthy man's assistance, joined to the remembrance of the mighty dangers we have escaped; a remembrance that will not only subsist among the people delivered from them, but which must for ever cleave to the minds and tongues of all nations. Nor, I trust, will any force be found strong enough, to overpower or weaken the present union between you and the Roman knights, and this general confederacy of all good citizens.

Therefore, conscript fathers, instead of the command of armies and provinces, which I have declined; instead of a triumph, and other distinctions of honour, which, for your preservation, and that of this city, I have rejected; instead of attachments and dependencies in the provinces, which, by means of my authority and credit in the city, I labour no less to support than acquire; for all these services, I say, joined to my singular zeal for your interest, and that unwearied diligence you see me exert to preserve the state; I require nothing more of you than the perpetual remembrance of this juncture, and of my whole consulship. While that continues fixed in your minds, I shall think myself surrounded with an impregnable wall. But should the violence of the factions ever disappoint and get the better of my hopes, I recommend to you my infant son, and trust that it will be a sufficient guard,

guard, not only of his safety, but of his dignity, to have it remembered, that he is the son of one who, at the hazard of his own life, preserved you all. Therefore, conscript fathers, let me exhort you to proceed with vigour and resolution in an affair that regards your very being, and that of the people of Rome; your wives, and children; your religion, and properties; your altars, and temples; the houses, and dwellings of this city; your empire; your liberty; the safety of Italy; and the whole system of the commonwealth. For you have a consul, who will not only obey your decrees without hesitation, but while he lives, will support and execute in person whatever you shall order.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 9. *Oration for the Poet Archias.*

THE ARGUMENT.

A. Licinius Archias was a native of Antioch, and a very celebrated poet. He came to Rome when Cicero was about five years old, and was courted by men of the greatest eminence in it, on account of his learning, genius, and politeness. Among others, Lucullus was very fond of him, took him into his family, and gave him the liberty of opening a school in it, to which many of the young nobility and gentry of Rome were sent for their education. In the consulship of M. Pupius Piso and M. Valerius Messala, one Gracchus, a person of obscure birth, accused Archias upon the law, by which those who were made free of any of the confederated cities, and at the time of passing the law dwelt in Italy, were obliged to claim their privilege before the prætor within sixty days. Cicero, in his oration, endeavours to prove, that Archias was a Roman citizen in the sense of that law; but dwells chiefly on the praises of poetry in general, and the talents and genius of the defendant, which he displays with great beauty, elegance, and spirit. The oration was made in the forty-sixth year of Cicero's age, and the six hundred and ninety-second of Rome.

IF, my lords, I have any abilities, and am sensible they are but small; if, by speaking often, I have acquired any merit

as a speaker; if I have derived any knowledge from the study of the liberal arts, which have ever been my delight, A. Licinius may justly claim the fruit of all. For looking back upon past scenes, and calling to remembrance the earliest part of my life, I find it was he who prompted me first to engage in a course of study, and directed me in it. If my tongue, then formed and animated by him, has ever been the means of saving any, I am certainly bound by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in the defence of him, who has taught it to assist and defend others. And though his genius and course of study are very different from mine, let no one be surpris'd at what I advance: for I have not bestowed the whole of my time on the study of eloquence, and besides, all the liberal arts are nearly allied to each other, and have, as it were, one common bond of union.

But lest it should appear strange, that, in a legal proceeding, and a public cause, before an excellent prætor, the most impartial judges, and so crowded an assembly, I lay aside the usual stile of trials, and introduce one very different from that of the bar; I must beg to be indulg'd in this liberty, which, I hope, will not be disagreeable to you, and which seems indeed to be due to the defendant: that whilst I am pleading for an excellent poet, and a man of great erudition, before so learned an audience, such distinguished patrons of the liberal arts, and so eminent a prætor, you would allow me to enlarge with some freedom on learning and liberal studies; and to employ an almost unprecedented language for one, who, by reason of a studious and unactive life, has been little conversant in dangers and public trials. If this, my lords, is granted me, I shall not only prove that A. Licinius ought not, as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his privileges, but that, if he were not, he ought to be admitted.

For no sooner had Archias got beyond the years of childhood, and applied himself to poetry, after finishing those studies by which the minds of youth are usually formed to a taste for polite learning, than his genius shewed itself superior to any at Antioch, the place where he was born, of a noble family; once indeed a rich and renowned city, but still famous for liberal arts, and fertile in learned men. He was afterwards received with such applause in the other cities of Asia, and all over Greece, that though they expected more than fame

had promised concerning him, even these expectations were exceeded, and their admiration of him greatly increased. Italy was, at that time, full of the arts and sciences of Greece, which were then cultivated with more care among the Latins than now they are, and were not even neglected at Rome, the public tranquillity being favourable to them. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Tarentum, Rhegium and Naples, made him free of their respective cities, and conferred other honours upon him; and all those who had any taste, reckoned him worthy of their acquaintance and friendship. Being thus known by fame to those who were strangers to his person, he came to Rome in the consulship of Marius and Catulus; the first of whom had, by his glorious deeds, furnished out a noble subject for a poet; and the other, besides his memorable actions, was both a judge and a lover of poetry. Though he had not yet reached his seventeenth year, yet no sooner was he arrived than the Luculli took him into their family; which, as it was the first that received him in his youth, so it afforded him freedom of access even in old age; nor was this owing to his great genius and learning alone, but likewise to his amiable temper and virtuous disposition. At that time too, Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his son Pius, were delighted with his conversation; M. Aemilius was one of his hearers; Q. Catulus, both the elder and younger, honoured him with their intimacy; L. Crassus courted him; and being united by the greatest familiarity to the Luculli, Drusus, the Octavii, Cato, and the whole Hortensian family, it was no small honour to him to receive marks of the highest regard, not only from those who were really desirous of hearing him, and of being instructed by him, but even from those who affected to be so.

A considerable time after, he went with L. Lucullus into Sicily, and leaving that province in company with the same Lucullus, came to Heraclea, which being joined with Rome by the closest bonds of alliance, he was desirous of being made free of it; and obtained his request, both on account of his own merit, and the interest and authority of Lucullus. Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions: *If they were enrolled by free cities; if they had a dwelling in Italy, and: the law pas-*

sed; and if they declared their enrollment before the prætor within the space of sixty days. Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the prætor Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it; and that not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same; men of the greatest quality, come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you'll desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidences which we have, and to desire those which we cannot have; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidences which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which you allow to be frequently vitiated. But he did not reside at Rome: what he, who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune. But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which, by that very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prætors, is the only authentic one.

For the negligence of Appius, the corruption of Gabinius before his condemnation, and his disgrace after, having destroyed the credit of public records; Metellus, a man of the greatest honour and modesty, was so very exact, that he came before Lentulus the prætor and the other judges, and declared that he was uneasy at the erasure of a single name. The name of A. Licinius therefore is still to be seen; and as this is the case, why should you doubt of his being a citizen of Rome, especially as he was enrolled likewise in other free cities? For when Greece be-

flowed

flowed the freedom of its cities, without the recommendation of merit, upon persons of little consideration, and those who had either no employment at all, or very mean ones, is it to be imagined that the inhabitants of Rhegium, Locris, Naples, or Tarentum, would deny to a man so highly celebrated for his genius, what they conferred even upon comedians? When others, not only after Silanus's law, but even after the Papien law, shall have found means to creep into the registers of the municipal cities, shall he be rejected, who, because he was always desirous of passing for an Heracleian, never availed himself of his being enrolled in other cities? But you desire to see the enrolment of our estate; as if it were not well known, that under the last censorship the defendant was with the army commanded by that renowned general L. Lucullus; that under the censorship immediately preceding, he was with the same Lucullus then quæstor in Asia; and that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, there was no enrollment made? But, as an enrollment in the censors books does not confirm the right of citizenship, and only shews that the person enrolled assumed the character of a citizen, I must tell you that Archias made a will according to our laws, succeeded to the estates of Roman citizens, and was recommended to the treasury by L. Lucullus, both when prætor and consul, as one who deserved well of the state, at the very time when you alledge that, by his own confession, he had no right to the freedom of Rome.

Find out whatever arguments you can, Archias will never be convicted for his own conduct, nor that of his friends. But you'll no doubt ask the reason, Gracchus, of my being so highly delighted with this man? Why, it is because he furnishes me with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noise of the forum. Do you imagine that I could possibly plead every day on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated with science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning. I am fond of these studies, I own: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning so as to be of no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my lords, have never been prevented by in-

dolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating public solemnities, in refreshing the body and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing these studies? And this application is the more excusable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession, in which, whatever abilities I possess, they have always been employed when the dangers of my friends called for their assistance. If they should appear to any to be but small, there are still other advantages of a much higher nature, and I am very sensible whence I derive them. For had I not been convinced from my youth, by much instruction and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory and virtue, and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised, never should I have exposed myself to so many and so great conflicts for your preservation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the most worthless of men. But on this head books are full, the voice of the wise is full, antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obscurity. How many pictures of the bravest of men have the Greek and Latin writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate? These illustrious models I always set before me in the government of the state, and formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues.

But were those great men, it will be asked, who are celebrated in history, distinguished for that kind of learning, which you extol so highly? It were difficult indeed, to prove this of them all; but what I shall answer is, however, very certain. I own then that there have been many men of excellent dispositions and distinguished virtue, who, without learning, and by the almost divine force of nature herself, have been wise and moderate; nay, farther, that nature without learning is of greater efficacy towards the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without nature; but then, I affirm, that when to an excellent natural disposition the embellishments of learning are added, there results from this union something great and extraordinary. Such was that divine

man Africanus, whom our fathers saw; such were C. Lælius and L. Furius, persons of the greatest temperance and moderation; such was old Cato, a man of great bravery, and, for the times, of great learning; who, surely, would never have applied to the study of learning, had they thought it of no service towards the acquisition and improvement of virtue. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength in youth, and joy in old age: adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

Was there any of us so void of taste, and of so unfeeling a temper, as not to be affected lately with the death of Roscius? For though he died in an advanced age, yet such was the excellence and inimitable beauty of his art, that we thought him worthy of living for ever. Was he then so great a favourite with us all on account of the graceful motions of his body; and shall we be insensible to the surprising energy of the mind, and the sprightly sallies of genius? How often have I seen this Archias, my lords, (for I will presume on your goodness, as you are pleased to favour me with so much attention in this unusual manner of pleading) how often, I say, have I seen him, without using his pen, and without any labour or study, make a great number of excellent verses on occasional subjects? How often, when a subject was resumed, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expression, whilst those compositions which he finished with care and exactness were as highly approved as the most celebrated writings of antiquity. And shall not I love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of my power? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us, that other branches of science require education, art, and precept; but that a poet is

formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated as it were by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice therefore that our Ennius bestows upon poets the epithet of *venerable*, because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the name of poet then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts re-echo sounds; and savage beasts are often soothed by music, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The Calophonians give out that Homer is their countryman, the Chians declare that he is theirs, the Salaminians lay claim to him, the people of Smyrna affirm that Smyrna gave him breath, and have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city: besides these, many other nations contend warmly for this honour.

Do they then lay claim to a stranger even after his death, on account of his being a poet; and shall we reject this living poet, who is a Roman both by inclination and the laws of Rome; especially as he has employed the utmost efforts of his genius to celebrate the glory and grandeur of the Roman people? For, in his youth, he sung the triumphs of C. Marius over the Cimbri, and even pleased that great general, who had but little relish for the charms of poetry. Nor is there any person so great an enemy to the Muses, as not readily to allow the poet to blazon his fame, and consecrate his actions to immortality. Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, is reported to have answered, *that man's, who could best celebrate his virtues*. The same Marius too had a very high regard for L. Plotius, whose genius, he thought, was capable of doing justice to his actions. But Archias has described the whole Mithridatic war; a war of such danger and importance, and so very memorable for the great variety of its events both by sea and land. Nor does his poem reflect honour only on L. Lucullus, that very brave and renowned man, but likewise adds lustre to the Roman name. For, under Lucullus, the Roman people penetrated into Pontus, inpregnable till then by means of its situation and the arms

of its monarchs; under him, the Romans, with no very considerable force, routed the numberless troops of the Armenians; under his conduct too, Rome has the glory of delivering Cyzicum, the city of our faithful allies, from the rage of a monarch, and rescuing it from the devouring jaws of a mighty war. The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated, for the wonders performed at Tenedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those, therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name. Our Ennius was greatly beloved by the elder Africanus, and accordingly he is thought to have a marble statue amongst the monuments of the Scipio's. But those praises are not appropriated to the immediate subjects of them; the whole Roman people have a share in them. Cato, the ancestor of the judge here present, is highly celebrated for his virtues, and from this the Romans themselves derive great honour: in a word, the Maximi, the Marcelli, the Fulvii, cannot be praised without praising every Roman.

Did our ancestors then confer the freedom of Rome on him who sung the praises of her heroes, on a native of Rudia; and shall we thrust this Heracleon out of Rome, who has been courted by many cities, and whom our laws have made a Roman? For if any one imagines that less glory is derived from the Greek, than from the Latin poet, he is greatly mistaken; the Greek language is understood in almost every nation, whereas the Latin is confined to Latin territories, territories extremely narrow. If our exploits, therefore, have reached the utmost limits of the earth, we ought to be desirous that our glory and fame should extend as far as our arms: for as these operate powerfully on the people whose actions are recorded; so to those who expose their lives for the sake of glory, they are the grand motives to toils and dangers. How many persons is Alexander the Great reported to have carried along with him, to write his history! And yet, when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Sigæum, "Happy youth," he cried, "who could find a Homer to blazon thy fame!" And what he said, was true; for had it not been for the Iliad, his ashes and fame had been buried in the same tomb. Did not Pompey the Great, whose virtues were

equal to his fortune, confer the freedom of Rome, in the presence of a military assembly, upon Theophanes of Mitylene, who sung his triumphs? And these Romans of ours, men brave indeed, but unpolished and mere soldiers, moved with the charms of glory, gave shouts of applause, as if they had shared in the honour of their leader. Is it to be supposed then, that Archias, if our laws had not made him a citizen of Rome, could not have obtained his freedom from some general? Would Sylla, who conferred the rights of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, have refused the suit of Archias? That Sylla, whom we saw in an assembly, when a bad poet, of obscure birth, presented him a petition upon the merit of having written an epigram in his praise of unequal hobbling verses, order him to be instantly rewarded out of an estate he was selling at the time, on condition he should write no more verses. Would he, who even thought the industry of a bad poet worthy of some reward, not have been fond of the genius, the spirit, and eloquence of Archias? Could our poet, neither by his own interest, nor that of the Luculli, have obtained from his intimate friend Q. Metellus Pius the freedom of Rome, which he bestowed so frequently upon others? Especially as Metellus was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he was even somewhat pleased with the dull and barbarous verses of the poets born at Corduba.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly: we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they affect to despise them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family, and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Attius: and Fulvius, who made war with the Ætolians attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their hands, have revered the shrines of the muses and the name of poets, surely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honouring

ing the one, or protecting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my lords, I will lay open the very sentiments of my heart before you, and freely confess my passion for glory, which, though too keen perhaps, is however virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my consulship, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-citizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem. Upon reading what he has wrote, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it. For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory: take but this away, my lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to engage in so many and so great labours? Surely, if the mind had no thought of futurity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present existence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor harass herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself: but there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which both day and night quickens him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affairs of the state, and in so many toils and dangers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trouble, nothing shall remain of us after death? If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures, these representations not of their minds but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprises and virtues drawn and finished by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilst I was engaged in acting, why never I have done, that I was spending my actions over the whole earth, and that they would be held in eternal remembrance. But whether I shall lose my consciousness of this at death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, I shall retain it after, at present the thought delights me, and my mind is filled with pleasing hopes. Do not then deprive us, my lords, of a man, whom modestly, in a graceful manner, engag-

ing behaviour, and the affections of his friends, so strongly recommend; the greatness of whose genius may be estimated from this, that he is courted by the most eminent men of Rome; and whose plea is such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the testimony of Lucullus, and the register of Metellus. This being the case, we beg of you, my lords, since in matters of such importance, not only the intercession of men but of gods is necessary, that the man, who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity, than to complain of your rigour. What I have said, my lords, concerning this cause, with my usual brevity and simplicity, is, I am confident, approved by all: what I have advanced upon poetry in general, and the genius of the defendant, contrary to the usage of the forum and the bar, will, I hope, be taken in good part by you; by him who presides upon the bench, I am convinced it will.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 10. *Oration for T. Annius Milo.*

THE ARGUMENT.

This beautiful oration was made in the 55th year of Cicero's age, upon the following occasion. In the year of Rome 701, T. Annius Milo, Q. Metellus Scipio, and P. Plautius Hypseus, stood candidates for the consulship; and, according to Plutarch, pushed on their several interests with such open violence and bribery, as if it had been to be carried only by money or arms. P. Clodius, Milo's professed enemy, stood at the same time for the pratorship, and used all his interest to disappoint Milo, by whose obtaining the consulship he was sure to be controuled in the exercise of his magistracy. The senate and the better sort were generally in Milo's interest; and Cicero, in particular, served him with distinguished zeal: three of the tribunes were violent against him, the other seven were his

his fast friends; above all M. Cœlius, who, out of regard to Cicero, was very active in his service. But whilst matters were proceeding in a very favourable train for him, and nothing seemed wanting to crown his success, but to bring on the election, which his adversaries, for that reason, endeavoured to keep back; all his hopes and fortunes were blasted at once by an unhappy rencounter with Clodius, in which Clodius was killed by his servants, and by his command. His body was left in the Appian road, where it fell, but was taken up soon after by Tediſ, a ſenator, who happened to come by, and brought to Rome; where it was expoſed, all covered with blood and wounds, to the view of the populace, who ſtocked about in crowds to lament the miſerable fate of their leader. The next day, Sextus Clodius, a kiſman of the deceaſed, and one of his chief incendiaries, together with the three tribunes Milo's enemies, employed all the arts of party and faction to inflame the mob, which they did to ſuch a height of fury, that ſnatching up the body, they ran away with it into the ſenate-houſe, and tearing up the benches, tables, and every thing combuſtible, dreſſed up a funeral pile upon the ſpot; and, together with the body, burnt the houſe itſelf, with a *baſilica* or public hall adjoining. Several other outrages were committed, ſo that the ſenate were obliged to paſs a decree, *that the inter-rex, aſſiſted by the tribunes and Pompey, ſhould take care that the republic received no detriment; and that Pompey, in particular, ſhould raiſe a body of troops for the common ſecurity,* which he preſently drew together from all parts of Italy. Amidſt this confuſion, the rumour of a diſtator being induſtriouſly ſpread, and alarming the ſenate, they reſolved preſently to create Pompey the ſingle conſul, whoſe election was accordingly declared by the inter-rex, after an inter-regnum of near two months. Pompey applied himſelf immediately to quiet the public diſorders, and publiſhed ſeveral new laws, prepared by him for that purpoſe; one of them was, to appoint a ſpecial commiſſion to enquire into Clodius's death, &c. and to appoint

an extraordinary judge, of conſular rank, to preſide in it. He attended Milo's trial himſelf with a ſtrong guard, to preſerve peace. The accuſers were young Appius, the nephew of Clodius, M. Antonius, and P. Valerius. Cicero was the only advocate on Milo's ſide; but as ſoon as he roſe up to ſpeak, he was received with ſo rude a clamour by the Clodians, that he was much diſcompoſed and daunted at his firſt ſetting out: he recovered ſpirit enough, however, to go through his ſpeech, which was taken down in writing, and publiſhed as it was delivered; though the copy of it now extant is ſuppoſed to have been re-touched, and corrected by him afterwards, for a preſent to Milo, who was condemned, and went into exile at Marſeilles, a few days after his condemnation.

THOUGH I am apprehenſive, my lords, it may ſeem a reflection on a perſon's character to diſcover any ſigns of fear, when he is entering on the defence of ſo brave a man, and particularly unbecoming in me, that when T. Annius Milo himſelf is more concerned for the ſafety of the ſtate than his own, I ſhould not be able to maintain an equal greatneſs of mind in pleading his cauſe; yet I muſt own, the unuſual manner in which this new kind of trial is conducted, ſtrikes me with a kind of terror, while I am looking around me, in vain, for the ancient uſages of the forum, and the forms that have been hitherto obſerved in our courts of judicature. Your bench is not ſurrounded with the uſual circle; nor is the crowd ſuch as uſed to throng us. For thoſe guards you ſee planted before all the temples, however intended to prevent all violence, yet ſtrike the orator with terror; ſo that even in the forum and during a trial, though attended with an uſeful and neceſſary guard, I cannot help being under ſome apprehenſions, at the ſame time I am ſenſible they are without foundation. Indeed, if I imagined it was ſtationed there in oppoſition to Milo, I ſhould give way, my lords, to the times; and conclude there was no room for an orator in the miſt of ſuch an armed force. But the prudence of Pompey, a man of ſuch diſtinguiſhed wiſdom and equity, both cheers and relieves me; whoſe juſtice will never ſuffer him to leave a perſon expoſed to the rage of the ſoldiery, whom

whom he has delivered up to a legal trial; nor his wisdom, to give the sanction of public authority to the outrages of a furious mob. Wherefore those arms, those centurions and cohorts, are so far from threatening me with danger, that they assure me of protection; they not only banish my fears, but inspire me with courage; and promise that I shall be heard not merely with safety, but with silence and attention. As to the rest of the assembly, those, at least, that are Roman citizens, they are all on our side; nor is there a single person of all that multitude of spectators, whom you see on all sides of us, as far as any part of the forum can be distinguished, waiting the event of the trial, who, while he favours Milo, does not think his own fate, that of his posterity, his country, and his property, likewise at stake.

There is indeed one set of men our inveterate enemies; they are those whom the madness of P. Clodius has trained up, and supported by plunder, firing of houses, and every species of public mischief; who were spirited up by the speeches of yesterday, to dictate to you what sentence you should pass. If these should chance to raise any clamour, it will only make you cautious how you part with a citizen who always despised that crew, and their loudest threatenings, where your safety was concerned. Act with spirit then, my lords, and if you ever entertained any fears, dismiss them all. For if ever you had it in your power to determine in favour of brave and worthy men, or of deserving citizens; in a word, if ever any occasion was presented to a number of persons selected from the most illustrious orders, of declaring, by their actions and their votes, that regard for the brave and virtuous, which they had often expressed by their looks and words; now is the time for you to exert this power in determining whether we, who have ever been devoted to your authority, shall spend the remainder of our days in grief and misery, or after having been so long insulted by the most abandoned citizens, shall at last through your means, by your fidelity, virtue and wisdom, recover our wonted life and vigour. For what, my lords, can be mentioned or conceived more grievous to us both; what more vexatious or trying, than that we who entered into the service of our country from the hopes of the highest honours, cannot even be free from the apprehen-

sions of the severest punishments? For my own part, I always took it for granted, that the other storms and tempests which are usually raised in popular tumults would beat upon Milo, because he has constantly approved himself the friend of good men in opposition to the bad; but in a public trial, where the most illustrious persons of all the orders of the state were to sit as judges, I never imagined that Milo's enemies could have entertained the least hope not only of destroying his safety, while such persons were upon the bench, but even of giving the least stain to his honour. In this cause, my lords, I shall take no advantage of Annius's tribuneship, nor of his important services to the state during the whole of his life, in order to make out his defence, unless you shall see that Clodius himself actually lay in wait for him; nor shall I intreat you to grant a pardon for one rash action, in consideration of the many glorious things he has performed for his country; nor require, that if Clodius's death prove a blessing to you, you should ascribe it rather to Milo's virtue, than the fortune of Rome: but if it should appear clearer than the day, that Clodius did really lie in wait, then I must beseech and adjure you, my lords, that if we have lost every thing else, we may at least be allowed, without fear of punishment, to defend our lives against the insolent attacks of our enemies.

But before I enter upon that which is the proper subject of our present enquiry, it will be necessary to confute those notions which have been often advanced by our enemies in the senate, often by a set of worthless fellows, and even lately by our accusers before an assembly, that having thus removed all ground of mistake, you may have a clearer view of the matter that is to come before you. They say, that a man who confesses he has killed another, ought not to be suffered to live. But where, pray, do these stupid people use this argument? Why truly, in that very city where the first person that was ever tried for a capital crime was the brave M. Horatius; who before the state was in possession of its liberty, was acquitted by the comitia of the Roman people, though he confessed he had killed his sister with his own hand. Can any one be so ignorant as not to know, that in cases of bloodshed the fact is either absolutely denied, or maintained to be just and lawful? Were it not so, P. Africanus must be reckoned

out of his senses, who, when he was asked in a seditious manner by the tribune Carbo before all the people, what he thought of Gracchus's death? said, that he deserved to die. Nor can Ahala Servilius, P. Nasica, L. Opimius, C. Marius, or the senate itself, during his consulate, be acquitted of the most enormous guilt, if it be a crime to put wicked citizens to death. It is not without reason therefore, my lords, that learned men have informed us, though in a fabulous manner, how that, when a difference arose in regard to the man who had killed his mother in revenge for his father's death, he was acquitted by a divine decree, nay, by a decree of the goddess of Wisdom herself. And if the twelve tables allow a man, without fear of punishment, to take away the life of a thief in the night, in whatever situation he finds him; and, in the day-time, if he uses a weapon in his defence; who can imagine that a person must universally deserve punishment for killing another, when he cannot but see that the laws themselves, in some cases, put a sword into our hands for this very purpose?

But if any circumstance can be alledged, and undoubtedly there are many such, in which the putting a man to death can be vindicated, that in which a person has acted upon the principle of self-defence, must certainly be allowed sufficient to render the action not only just, but necessary. When a military tribune, a relation of C. Marius, made an unnatural attempt upon the body of a soldier in that general's army, he was killed by the man to whom he offered violence; for the virtuous youth chose rather to expose his life to hazard, than submit to such dishonourable treatment; and he was acquitted by that great man, and delivered from all apprehensions of danger. But what death can be deemed unjust, that is inflicted on one who lies in wait for another, on one who is a public robber? To what purpose have we a train of attendants? or why are they furnished with arms? It would certainly be unlawful to wear them at all, if the use of them was absolutely forbid: for this, my lords, is not a written, but an innate law. We have not been taught it by the learned, we have not received it from our ancestors, we have not taken it from books; but it is derived from, it is forced upon us by nature, and stamped in indelible characters upon our very frame: it was not conveyed to us by instruction, but wrought

into our constitution; it is the dictate, not of education, but instinct, that if our lives should be at any time in danger from concealed or more open assaults of robbers or private enemies, every honourable method should be taken for our security. Laws, my lords, are silent amidst arms; nor do they require us to wait their decisions, when by such a delay one must suffer an undeserved punishment himself, rather than inflict it justly on another. Even the law itself, very wisely, and in some measure tacitly, allows of self-defence, as it does not forbid the killing of a man, but the carrying a weapon in order to kill him: since then the stress is laid not upon the weapon but the end for which it was carried, he that makes use of a weapon only to defend himself, can never be condemned as wearing it with an intention to take away a man's life. Therefore, my lords, let this principle be laid down as the foundation of our plea: for I don't doubt but I shall make out my defence to your satisfaction, if you only keep in mind what I think it is impossible for you to forget, that a man who lies in wait for another may be lawfully killed.

I come now to consider what is frequently insisted upon by Milo's enemies; that the killing of P. Clodius has been declared by the senate a dangerous attack upon the state. But the senate has declared their approbation of it, not only by their suffrages, but by the warmest testimonies in favour of Milo. For how often have I pleaded that very cause before them? How great was the satisfaction of the whole order! How loudly, how publicly did they applaud me! In the fullest house, when were there found four, at most five, who did not approve of Milo's conduct? This appears plainly from the lifeless harangues of that sined tribune, in which he was continually inveighing against my power, and alledging that the senate, in their decree, did not follow their own judgment, but were merely under my direction and influence. Which, if it must be called power, rather than a moderate share of authority in just and lawful cases, to which one may be entitled by services to his country; or some degree of interest with the worthy part of mankind, on account of my readiness to exert myself in defence of the innocent; let it be called so, provided it is employed for the protection of the virtuous against the fury of ruffians. But as for this extraordinary trial, though

I do not blame it, yet the senate never thought of granting it; because we had laws and precedents already, but in regard to murder and violence: nor did Clodius's death give them so much concern as to occasion an extraordinary commission. For if the senate was deprived of the power of passing sentence upon him for an incestuous debauch, who can imagine they would think it necessary to grant any extraordinary trial for enquiring into his death! Why then did the senate decree that burning the court, the assault upon M. Lepidus's house, and even the death of this man, were actions injurious to the republic? because every act of violence committed in a free state by one citizen against another, is an act against the state. For even force in one's own defence is never desirable, though it is sometimes necessary; unless indeed it be pretended that no wound was given the state, on the day when the Græchi were slain, and the armed force of Saturninus crushed.

When it appeared, therefore, that a man had been killed upon the Appian way, I was of opinion that the party who acted in his own defence should not be deemed an enemy to the state; but as both contrivance and force had been employed in the affair, I referred the merits of the cause to a trial, and admitted of the fact. And if that frantic tribune would have permitted the senate to follow their own judgment, we should at this time have had no new commission for a trial: for the senate was coming to a resolution, that the cause should be tried upon the old laws, only not according to the usual forms. A division was made in the vote, at whose request I know not; for it is not necessary to expose the crimes of every one. Thus the remainder of the senate's authority was destroyed by a mercenary interposition. But, it is said, that Pompey, by the bill which he brought in, decided both upon the nature of the fact in general, and the merits of this cause in particular. For he published a law concerning this encounter in the Appian way, in which P. Clodius was killed. But what was the law? why, that enquiry should be made into it. And what was to be enquired into? whether the fact was committed? But that is not disputed. By whom? that too is clear. For Pompey saw, though the fact was confessed, that the justice of it might be defended. If he had not seen that a person

might be acquitted, after making his confession, he would never have directed any enquiry to be made, nor have put into your hands, my lords, an acquitting as well as a favourable letter. But Cn. Pompey seems to me not only to have determined nothing severe against Milo, but even to have pointed out what you are to have in view in the course of the trial. For he who did not punish the confession of the fact, but allowed of a defence, was surely of opinion that the cause of the bloodshed was to be enquired into, and not the fact itself. I refer it to Pompey himself, whether the part he acted in this affair proceeded from his regard to the memory of P. Clodius, or from his regard to the times.

M. Drusus, a man of the highest quality, the defender, and in those times almost the patron, of the senate, uncle to that brave man M. Cato, now upon the bench, and tribune of the people, was killed in his own house. And yet the people were not consulted upon his death, nor was any commission for a trial granted by the senate on account of it. What deep distress is said to have spread over the whole city, when P. Africanus was assassinated in the night-time as he lay on his own bed? What breath did not then sigh, what heart was not pierced with grief, that a person, on whom the wishes of all men would have conferred immortality, could wishes have done it, should be cut off by so early a fate? was no decree made then for an enquiry into Africanus's death? None. And why? Because the crime is the same, whether the character of the persons that suffer be illustrious or obscure. Grant that there is a difference, as to the dignity of their lives, yet their deaths, when they are the effect of villainy, are judged by the same laws, and attended by the same punishments: unless it be a more heinous parricide for a man to kill his father if he be of a consular dignity, than if he were in a private station; or the guilt of Clodius's death be aggravated by his being killed amongst the monuments of his ancestors; for that too has been urged; as if the great Appius Cæcus had paved that road, not for the convenience of his country, but that his posterity might have the privilege of committing acts of violence with impunity. And accordingly when P. Clodius had killed M. Papius, a most accomplished person of the Equestrian order, on this Appian way,

his crime must pass unpunished; for a nobleman had only killed a Roman knight amongst the monuments of his own family. Now the very name of this Appian way what a stir does it make? what was never mentioned while it was stained with the blood of a worthy and innocent man, is in every one's mouth, now it is dyed with that of a robber and a murderer. But why do I mention these things? one of Clodius's slaves was seized in the temple of Castor, where he was placed by his master, on purpose to assassinate Pompey: he confessed it, as they were wresting the dagger out of his hands. Pompey absented from the forum upon it, he absented from the senate, he absented from the public. He had recourse, for his security, to the gates and walls of his own house, and not to the authority of laws, or courts of judicature. Was any law passed at that time? was any extraordinary commission granted? And yet, if any circumstance, if any person, if any juncture, ever merited such a distinction, it was certainly upon this occasion. An assassin was placed in the forum, and in the very porch of the senate-house, with a design to murder the man, on whose life depended the safety of the state; and at so critical a juncture of the republic, that if he had fallen, not this city alone, but the whole empire must have fallen with him. But possibly you may imagine he ought not to be punished, because his design did not succeed; as if the success of a crime, and not the intention of the criminal, was cognizable by the laws. There was less reason indeed for grief, as the attempt did not succeed; but certainly not at all the less for punishment. How often, my lords, have I myself escaped the threatening dagger, and bloody hands of Clodius? From which, if neither my own good fortune, nor that of the republic had preserved me, who would ever have procured an extraordinary trial upon my death?

But it is weak in one to presume to compare Drusus, Africanus, Pompey, or myself, with Clodius. Their lives could be dispensed with; but as to the death of P. Clodius, no one can hear it with any degree of patience. The senate mourns, the Equestrian order is filled with distress, the whole city is in the deepest affliction, the corporate towns are all in mourning, the colonies are overwhelmed with sorrow; in a word, even the fields themselves lament the loss of so generous, so useful, and

so humane a citizen. But this, my lords, is by no means the reason why Pompey thought himself obliged to appoint a commission for a trial; being a man of great wisdom, of deep and almost divine penetration, he took a great variety of things into his view. He considered that Clodius had been his enemy, that Milo was his intimate friend, and was afraid that, if he took his part in the general joy, it would render the sincerity of his reconciliation suspected. Many other things he saw, and particularly this, that though he had made a severe law, you would act with becoming resolution on the trial. And accordingly, in appointing judges, he selected the greatest ornaments of the most illustrious orders of the state; nor in making his choice, did he, as some have pretended, set aside my friends. For neither had this person, so eminent for his justice, any such design, nor was it possible for him to have made such a distinction, if only worthy men were chosen, even if he had been desirous of doing it. My influence is not confined to my particular friends, my lords, the number of whom cannot be very large, because the intimacies of friendship can extend but to a few. If I have any interest, it is owing to this, that the affairs of the state have connected me with the virtuous and worthy members of it; out of whom when he chose the most deserving, to which he would think himself bound in honour, he could not fail of nominating those who had an affection for me. But in fixing upon you, L. Domitius, to preside at this trial, he had no other motive than a regard to justice, disinterestedness, humanity and honour. He enacted that the president should be of consular rank; because, I suppose, he was of opinion that men of distinction ought to be proof against the levity of the populace, and the rashness of the abandoned; and he gave you the preference to all others of the same rank, because you had, from your youth, given the strongest proofs of your contempt of popular rage.

Therefore, my lords, to come at last to the cause itself, and the accusation brought against us; if it be not unusual in some cases to confess the fact; if the senate has decreed nothing with relation to our cause, but what we ourselves could have wished; if he who enacted the law, though there was no dispute about the matter of fact, was willing that the lawfulness of it should be debated; if a number of judges have
been

been chosen, and a person appointed to preside at the trial, who might canvass the affair with wisdom and equity; the only remaining subject of your enquiry is, which of these two parties way-laid the other. And that you may be able the more easily to determine this point, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair before you. P. Clodius being determined, when created praetor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold his office many months; not regarding, like the rest, the dignity of the station, but being solicitous both to avoid having L. Paulus, a man of exemplary virtue, for his colleague, and to obtain a whole year for oppressing the state; all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year, for exercising his praetorship; that is, for overturning the commonwealth. He was sensible he must be controuled and cramped in the exercise of his praetorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people. Accordingly, he joined the candidates that opposed Milo, but in such a manner that he over-ruled them in every thing, had the sole management of the election, and as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their councils, and formed a new Collinian tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that to brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul; when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He sent for that rude and barbarous crew of slaves from the Appennines, whom you have seen, with whom he used to ravage the public forests, and harass Etruria. The thing was not in the least a secret; for he used openly to say, that though Milo could not be deprived of the consulate, he might of his life. He often intimated this in the se-

nate, and declared it expressly before the people; inasmuch that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive; he replied, that in three or four days at most he should be taken out of the way: which reply Favonius immediately communicated to M. Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew, (nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence) that Milo was obliged by the eighteenth of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a priest, a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as appears by the event, to way-lay Milo, in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs; a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villainy. But Milo, after having staid in the senate that day till the house was broke up, went home, changed his shoes and cloaths, waited awhile, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. Clodius meets him, equipped for an engagement, on horseback, without either chariot or baggage, without his Grecian servants; and, what was more extraordinary, without his wife. While this liar-in-wait, who had contrived the journey on purpose for an assassination, was in a chariot with his wife, muffled up in his cloak, encumbered with a crowd of servants, and with a feeble and timid train of women and boys; he meets Clodius near his own estate, a little before sun-set, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot in order to attack Milo in the rear, whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind; these, being resolute and faithful to their

masters,

master, were, some of them, slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be fact, acted upon this occasion (I mention it not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case) without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather, audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves in particular, and to all good men; I am content to wave the argument I might draw from hence in favour of my client, whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in general, and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods, you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once before this made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed; for that we grant; but whether justly or unjustly, an enquiry of which many precedents are to be found. That a plot was laid is very evident; and this is what the senate decreed to be injurious to the state: but by which of them laid, is uncertain. This then is the point which the law directs us to enquire into. Thus, what the senate decreed, related to the action, not the man; and Pompey enacted not upon the matter of fact but of law.

Is nothing else therefore to be determined but this single question, which of them way-laid the other? Nothing, certainly. If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit us of the crime that has been laid to our charge. What method then can we take to prove that Clodius lay in wait for Milo? It is sufficient, considering what an audacious abandoned wretch he was, to shew that he lay under a strong temptation to it, that he formed great hopes, and proposed to himself great advantages from Milo's death. Let that question of Cassius therefore, *whose interest was it?* be applied to the present case. For though no consideration can prevail upon a good man to be guilty of a base action, yet to a bad man the least prospect of advantage will often be sufficient. By Milo's death, Clodius not only gained his point of being prætor, without that restraint which his adversary's power as consul would have laid upon his wicked designs, but likewise that of being prætor under those consuls, by whose connivance at least, if not assistance, he hoped he should be able to betray the state into the mad schemes he had been forming; persuading himself, that as they thought themselves under so great an obligation to him, they would have no inclination to oppose any of his attempts, even if they should have it in their power; and that if they were inclined to do it, they would perhaps be scarce able to controul the most profligate of all men, who had been confirmed and hardened in his audaciousness by a long series of villanies. Are you then, my lords, alone ignorant? are you strangers in this city? Has the report, which so generally obtains in the town, of those laws (if they are to be called laws, and not rather the scourges of the city and the plagues of the republic) which he intended to have imposed and fixed as a brand of infamy upon us all, never reached your ears? Shew us, I beg of you, Sextus Clodius, shew us, that register of your laws; which, they say, you rescued out of his house, and carried off like another Palladium, in the midst of an armed force and a midnight mob; that you might have an honourable legacy, and ample instructions for some future tribune, who should hold his office under your direction, if such a tribune you could find. Now he casts a look at me, like that he used

to assume when he threatened univerfal ruin. I am indeed struck with that light of the fenate.

What, Sextus, do you imagine I am angry with you, who have treated my greateft enemy with more feverity than the humanity of my temper could have allowed me to have required? You threw the bloody body of P. Clodius out of his houfe, you expofed it to public view in the ftreets, you left it by night a prey to the dogs, half confumed with unhallowed wood, ftript of its images, and deprived of the ufual encomiums and funeral pomp. This, though it is true you did it out of mere neceffity, I cannot commend: yet as my enemy was the object of your cruelty, I ought not certainly to be angry with you. You faw there was the greateft reason to dread a revolution in the ftate from the prætorfhip of Clodius, unlefs the man, who had both courage and power to controul him, were chofen conful. When all the Roman people were convinced that Milo was the man, what citizen could have hefitated a moment about giving him his vote, when by that vote he at once relieved his own fears, and delivered the republic from the utmoft danger? But now Clodius is taken off, it requires extraordinary efforts in Milo to fupport his dignity. That fingular honour by which he was diftinguifhed, and which daily increased by his repressing the outrages of the Clodian faction, vanifhed with the death of Clodius. You have gained this advantage, that there is now no citizen you have to fear; while Milo has loit a fine field for displaying his valour, the intereft that fupported his election, and a perpetual fource of glory. Accordingly, Milo's election to the confulate, which could never have been hurt while Clodius was living, begins now upon his death to be difputed. Milo, therefore, is fo far from receiving any benefit from Clodius's death, that he is really a fufferer by it. But it may be faid that hatred prevailed, that anger and refentment urged him on, that he avenged his own wrongs, and redreffed his own grievances. Now if all thefe particulars may be applied not merely with greater propriety to Clodius than to Milo, but with the utmoft propriety to the one, and not the leaft to the other; what more can you defire? For why fhould Milo bear any other hatred to Clodius, who furnifhed him with fuch a rich

harveft of glory, but that which every patriot muft bear to all bad men? As to Clodius, he had motives enough for bearing ill-will to Milo; firft, as my proteftor and guardian; then as the oppofer of his mad fchemes, and the controuler of his armed force; and, laftly, as his accufer. For while he lived, he was liable to be convicted by Milo upon the Plotian law. With what patience, do you imagine, fuch an imperious fpirit could bear this? How high muft his refentment have rifen, and with what juftice too, in fo great an enemy to juftice?

It remains now to confider what arguments their natural temper and behaviour will furnifh out in defence of the one, and for the conviction of the other. Clodius never made ufe of any violence, Milo never carried any point without it. What then, my lords, when I retired from this city, leaving you in tears for my departure, did I fear ftanding a trial: and not rather the infults of Clodius's faves, the force of arms, and open violence? What reason could there be for reftoring me, if he was not guilty of injuftice in banifhing me? He had fummoned me, I know he had, to appear upon my trial; had fet a fine upon me, had brought an action of treafon againft me, and I had reason to fear the event of a trial in a caufe that was neither glorious for you, nor very honourable for myfelf. No, my lords, this was not the cafe; I was unwilling to expofe my countrymen, whom I had faved by my counfels and at the hazard of my life, to the fwords of faves, indigent citizens, and a crew of ruffians. For I faw, yes, I myfelf beheld this very Q. Hortenfius, the light and ornament of the republic, almoft murdered by the hands of faves, while he waited on me: and it was in the fame tumult, that C. Vibienus, a fenator of great worth, who was in his company, was handled fo roughly, that it coft him his life. When, therefore, has that dagger, which Clodius received from Catiline, refted in its fheath? it has been aimed at me; but I would not fuffer you to expofe yourselves to its rage on my account; with it he lay in wait for Pompey, and ftained the Appian way, that monument of the Clodian family, with the blood of Papius. The fame, the very fame weapon was, after a long diftance of time, again turned againft me; and you know how narrowly I efaped being deftroyed by it

lately at the palace. What now of this kind can be laid to Milo's charge? whose force has only been employed to save the state from the violence of Clodius, when he could not be brought to a trial. Had he been inclined to kill him, how often had he the fairest opportunities of doing it? Might he not legally have revenged himself upon him, when he was defending his house and household gods against his assault? Might he not, when that excellent citizen and brave man, P. Sextus, his colleague, was wounded? might he not, when Q. Fabricius, that worthy man, was abused, and a most barbarous slaughter made in the forum, upon his proposing the law for my restoration? might he not, when the house of L. Cæcilius, that upright and brave prætor was attacked? might he not, on that day when the law passed in relation to me? when a vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, animated with a concern for my safety, would, with joyful voice, have celebrated the glory of the action, and the whole city have claimed the honour of what was performed by Milo alone?

At that time P. Lentulus, a man of distinguished worth and bravery, was consul; the professed enemy of Clodius, the avenger of his crimes, the guardian of the senate, the defender of your decrees, the supporter of that public union, and the restorer of my safety: there were seven prætors, and eight tribunes of the people in my interest, in opposition to him. Pompey, the first mover and patron of my return, was his enemy; whose important and illustrious decree for my restoration was seconded by the whole senate; who encouraged the Roman people, and when he passed a decree in my favour at Capua, gave the signal to all Italy, solicitous for my safety, and imploring his assistance in my behalf, to repair in a body to Rome to have my sentence reversed. In a word, the citizens were then so inflamed with rage against him from their affection to me, that had he been killed at that juncture, they would not have thought so much of acquitting as of rewarding the person by whose hand he fell. And yet Milo so far governed his temper, that though he prosecuted him twice in a court of judicature, he never had recourse to violent measures against him. But what do I say? while Milo was a private person, and stood accused by Clodius before the people, when Pompey was assaulted in the

midst of a speech he was making in Milo's favour, what a fair opportunity, and I will even add, sufficient reason was there for dispatching him? Again, when Mark Antony had, on a late occasion, raised in the minds of all good men the most lively hopes of seeing the state in a happier condition; when that noble youth had bravely undertaken the defence of his country in a most dangerous quarter, and had actually secured that wild beast in the toils of justice, which he endeavoured to avoid: Immortal gods! how favourable was the time and place for destroying him? When Clodius concealed himself beneath a dark flair-case, how easily could Milo have destroyed that plague of his country, and thus have heightened the glory of Antony, without incurring the hatred of any? How often was it in his power, while the comitia were held in the field of Mars? when Clodius had forced his way within the inclosure, and his party began, by his direction, to draw their swords and throw stones; and then on a sudden, being struck with terror at the sight of Milo, fled to the Tiber, how earnestly did you and every good man wish that Milo had then displayed his valour?

Can you imagine then that Milo would chuse to incur the ill-will of any, by an action which he forbore when it would have gained him the applause of all? Would he make no scruple of killing him at the hazard of his own life, without any provocation, at the most improper time and place, whom he did not venture to attack when he had justice on his side, had so convenient an opportunity, and would have run no risque? especially, my lords, when his struggle for the supreme office in the state, and the day of his election was at hand; at which critical season (for I know by experience how timorous ambition is, and what a solicitous concern there is about the consulate) we dread not only the charges that may openly be brought against us, but even the most secret whispers and hidden surmises; when we tremble at every rumour, every false, forged, and frivolous story; when we explore the features, and watch the looks of every one we meet. For nothing is so changeable, so ticklish, so frail and so flexible, as the inclinations and sentiments of our fellow-citizens upon such occasions; they are not only displeas'd with the dishonourable conduct of a candidate, but are often disgust'd with his most worthy actions. Shall Milo then be

be supposed, on the very day of election, a day which he had long wished for and impatiently expected, to present himself before that august assembly of the centuries, having his hands stained with blood, publicly acknowledging and proclaiming his guilt? Who can believe this of the man? yet who can doubt, but that Clodius imagined he should reign without controul, were Milo murdered? What shall we say, my lords, to that which is the source of all audaciousness? Does not every one know, that the hope of impunity is the grand temptation to the commission of crimes? Now which of these two was the most exposed to this? Milo, who is now upon his trial for an action which must be deemed at least necessary, if not glorious; or Clodius, who had so thorough a contempt for the authority of the magistrate, and for penalties, that he took delight in nothing that was either agreeable to nature or consistent with law? But why should I labour this point so much, why dispute any longer? I appeal to you, Q. Petilius, who are a most worthy and excellent citizen; I call you, Marcus Cato, to witness; both of you placed on that tribunal by a kind of supernatural direction. You were told by M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you were told it in Clodius's life-time, that Milo should not live three days longer. In three days time he attempted what he had threatened: if he then made no scruple of publishing his design, can you entertain any doubt of it when it was actually carried into execution?

But how could Clodius be certain as to the day? This I have already accounted for. There was no difficulty in knowing when the dictator of Lanuvium was to perform his stated sacrifices. He saw that Milo was obliged to set out for Lanuvium on that very day. Accordingly he was before-hand with him. But on what day? that day, on which, as I mentioned before, a mad assembly was held by his mercenary tribune; which day, which assembly, which tumult, he would never have left, if he had not been eager to execute his meditated villainy. So that he had not the least pretence for undertaking the journey, but a strong reason for staying at home: while Milo, on the contrary, could not possibly stay, and had not on'y a sufficient reason for leaving the city, but was under an absolute necessity of doing it. Now what if it appear that, as Clodius certainly knew

Milo would be on the road that day, Milo could not so much as suspect the same or Clodius? First then, I ask which way he could come at the knowledge of it? A question which you cannot put, with respect to Clodius. For had he applied to no body else, T. Patinas, his intimate friend, could have informed him, that Milo, as being dictator of Lanuvium, was obliged to create a priest there on that very day. Besides, there were many other persons, all the inhabitants of Lanuvium indeed, from whom he might have very easily had this piece of intelligence. But of whom did Milo enquire of Clodius's return? I shall allow, however, that he did enquire; nay, I shall grant farther, with my friend Arrius, so liberal am I in my concessions, that he corrupted a slave. Read the evidence that is before you: C. Cassinius of Interamna, surnamed Scola, an intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius, who swore on a former occasion that Clodius was at Interamna and at Rome at the same hour, tells you that P. Clodius intended to have spent that day at his seat near Alba, but that hearing very unexpectedly of the death of Cyrus the architect, he determined immediately to return to Rome. The same evidence is given in by C. Clodius, another companion of P. Clodius.

Observe, my lords, how much this evidence makes for us. In the first place it plainly appears, that Milo did not undertake his journey with a design to way-lay Clodius, as he could not have the least prospect of meeting him. In the next place, (for I see no reason why I should not likewise speak for myself) you know, my lords, there were persons who in their zeal for carrying on this prosecution did not scruple to say, that though the murder was committed by the hand of Milo, the plot was laid by a more eminent person. In a word, those worthless and abandoned wretches represented me as a robber and assassin. But this calumny is confuted by their own witnesses, who deny that Clodius would have returned to Rome that day, if he had not heard of the death of Cyrus. Thus I recover my spirits; I am acquitted, and am under no apprehensions, lest I should seem to have contrived what I could not so much as have suspected. Proceed I now to their other objections; Clodius, say they, had not the least thought of way-laying Milo, because he was to have remained at Albanum, and would

never have gone from his country-seat to commit a murder. But I plainly perceive that the person, who is pretended to have informed him of Cyrus's death, only informed him of Milo's approach. For why inform him of the death of Cyrus, whom Clodius, when he went from Rome, left expiring? I was with him, and sealed up his will along with Clodius; for he had publicly made his will, and appointed Clodius and me his heirs. Was a messenger sent him then by four o'clock the next day to acquaint him with the death of a person, whom but the day before, about nine in the morning, he had left breathing his last?

Allowing it however to be so, what reason was there for hurrying back to Rome? For what did he travel in the night-time? what occasioned all this dispatch? was it because he was the heir? In the first place this required no hurry; and, in the next, if it had, what could he have got that night, which he must have lost, had he come to Rome only next morning? And as a journey to town in the night was rather to be avoided than desired by Clodius, so if Milo had formed any plot against his enemy, and had known that he was to return to town that evening, he would have stopped and waited for him. He might have killed him by night in a suspicious place, infested with robbers. Nobody could have disbelieved him if he had denied the fact, since even after he has confessed it, every one is concerned for his safety. First of all, the place itself would have been charged with it, being a haunt and retreat for robbers; while the silent solitude and shades of night must have concealed Milo; and then as such numbers have been assaulted and plundered by Clodius, and so many others were apprehensive of the like treatment, the suspicion must naturally have fallen upon them; and, in short, all Etruria might have been prosecuted. But it is certain that Clodius, in his return that day from Aricia, called at Albanum. Now though Milo had known that Clodius had left Aricia, yet he had reason to suspect that he would call at his seat which lies upon the road, even though he was that day to return to Rome. Why then did he not either meet him sooner and prevent his reaching it, or post himself where he was sure Clodius was to pass in the night-time? Thus far, my lords, every circumstance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's

interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that on one side there was a most implacable hatred, on the other not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew nothing when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark, but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any room for doubt, or for any farther deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great inconvenience? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot,

chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, falling out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? in the evening; what urged him late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Alifum. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

Now please to compare the travelling equipage of a determined robber with that of Milo. Clodius, before that day, always travelled with his wife; he was then without her: he never used to travel but in his chariot; he was then on horseback: he was attended with Greeks wherever he went, even when he was hurrying to the Tuscan camp; at that time he had nothing insignificant in his retinue. Milo, contrary to his usual manner, happened then to take with him his wife's fingers, and a whole train of her women: Clodius, who never failed to carry his whores, his Catamites, and his bawds along with him, was then attended by none but those who seemed to be picked out by one another. How came he then to be overcome? Because the traveller is not always killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber by the traveller; because, though Clodius was prepared, and fell upon those who were unprepared, yet Clodius was but a woman, and they were men. Nor indeed was Milo ever so little unprepared, as not to be a match for him almost at any time. He was always sensible how much it was Clodius's interest to get rid of him, what an inveterate hatred he bore to him, and what audacious attempts he was capable of; and therefore as he knew that a price was set upon his life, and that it was in a manner devoted to destruction, he never exposed it to any danger without a guard. Add to this effect of accidents, the uncertain issue of all combats, and the common chance of war, which often turns against the victor, even when ready to plunder and triumph over the vanquished. Add the unskilfulness of a gluttonous, drunken, stupid leader, who when he had surrounded his adversary, never thought of his attendants that were behind; from whom, fired with rage, and despairing of their master's life, he suffered the punishment which those faithful slaves inflicted in re-

venge for their master's death. Why then did he give them their freedom? He was afraid, I suppose, lest they should betray him, lest they should not be able to endure pain, lest the torture should oblige them to confess that P. Clodius was killed by Milo's servants on the Appian way. But what occasion for torture? what was you to extort? If Clodius was killed? he was: but whether lawfully or unlawfully, can never be determined by torture. When the question relates to the matter of fact, we may have recourse to the executioner; but when to a point of equity, the judge must decide.

Let us then here examine into what is to be the subject of enquiry in the present case; for as to what you would extort by torture, we confess it all. But if you ask why he gave them their freedom, rather than why he bestowed so small a reward upon them, it shews that you do not even know how to find fault with this action of your adversary. For M. Cato, who sits on this bench, and who always speaks with the utmost resolution and steadiness, said, and said it in a tumultuous assembly, which however was quelled by his authority, that those who had defended their master's life, well deserved not only their liberty, but the highest rewards. For what reward can be great enough for such affectionate, such worthy and faithful servants, to whom their master is indebted for his life? And which is yet a higher obligation, to whom he owes it, that his most inveterate enemy has not sealed his eyes, and satiated his wishes, with the sight of his mangled bloody corpse. Who, if they had not been made free, these deliverers of their master, these avengers of guilt, these defenders of innocent blood, must have been put to the torture. It is matter, however, of no small satisfaction to him, under his present misfortunes, to reflect, that whatever becomes of himself, he has had it in his power to reward them as they deserved. But the torture that is now inflicting in the porch of the temple of Liberty, bears hard upon Milo. Upon whose slaves is it inflicted? do you ask? on those of P. Clodius. Who demanded them? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. From whence came they? from Appius. Good gods! can any thing be more severe? Servants are never examined against their masters but in cases of incest, as in the instance of Clodius, who now approaches nearer the gods, than when he

made

made his way into their very presence; for the same enquiry is made into his death, as if their sacred mysteries had been violated. But our ancestors would not allow a slave to be put to the torture for what affected his master, not because the truth could not thus be discovered, but because their masters thought it dishonourable and worse than death itself. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Roscio, call in Casca. Did Clodius way-lay Milo? He did. Drag them instantly to execution: he did not. Let them have their liberty, What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination? They are hurried away on a sudden to the rack, but are confined separately, and thrown into dungeons, that no person may have an opportunity of speaking to them: At last, after having been, for a hundred days, in the hands of the prosecutor, he himself produces them. What can be more fair and impartial than such an examination?

But if, my lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had intrusted with the care of the whole republic, all the youth of Italy, and all the military force of Rome: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause; especially as that person heard every report, was apprehensive of very great danger, had many suspicions, and gave credit to some stories. Great, my lords, is the force of conscience; great both in the innocent and the guilty; the first have no fears, while the other imagine their punishment is continually before their eyes. Nor indeed is it without good reason that

Milo's cause has ever been approved by the senate; for those wise men perceived the justice of his cause, his presence of mind, and the resolution with which he made his defence. Have you forgot, my lords, when the news of Clodius's death had reached us, what were the reports and opinions that prevailed, not only amongst the enemies of Milo, but even amongst some other weak persons, who affirmed that Milo would not return to Rome? For if he committed the fact in the heat of passion, from a principle of resentment, they imagined he would look upon the death of P. Clodius as of such consequence, that he could be content to go into banishment, after having satiated his revenge with the blood of his enemy; or if he put him to death with a view to the safety of his country, they were of opinion that the same brave man, after he had saved the state by exposing his own life to danger, would cheerfully submit to the laws, and leaving us to enjoy the blessings he had preserved, be satisfied himself with immortal glory. Others talked in a more frightful manner, and called him a Catiline; he will break out, said they, he will seize some strong place, he will make war upon his country. How wretched is often the fate of those citizens who have done the most important services to their country! their noblest actions are not only forgot, but they are even suspected of the most impious. These suggestions therefore were groundless: yet they must have proved too well founded, had Milo done any thing that could not be defended with truth and justice.

Why should I mention the calumnies that were afterwards heaped upon him? And though they were such as would have filled any breast with terror that had the least consciousness of guilt, yet how he bore them! Immortal gods! bore them, did I say? Nay, how he despised and set them at nought! Though a guilty person even of the greatest courage, nor an innocent person, unless endued with the greatest fortitude, could never have neglected them. It was whispered about, that a vast number of shields, swords, bridles, darts, and javelins might be found; that there was not a street nor lane in the city, where Milo had not hired a house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his seat at Oericulum; that his house on the Capitoline hill was filled with shields; and that every other place was full of hand-granades for firing the city. These

stories

stories were not only reported, but almost believed; nor were they looked upon as groundless till after a search was made. I could not indeed but applaud the wonderful diligence of Pompey upon the occasion: but to tell you freely, my lords, what I think: those who are charged with the care of the whole republic, are obliged to hear too many stories; nor indeed is it in their power to avoid it. He could not refuse an audience to a poultry fellow of a priest, Licinius I think he is called, who gave information that Milo's slaves, having got drunk at his house, confessed to him a plot they had formed to murder Pompey, and that afterwards one of them had stabbed him, to prevent his discovering it. Pompey received this intelligence at his gardens. I was sent for immediately; and by the advice of his friends the affair was laid before the senate. I could not help being in the greatest consternation, to see the guardian both of me and my country under so great an apprehension; yet I could not help wondering, that such credit was given to a butcher; that the confessions of a parcel of drunken slaves should be read; and that a wound in the side, which seemed to be the prick only of a needle, should be taken for the thrust of a gladiator. But, as I understand, Pompey was shewing his caution, rather than his fear; and was disposed to be suspicious of every thing, that you might have reason to fear nothing. There was a rumour also, that the house of C. Caesar, so eminent for his rank and courage, was attacked for several hours in the night. No body heard, no body perceived any thing of it, though the place was so public; yet the affair was thought fit to be enquired into. I could never suspect a man of Pompey's distinguished valour, of being timorous; nor yet think any caution too great in one, who has taken upon himself the defence of the whole republic. A senator too, in a full house, affirmed lately in the capitol, that Milo had a dagger under his gown at that very time: upon which he tript himself in that most sacred temple, that, since his life and manness could not gain him credit, the thing itself might speak for him.

These stories were all discovered to be false malicious forgeries: but if, after all, Milo must still be feared; it is no longer the affair of Clodius, but your suspicions, Pompey, which we dread: your, your suspicions, I say, and speak it so, that you

may hear me. If you are afraid of Milo, if you imagine that he is either now forming, or has ever before contrived, any wicked design against your life; if the forces of Italy, as some of your agents alledge, if this armed force, if the Capitoline troops, if these centries and guards, if the chosen band of young men that guard your person and your house, are armed against the assaults of Milo; if all these precautions are taken and pointed against him, great undoubtedly must be his strength, and incredible his valour, far surpassing the forces and power of a single man, since the most eminent of all our generals is fixed upon, and the whole republic armed to resist him. But who does not know, that all the infirm and feeble parts of the state are committed to your care, to be restored and strengthened by this armed force? Could Milo have found an opportunity, he would immediately have convinced you, that no man ever had a stronger affection for another than he has for you; that he never declined any danger, where your dignity was concerned; that, to raise your glory, he often encountered that monster Clodius; that his tribunate was employed, under your direction, in securing my safety, which you had then so much at heart; that you afterwards protected him, when his life was in danger, and used your interest for him, when he stood for the pratorship; that there were two persons whose warmest friendship he hoped he might always depend upon; yourself, on account of the obligations you laid him under, and me on account of the favours I received from him. If he had failed in the proof of all this; if your suspicions had been so deeply rooted as not to be removed; if Italy, in a word, must never have been free from new levies, nor the city from arms, without Milo's destruction, he would not have scrupled, such is his nature and principles, to bid adieu to his country: but first he would have called upon thee, O thou great one, as he now does.

Consider how uncertain and variable the condition of life is, how unsettled and inconstant a thing fortune; what unfaithfulness is to be found amongst friends; what disguises suited to times and circumstances; what desertion, what cowardice in our dangers, even of those who are dearest to us. There will, there will, I say, be a time, and the day will certainly come, when you, with safety still, I hope, to your fortunes, though

though changed perhaps by some turn of the common times, which, as experience shews, will often happen to us all, may want the affection of the friendliest, the fidelity of the worthiest, and the courage of the bravest man living. Though who can believe that Pompey, so well skilled in the laws of Rome, in ancient usages, and the constitution of his country, when the senate had given it him in charge, to see that *the republic received no detriment*; a sentence always sufficient for arming the consuls without assigning them an armed force; that he, I say, when an army and a chosen band of soldiers were assigned him, should wait the event of this trial, and defend the conduct of the man who wanted to abolish trials? It was sufficient that Pompey cleared Milo from those charges that were advanced against him, by enacting a law, according to which, in my opinion, Milo ought, and by the confession of all, might lawfully be acquitted. But by sitting in that place, attended by a numerous guard assigned him by public authority, he sufficiently declares his intention is not to overawe, (for what can be more unworthy a man of his character, than to oblige you to condemn a person, whom, from numerous precedents, and by virtue of his own authority, he might have punished himself) but to protect you: he means only to convince you that, notwithstanding yesterday's riotous assembly, you are at full liberty to pass sentence according to your own judgments.

But, my lords, the Clodian accusation gives me no concern; for I am not so stupid, so void of all experience, or so ignorant of your sentiments, as not to know your opinion in relation to the death of Clodius. And though I had not refuted the charge, as I have done, yet Milo might, with safety, have made the following glorious declaration in public, though a false one; I have slain, I have slain, not a Sp. Mælius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power, because he courted the favour of the people by lowering the price of corn, and bestowing extravagant presents to the ruin of his own estate; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who seditiously deposed his colleague from his magistracy; though even their destroyers have filled the world with the glory of their exploits: but I have slain the man (for he had a right to use this language, who had saved his country at the hazard of his own life) whose abominable adul-

teries our noblest matrons discovered even in the most sacred recesses of the immortal gods: the man, by whose punishment the senate frequently determined to atone for the violation of our religious rites: the man whose incest with his own sister, Lucullus swore he had discovered, by due examination: the man who, by the violence of his slaves, expelled a person esteemed by the senate, the people, and all nations, as the preserver of the city and the lives of the citizens: the man, who gave and took away kingdoms, and parcelled out the world to whom he pleased: the man who, after having committed several murders in the forum, by force of arms obliged a citizen of illustrious virtue and character to confine himself within the walls of his own house: the man, who thought no instance of villainy or lust unlawful: the man, who fired the table of the Nymphs, in order to destroy the public register, which contained the censure of his crimes; in a word, the man, who governed himself by no law, disregarded all civil institutions, and observed no bounds in the division of property; who never attempted to seize the estate of another by quirks of law, suborned evidence, or false oaths, but employed the more effectual means of regular troops, encampments, and standards; who by his armed forces endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Tuscan (for them he utterly despised) but Q. Varius, one of our judges, that brave man and worthy citizen; who with his architects and measures traversed the estates and gardens of a great many citizens, and grasped in his own imagination all that lies between Janiculum and the Alps; who when he could not persuade Titus Pécavius, an illustrious and brave Roman knight, to sell an island upon the Pretian lake, immediately conveyed timber, stone, mortar and sand, into the island in boats, and made no scruple of building a house on another person's estate, even while the proprietor was viewing him from the opposite bank; who had the impudence, immortal gods! to declare to such a man as Titus Furfanius (for I shall omit the affair relating to the widow Scantia, and the young Apronius, both of whom he threatened with death, if they did not yield to him the possession of their gardens); who had the impudence, I say, to declare to Titus Furfanius, that if he did not give him the sum of money he demanded, he would convey

convey a dead body into his house, in order to expose so eminent a man to the public odium; who dispossessed his brother Appius of his estate in his absence, a man united to me in the closest friendship; who attempted to run a wall through a court-yard belonging to his sister, and to build it in such a manner as not only to render the court-yard useless, but to deprive her of all entrance and access to her house.

Yet all these violences were tolerated, though committed no less against the commonwealth than against private persons, against the remotest as well as the nearest, strangers as well as relations; but the amazing patience of Rome was become, I know not how, perfectly hardened and callous. Yet by what means could you have warded off those dangers that were more immediate and threatening, or how could you have submitted to his government, if he had obtained it? I pass by our allies, foreign nations, kings and princes; for it was your ardent prayer that he would turn himself loose upon those rather than upon your estates, your houses, and your money. Your money did I say? By heavens, he had never restrained his unbridled lust from violating your wives and children. Do you imagine that these things are mere fictions? are they not evident? not publicly known? not remembered by all? Is it not notorious that he attempted to raise an army of slaves, strong enough to make him master of the whole republic, and of the property of every Roman? Wherefore if Milo, holding the bloody dagger in his hand, had cried aloud, Citizens, I beseech you draw near and attend: I have killed Publius Clodius: with this right-hand, with this dagger, I have saved your lives from that fury, which no laws, no government could restrain: to me alone it is owing, that justice, equity, laws, liberty, modesty, and decency, have yet a being in Rome: could there be any room for Milo to fear how his country would take it? Who is there now that does not approve and applaud it? Where is the man that does not think and declare it as his opinion, that Milo has done the greatest possible service to his country; that he has spread joy amongst the inhabitants of Rome, of all Italy, and the whole world? I cannot indeed determine how high the transports of the Roman people may have risen in former times, this present age however has been witness to many signal victories

of the bravest generals; but none of them ever occasioned such real and lasting joy. Commit this, my lords, to your memoirs. I hope that you and your children will enjoy many blessings in the republic, and that each of them will be attended with this reflection, that if P. Clodius had lived, you would have enjoyed none of them. We now entertain the highest, and, I trust, the best-grounded hopes, that so excellent a person being consul, the licentiousness of men being curbed, their schemes broke, law and justice established, the present will be a most fortunate year to Rome. But who is so stupid as to imagine this would have been the case had Clodius lived? How could you possibly have been secure in the possession of what belongs to you, of your own private property, under the tyranny of such a fury?

I am not afraid, my lords, that I should seem to let my resentment for personal injuries rise so high, as to charge these things upon him with more freedom than truth. For though it might be expected this should be the principal motive, yet so common an enemy was he to all mankind, that my aversion to him was scarcely greater than that of the whole world. It is impossible to express, or indeed to imagine, what a villain, what a pernicious monster he was. But, my lords, attend to this; the present trial relates to the death of Clodius: form now in your minds (for our thoughts are free, and represent what they please just in the same manner as we perceive what we see) form, I say, in your minds the picture of what I shall now describe. Suppose I could persuade you to acquit Milo, on condition that Clodius should revive. Why do your countenances betray these marks of fear? how would he affect you when living, if the bare imagination of him, though he is dead, so powerfully strikes you? what! if Pompey himself, a man possessed of that merit and fortune which enable him to effect what no one besides can; if he, I say, had it in his power either to appoint Clodius's death to be enquired into, or to raise him from the dead, which do you think he would chuse? Though from a principle of friendship he might be inclined to raise him from the dead, yet a regard to his country would prevent him. You therefore sit as the avengers of that man's death, whom you would not recall to life if you were able; and enquiry is made into his death by a
law

Law which would not have passed if it could have brought him to life. If his destroyer then should confess the fact, need he fear to be punished by those whom he has delivered? The Greeks render divine honours to those who put tyrants to death. What have I seen at Athens? what in other cities of Greece? what ceremonies were instituted for such heroes? what hymns? what songs? The honours paid them were almost equal to those paid to the immortal gods. And will you not only refuse to pay any honours to the preserver of so great a people, and the avenger of such execrable villainies, but even suffer him to be dragged to punishment? He would have confessed, I say, had he done the action; he would have bravely and freely confessed that he did it for the common good; and, indeed, he ought not only to have confessed, but to have proclaimed it.

For if he does not deny an action for which he desires nothing but pardon, is it likely that he would scruple to confess what he might hope to be rewarded for? unless he thinks it is more agreeable to you, that he should defend his own life, than the lives of your order; especially, as by such a confession, if you were inclined to be grateful, he might expect to obtain the noblest honours. But if you had not approved of the action (though how is it possible that a person can disapprove of his own safety!) if the courage of the bravest man alive had not been agreeable to his countrymen; he would have departed with steadiness and resolution from so ungrateful a city. For what can shew greater ingratitude, than that all should rejoice, while he alone remained disconsolate, who was the cause of all the joy? Yet, in destroying the enemies of our country, this has been our constant persuasion, that as the glory would be ours, so we should expect our share of odium and danger. For what praise had been due to me, when in my consulate I made so many hazardous attempts for you and your posterity, if I could have proposed to carry my designs into execution without the greatest struggles and difficulties? what woman would not dare to kill the most villainous and outrageous citizen, if she had no danger to fear? But the man who bravely defends his country with the prospect of public odium, danger, and death, is a man indeed. It is the duty of a grateful people to bestow distinguished ho-

nours upon distinguished patriots; and it is the part of a brave man, not to be induced by the greatest sufferings to repent of having boldly discharged his duty. Milo therefore might have made the confession which Ahala, Nafica, Opimius, Marius, and I myself, formerly made. And had his country been grateful, he might have rejoiced; if ungrateful, his conscience must still have supported him under ingratitude. But that gratitude is due to him for this favour, my lords, the fortune of Rome, your own preservation, and the immortal gods, all declare. Nor is it possible that any man can think otherwise, but he who denies the existence of an over-ruling power or divine providence; who is unaffected by the majesty of your empire, the sun itself, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the changes and laws of nature, and, above all, the wisdom of our ancestors, who religiously observed the sacred rites, ceremonies, and auspices, and carefully transmitted them to their posterity.

There is, there certainly is such a Power; nor can this grand and beautiful fabric of nature be without an animating principle, when these bodies and feeble frames of ours are endowed with life and perception. Unless perhaps men think otherwise, because it is not immediately discerned by them; as if we could discern that principle of wisdom and foresight by which we act and speak, or even could discover the manner and place of its existence. This, this is the very power which has often, in a wonderful manner, crowned Rome with glory and prosperity; which has destroyed and removed this plague; which inspired him with presumption to irritate by violence, and provoke by the sword, the bravest of men, in order to be conquered by him; a victory over whom would have procured him eternal impunity, and full scope to his audaciousness. This, my lords, was not effected by human prudence, nor even by the common care of the immortal gods. Our sacred places themselves, by heavens, which saw this monster fall, seemed to be interested in his fate, and to vindicate their rights in his destruction. For you, ye Alban mounts and groves, I implore and attest, ye demolished altars of the Albans, the companions and partners of the Roman rites, which his fury, after having demolished the sacred groves, buried under the extravagant piles of his building. Upon his fall, your
alters

altars, your rites, flourished, your power prevailed, which he had defiled with all manner of villainy. And you, O venerable Jupiter! from your lofty Latian mount, whose lakes, whose woods and borders, he polluted with the most abominable lust, and every species of guilt, at last opened your eyes to behold his destruction: to you, and in your presence, was the late, but just and deserved penalty paid. For surely it can never be alledged that, in his encounter with Milo before the chapel of the *Bona Dea*, which stands upon the estate of that worthy and accomplished youth, P. Sextius Gallus, it was by chance he received that first wound, which delivered him up to a shameful death, I may say under the eye of the goddess herself: no; it was that he might appear not acquitted by the infamous decree, but reserved only for this signal punishment.

Nor can it be denied that the anger of the gods inspired his followers with such madness, as to commit to the flames his exposed body, without pageants, without singing, without shews, without pomp, without lamentations, without any oration in his praise, without the rites of burial, besmeared with gore and dirt, and deprived of that funeral solemnity which is always granted even to enemies. It was inconsistent with piety, I imagine, that the images of such illustrious persons should grace so monstrous a parricide: nor could he be torn by the dogs, when dead, in a more proper place than that where he had been so often condemned while alive. Truly, the fortune of the Roman people seemed to me hard and cruel, which saw and suffered him to insult the state for so many years. He defiled with lust our most sacred rites; violated the most solemn decrees of the senate; openly corrupted his judges; harassed the senate in his tribuneship: abolished those acts which were passed with the concurrence of every order for the safety of the state; drove me from my country; plundered my goods; fired my house; persecuted my wife and children; declared an execrable war against Pompey; assassinated magistrates and citizens; burnt my brother's house; laid Tuscany waste; drove many from their habitations and estates; was very eager and furious; neither Rome, Italy, provinces nor kingdoms; could confine his frenzy. In his house, laws were hatched, which were to subject us to our own slaves; there was nothing belonging to any one, which

he coveted, that this year he did not think would be his own. None but Milo opposed his designs; he looked upon Pompey, the man who was best able to oppose him, as firmly attached to his interest, by their late reconciliation. The power of Cæsar he called his own; and my fall had taught him to despise the sentiments of all good men; Milo alone resisted him.

In this situation, the immortal gods, as I before observed, inspired that furious miscreant with a design to way-lay Milo. No otherwise could the monster have been destroyed; the state could never have avenged its own cause. Is it to be imagined, that the senate could have restrained him when he was prætor, after having effected nothing while he was only in a private station? Could the consuls have been strong enough to check their prætor? In the first place, had Milo been killed, the two consuls must have been of his faction; in the next place, what consul would have had courage to oppose him when prætor, whom he remembered, while tribune, to have grievously harassed a person of consular dignity? He might have oppressed, seized, and obtained every thing: by a new law which was found among the other Clodian laws, he would have made our slaves his freed-men. In short, had not the immortal gods inspired him, effeminate as he was, with the frantic resolution of attempting to kill the bravest of men, you would this day have had no republic. Had he been prætor, had he been consul, if indeed we can suppose that these temples and these walls could have stood till his consulship; in short, had he been alive, would he have committed no mischief; who, when dead, by the direction of Sextus Clodius, one of his dependants, set the senate-house on fire? Was ever sight more dreadful, more shocking, and more miserable? That the temple of holiness, dignity, wisdom, public counsel, the head of this city, the sanctuary of her allies, the refuge of all nations, the seat granted to this order by the unanimous voice of the Roman people, should be fired, erased, and defiled? And not by a giddy mob, though even that would have been dreadful, but by one man; who, if he dared to commit such havoc for his deceased friend as a revenger, what would he not, as a leader, have done for him when living? He chose to throw the body of Clodius into the senate-house, that, when dead, he might
burn

burn what he had subverted when living. Are there any who complain of the Appian way, and yet are silent as to the senate-house? Can we imagine that the forum could have been defended against that man, when living, whose lifeless corse destroyed the senate-house? Raise, raise him if you can from the dead; will you break the force of the living man, when you can scarce sustain the rage occasioned by his unburied body? Unless you pretend that you sustained the attacks of those who ran to the senate-house with torches, to the temple of Castor with scythes, and slew all over the forum with swords. You saw the Roman people massacred, an assembly attacked with arms, while they were attentively hearing Marcus Cœlius, the tribune of the people; a man undaunted in the service of the republic; most resolute in whatever cause he undertakes; devoted to good men, and to the authority of the senate; and who has discovered a divine and amazing fidelity to Milo under his present circumstances; to which he was reduced either by the force of envy, or a singular turn of fortune.

But now I have said enough in relation to the cause, and perhaps taken too much liberty in digressing from the main subject. What then remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore, but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly intreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him, though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not on this account withhold it from him: indeed I know not whether these circumstances ought not to plead with you in his favour. If in the combats of gladiators, where persons of the lowest rank, the very dregs of the people, are engaged, we look with so much contempt on cowards, on those who meanly beg their lives, and are so fond of saving the brave, the intrepid, and those who cheerfully offer their breasts to the sword; if I, say, we feel more pity for those who seem above asking our pity, than for those who with earnestness intreat it, how much more ought we to be thus affected where the interests of our bravest citizens are concerned? The words of Milo, my lords, which he frequently utters, and which I daily hear, kill and confound me. May my fellow-citizens, says he, flourish, may they

be safe, may they be glorious, may they be happy! May this renowned city prosper, and my country, which shall ever be dear to me, in whatsoever manner she shall please to treat me: since I must not live with my fellow-citizens, let them enjoy peace and tranquillity without me; but then, to me let them owe their happiness. I will withdraw, and retire into exile: if I cannot be a member of a virtuous commonwealth, it will be some satisfaction not to live in a bad one; and as soon as I set foot within a well-regulated and free state, there will I fix my abode. Alas, cries he, my fruitless toils! my fallacious hopes! my vain and empty schemes! Could I, who, in my tribuneship, when the state was under oppression, gave myself up wholly to the service of the senate, which I found almost destroyed; to the service of the Roman knights, whose strength was so much weakened; to the service of all good citizens, from whom the oppressive arms of Clodius had wrested their due authority; could I ever have imagined I should want a guard of honest men to defend me? When I restored you to your country, (for we frequently discourse together) could I ever have thought that I should be driven myself into banishment? Where is now that senate, to whose interest we devoted ourselves? Where, where, says he, are those Roman knights of yours? What is become of that warm affection the municipal towns formerly testified in your favour? What is become of the acclamations of all Italy? What is become of thy art, of thy eloquence, my Tully, which have so often been employed to preserve your fellow-citizens? Am I the only person, to whom alone they can give no assistance; I, who have so often engaged my life in your defence?

Nor does he utter such sentiments as these, my lords, as I do now, with tears, but with the same intrepid countenance you now behold. For he denies, he absolutely denies, that his fellow-citizens have repaid his services with ingratitude; but he confesses they have been too timorous, too apprehensive of danger. He declares, that, in order to insure your safety, he gained over the common people, all the scum of the populace, to his interest, when under their leader Clodius they threatened your property and your lives; that he not only curbed them by his resolution, but soothed their rage at the expence of his three inheritances. And while, by his liberality,

berality, he appeases the fury of the people, he entertains not the least doubt but that his extraordinary services to the state will procure him your affection and favour. Repeated proofs of the senate's esteem, he acknowledges that he has received, even upon the present occasion; and declares, that, wherever fortune may convey him, she can never deprive him of those marks of honour, regard, and affection, conferred upon him by you and the people of Rome. He recollects too, that he was declared consul by the universal suffrage of the people, the only thing he valued or desired; and that, in order to his being invested with that office, the voice of the cryer was only wanting; a matter, in his opinion, of very little importance. But now if these arms are to be turned against him, at last, 'tis a satisfaction to him that it is not owing to his guilt, but to the suspicion of it. He adds likewise, what is unquestionably true, that the brave and wise perform great actions, not so much on account of the rewards attending them, as on account of their own intrinsic excellence; that through his whole course of life, whatever he has done has been nobly done, since nothing can be more truly great than for a man to rescue his country from impending dangers: that they are without doubt happy, whom their fellow-citizens have repaid with their due reward of honour; but that neither are those to be esteemed unhappy, whose services have exceeded their rewards. Yet, should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, he is convinced that the noblest of all is glory; that this alone compensates the shortness of life, by the immortality of fame; that by this we are still present, when absent from the world, and survive even after death; and that by the steps of glory, in short, mortals seem to mount to heaven. Of me, says he, the people of Rome, all the nations of the earth, shall talk, and my name shall be known to the latest posterity. Nay, at this very time, when all my enemies combine to inflame an universal odium against me, yet I receive the thanks, congratulations, and applauses of every assembly. Not to mention the Tuscan festivals instituted in honour of me, it is now about an hundred days since the death of Clodius, and yet, I am persuaded, not only the fame of this action, but the joy arising from it, has reached beyond the remotest bounds of the Roman empire. It is therefore, continues he, of little importance to

me, how this body of mine is disposed of, since the glory of my name already fills, and shall ever possess, every region of the earth.

This, Milo, is what you have often talked to me, while these were absent; and now that they are present, I repeat it to you. Your fortitude I cannot sufficiently applaud, but the more noble and divine your virtue appears to me, the more distress I feel in being torn from you. Nor when you are separated from me, shall I have the poor consolation of being angry with those who give the wound. For the separation is not made by my enemies, but by my friends; not by those who have at any time treated me injuriously, but by those to whom I have been always highly obliged. Load me, my lords, with as severe afflictions as you please, even with that I have just mentioned, (and none surely can be more severe) yet shall I ever retain a grateful sense of your former favours. But if you have lost the remembrance of these, or if I have fallen under your displeasure, why do not ye avenge yourselves rather upon me, than Milo? Long and happily enough shall I have lived, could I but die before such a calamity befall me. Now I have only one consolation to support me, the consciousness of having performed for thee, my Milo, every good office of love and friendship it was in my power to perform. For thee, I have dared the resentment of the great and powerful: for thee, I have often exposed my life to the swords of thy enemies; for thee, I have often prostrated myself as a suppliant: I have embarked my own and my family's estate on the same bottom with thine; and at this very hour, if you are threatened with any violence, if your life runs any hazard, I demand a share in your danger. What now remains? what can I say? what can I do to repay the obligations I am under to you, but embrace your fortune, whatever it shall be, as my own? I will not refuse; I accept my share in it: and, my lords, I intreat you either to crown the favours you have conferred upon me by the preservation of my friend, or cancel them by his destruction.

Milo, I perceive, beholds my tears without the least emotion. Incredible firmness of soul! he thinks himself in exile there, where virtue has no place; and looks upon death, not as a punishment, but as the period of our lives. Let him
then

then retain that nobleness of soul, which is natural to him but how, my lords, are you to determine? Will ye still preserve the memory of Milo, and yet drive his person into banishment? And shall there be found on earth a place more worthy the residence of such virtue, than that which gave it birth? On you, on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country; to you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger to the best of men, and bravest of citizens; while you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal, shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour. Unhappy, wretched man that I am! could you, Milo, by these recall me to my country; and by these shall I not be able to keep you in yours? What answer shall I make to my children, who look on you as another father? What to you, Quintus, my absent brother, the kind partner of all my misfortunes? that I could not preserve Milo by those very instruments which he employed in my preservation? in what cause could I not preserve him? a cause approved of by all. Who have put it out of my power to preserve him? Those who gained most by the death of Clodius. And who solicited for Milo? I myself. What crime, what horrid villainy was I guilty of, when those plots that were conceived for our common destruction were all, by my industry, traced out, fully discovered, laid open before you, and crushed at once? From that copious source flow all the calamities which befall me and mine. Why did you desire my return from banishment? Was it that I might see those very persons who were instrumental in my restoration banished before my face? Make not, I conjure you, my return a greater affliction to me, than was my banishment. For how can I think myself truly restored to my country, if those friends who restored me are to be torn from me?

By the immortal gods I wish (pardon me, O my country! for I fear what I shall say out of a pious regard for Milo may be deemed impiety against thee) that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Immortal gods! how brave a man is that, and how worthy of being preserved by you! By no means, he cries: the ruffian met with the punishment he deserved; and let me, if it must

be so, suffer the punishment I have not deserved. Shall this man then, who was born to save his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not at least die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude; my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ II. Part of CICERO'S Oration against VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. All opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship,

the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put

those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in a public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, “I am a citizen of Rome!” which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, “I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence.” The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered

tered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O found once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled infolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Cicero's Orations.

§ 12. *The Oration which was spoken by PERICLES, at the public Funeral of those ATHENIANS who had been first killed in the PELOPONNESIAN War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult

indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good-will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since-succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours;

bours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different forever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they.

This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any-where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate before-hand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must
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be owned to have the greatest souls, who, most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with a most graceful demeanor, and a most ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of facts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; the only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempt their defeat from the blush of indignation, and to their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea hath been opened by our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these victims of their own valour, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we

have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit:—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service effaceth all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, though that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages

there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, repositied more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrances,

in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst life remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greatest glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men as little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expence of the state*, which hath appointed so beneficial

* The law was, that they should be instructed at the public expence, and when come to age presented with a complete suit of armour, and honoured with the first seats in all public places.

a meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the greatest rewards are proposed for virtue, there the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire. *Thucydides.*

§ 13. HAMLET to the Players.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Shakspeare.*

§ 14. *The Character of MARIUS.*

The birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age, the younger Scipio; who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and, in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome*. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other;

* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

Middleton.

§ 15. *ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or

shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooke.

§ 16. *The Character of SYLLA.*

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quaestor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quaestor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money: so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where

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he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi: and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, “a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty.” He was the first of his family whose dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius’s remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, “that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies.”

Middleton.

§ 17. HANNIBAL to SCIPIO AFRICANUS, at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.

Since fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a

complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconsistency. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country’s. Such are the sports of fortune. Is it then to be trusted because the smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name.

And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

Hooker.

§ 18. *SCIPIO'S Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you, of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages at the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

Hooker.

§ 19. *The Character of POMPEY.*

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar; and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hored to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he observed the same discipline,

discipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from

Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 20. *Submission; Complaint; Intreating—*
The Speech of SENECA the Philosopher to NERO, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments

of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

“But what!” say my enemies, “shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti*? Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?”

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar’s rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar’s greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

Corn. Tacit.

§ 21. *Speech of CHARIDEMUS, an ATHENIAN Exile at the Court of DARIUS, on being asked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince against ALEXANDER.*

Perhaps your Majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity. — Your Majesty’s numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendour of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty’s forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty’s troops are so vain of, I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature,

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is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thesalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, overrun half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Q. Curtius.

§ 22. *The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together; strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wherever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such

men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary, to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdainful of the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 23. *CALISTHENES's Reproof of CLEON's Flattery to ALEXANDER, on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed: he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no

praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them? Q. Curtius.

§ 24. *The Character of CATO.*

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the re-

public. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal: which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated. Middleton.

§ 25. *BRUTUS'S Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR'S Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory

not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakespeare.

§ 26. *A Comparison of CÆSAR with CATO.*

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unflinching integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immovable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Rojé.

§ 27. *CAIUS MARIUS to the ROMANS, shewing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and

after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the common-wealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest; my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable

body?

body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but — of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him: so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours that can be bestowed, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none are more lavish than they are in praise

of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors — What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces.

Sallust.

§ 28. *The Character of CATILINE.*

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless

boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Sallust; by Mr. Rose.*

§ 29. *Speech of TITUS QUINCTIUS to the ROMANS, when the ÆQUI and VOLSCI, taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of ROME.*

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eter-

mal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of the Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æquiline is near being taken, and nobody thirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum; fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They'll give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws: assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment,

which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 30. MICIPSA to JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among

relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases; by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities gave you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

Sallust.

§ 31. *Speech of PUBLIUS SCIPIO to the ROMAN Army, before the Battle of the TICIN.*

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time; for, what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But, as these troops, having been inrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a consul for your captain, against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia: and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle, unless you can believe

believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies; heroes, of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war; and bring it to a near conclusion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less-dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men, who fought at the *Agates*, and whom, at *Eryx*, you suffered to

redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at *Saguntum* torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with *Hamilcar's* own hand. We might have starved him in *Eryx*; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers: here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

Hoole.

§ 32. *Speech of HANNIBAL to the CARTHAGINIAN Army, on the June Occasion.*

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left;

not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle: and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general;

shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain! a captain, before whom should one place the two armies, without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry: a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war: Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds: to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! “Pass not the Iberus.” What next? “Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city.” Is it a small matter then that you have deprived us of our ancient possession, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain, and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have

have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors. *Hooke.*

§ 33. *The Character of HANNIBAL.*

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Afrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the

sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Afrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 34. *The SCYTHIAN Ambassadors to ALEXANDER, on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? it is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake-

off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people chuse to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business; you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprize you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.— You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people: there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to

offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies. *Q. Curtius.*

§ 35. JUNIUS BRUTUS *over the dead Body of LUCRETIA, who had stabbed herself in consequence of the Rape of TARQUIN.*

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

These, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprise: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands;

mands; the soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant: the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

Livy.

§ 36. *Speech of ADHERBAL to the ROMAN SENATE, imploring their Assistance against JUGURTHA.*

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours, to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of

my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your unbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and

the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly! If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross? others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Mici-fa's family? But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury, and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Sallust.

§ 37. *Speech of CANULEIUS, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.*

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on

whom

whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What? must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised, on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, “we find that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate.” And what of that! Before Numa’s time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius’s days there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will

do violence to the daughter of a patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner’s living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place: they might as well pretend, that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls: whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country’s cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted

for all your victories, shall never more inlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

Hooke.

§ 38. *Life of CICERO.*

The story of Cicero's death continued fresh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after it; and was delivered down to posterity, with all its circumstances, as one of the most affecting and memorable events of their history: so that the spot on which it happened, seems to have been visited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The odium of it fell chiefly on Antony; yet it left a stain of perfidy and ingratitude also on Augustus; which explains the reason of that silence, which is observed about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not so much as mentioned either by Horace or Virgil. For though his character would have furnished a glorious subject for many noble lines, yet he was no subject for court poets, since the very mention of him must have been a satire on the prince, especially while Antony lived; among the sycophants of whose court it was fashionable to insult his memory, by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay, Virgil, on an occasion that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, instead of doing justice to his merit, chose to do an injustice rather to Rome itself, by yielding the superiority of eloquence to the Greeks, which they themselves had been forced to yield to Cicero.

Livy, however, whose candour made Augustus call him a *Pompeian*, while out of complaisance to the times, he seems to extenuate the crime of Cicero's murder, yet after a high encomium of his virtues, declares, that to praise him as he deserved, required the eloquence of Cicero himself. Augustus too, as Plutarch tells us, happening one day to catch his grandson reading one of Cicero's books, which, for fear of the emperor's displeasure, the boy endeavoured to hide under his gown, took the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave it back again, and said, "This was a learned man, my child, and a lover of his country."

In the succeeding generation, as the particular envy to Cicero subsided, by the

death of those whose private interests and personal quarrels had engaged to hate when living, and defame him when dead, so his name and memory began to shine out in its proper lustre; and in the reign even of Tiberius, when an eminent senator and historian, Cremutius Cordus, was condemned to die for praising Brutus, yet Paternulus could not forbear breaking out into the following warm expostulation with Antony on the subject of Cicero's death: "Thou hast done nothing, Antony; hast done nothing, I say, by setting a price on that divine and illustrious head, and by a detestable reward procuring the death of so great a consul and preserver of the republic. Thou hast snatched from Cicero a troublesome being, a declining age, a life more miserable under thy dominion than death itself; but so far from diminishing the glory of his deeds and sayings, thou hast increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all ages; and as long as this system of nature, whether by chance or providence, or what way so ever formed, which he alone of all the Romans comprehended in his mind, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall remain intire, it will draw the praises of Cicero along with it: and all posterity will admire his writings against thee, curse thy act against him——"

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or historians, seem to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of Cicero, as the most illustrious of all their patriots, and *the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence*; who had done more honour to his country by his writings, than all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond those of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the class of their inferior aities; a rank which he would have preserved to this day, if he had happened to live in papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as Erasmus says, from the innocence of his life, of obtaining the honour and title of a saint.

As to his person, he was tall and slender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preserving a comeliness and dignity to the last, with a certain air of cheerfulness and serenity, that imprinted both affection and respect. His constitution was naturally weak, yet was so confirmed by his management of it,

It, as to enable him to support all the fatigues of the most active, as well as the most studious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, consisted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refreshment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the summer, he generally gave himself the exercise of a journey, to visit his several estates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal instrument of health was diet and temperance: by these he preserved himself from all violent distempers; and when he happened to be attacked by any slight indisposition, used to enforce the severity of his abstinence, and starve it presently by fasting.

In his cloaths and dress, which the wise have usually considered as an index of the mind, he observed, what he prescribes in his book of *Offices*, a modesty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanliness, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of singularity, and avoiding the extremes of a rustic negligence and foppish delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal contempt of it, the other a childish pride and ostentation of proclaiming our pretensions to it.

In his domestic and social life his behaviour was very amiable; he was a most indulgent parent, a sincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous master. His letters are full of the tenderest expressions of love for his children; in whose endearing conversation, as he often tells us, he used to drop all his cares, and relieve himself from all his struggles in the senate and the forum. The same affection, in an inferior degree, was extended also to his slaves, when by their fidelity and services they had recommended themselves to his favour. We have seen a remarkable instance of it in Tiro, whose case was no otherwise different from the rest, than as it was distinguished by the superiority of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," says he, "to write; and my mind indeed is somewhat ruffled at present; for Socitheus, my reader, is dead; a hopeful youth; which has afflicted me more than one would imagine the death of a slave ought to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendship, and of its excellent use and

benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illustrated in his entertaining treatise on that subject; where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendships in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deserting, or even slighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or esteemed an honest man. It was his delight to advance their prosperity, to relieve their adversity; the same friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was most wanted, and his services the most disinterested; looking upon it not as a friendship, but a *sordid traffic and merchandize of benefits*, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice estimate of gain and loss. He calls gratitude *the mother of virtues*; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and uses the words *grateful and good* as terms synonymous, and inseparably united in the same character. His writings abound with sentiments of this sort, as his life did with the examples of them; so that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a request, observes to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a sufficient excuse for it; since he had established such a custom, *of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requested, but claimed a right to command him*.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greatest injuries, upon the slightest submission; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himself, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he sought out reasons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his most inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous instances in his history. He declared nothing to be *more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability*; and laid down for a natural duty, *to moderate our revenge, and observe a temper in punishing*; and held *repentance to be a sufficient ground for remitting it*: and it was one of his sayings, delivered to a public assembly, *that his enmities were mortal, his friendships immortal*.

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, splendid and noble: his house was open to all the learned strangers and philosophers of Greece and Asia; several of whom were constantly enter-

entertained in it as part of his family, and spent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crouded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himself not disdain to frequent it. The greatest part came not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of business to the senate or the forum; where, upon any debate or transaction of moment, they constantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when these morning visits were over, as they usually were before ten, he retired to his books, and shut himself up in his library without seeking any other diversion, but what his children afforded to the short intervals of his leisure. His supper was the greatest meal; and the usual season with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night: yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light; and never used to sleep again at noon, as all others generally did, and as it is commonly practised in Rome to this day.

But though he was so temperate and studious, yet when he was engaged to sup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aside his rules, and forgot the invalid; and was gay and sprightly, and the very soul of the company. When friends were met together, to heighten the comforts of social life, he thought it inhospitable not to contribute his share to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churlish reservedness. But he was really a lover of cheerful entertainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great service to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adversary; *relieve the satiety of a tedious cause*; *avert the minds of the judges*; and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expence of the accuser.

This use of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials; but in private conversations, he was charged sometimes with pushing his raillery too far; and through a consciousness of his superior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his lashes inflicted. Yet of all his sarcastical jokes, which are transmitted to us by antiquity, we shall not observe any but what were pointed against characters, either ridiculous or profligate; such as he despised for

their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the spleen, and quicken the malice of his enemies, more than was consistent with a regard to his own ease, yet he never appears to have hurt or lost a friend, or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jesting.

It is certain, that the same of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, and that several spurious collections of his sayings were handed about in Rome in his life-time, till his friend Trebonius, after he had been consul, thought it worth while to publish an authentic edition of them, in a volume which he addressed to Cicero himself. Cæsar likewise, in the height of his power, having taking a fancy to collect the *Apophthegms*, or memorable sayings of eminent men, gave strict orders to all his friends who used to frequent Cicero, to bring him every thing of that sort, which happened to drop from him in their company. But Tiro, Cicero's freedman, who served him chiefly in his studies and literary affairs, published after his death the most perfect collection of his *Sayings*, in three books; where Quintilian however wilhes, *that he had been more sparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them*. None of these books are now remaining, nor any other specimen of the jests, but what are incidently scattered in different parts of his own and other people's writings; which, as the same judicious critic observes, through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of *that action, or gesture*, which gave the chief spirit to many of them, *could never be explained to advantage, though several had attempted it*. How much more cold then and insipid must they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular characters and stories to which they relate, as well as the peculiar fashions, humour, and taste of wit in that age? Yet even in these, as Quintilian also tells us, as well as in his other compositions, people would sooner find *what they might reject, than what they could add to them*.

He had a great number of fine houses in different parts of Italy; some writers reckon up *eighteen*; which, excepting the family seat at Arpinum, seem to have been all purchased, or built by himself. They were situated generally near to the sea, and placed at proper distances along the lower coast, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples; and for the elegance of structure, and

the delights of their situation, are called by him *the eyes, or the beauties of Italy*. Those in which he took the most pleasure, and usually spent some part of every year, were his Tusculum, Antium, Aſtura, Arpinum; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolan, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous guests; many of whom, of the first quality, used to pass several days with him in their excursions from Rome. But besides these that may properly be reckoned seats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had several *little inns*, as he calls them, or baiting-places on the road, built for his accommodation in passing from one house to another.

His Tusculan house had been Sylla's, the dictator; and in one of its apartments was a *painting of his memorable victory near Nola, in the Marſic war*, in which Cicero had served under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable prospect of the city, and the country around it, with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large stream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of Tusculum. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour from the fatigues of the bar or the senate, to breathe a little fresh air, and divert himself with his friends or family: so that this was the place in which he took the most delight, and spent the greatest share of his leisure; and for that reason improved and adorned it beyond all his other houses.

When a greater satiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, disposed him to seek a calmer scene, and more undisturbed retirement, he used to remove to Antium or Aſtura. At Antium he placed his best collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that passed in the city. Aſtura was a *little island*, at the mouth of a river of the same name, about two leagues farther towards the south, between the promontories of Antium and Circaum, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of solitude, and a severe retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into shady walks, in which he used to spend the gloomy and splenetic moments of his life.

In the height of summer, the mansion-house at Arpinum, and the little island adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and cascades, afforded the best defence against the inconvenience of the heats; where, in the greatest that he had ever remembered, we find him refreshing himself, as he writes to his brother, with the utmost pleasure, in the cool stream of his Fibrenus. His other villas were situated in the more public parts of Italy, where all the best company of Rome had their houses of pleasure. He had two at Formice, a lower and upper villa; the one near to the port of Cajeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. He had a third on the shore of Baice, between the lake Avernus and Puteoli, which he calls his Puteolan: a fourth on the hills of Old Cumæ, called his Cuman villa; and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its soil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan house was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the same use of philosophical conferences. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antistius Vetus, who repaired and improved it; when a spring of warm water, which happened to burst out in one part of it, gave occasion to the following epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero's freedmen.

Quo tua Romanæ vindex clarissime linguæ
 Sylva loco melius furgere jussa viret,
 Atque Academiæ celebratam nomine villam
 Nunc reparat cultu sub potiore Vetus,
 Hic etiam apparent lymphæ non ante repertæ,
 Languida quæ infuso lumina rore levant,
 Nimirum locus ipse sui Ciceronis honore
 Hoc dedit, hac fontes cum patefecit ope.
 Ut quoniam totum legitur sine fine per orbem,
 Sint plures, oculis quæ mediantur, aquæ.

PLIN. Hist. Nat. l. 31. 2.

- “ Where groves, once thine, now with fresh
 “ verdure bloom,
 “ Great Parent of the eloquence of Rome,
 “ And where thy Academy, favourite seat,
 “ Now to Antistius yields its sweet retreat,
 “ A gushing stream bursts out, of wondrous
 “ pow'r,
 “ To heal the eyes, and weaken'd sight restore.
 “ The place, which all its pride from Cicero
 “ drew,
 “ Repays this honour to his memory due,
 “ That since his works throughout the world
 “ are spread,
 “ And with such eagerness by all are read,
 “ New springs of healing quality shall rise,
 “ To ease the increase of labour to the eyes.”

The furniture of his houses was suitable to the elegance of his taste, and the magnificence of his buildings; his galleries were adorned with statues and paintings of the best Grecian masters; and his vessels and moveables were of the best work and choicest materials. There was a cedar table of his remaining in Pliny's time, said to be the first which was ever seen in Rome, and to have cost him eighty pounds. He thought it the part of an eminent citizen to preserve an uniformity of character in every article of his conduct, and to illustrate his dignity by the splendor of his life. This was the reason of the great variety of his houses, and of their situation in the most conspicuous parts of Italy, along the course of the Appian road; that they might occur at every stage to the observation of travellers, and lie commodious for the reception and entertainment of his friends.

The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on what the old writers have said on the mediocrity of his paternal estate, will be at a loss to conceive whence all his revenues flowed, that enabled him to sustain the vast expence of building and maintaining such a number of noble houses; but the solution will be easy, when we recollect the great opportunities that he had of improving his original fortunes. The two principal funds of wealth to the leading men of Rome, were first, the public magistracies, and provincial commands; secondly, the presents of kings, princes, and foreign states, whom they had obliged by their services and protection; and though no man was more moderate in the use of these advantages than Cicero, yet to one of his prudence, economy, and contempt of vicious pleasures, these were abundantly sufficient to answer all his expences: for in his province of Cilicia, after all the memorable instances of his generosity, by which he saved to the public a full million sterling, which all other governors had applied to their private use, yet at the expiration of his year, he left in the hands of the publicans in Asia near twenty thousand pounds, reserved from the strict dues of his government, and remitted to him afterwards at Rome. But there was another way of acquiring money, esteemed the most reputable of any, which brought large and frequent supplies to him, the legacies of deceased friends. It was the peculiar custom of Rome, for the clients and dependants of families, to bequeath at their death to their patrons, some considerable

part of their estates, as the most effectual testimony of their respect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that while he governed Asia as proconsul, many great estates were left to him by will: and Nepos tells us in praise of Atticus, that he succeeded to many inheritances of the same kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than on his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero had his full share of these testamentary donations; as we see from the many instances of them mentioned in his letters; and when he was falsely reproached by Antony, with being neglected on these occasions, he declared in his reply, that he had gained from this single article about two hundred thousand pounds, by the free and voluntary gifts of dying friends; not the forged wills of persons unknown to him, with which he charged Antony.

His moral character was never blemished by the stain of any habitual vice; but was a shining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the most licentious and profligate. His mind was superior to all the torrid passions which engross little souls; avarice, envy, malice, lust. If we sift his familiar letters, we cannot discover in them the least hint of any thing base, immodest, spiteful or perfidious, but an uniform principle of benevolence, justice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inspiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people's envy more severely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and is evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praising and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adversary; celebrating merit wherever it was found, whether in the ancients or his contemporaries; whether in Greeks or Romans; and verifying a maxim, which he had declared in a speech to the senate, that no man could be envious of another's virtue, who was conscious of his own.

His sprightly wit would naturally have recommended him to the favour of the ladies, whose company he used to frequent when young, and with many of whom of the first quality, he was oft engaged in his riper years to confer about the interests of their husbands, brothers, or relations, who were absent from Rome; yet we meet with

no trace of any criminal gallantry or intrigue with any of them. In a letter to Pætus, towards the end of his life, he gives a jocose account of his supping with their friend Volumnius, an epicurean wit of the first class, when the famed courtesan, Cytheris, who had been Volumnius's slave, and was then his mistress, made one of the company at table: where, after several jokes on that incident, he says, *that he never suspected she would have been of the party; and though he was always a lover of cheerful entertainments, yet nothing of that sort had ever pleased him when young, much less now, when he was old.* There was one lady, however, called Cæsellia, with whom he kept up a particular familiarity and correspondence of letters; on which Dio absurdly grounds some little scandal, though he owns her to have been *seventy years old.* She is frequently mentioned in Cicero's letters as a lover of books and philosophy, and on that account as fond of his company and writings: but while out of complaisance to her sex, and a regard to her uncommon talents, he treated her always with respect; yet by the hints which he drops of her to Atticus, it appears that she had no share of his affections, or any real authority with him.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; such as flowed from his constitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be *too sanguine in prosperity, too depending in adversity:* and apt to persuade himself in each fortune, *that it would never have an end.* This is Pollio's account of him, which seems in general to be true: Brutus touches the first part of it in one of his letters to him: and when things were going prosperously against Antony, puts him gently in mind, *that he seemed to trust too much to his hopes:* and he himself allows the second, and says, *that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worst, rather than hoping the best, he was the man; and if that was a fault, confesses himself not to be free from it:* yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was such, he tells us, as shewed itself rather *in foreseeing dangers, than in encountering them:* an explication which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could sustain with greater courage and resolution.

But the most conspicuous and glaring

passion of his soul was, *the love of glory and thirst of praise:* a passion that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and sometimes, as he himself confesses, *to a degree even of vanity.* This often gave his enemies a plausible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardness that he shewed to celebrate his own merits in all his public speeches, seemed to justify their censures: and since this is generally considered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly understood, it will be proper to lay open the source from which the passion itself flowed, and explain the nature of that *glory*, of which he professes himself so fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is *a wide and illustrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind;* it is not, he says, *the empty blast of popular favour, or the applause of a giddy multitude,* which all wise men had ever despised, and none more than himself; but *the consenting praise of all honest men, and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which rewards always to virtue, as the echo to the voice;* and since it is the general companion of good actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That those who aspired to this glory were not to expect *ease or pleasure, or tranquillity of life for their pains; but must give up their own peace, to secure the peace of others; must expose themselves to storms and dangers for the public good; sustain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and some even with the powerful:* in short, must behave themselves so, *as to give their citizens cause to rejoice that they had ever been born.* This is the notion that he inculcates every where of *true glory;* which is surely one of the noblest principles that can inspire a human breast; implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it; and always found the strongest in the best and most elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that history has to offer us through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an instance, says Cicero, of a man's exerting himself ever *with praise and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to posterity.* Give me a boy, says Quintilian, *whom praise excites, whom glory warms:* for such a scholar was sure to answer all his hopes, and do credit

to his discipline. "Whether posterity will have any respect for me," says Pliny, "I know not, but I am sure that I have deserved some from it: I will not say by my wit, for that would be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the pains, by the reverence which I have always paid to it."

It will not seem strange, to observe the wisest of the ancients pushing this principle to so great a length, and considering glory as the amplest reward of a well-spent life, when we reflect, that the greatest part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even those who believed a state of happiness to the good, yet entertained it with so much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wish, than a well grounded hope, and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which seemed to be within their reach; a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applause of posterity. This, by a pleasing fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of existence; and had no small comfort in imagining, that though the sense of it should not reach to themselves, it would extend at least to others; and that they should be doing good still when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but considered his acts as seeds sown in the immense universe, to raise up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a succession of infinite ages; nor has he been frustrated of his hope, or disappointed of his end; but as long as the name of Rome subsists, or as long as learning, virtue, and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will be great and glorious in the memory of all posterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity, drawn from his boasting so frequently of himself in his speeches both to the senate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings: yet if we attend to the circumstances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we shall find it not only excusable, but in some degree even necessary. The fate of Rome was now brought to a crisis, and the contending parties were making their last efforts either to oppress or preserve it: Cicero

was the head of those who stood up for its liberty, which entirely depended on the influences of his counsels; he had many years, therefore, been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the state; and while these were generally supported by the military power of the empire, he had no other arms or means of defeating them but his authority with the senate and people, grounded on the experience of his services, and the persuasion of his integrity; so that to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factious, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counsels, in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, against the intrigues of those who were employing all arts to subvert them. "The frequent commemoration of his acts," says Quintilian, "was not made so much for glory as for defence; to repel calumny, and vindicate his measures when they were attacked:" and this is what Cicero himself declared in all his speeches, "That no man ever heard him speak of himself but when he was forced to it: that when he was urged with fictitious crimes, it was his custom to answer them with his real services: and if ever he said any thing glorious of himself, it was not through a fondness of praise, but to repel an accusation: that no man who had been conversant in great affairs, and treated with particular envy, could refute the contumely of an enemy, without touching upon his own praises; and after all his labours for the common safety, if a just indignation had drawn from him, at any time, what might seem to be vain-glorious, it might reasonably be forgiven to him: that when others were silent about him, if he could not then forbear to speak of himself, that indeed would be shameful; but when he was injured, accused, exposed to popular odium, he must certainly be allowed to assert his liberty, if they would not suffer him to retain his dignity."

This then was the true state of the case, as it is evident from the facts of his history: he had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirst of praise: was pleased, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more still with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a passion which, for the reasons already

ready hinted, had always the greatest force on the greatest souls: but it must needs raise our contempt and indignation, to see every conceited pedant, and trifling declaimer, who knew little of Cicero's real character, and less still of their own, presuming to call him *the vainest of mortals*.

But there is no point of light in which we can view him with more advantage or satisfaction to ourselves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the surprising extent of his knowledge. This shines so conspicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even lessens the dignity of his general character: while the idea of the scholar absorbs that of the senator; and by considering him as the greatest writer, we are apt to forget, that he was the greatest magistrate also of Rome. We learn our Latin from him at school; our style and sentiments at the college: here the generality take their leave of him, and seldom think of him more but as of an orator, a moralist, or philosopher of antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures: we cannot judge well of a single part, without surveying the whole, since the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the rest; while in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, considered separately, will appear admirable; yet much more so, when it is found in the possession of the first statesman of a mighty empire. His abilities as a statesman are glorious; yet surprise us still more when they are observed in the ablest scholar and philosopher of his age; but an union of both these characters exhibits that sublime specimen of perfection, to which the best parts, with the best culture, can exalt human nature.

No man, whose life had been wholly spent in study, ever left more numerous, or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of science, and the politer arts; in *oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics*; in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published; and though many of these are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity, and, like *the Sybilline books*, if

more of them had perished, would have been equal still to any price.

His industry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception of our days; this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost: but what other people gave to *the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay even to sleep, and the ordinary refreshments of nature*, he generally gave to *his books*, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of business, when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking *a few turns in his walks*, where he used to dictate his thoughts to *his scribes* who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before *day-light*; and some from *the senate*; others from *his meals*; and the crowd of *his morning levee*.

No compositions afford more pleasure than *the epistles* of great men; they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent scholars, eminent statesmen, are all esteemed in their several kinds: but there never was a collection that excelled so much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of style, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the persons concerned in them. We have above *a thousand* still remaining, all written after he was *forty* years old; which are a small part not only of what he wrote, but of what were actually published after his death by his servant Tiro. For we see many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are utterly lost; as *the first book* of his Letters to Licinius Calvus; the first also to Q. Axius; a *second book* to his son; a *second* also to Corn. Nepos; a *third book* to J. Cæsar; a *third* to Octavius; a *third* also to Panfa; an *eighth book* to M. Brutus; and a *ninth* to A. Hirtius. Of all which, excepting a few to J. Cæsar and Brutus, we have nothing more left than some scattered phrases and sentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes these letters still more estimable is, that he had never designed them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when Atticus was making some enquiry about them, he sent him word, *that he had made no collection; and that Tiro had preserved only about seventy*. Here then we may expect to see the genuine man, without disguise

or affectation; especially in his letters to Atticus, to whom he talked with the same frankness as to himself; opened the rise and progress of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice; so that these may be considered as the *memoirs of his times*; containing the most authentic materials for the history of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it: and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on those times so superficial, as well as erroneous; while they chuse to transcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later *Greek historians*, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the first that occurred from *common use, and the language of conversation*. Whenever he was disposed to joke, his wit was easy and natural; flowing always from the subject, and throwing out *what came uppermost*; nor disdaining even a pun, when it served to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, some of which were addressed to the greatest men who ever lived, his inclination to please is expressed in a manner agreeable to nature and reason, with the utmost delicacy both of sentiment and diction, yet without any of those pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern custom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falsely stamped with the name of politeness; though they are the real offspring of barbarism, and the effects of our degeneracy both in taste and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foresees the danger, and foretells the mischief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counsels; of which there were so many instances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time observed to him, *his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet*. But none of his letters do him more credit than those of the *recommendatory kind*: the others shew his wit and his parts, these his benevolence and his probity: he solicits the interest of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was mas-

ter; and alleges generally some personal reason for his peculiar zeal in the cause, and that his own honour was concerned in the success of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that sort, which remain to us from *free Rome*. They breathe the last words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been written in the very crisis of its ruin, to rouse up all the virtue that was left in the honest and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumstance, will easily be observed by comparing them with the epistles of the best and greatest, who flourished afterwards in *Imperial Rome*. Pliny's letters are justly admired by men of taste: they shew the scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but observe a poverty and barrenness through the whole, that betrays the awe of a master. All his stories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counsels: he had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a superior power, and administered by a superior will; and with the old titles of consul and proconsul, we want still the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to *repair a bath, or to punish a fugitive slave, or incorporate a company of majons*, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His historical works are all lost; the Commentaries of his Consulship in Greek; the History of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he published on Natural History, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewise a general History of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory also to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a species of writing, which of all others was at that time the least cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leisure to execute so great a task; yet he has
sketchd

sketched out a plan of it, which, short as it is, seems to be the best that can be formed for the design of a perfect history.

“ He declares it to be the first and
 “ fundamental law of history, that it
 “ should neither dare to say any thing that
 “ was false, or fear to say any thing that
 “ was true, nor give any just suspicion ei-
 “ ther of favour or disaffection; that in the
 “ relation of things, the writer should ob-
 “ serve the order of time, and add also
 “ the description of places: that in all
 “ great and memorable transactions he
 “ should first explain the councils, then
 “ the acts, lastly the events; that in coun-
 “ cils he should interpose his own judg-
 “ ment, or the merit of them; in the acts,
 “ should relate not only what was done,
 “ but how it was done; in the events
 “ should shew, what share chance, or rash-
 “ ness, or prudence had in them; that in
 “ regard to persons, he should describe
 “ not only their particular actions, but the
 “ lives and characters of all those who
 “ bear an eminent part in the story; that
 “ he should illustrate the whole in a clear,
 “ easy, natural stile, flowing with a per-
 “ petual smoothness and equability, free
 “ from the affectation of points and sen-
 “ tences, or the roughness of judicial
 “ pleadings.”

We have no remains likewise of his poetry, except some fragments occasion-ally interspersed through his other writings; yet these, as I have before observed, are sufficient to convince us, that his poetical genius, if it had been cultivated with the same care, would not have been inferior to his oratorical. The two arts are so nearly allied, that an excellency in the one seems to imply a capacity for the other, the same qualities being essential to them both; a sprightly fancy, fertile invention, flowing and numerous diction. It was in Cicero's time, that the old rusticity of the Latin muse first began to be polished by the ornaments of dress, and the harmony of numbers; but the height of perfection to which it was carried after his death by the succeeding generation, as it left no room for a mediocrity in poetry, so it quite eclipsed the fame of Cicero. For the world always judges of things by comparison, and because he was not so great a poet as Virgil and Horace, he was decried as none at all; especially in the courts of Antony and Augustus, where it was a compliment to the sovereign, and a fashion consequently among their flatterers, to

make his character ridiculous wherever it lay open to them; hence flowed that perpetual raillery which subsists to this day, on his famous verses:

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ,
 O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.

And two bad lines picked out by the malice of enemies, and transmitted to posterity as a specimen of the rest, have served to damn many thousands of good ones. For Plutarch reckons him among the most eminent of the Roman poets; and Pliny the younger was proud of emulating him in his poetic character; and Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to a principle of malignity. But his own verses carry the surest proof of his merit, being written in the best manner of that age in which he lived, and in the stile of Lucretius, whose poem he is said to have revised and corrected for its publication, after Lucretius's death. This however is certain, that he was the constant friend and generous patron of all the celebrated poets of his time; of Accius, Archias, Chilius, Lucretius, Catullus, who pays his thanks to him in the following lines, for some favour that he had received from him:—

Tully, most eloquent by far
 Of all, who have been or who are,
 Or who in ages still to come
 Shall rise of all the sons of Rome,
 To thee Catullus grateful sends
 His warmest thanks, and recommends
 His humble muse, as much below
 All other poets he, as thou
 All other patrons dost excel,
 In power of words and speaking well.

CATULL. 47.

But poetry was the amusement only, and relief of his other studies; eloquence was his distinguishing talent, his sovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his soul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever surpassed: so that as a polite historian observes, *Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praise; none whom it could admire.* Demosthenes was the pattern by which he formed himself; whom he emulated with such success, as to merit what St. Jerom calls that beautiful eulog: *Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first: thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator.* The genius, the capacity, the stile and manner of them both were much the same; their eloquence of that great, sub-
 lime,

lime, and comprehensive kind, which dignified every subject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that *roundness of speaking*, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrenched: their perfections were in all points to transcend, and yet so similar, that the critics are not agreed on which side to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the most judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerves, the energy, or, as he himself calls it, *the thunder of Demosthenes*; he excelled him in the copiousness and elegance of his diction, the variety of his sentiments, and, above all, *in the vivacity of his wit, and smartness of his raillery*: Demosthenes had nothing *jocose or facetious* in him; yet, by attempting sometimes to jest, shewed, *that the thing itself did not displease, but did not belong to him*: for, as Longinus says, *whenever he affected to be pleasant, he made himself ridiculous; and if he happened to raise a laugh, it was chiefly upon himself*. Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and ridicule, had the power always to please, when he found himself unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cause to be afraid of their severity; so that, *by the opportunity of a well-timed joke*, he is said to have preserved many of his clients from manifest ruin.

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another set of orators at the same time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the first quality; who, while they acknowledged the superiority of his genius, yet censured his diction, as not truly *attic or classical*; some calling it loose and languid, others timid and exuberant. These men affected a minute and fastidious correctness, pointed sentences, short and concise periods, without a syllable to spare in them, as if the perfection of oratory consisted in a *frugality of words*, and in crowding our sentiments into the narrowest compass. The chief patrons of this taste were, M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Asinius, Pollio, and Sallust, whom Seneca seems to treat as the author of the obscure, abrupt, and sententious style. Cicero often ridicules these pretenders to *attic elegance*, as judging of eloquence *not by the force of the art, but their own weakness*; and resolving to decry what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they

could imitate; and though their way of speaking, he says, might please *the ear of a critic or a scholar*, yet it was not of that sublime and sonorous kind, whose end was not only *to instruct, but to move* an audience; an eloquence, born for the multitude; whose merit was always shewn by its effects of *exciting admiration, and extorting shouts of applause*; and on which there never was any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that prevailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived: his were the only speeches that were relished or admired by the city; while those *attic orators*, as they called themselves, were generally despised, and frequently deserted by the audience, in the midst of their harangues. But after Cicero's death, and the ruin of the republic, the Roman oratory sunk of course with its liberty, and a false species universally prevailed; when instead of that elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which launched out freely into every subject, there succeeded a guarded, dry, sententious kind, full of laboured turns and studied points; and proper only for the occasion on which it was employed, the making *paegyrics* and servile compliments to their tyrants. This change of style may be observed in all their writers, from Cicero's time to the younger Pliny; who carried it to its utmost perfection, in his celebrated *panegyric* on the emperor Trajan; which, as it is justly admired for the elegance of diction, the beauty of sentiments, and the delicacy of its compliments, so is become in a manner the standard of fine speaking to modern times, where it is common to hear the pretenders to criticism, descanting on the tedious length and spiritless exuberance of the *Ciceronian* periods. But the superiority of Cicero's eloquence, as it was acknowledged by the politest age of *free Rome*, so it has received the most authentic confirmation that the nature of things can admit, from the concurrent sense of nations; which neglecting the productions of his rivals and contemporaries, have preserved to us his inestimable remains, as a specimen of the most perfect manner of speaking, to which the language of mortals can be exalted: so that, as Quintilian declared of him even in that early age, he has acquired such fame with posterity, that Cicero is not reckoned so much the *name* of a man, as of eloquence itself.

But we have hitherto been considering the exterior part of Cicero's character, and shall now attempt to penetrate the recesses of his mind, and discover the real source and principle of his actions, from a view of that philosophy which he professed to follow, as the general rule of his life. This, as he often declares, was drawn, from the *academic sect*; which derived its origin from Socrates, and its name from a celebrated gymnasium, or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens, called the *Academy*, where the professors of that school used to hold their lectures and philosophical disputations. Socrates was the first who banished *physics* out of *philosophy*, which till his time had been the sole object of it, and drew it off from the obscure and intricate inquiries into nature, and the constitution of the heavenly bodies, to questions of morality; of more immediate use and importance to the happiness of man, concerning the true notions of *virtue and vice*, and *the natural difference of good and ill*; and as he found the world generally prepossessed with false notions on those subjects, so his method was *not to assert any opinion of his own, but to refute the opinions of others*, and attack the errors in vogue; as the first step towards preparing men for the reception of truth, or what came the nearest to it, probability. While he himself therefore professed to *know nothing*, he used to sift out the several doctrines of all the pretenders to science, and then tease them with a series of questions, so contrived as to reduce them, by the course of their answers, to an evident absurdity, and the impossibility of defending what they had at first affirmed.

But Plato did not strictly adhere to the method of his master Socrates, and his followers wholly deserted it: for instead of the *Socratic* modesty of affirming nothing, and examining every thing, they turned philosophy, as it were, into an art, and formed a system of opinions, which they delivered to their disciples as the peculiar tenets of their sect. Plato's nephew Speusippus, who was left the heir of his school, continued his lectures, as his successors also did in the academy, and preserved the name of academics; whilst Aristotle, the most eminent of Plato's scholars, retired to another *gymnasium*, called the *Lyceum*; where, from a custom which he and his followers observed, of teaching and disputing as they *walked* in the portico's of the place, they obtained

the name of *Peripatetics*, or the *Walking Philosophers*. These two sects, though differing in name, agreed generally in things, or in all the principal points of their philosophy: they placed the chief happiness of man *in virtue, with a competency of external goods*; taught *the existence of a God, a providence, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments*.

This was the state of the academic school under five successive masters, who governed it after Plato; Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, Crates, Crantor; till Arcefilas the sixth discarded at once a'l the systems of his predecessors, and revived the *Socratic way, of affirming nothing, doubting of all things*, and exposing the vanity of the reigning opinions. He alledged the necessity of making this reformation, from *that obscurity of things*, which had reduced Socrates, and all the ancients before him, to a confession of their ignorance: he observed, as they had all likewise done, *that the senses were narrow, reason infirm, life short, truth immersed in the deep, opinion and custom every where predominant, and all things involved in darkness*. He taught therefore, "That there was no certain knowledge or perception of any thing in nature, nor any infallible criterion of truth and falsehood; that nothing was so detestable as rashness, nothing so scandalous to a philosopher, as to profess what was either false or unknown to him; that we ought to assert nothing dogmatically, but in all cases to suspend our assent; and instead of pretending to certainty, content ourselves with opinion, grounded on probability. which was all that a rational mind had to acquiesce in." This was called *the new academy*, in distinction from *the Platonic, or the old*: which maintained its credit down to Cicero's time, by a succession of able masters; the chief of whom was Carneades, the fourth from Arcefilas, who carried it to its utmost height of glory, and is greatly celebrated by antiquity for the vivacity of his wit, and force of his eloquence.

We must not however imagine, that these *academics* continued doubting and fluctuating all their lives in scepticism and irresolution, without any precise opinions, or settled principle of judging and acting: no; their rule was as certain and consistent as that of any other sect, as it is frequently explained by Cicero, in many parts of his works. "We are not of that sort,"

says he, " whose mind is perpetually wandering in error, without any particular end or object of its pursuit: for what would such a mind or such a life indeed be worth, which had no determinate rule or method of thinking and acting? But the difference between us and the rest is, that whereas they call some things *certain*, and others *uncertain*; we call the one *probable*, the other *improbable*. For what reason then, should not I pursue *the probable*, reject the contrary, and, declining the arrogance of affirming, avoid the imputation of rashness, which of all things is the farthest removed from wisdom?" Again; " we do not pretend to say that there is no such thing as truth; but that all truths have some falshood annexed to them, of so near a resemblance and similitude, as to afford no certain note of distinction, whereby to determine our judgment and assent: whence it follows also of course, that there are many things *probable*; which, though not perfectly comprehended, yet on account of their attractive and specious appearance, are sufficient to govern the life of a wise man." In another place, " there is no difference, says he, between us, and those who pretend to know things; but that they never doubt of the truth of what they maintain: whereas we have many *probabilities*, which we readily embrace, but dare not affirm. By this we preserve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us; whereas in other sects, men are tied down to certain doctrines, before they are capable of judging what is the best; and in the most infirm part of life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed with the first master whom they happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them; and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as fast as the oyster to the rock."

Thus *the academy* held the proper medium between the rigid stoic, and the indifference of the sceptic: the stoics embraced all their doctrines, as so many *fixed and immutable truths*, from which it was infamous to depart; and by making this their point of honour, held all their disciples in an inviolable attachment to them. The sceptics, on the other hand, observed a perfect neutrality towards all opinions; main-

taining all of them to be equally uncertain; and that we could not affirm of any thing, *that it was this or that*, since there was *as much reason to take it for the one as for the other, or for neither of them*; and wholly indifferent which of them we thought it to be: thus they lived, without ever engaging themselves on any side of a question, directing their lives in the mean time by natural affections, and the laws and customs of their country. But the *academics*, by adopting the *probable* instead of the *certain*, kept the balance in an equal poise between the two extremes, making it their general principle to observe a moderation in all their opinions; and as Plutarch, who was one of them, tells us, paying a great regard always to that old maxim,

Μηδὲν ἄγαν;—*no quid nimis.*

As this school then was in no particular opposition to any, but an equal adversary to all, or rather to dogmatical philosophy in general, so every other sect, next to itself, readily gave it the preference to the rest; which universal concession of the second place, is commonly thought to infer a right to the first: and if we reflect on the state of the heathen world, and what they themselves so often complain of, the darkness that surrounded them, and the *infinite diffusions* of the best and wisest on the fundamental questions of religion and morality, we must necessarily allow, that the academic manner of philosophizing was of all others the most rational and modest, and the best adapted to the discovery of truth, whose peculiar character it was to encourage enquiry; to lift every question to the bottom; to try the force of every argument, till it had found its real moment, or the precise quantity of its weight.

This it was that induced Cicero, in his advanced life and ripened judgment, to desert *the old academy*, and declare for the new; when, from a long experience of the vanity of those sects who called themselves the proprietors of truth, and the sole guides of life, and through a despair of finding *any thing certain*, he was glad, after all his pains, to take up with the *probable*. But the genius and general character of *both the academies* was in some measure still the same: for *the old*, though it professed to teach a peculiar system of doctrines, yet it was ever diffident and cautious of affirming; and the new, only

the more scrupulous and sceptical of the two; this appears from the writings of Plato, the first master of the old, in which, as Cicero observes, nothing is absolutely affirmed, nothing delivered for certain, but all things freely inquired into, and both sides of the question impartially discussed. Yet there was another reason that recommended this philosophy in a peculiar manner to Cicero, its being, of all others, the best suited to the profession of an orator; since by its practice of disputing *for and against* every opinion of the other sects, it gave him the best opportunity of perfecting his oratorical faculty, and acquiring a habit of speaking readily upon all subjects. He calls it therefore *the parent of elegance and copiousness*; and declares, *that he owed all the fame of his eloquence, not to the mechanic rules of the rhetoricians, but to the enlarged and generous principles of the academy.*

This school, however, was almost deserted in Greece, and had but few disciples at Rome, when Cicero undertook its patronage, and endeavoured to revive its drooping credit. The reason is obvious: it imposed a hard task upon its scholars, of disputing against every sect, and on every question in philosophy; and *if it was difficult, as Cicero says, to be master of any one, how much more of them all?* which was incumbent on those who professed themselves academics. No wonder then that it lost ground every where, in proportion as ease and luxury prevailed, which naturally disposed people to the doctrine of Epicurus; in relation to which there is a smart saying recorded of Arcefilas, who being asked, *why so many of all sects went over to the Epicureans, but none ever came back from them,* replied, *that men might be made eunuchs, but eunuchs could never be made men again.*

This general view of Cicero's philosophy, will help us to account, in some measure, for that difficulty which people frequently complain of in discovering his real sentiments, as well as for the mistakes which they are apt to fall into in that search; since it was the distinguishing principle of the academy to *refute the opinions of others, rather than declare any of their own.* Yet the chief difficulty does not lie here; for Cicero was not scrupulous on that head, nor affected any obscurity in the delivery of his thoughts, when it was his business to explain them; but it is the variety and different characters of his se-

veral writings, that perplexes the generality of his readers: for wherever they dip into his works, they are apt to fancy themselves possessed of his sentiments, and to quote them indifferently as such, whether from his Orations, his Dialogues, or his Letters, without attending to the peculiar nature of the work, or the different person that he assumes in it.

His orations are generally of the judicial kind; or the pleadings of an advocate, whose business it was to make the best of his cause; and to deliver, not so much what was true, as what was useful to his client; the patronage of truth belonging in such cases to the judge, and not to the pleader. It would be absurd therefore to require a scrupulous veracity, or strict declaration of his sentiments in them; the thing does not admit of it; and he himself forbids us to expect it; and in one of those orations frankly declares the true nature of them all.—“That man,” says he, “is much mistaken, who thinks, that in these judicial pleadings, he has an authentic specimen of our opinions; they are the speeches of the causes and the times; not of the men or the advocates: if the causes could speak of themselves, nobody would employ an orator; but we are employed to speak, not what we would undertake to affirm upon our authority, but what is suggested by the cause and the thing itself.” Agreeably to this notion, Quintilian tells us, “that those who are truly wise, and have spent their time in public affairs, and not in idle disputes, though they have resolved with themselves to be strict and honest in all their actions, yet will not scruple to use every argument that can be of service to the cause which they have undertaken to defend.” In his orations, therefore, where we often meet with the sentences and maxims of philosophy, we cannot always take them for his own, but as topics applied to move his audience, or add an air of gravity and probability to his speech.

His letters indeed to familiar friends, and especially those to Atticus, place the real man before us, and lay open his very heart; yet in these some distinction must necessarily be observed; for in letters of compliment, condolence, or recommendation, or where he is soliciting any point of importance, he adapts his arguments to the occasion; and uses such as would induce his friend the most readily to grant

what he desired. But as his letters in general seldom touch upon any questions of philosophy, except slightly and incidentally, so they will afford very little help to us in the discovery of his *Philosophical Opinions*, which are the subject of the present inquiry, and for which we must wholly recur to his philosophical works.

Now the general purpose of these works was, to give a *history rather of the ancient philosophy*, than any account of his own, and to explain to his fellow-citizens in their own language, whatever the philosophers of all sects, and all ages, had taught on every important question, in order to enlarge their minds, and reform their morals; and to employ himself most usefully to his country, at a time when arms and a superior force had deprived him of the power of serving it in any other way. This he declares in his treatise called *de Finibus*, or on the *Chief Good or Ill of Man*; in that upon the *Nature of the Gods*; in his *Tusculan Disputations*; and in his book on the *Academic Philosophy*; in all which he sometimes takes upon himself the part of a *Stoic*; sometimes of an *Epicurean*; sometimes of the *Peripatetic*; for the sake of explaining with more authority the different doctrines of each sect; and as he assumes the person of the one to confute the other, so in his proper character of an *Academic*, he sometimes disputes against them all; while the unwary reader, not reflecting on the nature of dialogues, takes Cicero still for the perpetual speaker; and under that mistake, often quotes a sentiment for his, that was delivered by him only in order to be confuted. But in these dialogues, as in all his other works, wherever he treats any subject professedly or gives a judgment upon it deliberately, either in his own person, or that of an *Academic*, there he delivers his own opinions; and where he himself does not appear in the scene, he takes care usually to inform us, to which of the characters he has assigned the patronage of his own sentiments; who was generally the principal speaker of the dialogue; as Crassus in his treatise on the *Orator*; Scipio, in that of the *Republic*; Cato, in his piece on *Old Age*. This key will let us into his real thoughts; and enable us to trace his genuine notions through every part of his writings, from which I shall now proceed to give a short abstract of them.

As to *Physics*, or *Natural Philosophy*, he seems to have had the same notion

with Socrates, that a minute and particular attention to it, and the making it the sole end and object of our enquiries, was a study rather curious than profitable, and contributing but little to the improvement of human life. For though he was perfectly acquainted with the various systems of all the philosophers of any name, from the earliest antiquity, and has explained them all in his works; yet he did not think it worth while, either to form any distinct opinions of his own, or at least to declare them. From his account, however, of those systems we may observe, that several of the fundamental principles of modern philosophy, which pass for the original discoveries of these later times, are the revival rather of ancient notions maintained by some of the first philosophers, of whom we have any notice in history; as the *Motion of the Earth*; the *Antipodes*; a *Vacuum*; and an *universal Gravitation, or attractive Quality of Matter, which holds the World in its present Form and Order*.

But in all the great points of religion and morality, which are of more immediate relation to the happiness of man, the *being of a God*; a *providence*; the *immortality of the soul*; a *future state of rewards and punishments*; and the *eternal difference of good and ill*; he has largely and clearly declared his mind in many parts of his writings. He maintained that there was *one God, or Supreme Being*; *incorporeal, eternal, self-existent, who created the world by his power, and sustained it by his providence*. This he inferred from *the consent of all nations*; the *order and beauty of the heavenly bodies*; the *evident marks of counsel, wisdom, and a design to certain ends, observable in the whole, and in every part of the visible world*; and declares that person unworthy of the name of a man, who can believe all this to have been made by chance; when with the utmost stretch of human wisdom, we cannot penetrate the depth of that wisdom which contrived it.

He believed also a *Divine Providence*, constantly presiding over the whole system, and extending its care to all the principal members of it, with a peculiar attention to the *conduct and actions of men*, but leaving the *minute and inferior parts* to the course of his general law. This he collected from the nature and attributes of the Deity; his *omnipotence, omnipresence, and infinite goodness*; that could never desert

or neglect what he had once produced into being: and declares, that without this belief, there could be no such thing as *piety or religion in the world.*

He held likewise the *immortality of the soul, and its separate existence after death in a state of happiness or misery.* This he inferred from *that ardent thirst of immortality,* which was always the most conspicuous in the best and most exalted minds; from which the truest specimen of their nature must needs be drawn, from *its unmixed and indivisible essence,* which had nothing separable or perishable in it; from its wonderful powers and faculties; *its principle of self-motion; its memory, invention, wit, comprehension; which were all incompatible with sluggish matter,* The Stoics fancied that the soul was a subtilized, fiery substance, which survived the body after death, and subsisted a long time, yet not eternally, but was to perish at last in the general conflagration; in which they allowed, as Cicero says, *the only thing that was hard to conceive, its separate existence from the body; yet denied what was not only easy to imagine, but a consequence of the other; its eternal duration.* Aristotle taught, that besides *the four elements of the material world,* whence all other things were supposed to draw their being, there was *a fifth essence or nature, peculiar to God and the soul,* which had nothing in it that was common to any of the rest. This opinion Cicero followed, and illustrated with his usual perspicuity in the following passage:

“The origin of the human soul,” says he, “is not to be found any where on earth; there is nothing mixed, concrete, or earthly; nothing of water, air, or fire in it. For these natures are not susceptible of memory, intelligence, or thought; have nothing that can retain the past, foresee the future, lay hold on the present; which faculties are purely divine, and could not possibly be derived to man, except from God; the nature of the soul therefore is of a singular kind, distinct from these known and obvious natures; and whatever it be that feels and tastes, that lives and moves in us, it must be heavenly and divine, and for that reason eternal. Nor is God indeed himself, whose existence we can clearly discover, to be comprehended by us in any other manner, but as a free and pure mind, clear from all mortal concretion; observing and moving all things; and indeed with an eternal pri-

“ciple of self-motion: of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human soul.”

As to a *future state of rewards and punishments,* he considered it as a consequence of the soul’s immortality, deducible from the *attributes of God, and the condition of man’s life on earth;* and thought it so highly probable, that we could hardly doubt of it. he says, *unless it should happen to our minds, when they look into themselves, as it does to our eyes, when they look too intently at the sun, that finding their sight dazzled, they give over looking at all.* In this opinion he followed Socrates and Plato, for whose judgment he professed to great a reverence, that *if they had given no reasons, where yet they had given many, he should have been persuaded, he says, by their sole authority.* Socrates, therefore, as he tells us, declared in his dying speech, “That there were two ways appointed to the human souls at their departure from the human body: that those who had been immersed in sensual pleasures and lusts, and had polluted themselves with private vices or public crimes against their country, took an obscure and devious road, remote from the seat and assembly of the gods; whilst those who had preserved their integrity, and received little or no contagion from the body, from which they had constantly abstracted themselves, and in the bodies of men imitated the life of the gods, had an easy ascent lying open before them to those gods, from whom they derived their being.”

From what has already been said, the reader will easily imagine what Cicero’s opinion must have been concerning *the religion of his country:* for a mind enlightened by the noble principles just stated, could not possibly harbour a thought of the truth or divinity of so absurd a worship; and the liberty which not only he, but all the old writers take, in ridiculing the characters of their gods, and the fictions of their *infernal torments* shews, that there was not a man of liberal education, who did not consider it as an engine of state, or political system; contrived for the uses of government, and to keep the people in order; in this light Cicero always commends it as a wise institution, singularly adapted to the genius of Rome, and constantly inculcates an *adherence to its rights* as the duty of all good citizens.

Their religion consisted of two principal branches; *the observation of the ausp-*

ces, and the worship of the gods: the first was instituted by Romulus; the second by his successor, Numa; who drew up a ritual, or order of ceremonies, to be observed in the different sacrifices of their several deities: to these a third part was afterwards added, relating to *divine admonitions from portents; monstrous births; the entrails of beasts in sacrifice; and the prophecies of the sybils*. The College of Augurs presided over the *auspices*, as the *supreme interpreters of the will of Jove*; and determined what signs were propitious, and what not: the other priests were the judges of all the other cases relating to religion, as well of what concerned the public worship, as that of private families.

Now the priests of all denominations were of the first nobility of Rome, and the augurs especially were commonly senators of consular rank, who had passed through all the dignities of the republic, and by their power over the *auspices*, could put an immediate stop to all proceedings, and dissolve at once all the assemblies of the people convened for public business. The interpretation of the *sybils prophecies* was vested in the *decemviri*, or guardians of the sybilline books, ten persons of distinguished rank, chosen usually from the priests. And the province of interpreting prodigies, and inspecting the entrails, belonged to the *haruspices*; who were the servants of the public, hired to attend the magistrates in all their sacrifices; and who never failed to accommodate their answers to the views of those who employed them, and to whose protection they owed their credit and their livelihood.

This constitution of a religion among a people naturally superstitious, necessarily threw the chief influence of affairs into the hands of the senate, and the better sort; who by this advantage frequently checked the violences of the populace, and the factious attempts of the tribunes: so that it is perpetually applauded by Cicero as the main bulwark of the republic; though considered all the while by men of sense, as merely political, and of human invention. The only part that admitted any dispute concerning its origin, was *augury*, or their method of divining by *auspices*. The Stoics held that God, out of his goodness to men, had imprinted on the nature of things *certain marks or notices of future events*; as on the *entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, thunder, and other celestial signs*, which, by long observation, and

the experience of ages, were reduced into an art, by which the meaning of each sign might be determined, and applied to the event that was signified by it. This they called *artificial divination*, in distinction from the *natural*, which they supposed to flow from an *instinct, or native power*, implanted in the soul, which it exerted always with the greatest efficacy, when it was the most free and disengaged from the body, as in *dreams and madness*. But this notion was generally ridiculed by the other philosophers; and of all the College of Augurs, there was but one who at this time maintained it, Appius Claudius, who was laughed at for his pains by the rest, and called the *Pisidian*: it occasioned however a smart controversy between him and his colleague Marcellus, who severally published books on each side of the question; wherein Marcellus asserted the whole affair to be the *contrivance of statesmen*: Appius, on the contrary, that *there was a real art and power of divining subsisting in the augural discipline, and taught by the augural books*. Appius dedicated this treatise to Cicero, who, though he preferred Marcellus's notion, yet did not wholly agree with either, but believed that *augury might probably be instituted at first upon a persuasion of its divinity; and when, by the improvements of arts and learning, that opinion was exploded in succeeding ages, yet the thing itself was wisely retained for the sake of its use to the republic*.

But whatever was the origin of the religion of Rome, Cicero's religion was undoubtedly of *heavenly extraction*, built, as we have seen, on the foundation of a *God; a providence; an immortality*. He considered this short period of our life on earth as a state of trial, or a kind of school, in which we were to improve and prepare ourselves for that eternity of existence which was provided for us hereafter; that we were placed therefore here by our Creator, not so much to *inhabit the earth, as to contemplate the heavens*; on which were imprinted, in legible characters, all the duties of that nature which was given to us. He observed, that *this spectacle belonged to no other animal but man*: to whom God, for that reason, had given an *erect and upright form, with eyes not prone or fixed upon the ground*, like those of other animals, but placed on high and sublime, in a situation the most proper for *this celestial contemplation*, to remind him

him perpetually of his task, and to acquaint him with the place on which he sprung, and for which he was finally designed. He took the system of the world, or the visible works of God, to be *the promulgation of God's law*, or the declaration of his will to mankind; whence, as we might collect his being, nature, and attributes, so we could trace the reasons also and motives of his acting; *till, by observing what he had done, we might learn what we ought to do, and, by the operations of the divine reason, be instructed how to perfect our own*; since the perfection of man consisted in the imitation of God.

From this source he deduced the origin of all duty, or moral obligation; from *the will of God manifested in his works*; or from that *eternal reason, fitness and relation of things*, which is displayed in every part of the creation. This he calls the *original, immutable law; the criterion of good and ill, of just and unjust*; imprinted on the nature of things, as the rule by which all human laws are formed; which, whenever they deviate from this pattern, ought, he says, to be called any thing rather than *laws*, and are in effect nothing but *aets of force, violence, and tyranny*. That to imagine *the distinction of good and ill not to be founded in nature, but in custom, opinion, or human institution, is mere folly and madness*; which would overthrow all society, and confound all right and justice amongst men: that this was the constant opinion of the wisest of all ages; who held, *that the mind of God, governing all things by eternal reason, was the principle and sovereign law; whose substitute on earth was the reason or mind of the wise*: to which purpose there are many strong and beautiful passages scattered occasionally through every part of his works.

"The true law," says he, "is right reason, conformable to the nature of things; constant, eternal, diffused through all; which calls us to duty by commanding; deters us from sin by forbidding; which never loses its influence with the good, nor ever preserves it with the wicked. This cannot possibly be overruled by any other law, nor abrogated in the whole, or in part: nor can we be absolved from it either by the senate or the people; nor are we to seek any other comment or interpreter of it but itself: nor can there be one law at Rome, another at Athens; one now, another hereafter; but the same eter-

nal, immutable law, comprehends all nations, at all times, under one common Master and Governor of all, GOD. He is the inventor, propounder, enactor of this law; and whosoever will not obey it, must first renounce himself, and throw off the nature of man; by doing which, he will suffer the greatest punishment, though he should escape all the other torments which are commonly believed to be prepared for the wicked."

In another place he tells us, that the study of this law was the only thing which could teach us that most important of all lessons, said to be prescribed by *the Pythian oracle, TO KNOW OURSELVES*; that is, to know our true nature and rank in the universal system, the relation that we bear to all other things, and the purposes for which we were sent into the world. "When a man," says he, "has attentively surveyed the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all things in them, observed whence they sprung, and whither they all tend; when and how they are to end; what part is mortal and perishable, what divine and eternal: when he has almost reached and touched, as it were, the Governor and Ruler of them all, and discovered himself not to be confined to the walls of any certain place, but a citizen of the world, as of one common city; in this magnificent view of things, in this enlarged prospect and knowledge of nature, good gods! how will he learn to know himself? How will he condemn, despise, and set at nought all those things which the vulgar esteem the most splendid and glorious?"

These were the principles on which Cicero built his religion and morality, which shine indeed through all his writings, but were largely and explicitly illustrated by him in his Treatises on Government and on Laws; to which he added afterwards his book of Offices, to make the scheme complete: volumes which, as the *elder Pliny* says to the emperor Titus, ought not only to be read, but to be got by heart. The first and greatest of these works is lost, except a few fragments, in which he had delivered his real thoughts so professedly, that in a letter to Atticus, he calls *these six books on the republic, so many pledges given to his country for the integrity of his life*; from which, if ever he swerved, he could never have the face to look into them again.

again. In his *book of Laws*, he pursued the same argument, and deduced the origin of law from *the will of the supreme God*. These two pieces therefore contain his belief, and *the book of Offices his practice*: where he has traced out all the duties of man, or a rule of life conformable to the divine principles, which he had established in the other two; to which he often refers, as to the foundation of his whole system. This work was one of the last that he finished, for the use of his son, to whom he addressed it; being desirous, in the decline of a glorious life, to explain to him the maxims by which he had governed it, and teach him the way of passing through the world with innocence, virtue, and true glory, to an immortality of happiness: where the strictness of his moral's, adapted to all the various cases and circumstances of human life, will serve, if not to instruct, yet to reproach the practice of most Christians. This was that law, which is mentioned by St. Paul, to be taught by nature, and written on the hearts of the Gentiles, to guide them through that state of ignorance and darkness, of which they themselves complained, till they should be blessed with a more perfect revelation of the divine will; and this scheme of it professed by Cicero, was certainly the most complete that the Gentile world had ever been acquainted with; the utmost effort that human nature could make towards attaining its proper end, or that supreme good for which the Creator had designed it: upon the contemplation of which sublime truths, as delivered by a heathen, Erasmus could not help persuading himself, *that the breast from which they flowed, must needs have been inspired by the Deity*.

But after all these glorious sentiments that we have been ascribing to Cicero, and collecting from his writings, some have been apt to consider them as the flourish rather of his eloquence, than the conclusions of his reason, since in other parts of his works he seems to intimate not only a diffidence, but a disbelief of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments; and especially in his letters, where he is supposed to detect his mind with the greatest frankness. But in all the passages brought to support this objection, where he is imagined to speak of death as *the end of all things to man*, as they are addressed to friends in distress by way of consolation; to some

commentators take them to mean nothing more, and that death is *the end of all things here below, and without any farther sense of what is done upon earth*; yet should they be understood to relate, as perhaps they may, to an utter extinction of our being; it must be observed, that he was writing in all probability to Epicureans, and accommodating his arguments to the men; by offering such topics of comfort to them from their own philosophy, as they themselves held to be the most effectual. But if this also should seem precarious, we must remember always, that Cicero was an academic; and though he believed a future state, was fond of the opinion, and declares himself resolved never to part with it; yet he believed it as probable only, not as certain; and as probability implies some mixture of doubt, and admits the degrees of more and less, so it admits also some variety in the stability of our persuasion: thus, in a melancholy hour, when his spirits were depressed, the same argument will not appear to him with the same force; but doubts and difficulties get the ascendancy, and what humoured his present chagrin, find the readiest admission.

The passages alledged were all of this kind, and written in the season of his dejection, when all things were going with him, in the height of Caesar's power; and though we allow them to have all the force that they can possibly bear, and to express what Cicero really meant at that time; yet they prove at last nothing more, than that, agreeably to the characters and principles of the Academy, he sometimes doubted of what he generally believed. But, after all, whatever be the sense of them, it cannot surely be thought reasonable to oppose a few scattered hints, accidentally thrown out, when he was not considering the subject, to the volumes that he had deliberately written on the other side of the question.

As to his political conduct, no man was ever a more determined patriot, or a warmer lover of his country than he: his whole character, natural temper, choice of life and principles, made its true interest inseparable from his own. His general view, therefore, was always one and the same; to support the peace and liberty of the republic in that form and constitution of it, which their ancestors had delivered down to them. He looked upon that as the only foundation on which it could be supported, and used to quote a verse of old Ennius,

as the dictate of an oracle, which derived all the glory of Rome from an adherence to its ancient manners and discipline.

Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque.
Fragm. de Repub. l. 5.

It is one of his maxims, which he inculcates in his writings, *that as the end of a pilot is a prosperous voyage; of a physician, the health of his patient; of a general, victory; so that of a statesman is, to make his citizens happy; to make them firm in power, rich in wealth, splendid in glory, eminent in virtue, which he declares to be the greatest and best of all works among men:* and as this cannot be effected but *by the concord and harmony of the constituent members of a city;* so it was his constant aim to unite the different orders of the state into one common interest, and to inspire them with a mutual confidence in each other; so as to balance the supremacy of the people by the authority of the senate; that the one *should enact, but the other advise;* the one have *the last resort, the other the chief influence.* This was the old constitution of Rome, by which it had been raised to all its grandeur; whilst all its misfortunes were owing to the contrary principle of distrust and dissension between these two rival powers: it was the great object, therefore, of his policy, to throw *the ascendant in all affairs into the hands of the senate and the magistrates,* as far as it was consistent with the rights and liberties of the people; which will always be the general view of the wise and honest in all popular governments.

This was the principle which he espoused from the beginning, and pursued to the end of his life: and though in some passages of his history, he may be thought perhaps to have deviated from it, yet upon an impartial view of the case, we shall find that his end was always the same, though he had changed his measures of pursuing it, when compelled to it by the violence of the times, and an over-ruling force, and a necessary regard to his own safety: so that he might say with great truth, what an Athenian orator once said in excuse of his inconstancy; *that he had acted indeed on some occasions contrary to himself, but never to the republic:* and here also his academic philosophy seems to have shewed its superior use in practical as well as in speculative life, by indulging that liberty of acting which nature and reason require; and when the times and things

themselves are changed, allowing a change of conduct, and a recourse to new means for the attainment of the same end.

The *three sects*, which at this time chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome, were *the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic;* and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero, who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue; but the different behaviour of *these three*, will shew by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society. The Stoics were *the bigots or enthusiasts* in philosophy, who held none to be truly wise but themselves; placed *perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good;* affirmed *all sins to be equal; all deviations from right equally wicked; to kill a dunghill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent;* a wise man could never forgive, never be moved by anger, favour or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life, and acted in it, as Cicero says, as if he had lived in *the polity of Plato,* not in the dregs of Romulus. He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power, not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least if he could not controul it: he knew no way to this end but the direct, and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to push on, and either surmount them or perish in the attempt; taking it for baseness and confession of being conquered, to decline a title from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, helped to hasten that ruin which he was striving to avert; so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his own way any further, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it

too low; as those raised to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held *pleasure to be the chief good of a man*; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life, esteeming virtue on no other account, than as it was a hand-maid to pleasure; and helped to insure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man had therefore no other duty, but to provide for his own ease; to decline all struggles; to retire from public affairs, and to imitate *the life of their gods*; by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose; in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity; the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never at least so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite party faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure against all events the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life.

Thus two excellent men by their mistaken notion of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all. Cicero chose the middle way between the obstinacy of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus: he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him: if not, took the next; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares *the statesman to the pilot*, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage; so that by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety at his destined port. He mentions

likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, *that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate*. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who by the splendor of their lives and actions had acquired an ascendant over the populace; it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst for power by a voluntary grant of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate counsels. He declared *contention to be no longer prudent, than while it either did service, or at least not hurt*; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting, and nothing left but to *extract some good out of the ill*, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he advised, and what he practised; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception, on the account of that complacency, which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

He made a just distinction between *bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn*; and submitted therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance, that he expressed very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controul, as in his *consulship*, in his *province*, and after Cæsar's death, the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself; there we see him shining out in his genuine character, of an excellent citizen; a great magistrate; a glorious patriot: there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, *that he had always done the greatest service to his country, when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it, but what was divine*. If we must needs compare him therefore

therefore with Cato, as some writers affect to do; it is certain, that if Cato's virtue seems more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other rational; the one drawn from the refinements of the schools, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often hurtful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude; Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely: but was the proper end of such a life, which must have been rendered less glorious, if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who had before been *timid in dangers and desponding in distress*, yet from the time of Cæsar's death, roused by the *desperate state of the republic*, assumed the fortitude of a hero: discarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself as it were for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory. *Middleton's Cicero.*

§ 39. *The character of* MARTIN LUTHER.

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long a-gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a

man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities, both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittenberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in con-

futing his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzels or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with these maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility: but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the

dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.

§ 40. *Character of ALFRED, King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect

perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 41. *Another Character of ALFRED.*

Alfred, that he might be the better able to extend his charity and munificence, regulated his finances with the most perfect œconomy, and divided his revenues into a certain number of parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the state, and the exercise of his own private liberality and devotion; nor was he a less œconomist in the distribution of his time, which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to sleep, meals, and exercise; and devoting the other two to writing, reading, business, and prayer. That this division might not be encroached upon inadvertently, he measured them by tapers of an equal size, which he kept continually burning before the shrines of relics. Alfred seemed to be a genius self-taught, which contrived and comprehended every

thing that could contribute to the security of his kingdom. He was author of that inestimable privilege, peculiar to the subjects of this nation, which consists in their being tried by their peers; for he first instituted juries, or at least improved upon an old institution, by specifying the number and qualifications of jurymen, and extending their power to trials of property as well as criminal indictments; but no regulation redounded more to his honour and the advantage of his kingdom, than the measures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and other outrages, which had so long been committed with impunity. His attention stooped even to the meanest circumstances of his people's conveniency. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houses of those materials; which being much more durable and secure from accidents than timber, his example was followed by his subjects in general. He was, doubtless, an object of most perfect esteem and admiration; for, exclusive of the qualities which distinguished him as a warrior and legislator, his personal character was amiable in every respect. Died 897, aged 52.

Smollett.

§ 42. *Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of éclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government: they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England

was the last enterprize of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several states of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63*.

Hume.

§ 43. *Another Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

From the transactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; stern and haughty in his deportment, reserved and jealous in his disposition. He was fond of glory; and, though parsimonious in his household, delighted much in ostentation. Though sudden and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aspect was nobly severe and imperious, his stature tall and portly: his constitution robust, and the composition of his bones and muscles strong: there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms.

Smollett.

§ 43. *Another Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war,

* Smollett says, 61.

and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earliest youth, amidst all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his oath to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice, possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him

for

for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed, exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it, we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the great-

ness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must however be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor.

Lyttelton.

§ 45. *The Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities; he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous

dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged intirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40. *Hume.*

§ 46. *Another Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

Thus fell William *, surnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four-and-forty years, and reigned near thirteen; during which time he oppressed his people in every form of tyranny and insult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, passionate, and ungrateful; a scoffer at religion, a scourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, lavish, and dissolute; and an inveterate enemy to the English, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this instance of their loyalty, he took *all* opportunities to fleece and enslave them; and at one time imprisoned fifty of the best families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; so that they were compelled to purchase their liberty at the expence of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the *fiery ordeal*. He lived in a scandalous commerce with prostitutes, professing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate issue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was so intent upon the succession, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceased king.

Smollett.

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his address, in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had dismounted after a chase. Tyrrel, impatient to shew his dexterity, let fly at a stag which suddenly started before him; the arrow glancing from a tree, struck the king in his breast, and instantly slew him.

§ 47. *Character of HENRY I.*

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly: his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother shewed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 48. *Another Character of HENRY I.*

Henry was of a middle stature and robust make, with dark brown hair, and blue serene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in such a manner, that he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unquestioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and severe in the execution of justice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced

produced a numerous family of illegitimate issue. His Norman descent and connections with the continent inspired him with a contempt for the English, whom he oppressed in the most tyrannical manner

Smollett.

§ 49. *Character of STEPHEN.*

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince: but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154.

Hume.

§ 50. *Another Character of STEPHEN.*

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was instigated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long on his people.

Smollett.

§ 51. *Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled

the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189.

Hume.

§ 52. *Another Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died Henry in the fifty-seventh year of his age (*Hume* says 58) and thirty-fifth of his reign; in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries

injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one-tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in the time of dearth he maintained ten thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was so surprizingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though superior to his contemporaries in strength, riches, true courage, and military skill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was so averse to bloodshed, that he expressed an uncommon grief at the loss of every private soldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his passions, naturally violent, often hurried him to excess; he was prone to anger, transported with the lust of power, and particularly accused of incontinence, not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodstock, from the jealous enquiry of his wife, but also in a supposed commerce with the French princess Adalais, who was bred in England as, the future wife of his son Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue.

Smollett.

§ 53. *Character of RICHARD I.*

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of

the *lion-hearted, cœur de lion*. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprizes, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199. aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 54. *Another Character of RICHARD I.*

This renowned prince was tall, strong, straight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowish colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majestic. He was endowed with good natural understanding; his penetration was uncommon; he possessed a fund of manly eloquence; his conversation was spirited, and he was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Asia resound with his praise. The Saracens filled their children with the terror of his name; and Saladin, who was an accomplished prince, admired his valour to such a degree of enthusiasm, that immediately after

Richard

Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he sent him a couple of fine Arabian horses, in token of his esteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent presents. These are the shining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious observer so much, but that he may perceive a number of blemishes, which no historian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial affection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciousness but his profusion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxations to such a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their execrations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a species of animals which he resembled not only in courage, but likewise in ferocity.

Smollett.

§ 55. *Character of JOHN.*

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect, that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage, under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch; but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216.

Hume.

§ 56. *Another Character of JOHN.*

John was in his person taller than the middle size, of a good shape and agreeable countenance; with respect to his disposition, it is strongly delineated in the transactions of his reign. If his understanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of detestation; we find him slothful, shallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconstant, abject in adversity, and overbearing in success; contemned and hated by his subjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmost of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppressed with exactions; and despised by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have passed through life without incurring such a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciousness of the pope, and the ambition of such a monarch as Philip Augustus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the disgust and scorn of his people: nevertheless, it must be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable transactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and several other places in the kingdom. He was the first who coined sterling money.

Smollett.

§ 57. *Character of HENRY III.*

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacri-

fice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variable-ness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation to which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipations of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years.

Hume.

§ 58. *Another Character of HENRY III.*

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; ir-resolute, inconstant, and capricious; proud, insolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though destitute of liberality, œconomy, and courage; yet his continence was praise-worthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to excess, and therefore always in necessity. Notwithstanding the great

sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without considering the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament.

Smollett.

§ 59. *Character of EDWARD I.*

The enterprizes finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interest of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprize may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years.

Hume.

§ 60. *Another Character of EDWARD I.*

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in stature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution

was

was robust; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects, but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks*. In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne. He was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect. The remotest corners of the earth sounded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less consummate in his legislative capacity, than eminent for his prowess. He may be styled the English Justinian: for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of jurisdiction; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual methods of preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country; witness his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that rancorous enmity which proved so prejudicial to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chastity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole course of his reign, one instance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accomplished warrior, without the least spark of heroism. *Smollett.*

§ 61. *Character of EDWARD II.*

It is not easy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffensive than this unhappy king; nor a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear: the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attacking his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame

upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which required the most steady and the most skilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to the person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327. *Hume.*

§ 62. *Another Character of EDWARD II.*

Thus perished Edward II. after having atoned by his sufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is said to have resembled his father in the accomplishments of his person, as well as in his countenance: but in other respects he seems only to have inherited the defects of his character: for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irresolution, in common with other weak princes; but the distinguishing foible of his character was that unaccountable passion for the reigning favourites, to which he sacrificed every other consideration of policy and convenience, and at last fell a miserable victim. *Smollett.*

§ 63. *Character of EDWARD III.*

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or

even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprizes; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprizes, where I one he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign. *Hume.*

§ 64. *Another Character of EDWARD III.*

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth: so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful ALICE, waiting until she perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and

jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corse. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of JESUS.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the scepter of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

Smollett.

§ 65. *Character of RICHARD II.*

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity,

city, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent œconomy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy. *

Hume.

§ 66. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconstant prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants, and vicious ministers, than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profuse, and profligate; and, though brave by starts, naturally pusillanimous, and irre-

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399 in the year of his age 34; of his reign 23.

solute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and degrade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen.

Smollett.

§ 67. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful and handsome in his person; and doth not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occasions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crown, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continual course of feasting and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest foible in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the Duke of Gloucester, and disgusted such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affectionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king.

Henry.

§ 68. *Character of HENRY IV.*

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir;

the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorse by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation.

Died 1413. Aged 43.

Hume.

§ 69. *Another Character of HENRY IV.*

Henry IV. was of a middle stature, well-proportioned, and perfect in all the exercises of arms and chivalry; his countenance was severe, rather than serene, and his disposition sour, sullen, and reserved: he possessed a great share of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; superstitious though without the least tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly parsimonious,

though justly censured for want of œconomy, and ill-judged profusion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He rose to the throne by perfidy and treason; and established his authority in the blood of his subjects, and died a penitent for his sins, because he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his transgressions.

Smollett.

§ 70. *Character of HENRY V.*

This prince possessed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unstained by any considerable blemish; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprizes was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The English, dazzled by the lustre of his character, still more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almost forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars in which his short reign was almost occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied so on his friendship, is no less a proof of his established character for candour and sincerity.

There remain, in history, few instances of such mutual trust; and still fewer, where neither found reason to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful, his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises.

Died 31st August, 1422: in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th. *Hume.*

§ 71. *Another Character of HENRY V.*

Henry was tall and slender, with a long neck, and engaging aspect, and limbs of the most elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility, and the exercise of arms; was hardy, patient, labo-

rious,

rious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was such as no danger could startle, and no difficulty oppose; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the dissensions among his enemies with such address, as spoke him consummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealousy, and converted their mutual resentment to his own advantage.

Henry possessed a self-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of instruction and experience: and a fund of natural sagacity, that made ample amends for all these defects. He was chaste, temperate, moderate, and devout, scrupulously just in his administration, and severely exact in the discipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and success, in a great measure, depended. In a word, it must be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper lost him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuse; as at the siege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal l'Isle d'Adam with the utmost indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his presence in plain decent apparel.

Smollett.

§ 72. HUME'S *Account of HENRY VI.* (for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) is expressed in the following Manner.

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of

power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 73. SMOLLETT'S *Account of the Death of HENRY VI. with some Strictures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alledged, that he was assassinated by the Duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compas-

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge

sionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eaton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eaton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred: but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 74. *Character of EDWARD IV.*

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and showy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprize.

Hume.

§ 75. *Another Character of EDWARD IV.*

He was a prince of the most elegant person and insinuating address; endowed with the utmost fortitude and intrepidity; possessed of uncommon sagacity and penetration; but, like all his ancestors, was brutally cruel and vindictive, perfidious, lewd, perjured, and rapacious; without one liberal thought, without one sentiment of humanity.

Smollett.

§ 76. *Another Character of EDWARD IV.*

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handsomest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection, which stood him in great stead in several circumstances of his life. For some time he was exceeding liberal; but at length he grew covetous, not so much from his natural temper, as out of a necessity to bear the immediate expences which his pleasures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and

a sound judgment, he committed, however, several oversights. But the crimes Edward is most justly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The first appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the scaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reason to shew mercy in case of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almost impossible to stand neuter, and so difficult to chuse the justest side between the two houses that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not see that Edward had any regard to that consideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may say, that his whole life was one continued scene of excess that way; he had abundance of mistresses, but especially three, of whom he said, that one was the merriest, the other the wittiest, and the other the holiest in the world, since she would not stir from the church but when he sent for her — What is most astonishing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which seemed to be prodigious.

He was raised to the throne, after the loss of two battles, one by the Duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the house of York. The head of the father was still upon the walls of York, when the son was proclaimed in London.

Edward escaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was restored to the throne, or at least received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilst his fortune yet depended upon the issue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in person. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

Rapin.

§ 77. EDWARD V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which

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the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 78. *Character of RICHARD III.*

Those historians who favour Richard, for even *He* has met partizans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confessed, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of small stature, hump-backed, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind. *Hume.*

§ 79. *Another Character of RICHARD III.*

Such was the end * of Richard III. the most cruel, unrelenting tyrant that ever sat on the throne of England. He seems to have been an utter stranger to the softer emotions of the human heart, and entirely destitute of every social enjoyment. His ruling passion was ambition; for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirst of dominion was unattended with the least work of generosity, or any desire of rendering himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a savage, not of a prince; for he was a solitary king, altogether detached from the rest of mankind, and incapable of that satisfaction which results from private friendship and disinterested society. We must acknowledge, however, that after his accession to the throne, his administration in general was conducted by the rules of justice; that he enacted salutary laws, and established wise regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might have proved an excellent king to the English nation. He was dark, silent, and reserved, and so much master of dissimulation, that it was almost impossible to dive into his real sentiments, when he wanted to conceal his designs. His stature was small, his aspect cloudy, severe, and forbidding: one of his arms

* Slain at the battle of Bosworth.

was withered, and one shoulder higher than another, from which circumstance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crook-backed. *Smollett.*

§ 80. *Character of HENRY VII.*

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long harassed; he maintained peace and order to the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards, it was unknown to himself, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the sallies of passion, or allurements of pleasure; still less from the benign motives of friendship and generosity.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

§ 81. *Another Character of HENRY VII.*

Henry was tall, straight, and well-shaped, though slender; of a grave aspect, and saturnine complexion; austere in his dress, and reserved in conversation, except when he had a favourite point to carry; and then he would fawn, flatter, and practise all the arts of insinuation. He inherited a natural fund of sagacity, which was improved by study and experience; nor was he deficient in personal bravery and political courage. He was cool, close, cunning, dark, distrustful, and designing; and of all the princes who had sat on the English throne, the most fordid, selfish, and ignorant. He possessed, in a peculiar manner, the art of turning all his domestic troubles, and all his foreign disputes, to his own advantage; hence he acquired the appellation of the English Solomon; and all the powers of the continent courted his alliance, on account of his wealth, wisdom, and uninterrupted prosperity.

The nobility he excluded entirely from the administration of public affairs, and employed clergymen and lawyers, who, as they had no interest in the nation, and depended entirely upon his favour, were more obsequious to his will, and ready to concur in all his arbitrary measures. At the same time it must be owned, he was a wise legislator; chaste, temperate, and assiduous in the exercise of religious duties; decent in his deportment, and exact in the administration of justice, when his private interest was not concerned; though he frequently used religion and justice as cloaks for perfidy and oppression. His soul was continually actuated by two ruling passions, equally base and unkingly, namely, the fear of losing his crown, and the desire of amassing riches: and these motives influenced his whole conduct. Nevertheless, his apprehension and avarice redounded, on the whole, to the advantage of the nation. The first induced him to depress the nobility, and abolish the feudal tenures, which rendered them equally formidable to the prince and people; and his avarice prompted him to encourage industry and trade, because it improved his customs, and enriched his subjects, whom he could afterwards pillage at discretion.

Smollett.

§ 82. *Character of HENRY VIII.*

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from

himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontroled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their

their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence, and personal bravery, rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expence.

Died January 23th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regi 37. *Hume.*

§ 83. *Another Character of HENRY VIII.*

Henry VIII. before he became corpulent, was a prince of a goodly personage, and commanding aspect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exercises of youth, and possessed a good understanding, which was not much improved by the nature of his education. Instead of learning that philosophy which opens the mind, and extends the qualities of the heart, he was confined to the study of gloomy and scholastic disquisitions, which served to cramp his ideas, and pervert the faculty of reason, qualifying him for the disputant of a cloister, rather than the lawgiver of a people. In the first years of his reign, his pride and vanity seemed to domineer over all his other passions; though from the beginning he was impetuous, headstrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He was rash, arrogant, prodigal, vain-glorious, pedantic, and superstitious. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His passions, soothed by adulation, rejected all restraint; and as he was an utter stranger to the finer feelings of the soul, he gratified them at the expence of justice and humanity, without remorse or compunction.

He wrested the supremacy from the bishop of Rome, partly on conscientious motives, and partly from reasons of state and conveniency. He suppressed the monasteries, in order to supply his extravagance with their spoils; but he would not have made those acquisitions, had they not been productive of advantage to his nobility, and agreeable to the nation in general. He was frequently at war; but the greatest conquest he obtained was over his own parliament and people.—Religious disputes had divided them into two fac-

tions. As he had it in his power to make either scale preponderate, each courted his favour with the most obsequious submission, and, in trimming the balance, he kept them both in subjection. In accustoming them to these abject compliances, they degenerated into slaves, and he from their prostitution acquired the most despotic authority. He became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and so cruel that he seemed to delight in the blood of his subjects.

He never seemed to betray the least symptoms of tenderness in his disposition; and, as we already observed, his kindness to Cranmer was an inconsistency in his character. He seemed to live in defiance of censure, whether ecclesiastical or secular; he died in apprehension of futurity; and was buried at Windsor, with idle processions and childish pageantry, which in those days passed for real taste and magnificence. *Smollett.*

§ 84. *Character of EDWARD VI.*

Thus died Edward VI. in the sixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification, and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England, published very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickness of apprehension; but being distrustful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful; when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counsellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he sent him to travel, he writ oft to him to keep good company, to avoid excess and luxury; and to improve himself in those things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Offory in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and did

did answer the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingness to sign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent. He took great care to have his debts well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrust, and extreme contempt. He took special care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppressed people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the rest—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderness of conscience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. These extraordinary qualities, set off with great sweetness and affability, made him universally beloved by his people. *Burnet.*

§ 85. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

All the English historians dwell with pleasure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the less to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. *Hume.*

§ 86. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

Edward is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By that time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, natural philosophy, and master of all theological disputes; insomuch that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progress he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to

have had an ingredient of bigotry in his disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration, his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture. *Smollett.*

§ 87. *Character of MARY.*

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in these cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement. She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 88. *Another Character of MARY.*

We have already observed, that the characteristics of Mary were bigotry and revenge: we shall only add, that she was proud, imperious, froward, avaricious, and wholly destitute of every agreeable qualification. *Smollett.*

§ 89. *Character of ELIZABETH.*

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and

was naturally of a sound and solid judgment. This was visible by her whole management, from one end of her reign to the other. Nothing shews her capacity more, than her address in surmounting all the difficulties and troubles created by her enemies, especially when it is considered who these enemies were; persons the most powerful, the most artful, the most subtle, and the least scrupulous in Europe. The following are the maxims which she laid down for the rule and measures of her whole conduct, and from which she never swerved: "To make herself beloved by her people: To be frugal of her treasure: To keep up dissension amongst her neighbours."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities consisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation, and a profound hypocrisy. In a word, they say she was a perfect comedian. For my part, I don't deny that she made great use of dissimulation, as well with regard to the courts of France and Spain, as to the queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also persuaded that, being as much concerned to gain the love and esteem of her subjects, she affected to speak frequently, and with exaggeration, of her tender affection for them. And that she had a mind to make it believed that she did some things from an excessive love to her people, which she was led to more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own friends reproach her with. I will not deny that she was too parsimonious, and upon some occasions stuck too close to the maxims she had laid down, not to be at any expence but what was absolutely necessary. However in general I maintain, that if her circumstances did not require her to be covetous, at least they required that she should not part with her money but with great caution, both in order to preserve the affection of her people, and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies.

She is accused also of not being so chaste, as she affected to appear. Nay, some pretend that there are now in England, the descendants of a daughter she had by the Earl of Leicester; but as hitherto nobody has undertaken to produce any proofs of this accusation, one may safely reckon it among the slanders which they endeavoured to stain her reputation with, both in her life-time and after her decease.

It is not so easy to justify her concerning the death of the queen of Scots. Here it must be owned she sacrificed equity, justice, and it may be her own conscience, to her safety. If Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretence to detain her in prison, under the deceitful colour of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dissimulation was blame-worthy. This first piece of injustice, drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose in the end, the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doubtless is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continual fear and uneasiness she was under on that account, is what characterises her reign, because it was the main spring of almost all her actions. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe anybody ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be so, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion, was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns, before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add, she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities, and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.

Died March 24, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

Rapin.

§ 90. *Another Character of ELIZABETH.*

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the

unanimous

unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controuled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrouled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior providence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness mean while untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of

them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

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thus left unfinished by

Hume.

§ 91. *Another Character of ELIZABETH.*

Elizabeth, in her person, was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with an high round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair; she danced with great agility; her voice was strong and shrill; she understood music, and played upon several instruments. She possessed an excellent memory, and understood the dead and living languages, and made good proficiency in the sciences and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She was the great bul-

wark of the Protestant religion; she was highly commendable for her general regard to the impartial administration of justice; and even for her rigid œconomy, which saved the public money, and evinced that love for her people which she so warmly professed. Yet she deviated from justice in some instances when her interest and passions were concerned; and, notwithstanding all her great qualities, we cannot deny she was vain, proud, imperious, and in some cases cruel: her predominant passion was jealousy and avarice; though she was also subject to such violent gusts of anger as overwhelmed all regard to the dignity of her station, and even hurried her beyond the common bounds of decency. She was wise and steady in her principles of government, and above all princes fortunate in a ministry.

Smollett.

§ 92. *Character of JAMES I.*

James was of a middle stature, of a fine complexion, and a soft skin; his person plump, but not corpulent, his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance disagreeable, his air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weakness in his knees that prevented his walking without assistance; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little else than rich and strong wines. His character, from the variety of grotesque qualities that compose it, is not easy to be delineated. The virtues he possessed were so loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to set off the dark shades; his principles of generosity were tainted by such a childish profusion, that they left him without means of paying his just obligations, and subjected him to the necessity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjust methods of acquiring money. His friendship, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by so puerile a fancy, and so absurd a caprice, that the objects of it were contemptible, and its consequences attended with such an unmerited profusion of favours, that it was perhaps the most exceptionable quality of any he possessed. His distinctions were formed on principles of selfishness; he valued no person for any endowments that could not be made subservient to his pleasures or his interest; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth to preferment. His

familiar conversation, both in writing and in speaking, was stuffed with vulgar and indecent phrases. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and full of the importance of his station, he descended to buffoonry, and suffered his favourites to address him in the most disrespectful terms of gross familiarity.

Himself affected a sententious wit, but rose no higher in those attempts than to quaint, and often stale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly bestowed on princes; this, from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very disadvantageous circumstance, by contracting his opinions to his own narrow views; his pretences to a consummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of governing, expose him to a high degree of ridicule; his conduct shewing him more than commonly deficient in all these points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of princes, caused him publicly to avow pretensions that impressed into the minds of the people an incurable jealousy; this, with an affectation of a profound skill in the art of dissembling, or kingcraft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and distrust; when at the same time he was himself the only dupe to an impertinent, useless hypocrisy.

If the laws and constitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change suitable to the purpose of an arbitrary sway. Stained with these vices, and sullied with these weaknesses, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption must arise from motives of contempt. Despicable as he appears through his own Britannie government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexceptionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whose privileges were but feebly established, and who had been long subjected to civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, he at once flung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alledged, that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-serving genius of the English noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumspect conduct. Among the forwardest of the worthless tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who told him on his coming to the crown, that he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither

bit nor bridle, but their asses ears. Died March 27, A. D. 1625. Aged 59.

Macaulay.

§ 93. *Another Character of JAMES.*

James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelty; his tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking, he beslobbered the by-standers; his knees were so weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation.

Smollett.

§ 94. *Another Character of JAMES.*

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

Hume.

§ 95. *Another Character of JAMES.*

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are no less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a dissolute life, given to drinking, and a

great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise taxed with dissolving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witness, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England never flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jeers of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king.

Ratin.

§ 96. Character of CHARLES I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I, king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate; religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted, he suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and

judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1648 9.

Smollett.

§ 97. Another Character of CHARLES I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinged with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was

more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince: but, for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; those are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular,

handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince.

Hume.

§ 98. *Another Character of CHARLES I.*

In the character of Charles, as represented by his panegyrists, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world as, virtues of the first rank.

Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown, legitimated every measure, and sanctified in his eye the widest deviation from moral rule,

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery, he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chastity has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of

style;

style; in his debates elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occasioned him to observe a stateliness and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue, were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macaulay.

§ 99. *Character of OLIVER CROMWELL* *.

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity,

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonry: yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind *.

Noble.

§ 100. *Character of CHARLES II.*

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good-breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge †, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communi-

* Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

† Marquis of Halifax.

cative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, œconomy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper: a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54.

Hume.

§ 101. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Charles II. was in his person tall and

swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than over-balanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scotter at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprize, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and, in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people.

Smollett.

§ 102. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Thus lived and died king Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as

the

the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading and study; and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most: so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things, and all persons, with a depth of craft and dissimulation. He desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the risque, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Burnet.

§ 103. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

The character of Charles the Second, like the transactions of his reign, has assumed various appearances, in proportion to the passions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjust as to alledge that he was destitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his disposition, and the dissipation occasioned by his pleasures, as they were at first the source of his misfortunes, became afterwards the safety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perseverance and attention of his brother, to his own insinuating and engaging address, he might have secured his reputation with writers, by enslaving them with the nation.

In his person he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face strong and harsh, when singly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and

even pleasing. In the motions of his person he was easy, graceful, and firm. His constitution was strong, and communicated an active vigour to all his limbs. Though a lover of ease of mind, he was fond of bodily exercise. He rose early, he walked much, he mixed with the meanest of his subjects, and joined in their conversation, without diminishing his own dignity, or raising their presumption. He was acquainted with many persons in the lower stations of life. He captivated them with sprightly terms of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleased with themselves. His guards only attended him on public occasions. He took the air frequently in company with a single friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wish to attract his notice, than from an idle curiosity. When evident designs against his life were daily exhibited before the courts of justice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, he is said to have been severe on his brother's character, when he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprize how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," (replied the king,) "take you care of yourself, and "I am safe. No man in England will kill "ME, to make YOU king."

When he was opposed with most violence in parliament, he continued the most popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman, overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affability, his easy address, his attention to the very prejudices of the people, rendered him independent of all the arts of his enemies to inflame the vulgar. He is said with reason to have died opportunely for his country. Had his life extended to the number of years which the strength of his constitution seemed to promise, the nation would have lost all memory of their liberties. Had his fate placed Charles the Second in these latter times; when influence supplies the place of obvious power; when the crown has ceased to be distressed through the channel of its necessities; when the representatives of the people, in granting supplies for the public service, provide for themselves; his want of ambition would have precluded the jealousy, and his popular

ular qualities secured the utmost admiration of his subjects. His gallantry itself would be construed into spirit, in an age where decency is only an improvement on vice.

Macpherson.

§ 104. *Character of JAMES II.*

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his disposal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprizes. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689. *Macpherson.*

§ 105. *Another Character of JAMES II.*

The enemies of James did not fail to make the most of the advantages they had gained by their subtle manœuvres; some said, that the king's flight was the effect of a disturbed conscience, labouring under the load of secret guilt; and those whose censures were more moderate, asserted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to

sacrifice his crown to the interests of his priests; and that he chose rather to depend on the precarious support of a French force to subdue the refractory spirit of his people, than to abide the issue of events which threatened such legal limitations as should effectually prevent any further abuse of power.

The whole tenor of the king's past conduct, undoubtedly gave a countenance to insinuations which were in themselves sufficiently plausible to answer all the purposes for which they were industriously circulated; but when the following circumstances are taken into consideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppressed with an uninterrupted series of misfortunes; that the king's life was put entirely into the hands of a rival, whose ambitious views were altogether incompatible even with the shadow of regal power in his person; that the means taken to increase the apprehensions which reflections of this nature must necessarily occasion, were of the most mortifying kind; it must be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced conduct in some exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's situation, have sought shelter in the professed generosity of a trusted friend, from personal insult, personal danger, and from all the harassing suspense under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The opposition of James's religious principles to those of his subjects, his unpopular connections with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent establishment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour such an union of prejudice and interest, as to destroy in the minds of posterity, all that sympathy which, on similar occasions, and in similar misfortunes, has so wonderfully operated in favour of other princes; and whilst we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the First; whilst, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilst we see, with regret, that he was stripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chastening hand of affliction had, in a great measure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irresistible power of truth must oblige us to confess, that the adherence to religious principle, which cost the father his life; deprived the son of his dominions; that the enormous

enormous abuses of power with which both sovereigns are accused, owed their origin to the same source; the errors arising from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of designing priests; we shall also be obliged to confess, that the parliament itself, by an unprecedented servility helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an absolute and unconditional submission on the part of subjects, which, in the reign of his father, was, in a great measure, confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Universities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; so great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the First to the commencement of the reign of his son James, that at this shameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as arising from a spirit totally incompatible with the peace of society, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Christianity.

This was the situation of affairs at the accession of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceased king; had he professed himself a Protestant, whilst he was in his heart a Papist; had he not regarded it as his duty to use his omnipotent power for the restoring to some parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Christ; or had he, instead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, suffered them to share the regal despotism which they had fixed on the basis of conscience, the most flagrant abuses of civil power would never have been called in judgment against him, and parliament themselves would have lent their constitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in such a manner as should have put it out of the power of the most determined votaries of freedom to have re-established the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted sincerity of James; a circumstance which ought, in some measure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the sufferer, and induce us to treat those errors with

lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely lost, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was said by the witty duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might do well if he would, and that James would do well if he could;" an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to compose a good sovereign. His industry and business were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any excesses which trench deeply on the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition. But those who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the infirmities, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow-creatures, when in any respect they affect personal interest or inclination, will aim against them the sensibility of every humane mind, and can never expect from others that justice and commiseration which themselves have never exercised: but whilst we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the short hour of triumph, persecuted all those who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but justice to observe, that the rank vices of pride, malice, and revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilst he figured in the station of presumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of sovereign, on the successful

successful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly collected by the chastising hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was spent in the exercise of the first Christian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and resignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always spoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the most successfully in his disfavour; that he reproved those who mentioned their conduct with severity; that he read, even with a stoical apathy, the bitterest writings which were published against him; that he regarded the loss of empire as a necessary correction of the misdemeanors of his life, and even rebuked those who expressed any concern for the issue of events, which he respected as ordinations of the divine will.

According to the same biographer, James was exact in his devotion, moderate even to abstinence in his life; full of sentiments of the highest contrition for past offences; and, according to the discipline of the Romish church, was very severe in the austerities which he inflicted on his person. As this prince justly regarded himself as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmest friends were all of this persuasion, as his conversation in his retirement at St. Germain was entirely, in a great measure, confined to priests and devotees, it is natural that this superstition should increase with the increase of religious sentiment; and as he had made use of his power and authority, whilst in England, to enlarge the number of proselytes in popery, so, in a private station, he laboured incessantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popish adherents, and to effect a reformation in those who still continued firm to the doctrines of the church of England. He visited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the severest order of religionists in France; and his conformity to the discipline of the convent was so strict and exact, that he impressed those devotees with sentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and constancy.

Thus having spent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity than he had ever experienced in the most triumphant part of his life, he was seized with a palsy in September 1701, and after having languished fifteen days, died in the sixty-eighth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his first seizure and final exit with the whole train of religious

exercises enjoined on similar occasions by the church of Rome, with solemn and repeated professions of his faith, and earnest exhortation to his two children, the youngest of whom was born in the second year of his exile, to keep steadfast to the religion in which they had been educated. These precepts and commands have acted with a force superior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmness which obliges an historian to acknowledge the superiority which James's descendants, in the nice points of honour and conscience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Protestant cause, made no scruple to accept a crown on the disgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irresistible. James, to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as a circumstance necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, whilst he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any encroachment on the royal prerogative. Among several heads, containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting, that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shews, that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish.

Macaulay.

§ 106. *Character of WILLIAM III.*

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual

tinual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave solemn aspect. He was very sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expence of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connections, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years.

Smollett.

§ 107. *Another Character of WILLIAM III.*

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nose was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harsh features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which were not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obstinate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither possessed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distributions of favours he was cold and injudicious. In the punishment of crimes, often too easy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse. In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, less apt to conceal his passions than his designs: these defects, rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince

prince possessed of few talents to make him popular. He was truted, perhaps, less than he deserved, by the most obsequious of his parliaments; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own person, or respect for his right to the throne. *Macpherson.*

§ 108. *Character of MARY, Queen Consort of WILLIAM III.*

Mary was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife. *Smollett.*

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 109. *Character of ANNE.*

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well-proportioned; her hair was of a dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition: she was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycopants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mo-

ther, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess; during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession; unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne." *Smollett.*

She died in 1714.

§ 110. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the best and greatest monarchs that ever filled that throne. What was most remarkable, was a clear harmonious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her speeches to parliament, insomuch that it used to be a common saying in the mouth of every one, "that her very speech was music." Good-nature, the true characteristic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generosity, indolence, and timidity, but not without a due sensibility of any slight which she thought was offered to her person or her dignity; to these all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be ascribed; these were the sources both of her virtues and her failings; her greatest blessing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal consort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond and tender mother, an easy and indulgent mistress, and a most gracious sovereign; but she had more than once reason to repent her giving up her heart, and trusting her secrets without reserve to her favourites. She retained to the last the principle of that true religion which she had imbibed early; being devout without affectation, and charitable without ostentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer sort of them, of which she left an evidence which bears her name, and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all succeeding generations. *Chamberlaine.*

§ 111. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her person she was of a middle stature, and, before she bore children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion sanguine, her features strong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accomplishments of the mind, as a woman, she was not deficient; she understood music; she loved painting; she had even some taste for works of genius; she was always generous, sometimes liberal, but never profuse. Like the rest of the family, she was good-natured to a degree of weakness; indolent in her disposition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, easily led. She possessed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; she was subject to all his weaknesses, except enthusiasm in religion; she was jealous of her authority, and sullenly irreconcilable towards those who treated either herself or prerogative with disrespect; but, like him also, she was much better qualified to discharge the duties of a private life than to act the part of a sovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, she deserved every praise. Her conduct as a daughter could scarcely be exceeded by a virtue much superior to all these. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, she cannot, with any justice, be called a great princess. Subject to terror, beyond the constitutional timidity of her sex, she was altogether incapable of decisive counsels, and nothing but her irresistible popularity could have supported her authority amidst the ferment of those distracted times.

Macpherson.

§ 112. *The Character of MARY Queen of SCOTS.*

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that per-

fidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which beset her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene, which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and

and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

§ 113. *The Character of FRANCIS I. with some Reflections on his Rivalship with CHARLES V.*

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalship subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pur-

suit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes: Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repelled his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of its turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatness and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities

qualities as men. Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly, he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impiety to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possess-

ed as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, then have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but less amiable rival.

Robertson.

§ 114. *The Character of CHARLES V.*

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed for

for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and

Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes ventered on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undesigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

Robertson.

§ 115. *The Character of EPAMINONDAS.*

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occupations of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he

had

had learned, and soon displayed, To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war: nor was he less distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a soul capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship. The warmth of his benevolence supplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the necessities of others, which his own circumstances could not grant them: within the narrow sphere of these were his desires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no prospects of advantage could shake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and solely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in such repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally useful to his country as in action. By him Thebes first rose to sovereign power, and with him she lost her greatness. *Leland.*

§ 116. *A Comparison of the political Principles and Conduct of CATO, ATTICUS, and CICERO.*

The three sects which chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome were, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero; who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue: but the different behaviour of these three will shew, by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy; who held none to be truly wise or good but themselves; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good; affirmed all sins to be equal, all deviations from right equally wicked; to kill a dunghill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent; that a wise man could never forgive; never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life;

and acted in it, as Cicero says, 'as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus.' He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least, if he could not controul it: he knew no way to his end, but the direct; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on, and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt; taking it for a baseness, and confession of being conquered; to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate his friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, help to hasten that ruin which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any farther, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held pleasure to be the chief good of man; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness, consequently, in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life; esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to ensure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man, therefore, had no other duty, but to provide for his own ease, to decline all struggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity, the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics, with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never, at least,

so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure, against all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus two excellent men, by their mistaken notions of virtue, drawn from their principles of philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other, without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all.

Cicero chose the middle way, between the obstinacy of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus; he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him; if not, he took the next that seemed likely to bring him to the same end; and in politics, as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse of the progress to his voyage; so as, by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though later, at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who, by the splendor of their lives and actions, had acquired an ascendant over the populace, it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service, or at least no hurt; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting; and nothing left but to extract some good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not

reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he had advised, and what he practised; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception on the account of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

Middleton.

§ 117. *The Character of Lord Townshend.*

Lord Townshend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business, which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real goodness, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic œconomy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it, he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the First and Second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners, made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper

to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the First. He resolved, therefore, to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I must declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

Chesterfield.

§ 118. *The Character of Mr. POPE.*

Pope in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bedridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they

speaking sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him:

Chesterfield.

§ 119. *Character of Lord BOLINGBROKE.*

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdainful all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted, with his body, in celebrating and desiring the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attention of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion

the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia maxima mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking disposition, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary

character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

Chesterfield.

§ 120. *Character of Mr. PULTENEY.*

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Repentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against

against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificance and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it.— He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Chesterfield.

§ 121. *Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I

mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazzarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "No saint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would

would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind; and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst.

Chesterfield.

§ 122. *Character of Lord GRANVILLE.*

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured, nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable, good humoured, an instructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption.

Ibid.

§ 123. *Character of Mr. PELHAM.*

Mr. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a more manly and steady resolution than his brother the Duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and unfatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par negotiis neque supra*: had many domestic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister.

Ibid.

§ 124. *Character of RICHARD Earl of SCARBOROUGH.*

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed

informed it; for the most secret movements of his whole soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was chearful, the most engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was ofteneft, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address, of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities, and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection. I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet

practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous asserter of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough
name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could be only such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But if

ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

Chesterfield.

§ 125. *Character of Lord HARDWICKE.*

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The

great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

Chesterfield.

§ 126. *Character of the Duke of NEWCASTLE.*

The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were cotemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; sometimes well and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining parts

parts would do, without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business, as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so: there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above

four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Chesterfield.*

§ 127. *Character of the Duke of BEDFORD.*

The Duke of Bedford was more considerable for his rank and immense fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common share of common sense, but with a head so wrong-turned, and so invincibly obstinate, that the share of parts which he had was of little use to him, and very troublesome to others.

He was passionate, though obstinate; and, though both, was always governed by some low dependants; who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and address were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the desire of pleasing.

In speaking in the house, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without some reasoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below shining, but above contempt in any character.

In short, he was a Duke of a respectable family, and with a very great estate.

§ 128. *Another Character.*

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were sufficient to have supported him with meaner abilities than he possessed. The use he made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himself, but could not be more intrustive to mankind. The eminence of his station gave him a commanding prospect of his duty. The road which led to honour was open to his view. He could not lose it by mistake, and he had no temptation to depart from it by design.

An independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford, would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppressing or defending a minister: he would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favourite

vourite of his sovereign. Though de-
 ceived perhaps in his youth, he would
 not, through the course of a long life, have
 invariably chosen his friends from among
 the most profligate of mankind: his own
 honour would have forbidden him from
 mixing his private pleasures or conver-
 sation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers,
 gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have
 never felt, much less would he have submit-
 ted to, the humiliating necessity of engag-
 ing in the interest and intrigues of his de-
 pendants; of supplying their vices, or re-
 lieving their beggary, at the expence of
 his country. He would not have betrayed
 such ignorance, or such contempt of the
 constitution, as openly to avow in a court
 of justice the purchase and sale of a bo-
 rough. If it should be the will of Provi-
 dence to afflict him with a domestic mis-
 fortune, he would submit to the stroke
 with feeling, but not without dignity; and
 not look for, or find, an immediate conso-
 lation for the loss of an only son in con-
 sultations and empty bargains for a place
 at court, nor in the misery of ballotting at
 the India-house.

The Duke's history began to be im-
 portant at that auspicious period, at which
 he was deputed to the court of Versailles.
 It was an honourable office, and was exe-
 cuted with the same spirit with which it
 was accepted. His patrons wanted an
 ambassador who would submit to make
 concessions:—their business required a
 man who had as little feeling for his own
 dignity, as for the welfare of his country;
 and they found him in the first rank of the
 nobility.

Junius.

§ 129. *Character of Mr. HENRY FOX, af-
 terwards Lord Holland.*

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother
 of the lowest extraction. His father, Sir
 Stephen Fox, made a considerable fortune,
 somehow or other, and left him a fair
 younger brother's portion, which he soon
 spent in the common vices of youth, gam-
 ing included: this obliged him to travel
 for some time.

When he returned, though by educa-
 tion a Jacobite, he attached himself to
 Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his
 ablest *elvers*. He had no fixed principles
 either of religion or morality, and was
 too unwary in ridiculing and exposing
 them.

He had very great abilities and indefa-
 tigable industry in business; great skill in

managing, that is, in corrupting, the house
 of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in
 attaching individuals to himself. He pro-
 moted, encouraged, and practised their
 vices; he gratified their avarice, or sup-
 plied their profusion. He wisely and punc-
 tually performed whatever he promised,
 and most liberally rewarded their attach-
 ment and dependence. By these, and all
 other means that can be imagined, he made
 himself many personal friends and political
 dependants.

He was a most disagreeable speaker in
 parliament, inelegant in his language, he-
 sitating and ungraceful in his elocution,
 but skilful in discerning the temper of the
 house, and in knowing when and how to
 press, or to yield.

A constant good-humour and seeming
 frankness made him a welcome companion
 in social life, and in all domestic relations
 he was good-natured. As he advanced in
 life, his ambition became subservient to his
 avarice. His early profusion and dissipa-
 tion had made him feel the many incon-
 veniencies of want, and, as it often hap-
 pens, carried him to the contrary and worse
 extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem,
 quocunque modo rem,* became his maxim,
 which he observed (I will not say religio-
 usly and scrupulously, but) invariably and
 shamefully.

He had not the least notion of, or re-
 gard for, the public good or the constitu-
 tion, but despised those cares as the ob-
 jects of narrow minds, or the pretences
 of interested ones: and he lived, as Brutus
 died, calling virtue only a name.

Chesterfield.

§ 130. *Character of Mr. PITT.*

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most con-
 siderable posts and power in this kingdom
 singly to his own abilities; in him they
 supplied the want of birth and fortune,
 which latter in others too often supply the
 want of the former. He was a younger
 brother of a very new family, and his for-
 tune only an annuity of one hundred pounds
 a year.

The army was his original destination,
 and a cornetcy of horse his first and only
 commission in it. Thus, unassisted by fa-
 vour or fortune, he had no powerful pro-
 tector to introduce him into business, and
 (if I may use that expression) to do the
 honours of his parts; but their own strength
 was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual
 pleasures.

pleasures, and his genius forbid him the idle dissipations of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendor.

His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which is genius gained over theirs.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made

* Hume Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

secretary of state: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the king more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views, than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

Chesterfield.

§ 131. *Another Character.*

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate reserved him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge, and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration: it flashed like the lightening of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition: but his more substantial praise was founded upon his

his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country.

Smollett.

§ 132. *Another Character.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him, Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity, His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of De-

mosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should rebound through the universe.

Anonymous.

§ 133. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

—Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him: let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-

dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name, &c." It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

In consequence of this arrangement having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon: when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own; deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gulf, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it high-

ly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue. *Edm. Burke.*

§ 134. *Mr. PULTENEY's Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a

braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever any army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them; if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of

those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 135. Sir JOHN ST. AUBIN's *Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker.

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took

a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a
very

very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute-book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are

observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood,—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it

it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 136. *Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical form of

government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniencies of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to the inconveniencies;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which exposes them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the

concurrence

concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution

to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to chuse such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension, or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a cause, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuse any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption. To

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surpris'd to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have

had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 137. *Lord LYTTELTON's Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.*

Mr. Speaker.

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we pass'd the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinc'd, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is, indeed, of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we pass'd in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preach'd on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance in human nature; not to resist the latter at all times would be meanness and fer- vility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hier-

archy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from that measure, should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the Anti-Christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of LE FEVRE.*

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe.—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and

tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he

had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin,—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennails a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll

fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou ha't done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good!"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence,—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the tinn toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing

blowing his nose.—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate;—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water.—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was

piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda,

whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.

—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? —Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon;—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves.—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counter-scarp: and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French

king, as the French king thought good: and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him;—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed

as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau, —put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, —not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, —was never broken,

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the

film returned to its place,—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

Sterne.

§ 2. YORICK'S Death.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, —my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wastest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhand-somely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.”—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius

genius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes; —faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand, —and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door, —he then closed them —and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him; —a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave, —not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it, —and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of ALCANDER and SEPTIMIUS. Taken from a Byzantine Historian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after

passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced

commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence, and thus, lowering with resolution he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal; Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted: shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sou, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my
centre,

centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have

no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words “great claims,” he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my port-manteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—

hairs—his courteous figure seemed to enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sterne.

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

———Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the

same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hefitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the same instant a deep fullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir

Bertrand

Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart, He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrulling forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geiture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous fabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their fabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady,

and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —

— — — — —
— — — — —

Aikin's Miscel.

§ 9. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find

satisfaction

satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers: but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor?"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that

wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller of the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymist, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce

scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-freet; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery. *Goldsmith.*

§ 7. *A Dialogue between Mr. ADDISON and Dr. SWIFT.*

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do.—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either

house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a whig as lord Wharton himself: or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unhappily did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest; so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a fowl he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them: they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the

the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the Freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, seat you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in shewing all the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.—He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do

you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough satirist mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a faint swain too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—
Adieu: I must now return to my business above.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 8. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose

a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves.

The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon-day was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once

completed

complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence.

The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and freedom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddesses seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found; said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Aikin's Misfel.

§ 9. *On the Love of Life.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those

which are yet to come, Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long prospective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game,

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse," says a French Philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now

"lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sum to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeas'd with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered

bittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

Goldsmith.

§ 10. *The Canal and the Brook.*

A Reverie.

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled

with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

“Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste thy almost-exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mishapen pebbles; who lovest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandize, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility.”

“I readily acknowledge,” replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, “the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with

“which

“ which I am decked, as the charms of
 “ beauteous simplicity. What you call
 “ the weeds which darken and obscure
 “ my waves, afford to the botanist a pleas-
 “ ing speculation of the works of nature ;
 “ and the poet and painter think the lustre
 “ of my stream greatly improved by glit-
 “ tering through them. The pebbles which
 “ diversify my bottom, and make these
 “ ripples in my current, are pleasing
 “ objects to the eye of taste ; and my sim-
 “ ple murmurs are more melodious to the
 “ learned ear than all the rude noises of
 “ your banks, or even the music that re-
 “ sounds from your stately barges. If
 “ the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Com-
 “ merce judge of me by the mere standard
 “ of usefulness, I may claim no undistin-
 “ guished rank. While your waters, con-
 “ fined in deep channels, or lifted above
 “ the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to
 “ the fields, and only subservient to the
 “ drudgery of bearing temporary mer-
 “ chandizes, my stream will bestow unvary-
 “ ing fertility on the meadows, during the
 “ summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to
 “ submit my honours to the decision of
 “ those whose hearts are shut up to taste
 “ and sentiment : let me appeal to nobler
 “ judges. The philosopher and poet, by
 “ whose labours the human mind is ele-
 “ vated and refined, and opened to plea-
 “ sures beyond the conception of vulgar
 “ souls, will acknowledge that the elegant
 “ deities who preside over simple and nat-
 “ ural beauty, have inspired them with
 “ their charming and instructive ideas.
 “ The sweetest and most majestic bard that
 “ ever sung, has taken a pride in owning
 “ his affection to woods and streams ; and,
 “ while the stupendous monuments of Ro-
 “ man grandeur, the columns which pierced
 “ the skies, and the aqueducts which poured
 “ their waves over mountains and vallies,
 “ are sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding
 “ Minicius still retains his tranquil honours.
 “ And when thy glories, proud Genius !
 “ are lost and forgotten ; when the flood of
 “ commerce, which now supplies thy urn,
 “ is turned into another course, and has
 “ left thy channel dry and desolate ; the
 “ softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in
 “ song, and his banks receive the homage
 “ of all who are beloved by Phœbus and
 “ the Muses.”

Aikin's Miscell.

§ 11. *The Story of a disabled Soldier.*

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That

one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention ; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation ; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers : the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress ; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on : men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity ; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity ; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great ; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities ; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence ; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded ; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret ; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness ! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventurous poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept ; they had slaves to attend them ; and were sure of subsistence for life : while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed

dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to

"town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came-ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice

“ left, whether to go on board a man of war, or lift for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I lifted for a landman in the East India company’s service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“ The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle: but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“ Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: ‘ Jack,’ says he to me, ‘ will you knock out the French centries’ brains?’ ‘ I don’t care,’ says I, striving to keep myself awake, ‘ if I lend a hand.’ ‘ Then follow me,’ says he, ‘ and I hope we shall do business.’ So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because

“ they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

“ ‘ Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

“ I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king’s ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life! but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Goldsmith.

§ 12. *A Dialogue between ULYSSES and CIRCE, in CIRCE’S Island.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulysses; but why

why will you go? I desire you to speak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reserve.—What carries you from me?

Ulysses. Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is a tenderness which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulysses. It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the fondness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, Circe, are above those vulgar sensations.

Circe. I understand your caution, it belongs to your character; and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you say, though it should offend me ever so much, but will send you away with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now, truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren island of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulysses. The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing: my mind is in a palsy; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than those vacant groves; there I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circe. May not a wise and good man

who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is something in this; but this is not all: you suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms: it is Penelope, Ulysses: I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it: you sigh for her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood! shall I forget her who cannot forget me? who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of woman-kind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddess! why will you
force

force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love enobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did the mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged: to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to assist their petitions; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a consort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and god-

like powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—do not imagine I ask you to stay. The daughter of the Sun is not so mean-spirited as to solicit a mortal to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much I have no notion of. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm that Neptune can raise pursue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I say; quit my sight.

Ulysses. Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.—

§ 13. *Love and Joy, a Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence? vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atë: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness

sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet: and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twined with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Aikin's Miscell.

§ 14 *Scene between Colonel RIVERS and Sir HARRY; in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir HARRY.*

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do—But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour?

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel: I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult! Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think

think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

Rzv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 15. On Dignity of Manners.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is *bad* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light: consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer

ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the *το σκεπον*, or decorum, even though affected and put on. *Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 16. On Vulgarity.

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observa-

tion very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and, indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always favours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what 'is one man's meat is another man's 'poison." If any body attempts being *smart*, as he call it, upon him; he gives them *tut for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the

beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes to *wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose, that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His cloaths fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 17. *On Good-breeding,*

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good-nature,

ture, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it,

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means

to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing: It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private,

vate, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 18. *A Dialogue betwixt MERCURY, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.*

Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated

by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend. I say, I won't go in a boat with that fellow.

I will

I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you, who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee—Swim now if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchantment.—Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the

chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well served My wife was the best cook for dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-whoop. I challenge you to sing.—the fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick

on

on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 19. BAYES'S Rules for Composition.

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Perſius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Aye, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkinest plays in all England, But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college,

has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 20. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and fullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus

adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesterfield.

§ 21. *A Dialogue between PLINY the Elder and PLINY the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falsehood. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged

mother,

mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by shewing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect; you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting, at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the galleys were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads:

and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountain had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing adverse, and the sea very rough; we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to re-

turn to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 22. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between BONIFACE and AIMWELL.*

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar, ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.—Here, Tapster; broach number 1706,

as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see—Your worship's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgandy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks.*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; says

says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me, I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 23. *Endeavour to please, and you can, scarcely fail to please.*

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree: constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or done. Oh! but

you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say perhaps, that the company was so silly, that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought

to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to fullness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness: it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it;

when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other. *Chesterfield.*

§ 24. *A Dialogue between M. APICIUS and DARTENEUF.*

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I eat in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourself.—how many good dishes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotanium, which consisted of three sorts of fish for which you have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the murænus.

Darteneuf. I thought the muræna had been our lamprey, We have excellent ones in the Severn.

Apicius. No:—the muræna was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare say our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Darteneuf. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there:—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! did not Leander swim over

over the Hellespont to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

Apicius. Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I sailed to the coast of Africa, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

Apicius. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

Darteneuf. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807, 291 *l* 13 *s.* 4 *d.*

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614 *l.* 11 *s.* 8 *d.*

Darteneuf. Would I had supped with him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

Apicius. Ask your learned men that.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his house-keeping. What will you say when I tell you, that the player Æsopus had one dish that cost him 6000 sestertia, that is, 4843 *l.* 10 *s.* English.

Darteneuf. What will I say! why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should

have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d——d fellow Æsopus. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

Apicius. Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of singing birds! choak him!—I never eat but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy Æsopus; for the singing bird which I eat was no better in its taste than a fat lark or a thrush: it was not so good as a wheatear or becafigue; and therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and foolish expence. It was like that of the son of Æsopus, who dissolved pearls in vinegar and drunk them at supper. I will be d——d, if a haunch of venison, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. I do not find that you had ever any good soups, without which no man of taste can possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our Eng-

lith wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roasted whole, I despise them; they were only fit to be served up to the mob at a corporation feast, or election dinner. A small barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

Apicius. If you had some kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to yours. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I should not have liked their d—d imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good connoisseur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. I have not the least doubt that our essence of hams is a much better sauce than any that ever was used by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the composition of which exceeds all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you sit up and attend to your business. Then you had a custom of hearing things read to you while you were at supper. This shews you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing else: I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your Falernam; but I have tasted the Lachrymæ Christi, and other wines that grow upon the same coast, not one of which would I drink above a glass or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which shews that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye—to have died without

tasting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to say which is best: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirst. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the East and West Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the dispute. Your trade to the East Indies was very far short of what we carry on, and the West Indies were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your sweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with sugar instead of honey, which we were obliged to make use of for want of that plant! but what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England,

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didst thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that turtle is better than venison?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell asleep in his chair; and, that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration, and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human

man felicity! I lived in an age when the pleasure of eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feast is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have ate dainties which I never tasted, so the next generation will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philosophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But see, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished; but what I tell you is truth. The soldier never ate his black broth till the exercises, to which by their discipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him such an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or some other wholesome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dressed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than

you did your tripotanium or your ham-pye. Your stomachs were always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Darteneuf. This is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong system, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

Apicius. It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wish, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 25. *Scene between IAGO and CASSIO, in which CASSIO regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Caf. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Caf. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation —

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Caf. I will rather sue to be despis'd. —Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Caf. I know not,

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakespeare.

§ 26. *A Dialogue between MERCURY and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine chil-

dren: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two moaths to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethewaters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and

and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Mercury. *Bon ton!* what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*?

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach their behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing,

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language, for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus; for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 27. Scene between the Jews SHYLOCK and TUBAL; in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter JESSICA, and the Misfortunes of ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Sby. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a fitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Sby. I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sby. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal! it was my ruby, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wildernes of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Sby. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *Shakespeare.*

§ 28. *Humourous Scene between Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF, in which the Prince detects FALSTAFF'S monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a flotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I say—A plague of all cowards! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolfack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends?—a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank't last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfsword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do: A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd some of them!

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more ado, but took

took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see they hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene greasy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come; tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and

can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward when instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

Shakespeare.

§ 29. Scene in which MOODY gives MANLY an Account of the Journey to LONDON.

Manly. Honest John!—

Moody. Master Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Master?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London, I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Master; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come

cōme yesterday, an' it had no' been that th'awld weazle-belly horfe tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash dawn at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could fet things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady and his worship, and the younk 'squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat 'lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boi'd beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made th'awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Measter! you're a wise mon; and, for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Wea! says Roger—Then, fowfe! we are all fet fast in a slough. Whaw! cries Miss: Scream! go the maids; and bawl just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honest John—

Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness blefs and preserve you!

§ 30. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit (which I am not sure

that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order) wear it, like your sword, in the scabbard, and do not blandish it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality, that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unless in themselves:—a man must have a good share of wit himself, to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper: wit, it is true, may be shewn in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of hewing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire; which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours: the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must shew, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every day's wear; whereas wit is a holiday-suit, which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used, and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful and clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property; but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow, that there is a

fort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

Chesterfeld.

§ 31. *Egotism to be avoided.*

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness,

Shall a man speak in his own praise? No: the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company; who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at least as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men; carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe

Observe the *à-propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unfriendly formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning or the protection of dullness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, That no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A plowman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths of an-

other man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not: it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please; a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please, will most infallibly please.

Chesterfield.

§ 32. *Extract from Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Letters.*

My Lord,

1736.

You have engaged me on a subject which interrupts the series of those letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confess, I have very much at heart. I shall therefore explain myself fully, nor blush to reason on principles that are out of fashion among men who intend nothing by serving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity, and their luxury, without the sense of any duty they owe to God or man.

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however sufficient, upon the whole, to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst tolerable; I say, it seems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the species of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve, who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety; and they deserve to have their festivals kept, instead of that pack of anchorites and enthusiasts, with whose names the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great, and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and disturb, in some sort, the system of Infinite

finite wisdom. To misapply these talents is the most diffused, and therefore the greatest of crimes in its nature and consequences; but to keep them unexerted and unemploy'd, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord; from the palace to the cottage, you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmosphere, to roam about this globe, and to consume, like the courtiers of Alcinous, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus sumus & fruges consumere nati*. When they have trod this insipid round a certain number of years, and left others to do the same after them, they have lived; and if they have performed, in some tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay, look into your own breast, and you will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew, even from their infancy, though it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more, and better. These are the men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned; their talents denote their general designation, and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of rank and situation in the society to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such men as these is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three or five acts, the part may be long; and he who sustains it through the whole, may be said to die in the fulness of years; whilst he who declines it sooner, may be said not to live out half his days.

§ 33. *The Birth of* MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree,

that had been hitherto barren, appeared 'on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seem'd a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms: this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seem'd a monstrous fowl, which just then dropped through the skylight, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet; but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leath by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that as soon as he was born, he utter'd the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpye, grunted like a hog, neigh'd like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass; and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoic'd at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleas'd with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with

the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with others, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue sattin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with

the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield: behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo;—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages!"—In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield, my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the house-maid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her) "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful dispute, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others, accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounce to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *Non bene relicta parmula.*"

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I

"warrant

“warrant her: what a stir a man makes
 “about a bafon, that an hour ago, before
 “her labour was bestowed upon it, a coun-
 “try barber would not have hung at his
 “shop-door?” “A bafon! (cried ano-
 “ther) no fuch matter; ’tis nothing but a
 “paultry old fconce, with the nozzle broke
 “off.” The learned gentlemen, who till
 now had food fpeechlefs, hereupon look-
 ing narrowly on the fhield, declared their
 affent to this latter opinion, and defired
 Corneliuf to be comforted; affuring him it
 was a fconce, and no other. But this, in-
 ftead of comforting, threw the doctor into
 fuch a violent fit of paffion, that he was
 carried off groaning and fpeechlefs to bed;
 where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind
 of flumber.

The Nutrition of SCRIBLERUS.

Cornelius now began to regulate the
 fuction of his child; feldom did there pafs
 a day without difputes between him and
 the mother, or the nurfe, concerning the
 nature of aliment. The poor woman never
 dined but he denied her fome difh or other,
 which he judged prejudicial to her milk.
 One day ſhe had a longing defire to a picce
 of beef; and as ſhe ſtretched her hand to-
 wards it, the old gentleman drew it away,
 and ſpoke to this effect: “Hadſt thou read
 “the ancients, O nurfe, thou would’ſt pre-
 “fer the welfare of the infant which thou
 “nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an irre-
 “gular and voracious appetite. Beef, it
 “is true, may confer a robuſtneſs on the
 “limbs of my ſon, but will hebetate and
 “clog his intellectuals.” While he ſpoke
 this the nurfe looked upon him with much
 anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye
 upon the beef.—“Paſſion (continued the
 “doctor, ſtill holding the diſh) throws the
 “mind into too violent a fermentation: it
 “is a kind of fever of the ſoul; or, as Ho-
 “race expreſſes it, a ſhort madneſs. Con-
 “ſider, woman, that this day’s ſuction of
 “my ſon may cauſe him to imbibe many
 “ungovernable paſſions, and in a manner
 “ſpoil him for the temper of a philoſo-
 “pher. Romulus, by ſucking a wolf, be-
 “came of a fierce and ſavage diſpoſition:
 “and were I to breed ſome Ottoman em-
 “peror, or founder of a military common-
 “wealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in
 “this carnivorous appetite.”—What! im-
 “errupted the nurfe, beef ſpoil the under-
 “ſtanding! that’s fine indeed—how then
 could our parſon preach as he does upon
 beef, and pudding too, if you go to that?

Don’t tell me of your ancients, had not
 you almoſt killed the poor babe, with a diſh
 of dæmonial black broth?—“Lacedæ-
 “monian black broth, thou would’ſt ſay
 “(replied Corneliuf); but I cannot allow
 “the ſurfeit to have been occaſioned by
 “that diet, ſince it was recommended by
 “the divine Lycurgus. No, nurſe, thou
 “muſt certainly have eaten ſome meats
 “of ill digeſtion the day before; and that
 “was the real cauſe of his diſorder. Con-
 “ſider, woman, the different tempera-
 “ments of different nations: What makes
 “the Engliſh phlegmatic and melancholy,
 “but beef? What renders the Welſh ſo
 “hot and choleric, but cheeſe and leeks?
 “The French derive their levity from the
 “ſoups, frogs, and muſhrooms. I would
 “not let my ſon dine like an Italian, leſt,
 “like an Italian, he ſhould be jealous and
 “revengeful. The warm and ſolid diet
 “of Spain may be more beneficial, as it
 “might endow him with a profound gra-
 “vity; but, at the ſame time, he might
 “ſuck in with their food their intolerable
 “vice of pride. Therefore, nurſe, in
 “ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny you, at
 “preſent, not only beef, but likewiſe what-
 “ſoever any of thoſe nations eat.” Dur-
 ing this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting
 and marking her plate with the knife, nor
 would ſhe touch a bit during the whole
 dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving,
 ordered that the child, to avoid the riſque
 of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept
 from her breaſt all that day, and be fed
 with butter mixed with honey, according
 to a preſcription he had met with ſome-
 where in Euſtathius upon Homer. This
 indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs,
 but he was not concerned at it, in the op-
 inion that whatever harm it might do his
 body, would be amply recompenſed by the
 improvements of his underſtanding. But
 from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon
 a particular diet to be obſerved by the
 nurſe; under which, having been long ur-
 eaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on
 his ordering her for dinner the paps of a
 ſow with pig; taking it as the higheſt in-
 dignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex
 and calling.

Play-Things.

Here follow the inſtructions of Corneliuf
 Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-
 things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

“Play was invented by the Lydians, as
 “a remedy againſt hunger. Sophocles
 “ſays

“ says of Palamedes, that he invented dice
 “ to serve sometimes instead of a dinner.
 “ It is therefore wisely contrived by nature,
 “ that children, as they have the
 “ keenest appetites, are most addicted to
 “ plays. From the same cause, and from
 “ the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity
 “ of their minds, it proceeds, that the
 “ plays of the ancient children are preferred
 “ more entire than any other of their
 “ customs. In this matter I would recommend
 “ to all who have any concern in my
 “ son’s education, that they deviate not in
 “ the least from the primitive and simple
 “ antiquity. -

“ To speak first of the whistle, as it is
 “ the first of all play-things. I will have
 “ it exactly to correspond with the ancient
 “ *siffla*, and accordingly to be composed
 “ *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

“ I heartily with a diligent search may
 “ be made after the true crepitaculum or
 “ rattle of the ancients, for that (as Archi-
 “ tatas Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the
 “ children from breaking earthen-ware.
 “ The China cups in these days are not
 “ at all the safer for the modern rattles;
 “ which is an evident proof how far their
 “ crepitacula exceeded ours.

“ I would not have Martin as yet to
 “ scourge a top, till I am better informed
 “ whether the trochus, which was recom-
 “ mended by Cato, be really our present
 “ tops, or rather the hoop which the boys
 “ drive with a stick. Neither cross and
 “ pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so
 “ ancient as handy-dandy, though Macro-
 “ bius and St. Augustine take notice of the
 “ first, and Minutius Felix describes the
 “ latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned
 “ by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

“ The play which the Italians call *cinque*,
 “ and the French *mourre*, is extremely an-
 “ cient; it was played at by Hymen and
 “ Cupid at the marriage of Psyche, and
 “ termed by the Latins *digitis micare*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the omilla or
 “ chuck-farthing: though some will have
 “ our modern chuck-farthing to be nearer
 “ the apheetinda of the ancients. He also
 “ mentions the basilinda, or King I am;
 “ and mynda, or hoopers-hide.

“ But the chytrindra, described by the
 “ same author, is certainly not our hot-
 “ cockles; for that was by pinching, and
 “ not by striking; though there are good
 “ authors who affirm the rathapigismus to
 “ be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles.
 “ My son Martin may use either of them

“ indifferently, they being equally an-
 “ tique.

“ Building of houses, and riding upon
 “ sticks, have been used by children of all
 “ ages, *Edificare casas, equitare in arundine*
 “ *longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the
 “ riding upon sticks did not come into use
 “ after the age of the centaurs.

“ There is one play which shews the
 “ gravity of ancient education, called the
 “ acinetinda, in which children contended
 “ who could longest stand still. This we
 “ have suffered to perish entirely; and, if
 “ I might be allowed to guess, it was cer-
 “ tainly lost among the French.

“ I will permit my son to play at apodi-
 “ dascinda, which can be no other than
 “ our puffs in a corner.

“ Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks
 “ of the melolonthe, or the kite; but I
 “ question whether the kite of antiquity
 “ was the same with ours: and though the
 “ *Ortyxocoma*, or quail-fighting, is what is
 “ most taken notice, they had doubtless
 “ cock-matches also, as is evident from
 “ certain ancient gems and relievos.

“ In a word, let my son Martin disport
 “ himself at any game truly antique, ex-
 “ cept one, which was invented by a peo-
 “ ple among the Thracians, who hung up
 “ one of their companions in a rope, and
 “ gave him a knife to cut himself down;
 “ which if he failed in, he was suffered to
 “ hang till he was dead; and this was only
 “ reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly
 “ against this, as barbarous and cruel.

“ I cannot conclude, without taking no-
 “ tice of the beauty of the Greek names,
 “ whose etymologies acquaint us with the
 “ nature of the sports; and how infinitely,
 “ both in sense and sound, they excel our
 “ barbarous names of plays.”

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunc-
 “ tions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended
 “ to allow the child the use of some few mo-
 “ dern play-things; such as might prove of
 “ any benefit to his mind, by instilling an
 “ early notion of the sciences. For example,
 “ he found that marbles taught him percus-
 “ sion, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers,
 “ the use of the lever; swinging on the ends
 “ of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the
 “ vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia;
 “ bird-cages, the pulley; and tops the cen-
 “ trifugal motion.

Others of his sports were farther carried
 “ to improve his tender soul even in virtue
 “ and morality. We shall only instance one
 “ of the most useful and instructive, bob-
 “ cherry,

cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him, as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of stealing, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

MUSIC.

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pithocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, shew'd the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers; all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas: and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us (whence Gælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*), only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pithagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondzus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm

" as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November." "Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect: nor both of them together bring Horneck to common civility." "That's a gross mistake" (said Cornelius very warmly); "and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus), for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured fatten upon his body: He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian; in that you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother (said he) do you observe I have mixed, unawares, too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this temple to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can

“ perform such wonders, what must it not
 “ have done in those of a Timotheus or a
 “ Terpander?” Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin’s understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples, from material things, of the abstracted ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contented himself with the words; and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons. That’s true (quoth the tutor), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a substance was that which was subject to accidents; then soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus, calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a stage about four o’clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. “ Mark (quoth

“ Cornelius) how the fellow runs through
 “ the predicaments. Men, *substantia*;
 “ two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*;
 “ serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded
 “ the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*;
 “ stage, *ubi*; two o’clock, *quando*; blue
 “ and red breeches, *habitus*.” At the
 same time he warned Martin, that what
 he now learned as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an enquiry after the seat of the soul; in which at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But, as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epicures he seated her in the mouth of the stomach; philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their

their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supported that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tygers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul a Quality.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so, in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being, (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result

from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Pope.

§ 34. *Diversity of Geniuses.*

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fishes: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The Ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest: but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. L. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy

heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the Bathos: and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the Bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body; wherof every member, even the meanest, will some-way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock making, one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal work-man puts all together: to this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvelously improved by travelling: soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old

men at clubs; the ellipsis, or speech by half words, of ministers and politicians; the apostrophe, of courtiers; the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiplosis, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, sarcasm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonema or exclamation frequently from the bear-garden, and as frequently from the 'Hear him' of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection: and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist for his allegories, to the simile-maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his sarcasms, to the apophthegmatist for his sentences, &c.; whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be subdivided into loci or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestionable loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day, to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our society.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not, like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportionable to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them: after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of Panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or æconomical virtue, are virtuous by their posts, liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides, they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the

same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation: which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good-fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries. It is certain the less a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. I therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has cost some of them their ears in a pillory.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest,

manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money; and if a professed cook cannot do without it, he has his art for nothing: the same may be said of making a poem: it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and sure recipe, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the found of his name, and put him in the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Epifode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners. For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication or poem. However, do not observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined

whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts; and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident: since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.—*

That is to say, "A poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity."

For the Descriptions. For a tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Aufter, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similies and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them: but the difficulty

culty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookfeller.

Pope.

§ 35. *The Duty of a Clerk.*

No sooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worth; the wife Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

* * * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in

fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water); and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

* * * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession, there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

Ibid.

§ 36. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts carefs or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved passimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted

permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist

those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

Quæstusque cruentus,
Atque impiantanti similis.——

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pepe.

§ 37. *Pastoral Comedy.*

I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: inasmuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too.

If surprizing discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the fountain, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character, must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries.

Pope.

§ 38. *Dogs.*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to *Salamis*, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of *The Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of *Denmark* (now injuriously called the order of the *Elephant*) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains) "Wild-brat was faithful." *Sir William Trumbull* has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King *Charles I.* being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-

hound because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c.

Ibid.

§ 39. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us: but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world: whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat Bazar* as good a place as *Covent-garden*. You may imagine this is raillery; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither *Mrs. Macfarland*, for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to *Lucretia* or *Portia*.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, "Love is blind." I am persuaded your wig had

never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire, to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that she who I always thought talked the best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it,

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a man there is like Issachar, an ass between two burdens. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? Amidst the pomp of a high mass, and the ravishing thrills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication; in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through these countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Mussulmen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the sofa, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where

it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good bashaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one; that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one: the pleasure of addressing to you makes me run on; and 'tis in your power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please: so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

Pope.

§ 40. *The Manners of a Bookseller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher; "For that rogue, my printer (said he) "disappointed me: I hoped to put him in "good humour by a treat at the tavern, "of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which "cost two shillings, with two quarts of "wine, besides my conversation. I thought "myself cock-sure of his horse, which he "readily promised me, but said that Mr. "Tonson had just such another design of "going to Cambridge, expecting there "the copy of a new kind of Horace from "Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he

"was

“ was pre-engaged to attend him, being
 “ to have the printing of the said copy.

“ So, in short, I borrowed this stone-
 “ horse of my publisher, which he had of
 “ Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me,
 “ too, the pretty boy you see after me:
 “ he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost
 “ me near two hours to wash the ink off
 “ his face: but the devil is a fair-condi-
 “ tioned devil, and very forward in his
 “ catechise: if you have any more bags,
 “ he shall carry them.”

I thought Mr. Lintot’s civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner:—
 “ Now, damn them! what if they should
 “ put it in the news-paper how you and I
 “ went together to Oxford? what would
 “ I care? If I should go down into Suf-
 “ sex, they would say I was gone to the
 “ speaker: but what of that? If my son
 “ were but big enough to go on with the
 “ business, by G—d I would keep as good
 “ company as old Jacob.”

Hereupon I enquired of his son, “ The
 “ lad (says he) has fine parts, but is some-
 “ what sickly; much as you are—I spare
 “ for nothing in his education at Westminster.
 “ Pray don’t you think Westminster
 “ to be the best school in England? Most
 “ of the late ministry came out of it, so did
 “ many of this ministry; I hope the boy
 “ will make his fortune.”

Don’t you design to let him pass a year at Oxford; “ To what purpose? (said he)
 “ the universities do but make pedants,
 “ and I intend to breed him a man of busi-
 “ nesses.”

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, “ See here, what a mighty pretty
 “ kind of Horace I have in my pocket!
 “ what if you amused yourself in turning
 “ an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if
 “ you pleased, what a clever miscellany
 “ might you make at your leisure hours!”
 Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then

jog on apace, and I’ll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg’d the reins, stopp’d short, and broke out, “ Well, Sir, how far have
 “ you gone?” I answered Seven miles.
 “ Z—ds! Sir,” said Lintot, “ I thought
 “ you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth,
 “ in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would
 “ translate a whole ode in half this time.
 “ I’ll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost
 “ by his Timothy’s) he translates an ode of
 “ Horace the quickest of any man in Eng-
 “ land. I remember Dr. King would write
 “ verses in a tavern three hours after he
 “ could not speak: and there’s Sir Richard,
 “ in that rumbling old chariot of his, be-
 “ tween Fleet-ditch and St. Giles’s pound
 “ shall make you half a job.”

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? “ Sir, (replied he) those are
 “ the saddest pack of rogues in the world;
 “ in a hungry fit, they’ll swear they under-
 “ stand all the languages in the universe:
 “ I have known one of them take down a
 “ Greek book upon my counter, and cry,
 “ Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from
 “ the latter end. By G—d, I can never
 “ be sure in these fellows; for I neither
 “ understand Greek, Latin, French, nor
 “ Italian myself. But this is my way; I
 “ agree with them for ten shillings per
 “ sheet, with a proviso, that I will have
 “ their doings corrected by whom I please:
 “ so by one or other they are led at last
 “ to the true sense of an author; my judg-
 “ ment giving the negative to all my
 “ translators.” But how are you secure
 “ those correctors may not impose upon you?
 “ Why, I get any civil gentleman (espe-
 “ cially any Scotchman) that comes into
 “ my shop, to read the original to me in
 “ English; by this I know whether my
 “ translator be deficient, and whether my
 “ corrector merits his money or not.

“ I’ll tell you what happened to me last
 “ month: I bargained with S— for a
 “ new version of Lucretius, to publish
 “ against Tonson’s: agreeing to pay the
 “ author so many shillings at his producing
 “ so many lines. He made a great pro-
 “ gress in a very short time, and I gave it
 “ to the corrector to compare with the
 “ Latin; but he went directly to Creech’s
 “ translation, and found it the same, word
 “ for word, all but the first page. Now,
 “ what d’ye think I did? I arrested the
 “ translator for a cheat; nay, and I stop-

“ped the corrector’s pay too, upon this
“proof, that he had made use of Creech
“instead of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with
the critics? “Sir (said he) nothing more
“easy. I can silence the most formidable
“of them: the rich ones with a sheet a-
“piece of the blotted manuscript, which
“costs me nothing; they’ll go about with
“it to their acquaintance, and say they
“had it from the author, who submitted
“to their correction: this has given some
“of them such an air, that in time they
“come to be consulted with, and dedi-
“cated to, as the top critics of the town.
“—As for the poor critics, I’ll give you
“one instance of my management, by
“which you may guess at the rest. A lean
“man, that looked like a very good scho-
“lar, came to me t’other day; he turned
“over your Homer, shook his head, shrug-
“ged up his shoulders, and pithed at every
“line of it: One would wonder (says he)
“at the strange presumption of some men;
“Homer is no such easy task, that every
“stripling, every versifier—He was going
“on, when my wife called to dinner—Sir,
“said I, will you please to eat a piece of
“beef with me? Mr. Lintot (said he)
“I am sorry you should be at the expence
“of this great book; I am really con-
“cerned on your account—Sir, I am much
“obliged to you: if you can dine upon a
“piece of beef, together with a slice of
“pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but
“Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend
“to advise with men of learning—Sir, the
“pudding is upon the table, if you please
“to go in—My critic complies, he comes
“to a taste of your poetry; and tells me,
“in the same breath, that your book is
“commendable, and the pudding excel-
“lent.

“Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in
“return to the frankness I have shewn,
“pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your
“friends at court that my Lord Lansdown
“will be brought to the bar or not?” I
“told him, I heard he would not; and I
“hoped it, my lord being one I had partic-
“ular obligations to. “That may be (re-
“plied Mr. Lintot); but, by G—d, if he
“is not, I shall lose the printing of a very
“good trial.”

These, my lord, are a few traits by
which you may discern the genius of Mr.
Lintot; which I have chosen for the sub-
ject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I

got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord
Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not
to be prejudiced by my pen, and the plea-
sures from them only to be equalled when
I meet your lordship. I hope in a few
days to cast myself from your horse at
your feet.

Peſe.

§ 41. Description of a Country Seat.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In answer to a letter in which he inclosed
the description of Buckingham-house,
written by him to the D. of Sh.

Pliny was one of those few authors who
had a warm house over his head, nay, two
houses; as appears by two of his epistles.
I believe, if any of his contemporary au-
thors durst have informed the public where
they lodged, we should have found the
garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those
of Fleet-street; but ’tis dangerous to let
creditors into such a secret; therefore we
may presume that then, as well as now a-
days, nobody knew where they lived but
their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to
Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first
introduced himself to Augustus by an
epigram, beginning *Noſſe pluit tota*—an
observation which probably he had not
made, unless he had lain all night in the
street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm;
but in one of his satires he complains of
the excessive price of lodgings; neither do
I believe he would have talked so feelingly
of Codrus’s bed, if there had been room
for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of
Pliny, he would have been glad to have
changed both his houses for your grace’s
one; which is a country-house in the sum-
mer, and a town-house in the winter, and
must be owned to be the properest habita-
tion for a wise man, who sees all the world
change every season without ever chang-
ing himself.

I have been reading the description of
Pliny’s house with an eye to yours; but
finding they will bear no comparison, will
try if it can be matched by the large
country-seat I inhabit at present, and see
what figure it may make by the help of a
solid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my
description, any more than in the house;
the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and
the

the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers 'scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered Knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers, and fencschals; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs,

with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-feed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy: a little farther, on the right, the servants hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she pray'd she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty-six apartments; among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a banbox. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low

as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheds of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole: but this matter is hush'd up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the

memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that paces by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c.

Pope.

§ 42. *Apology for his religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that with both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature; *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

*Ignaram hujus quodcumque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know,

know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so, to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they

are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.

Pope.

§ 43. *Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.*

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it yours, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the

other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom, it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself cooperate.

How can you talk (my most worthy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirming that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Fye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as

well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high; and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am; but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curl do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay, unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashioneth his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth (a reflection, copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren). I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possess. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which

might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was, never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a dictionary that give us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unprun'd is but raw fruit.—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W.—'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give; your lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

Pope.

§ 44. *The Death of Mr. Gay.*

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some

fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked for you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.— Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well, and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it.

Ibid.

§ 45. *Envy.*

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place: the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by un-

contested

contested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited more by the pain of seeing others pleased, or hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blights a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be re-

formed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Rambler.

§ 46. EPICURUS, a Review of his Character.

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, *On ne sauroit pas dire assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses mœurs, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.* His general maxim, That happiness consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greatest part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situa-

tion

tion greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philosopher.

Orrery's Life of Swift.

§ 47. *Example, its Prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding is by example? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The hardest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistook; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The

virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate: were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the port of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within an hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardin observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 48. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how

the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North; you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit those by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves that it is so.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same

faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Bolingbroke.

§ 49. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and
"such

“such is the thing called glory among us !
 “To discerning men this fame is mere air,
 “and what they despise, if not thun.”

But surely “’twere to consider too curiously,” as Horatio says to Hamlet, “to consider thus.” For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet’s description of fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be *had in everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his

birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consentans laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.

Fitz Osborne’s Letters.

§ 50. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore*: and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber’s brazen basin, for Mambrino’s golden helmet.

What is Tully’s *aliquid immensum infinitumque*,

scintille, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

Weary'd we should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame an empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne's Lett.

§ 51. *Free-thinking, the various Abuses committed by the Vulgar in this Point.*

The publication of lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught

about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, "Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the apostles or evangelists?" As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprized at such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke: but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the Idea of a Patriot King, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the gospel, by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have indeed induced me to wish that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair to maintain, in opposition to the scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; "for else," said he, "how could the girl have been sup-
ported

“ported for a whole month by a few hard
“cruists?” In answer to this, a barber-
surgeon set forth the improbability of that
story; and thence inferred, that it was im-
possible for our Saviour to have fasted forty
days in the wilderness. I lately heard a
midshipman swear that the bible was all a
lie: for he had sailed round the world with
lord Anson, and if there had been any Red
Sea, he must have met with it. I know a
bricklayer, who while he was working by
line and rule, and carefully laying one brick
upon another, would argue with a fellow-
labourer that the world was made by chance;
and a cook, who thought more of his trade
than his bible, in a dispute concerning the
miracles, made a pleasant mistake about
the nature of the first, and gravely asked
his antagonist what he thought of the sup-
per at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking among
the lower class of people, is at present hap-
pily confined to the men. On Sundays,
while the husbands are toying at the ale-
house, the good women their wives think
it their duty to go to church, say their
prayers, bring home the text, and hear the
children their catechism. But our polite
ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conver-
sations, little better than free-thinkers.
Going to church, since it is now no longer
the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is
almost wholly laid aside: And I verily be-
lieve, that nothing but another earthquake
can fill the churches with people of quality.
The fair sex in general are too thoughtless
to concern themselves in deep enquiries into
matters of religion. It is sufficient, that
they are taught to believe themselves an-
gels. It would therefore be an ill compli-
ment, while we talk of the heaven they
bestow, to persuade them into the Maho-
metan notion, that they have no souls:
though perhaps our fine gentlemen may
imagine, that by convincing a lady that
she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous
about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by
free-thinkers in their writings, scarce de-
serve a serious refutation; and perhaps the
best method of answering them would be
to select from their works all the absurd
and impracticable notions which they so
stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief
of the Christian religion. I shall here
throw together a few of their principal te-
nets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that

matter is God, and God is matter; and
that it is no matter whether there is any
God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not
made; that the world made itself; that it
had no beginning; that it will last for ever,
world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the
soul is the body, and the body is the soul;
and that after death there is neither body
nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that
natural religion is the only religion; and
that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the
first philosophy; I believe not the evange-
lists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland,
Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston,
Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in lord Bol-
ingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in
tradition; I believe in the talmud; I be-
lieve in the alcoran; I believe not the bi-
ble; I believe in Socrates; I believe in
Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I
believe in Mahomet; I believe not in
Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Connoisseur.

§ 52. *Fortune not to be trusted.*

The sudden invasion of an enemy over-
throws such as are not on their guard; but
they who foresee the war, and prepare
themselves for it before it breaks out, stand
without difficulty the first and the fiercest
onset. I learned this important lesson long
ago, and never trusted to fortune even
while she seemed to be at peace with me.
The riches, the honours, the reputation,
and all the advantages which her treache-
rous indulgence poured upon me, I placed
so that she might snatch them away with-
out giving me any disturbance. I kept a
great interval between me and them. She
took them, but she could not tear them
from me. No man suffers by bad fortune,
but he who has been deceived by good.
If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that
they belong to us, and are perpetually to
remain with us; if we lean upon them, and
expect to be considered for them; we shall
sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon
as these false and transitory benefits pass
away, as soon as our vain and childish
minds, unfringed with solid pleasures, be-
come destitute even of those which are
imaginary. But, if we do not suffer our-
selves to be transported with prosperity,
neither shall we be reduced by adversity.

Our

Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states: and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her Evils disarmed by Patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, creeds on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there? Aristides was led to execution in the same city; all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his check, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Bolingbroke.

§ 53. *Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life,

and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather chuse to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal: and, when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter: not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding

ing this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he carries them farther than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improves

with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

Lucine's Essays.

§ 54. *Detraction a detestable Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," says Shakespeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defiled. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution, and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour

honour to Lyfander; but they fay, that fuch a report has been fpread, they know not how true. Thofe who propagate thefe reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to fuppose this to be always the cafe; becaufe no man who fpreads detraction would have fcrupled to produce it: and he who fhould difufe poifon in a brook, would fcarce be acquitted of a malicious defign, though he fhould alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the fame elfewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the higheft dignity of our nature, fhould indeed be excluded from our converfation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourfelves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the preference of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and infenfible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 55. *Learning fhould be fometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curiofity, and our fenfe of the imperfection of our prefent ftate, inclines us always to eftimate the advantages which are in the poffeffion of others above their real value. Every one muft have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of fciences is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occafions where literature is of no ufe, and among weak minds lofes part of his reverence by difcovering no fuperiority in thofe parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rufficks are faid fometimes to wonder that they find him of the fame fize with themfelves.

Thefe demands of prejudice and folly can never be fatisfied, and therefore many of the impurations which learning fuffers from difappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are fome failures to which men of ftudy are peculiarly expofed. Every condition has its difadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moft active and diligent intellect, and while fciences is purfued with ardour, other accomplifhments of equal ufe are neceffarily neglected; as a fmall garrifon muft leave one part of an extenfive fortrefs naked; when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally fupport their dignity with more fuccefs, if they fuffered not themfelves to be mifled by fuperfluous attainments of qualification

which few can underftand or value, and by skill which they may fink into the grave without any confpicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courfes of the ftars and the revolutions of heaven, counfels him to withdraw his mind from idle fpeculations, and, inftead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interefting objects, the furvey of his own life, the fubjection of his paffions, the knowledge of duties which muft daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muft daily be incurred.

This angelic counfel every man of letters fhould always have before him. He that devotes himfelf wholly to retired ftudy, naturally finks from omiffion to forgetfulnefs of focial duties, and from which he muft be fometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

Ibid.

Its Progreff.

It had been obferved by the ancients, That all the arts and fciences arofe among free nations; and that the Perfians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their eafe, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards thofe finer pleafures, which were carried to fuch perfection by the Greeks, amidft continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greateft fimplicity of life and manners. It had alfo been obferved, that as foon as the Greeks loft their liberty, though they encreafed mightily in riches, by the means of the conquefts of Alexander; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never fince been able to raife their head in that climate. Learning was tranfplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the univerfe; and having met with fo favourable a foil, it made prodigious fhoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced alfo a decay of letters, and fpread a total barbarifm over the world. From thefe two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and fhewed the fall of learning in defpotic governments, as well as its rife in popular ones, Longinus thought himfelf fufficiently juftified in afserting, that the arts and fciences could never flourifh but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by feveral eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government

government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galilæo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Hamburgh, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps; better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English: and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

Sed in longum tamen ævum

Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected amongst us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their sense be excellent. Men in this coun-

try, have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confessed, that even in those sciences above mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy: which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Useless without Taste.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel. *Hume's Essays.*

Its Obstructions.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands,

hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious. *Idler.*

§ 56. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to be—but to seem.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.—

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances!—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuddled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of it's rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—That the faint has no religion at all.

—But here comes GENEROSITY; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. LORD! how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery:—Chastity, never once in harm's way;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

—Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O

FITY, thou gentlest of human passions! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 57. *Manors; their Origin, Nature, and Services.*

Manors are in substance, as ancient as the Saxon constitution, though perhaps differing a little, in some immaterial circumstances, from those that exist at this day: just as was observed of feuds, that they were partly known to our ancestors, even before the Norman conquest. A manor, *manerium*, à *manendo*, because the usual residence of the owner, seems to have been a district of ground held by lords or great personages; who kept in their own hands so much land as was necessary for the use of their families, which were called *terra dominicales*, or demesne lands; being occupied by the lord, or *dominus manerii*, and his servants. The other tenemental lands they distributed among their tenants; which, from the different modes of tenure, were called and distinguished by two different names. First, book land, or charter land, which was held by deed under certain rents and free-services, and in effect differed nothing from free socage lands; and from hence have arisen all the freehold tenants which hold of particular manors, and owe suit and service to the same. The other species was called folk land, which was held by no assurance in writing, but distributed among the common folk or people at the pleasure of the lord, and resumed at his discretion; being indeed land held in villenage, which we shall presently describe more at large. The residue of the manor being uncultivated, was termed the lord's waste, and served for public roads, and for common of pasture to the lord and his tenants. Manors were formerly called baronies, as they still are lordships: and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a domestic court, called the court-baron, for redressing misdemeanors and nuisances within the manor, and for settling disputes of property among the tenants. This court is an inseparable ingredient of every manor; and if the number of suitors should so fail, as not to leave sufficient to make a jury or homage, that is, two tenants at the least, the manor itself is lost.

Before the statute of *quia emptores*, 18 Edward I. the king's greater barons, who had a large extent of territory held under the crown, granted out frequently smaller

manors to inferior persons to be held of themselves; which do therefore now continue to be held under a superior lord, who is called in such cases the lord paramount over all these manors; and his seigniority is frequently termed an honour, not a manor, especially if it hath belonged to an ancient feudal baron, or hath been at any time in the hands of the crown. In imitation whereof, these inferior lords began to carve out and grant to others still more minute estates to be held as of themselves, and were so proceeding downwards *in infinitum*; till the superior lords observed, that by this method of subinfeudation they lost all their feudal profits, of wardships, marriages, and escheats, which fell into the hands of these mesne or middle lords, who were the immediate superiors of the *tenetant*, or him who occupied the land. This occasioned the statute of Westminster 3. or *quia emptores*, 18 Edw. I. to be made; which directs, that upon all sales or feoffments of land, the feoffee shall hold the same, not of his immediate feoffer, but of the chief lord of the fee, of whom such feoffer himself held it. And from hence it is held, that all manors existing at this day must have existed by immemorial prescription; or at least ever since the 18th Edw. I. when the statute of *quia emptores* was made. For no new manor can have been created since that statute: because it is essential to a manor, that there be tenants who hold of the lord, and that statute enacts, that for the future no subjects shall create any new tenants to hold of himself.

Now with regard to the folk land, or estates held in villenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty;

which conferred a right of protection, and raise the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *villis*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most sordid kind: like the Spartan *helotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was consigned; their rugged masters, like our northern ancestors, esteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land, by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesnes, and any other the meanest offices; and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was in much the same state with us, as lord Moleworth describes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes also to the *traals* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents, whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neise*. In case of a marriage between a freeman

and a neise, or a villein and a free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neises indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied; express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against this villein, by seizing his goods (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at anything in favour of liberty, presumed, that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors, having time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent.

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the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spite of any determination of the lord's will. For, though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts-baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries witnessed by the steward, they now began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke observes, although very meanly descended, yet come of an ancient house; for, from what has been premised, it appears, that copyholds are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long series of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at last established a customary right to those estates, which before were held absolutely at the lord's will: which affords a very substantial reason for the great variety of customs that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the descent of the estates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villeinage was abolished (though copyholds were reserved) by the statute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith testifies, that in all his time (and he was secretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had, in their confessions, and specially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Christian man to hold another in bondage: so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the said holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like sort by theirs;

for they also had a scruple in conscience to impoverish and despoil the church so much, as to manumit such as were bond to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and so kept their villeins still." By these several means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders: their persons, being enfranchised by manumission or long acquiescence; but their estates in strictness, remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein services are usually commuted for a small pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther consequence of what has been premised, we may collect these two main principles, which are held to be the supporters of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exist: 1. That the lands be parcel of, and situate within, that manor, under which it is held. 2. That they have been demised, or demisable, by copy of court-roll immemorially. For immemorial custom is the law of all tenures by copy: so that no new copyhold can strictly speaking, be granted at this day.

In some manors, where the custom hath been to permit the heir to succeed the ancestor in his tenure, the estates are stiled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the custom of the manor has in both cases so far superseded the will of the lord, that, provided the services be performed or stipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the first instance, refuse to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the second, can he remove his present tenant so long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, services, (as well in rents as otherwise) reliefs, and escheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to those for life also. But, besides these, copyholds have also heriots, wardship, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Danish custom, are a render of the best beast or other good (as the custom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally less hardship in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have seized them even

in the villain's life-time. These are incident to both species of copyhold; but wardship and fines to those of inheritance only. Wardship, in copyhold estates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in socage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who usually assigns some relation of the infant tenant to act in his stead: and he, like guardian in socage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, some are in the nature of primer seifins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in some manors only one of these sorts can be demanded, in some both, and in others neither. They are sometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, sometimes fixed by custom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be reasonable in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a disherison of the estate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon descents and alienations (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the estate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shewn to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor: and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 58. *Hard Words defended.*

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly

suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to levy with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar. This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?"

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written, which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have

have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose, that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only, because few that look upon an edifice examine its parts, or analyse its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and

circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 59. *Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyments, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it; difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the

gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never

find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unreasonable impertunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languour and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

Rambler.

§ 60. *Feodal System, History of its Rise and Progress.*

The constitution of feuds had its origin from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who, all migrating from the same *officina gentium*, as Craig very justly intitles it, poured themselves in vast quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declension of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their respective colonies as the most likely means to secure their new acquisitions: and, to that end, large districts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers. These allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, fiefs, or fees; which last appellation, in the northern languages, signifies a conditional stipend or reward. Rewards or stipends they evidently were: and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpose he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty: and in case of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the stipulated service, or by deserting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged such as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all sprang from the same right of conquest, no part could subsist independent of the whole; wherefore all givers, as well as receivers, were mutually bound to defend each other's possessions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous, irregular way, govern-

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ment, and to that purpose subordination, was necessary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewise subordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or superior; and so upwards to the prince or general himself. And the several lords were also reciprocally bound, in their respective gradations, to protect the possessions they had given. Thus the feudal connection was established, a proper military subjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready enlisted, and mutually prepared to muster, not only in defence of each man's own several property, but also in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly-acquired country: the prudence of which constitution was soon sufficiently visible in the strength and spirit with which they maintained their conquests.

The universality and early use of this feudal plan, among all those nations which, in complaisance to the Romans, we still call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Tutones, nations of the same northern original as those whom we have been describing, at their first irruption into Italy about a century before the Christian æra. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid sibi terræ daret quas stipendium: ceterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur.*" The sense of which may be thus rendered: "they desired stipendary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other personal services, whenever their lords should call upon them." This was evidently the same constitution, that displayed itself more fully about seven hundred years afterwards; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Visigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themselves this northern plan of polity, serving at once to distribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable; that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy, among his generals and victorious soldiery, on condition of receiving military service from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had these northern conquerors established themselves in their new dominions, when the wisdom of their constitutions, as well as their personal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of those countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deserted by their old masters, in the general wreck of the empire. Wherefore most, if not all, of them, thought it necessary to enter into the same, or a similar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the possessions of their subjects were perfectly *allodial* (that is, wholly independent, and held of no superior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or persuaded their subjects to surrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feudal obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compass of a very few years, the feudal constitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itself over all the western world. Which alteration of landed property, in so very material a point, necessarily drew after it an alteration of laws and customs; so that the feudal laws soon drove out the Roman, which had universally obtained, but now became for many centuries lost and forgotten; and Italy itself (as some of the civilians, with more spleen than judgment, have expressed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immanesque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feudal polity, which was thus by degrees established over all the continent of Europe, seems not to have been received in this part of our island, at least not universally, and as a part of the national constitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reasonable to believe, from abundant traces in our history and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a swarm from what Sir William Temple calls the same northern hive, something similar to this was in use: yet not so extensively, nor attended with all the rigour, that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly settled in this island, at least as early as the year 600: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction however of the feudal tenures into England, by king William, does not seem to have been effected immediately after the conquest, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the con-

queror; but to have been consented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was established. Indeed, from the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hasting, and the fruitless insurrections of those who survived, such numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extensive possessions: which gave a handle to the monkish historians, and such as have implicitly followed them, to represent him as having, by the right of the sword, seized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A supposition, grounded upon a mistaken sense of the word *conquest*; which, in its feudal acceptation, signifies no more than *acquisition*: and this has led many hasty writers into a strange historical mistake, and one which, upon the slightest examination, will be found to be most untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large possessions in England; and their regard for their feudal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the English, as the best way to put themselves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reasons that prevailed to effect his establishment here. And perhaps we may be able to ascertain the time, of this great revolution in our landed property, with a tolerable degree of exactness. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of King William's reign, an invasion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military constitution of the Saxons being then laid aside, and no other introduced in its stead, the kingdom was wholly defenceless: which occasioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppressed the people. This apparent weakness, together with the grievances occasioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonstrances, and the better incline the nobility to listen to his proposals for putting them in a posture of defence. For, as soon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the state of the nation; the immediate consequence of which was, the compiling of the great survey called Domesday-book, which was finished in the next year: and in the latter end of that

very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders submitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vassals, and did homage and fealty to his person. This seems to have been the era of formally introducing the feudal tenures by law; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is still extant, and couched in these remarkable words: "*statuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere & sacramento affirmant, quod intra & extra uniuersum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino suo fideles esse uolunt; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique seruire cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere.*" The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feudal: for, first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made, in the sense of the feudists, every man that took it a tenant or vassal; and, secondly, the tenants obliged themselves to defend their lords territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute, is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feudal services, as ordained by the general council: "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & seruitores, & uniuersi liberi homines, totius regni nostri prædicti, habeant & teneant se semper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet: & sint semper prompti & bene parati ad seruitium suum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit; secundum quod nobis debent de fœdis & teusmentis suis de iure facere; & sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti.*"

This new polity therefore seems not to have been imposed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually surrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or feud, to be held to them and such of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king: and thus, by degrees, all the allodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France, and

and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, "that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services." For, this being the real case in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwise. And, indeed, by thus consenting to the introduction of feudal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system; and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper, beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services, as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors, therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon those deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feudal doctrines: but their successor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he set up his pretensions to the crown, to promise

a restitution of the laws of king Edward the Confessor, or ancient Saxon system; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still reserved the fiction of feudal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes; till, in the reign of king John, they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to rise up in arms against him: which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last edition by his son) are very greatly short of those granted by Henry I. it was justly esteemed at the time a vast acquisition to English liberty. Indeed, by the farther alteration of tenures, that has since happened, many of these immunities may now appear, to a common observer, of much less consequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly considered, will shew, not that the acquisitions under John were small, but that those under Charles were greater. And from hence also arises another inference; that the liberties of Englishmen are not (as some arbitrary writers would represent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking advantage of their weakness; but a restoration of that ancient constitution, of which our ancestors had been defrauded by the art and finess of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 61. *Of British Juries.*

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason, the person accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony, twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable.

No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This, indeed, is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have, to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Orrery.

§ 62. *Justice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in

its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious, when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 63. *Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficult; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit

Jupiter, atque ardens exivit ad æthera virtus.
They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

Idler.

§ 64. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

"Sir,

"I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of; at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-

shops. I had not been long in the world before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—let it suffice that I was soon after deposited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us

were

were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

“It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indiffererit circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news-paper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses, which it is even in my power to relieve.

“The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; tho’ I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals.

“I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boy’s pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel; the lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker’s shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in

change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.”

Adventurer.

§ 65. *History, our natural Fondness for it, and its true Use.*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope’s Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being

being rational. We shall neither read to sooth our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia, says Tacitus, honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.* Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves that we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the farther disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum inter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think on this; That when examples are pointed out to us, there

is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a-piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuated.

Bolingbroke.

§ 66. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make comparison betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forwards to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances: improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter! *Hume's Essays.*

§ 67. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united; and mutually affecting

fecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam aurz.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue

acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous effals of her feast. *Orrery.*

§ 68. *Oeconomy, Want of it no Mark of genius.*

The indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings,

————— *Milles ubi reddunt ova columbz,*
Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

————— *où la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu,*
Where thiv'ring worth no longer finds a home,
and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D'où jamais ni l'Hoiffier, ni le Sergent n'approche,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest. *Pope.*

The rich comedian, says Bruyere, "looling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot:" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity.

Pallere & vinum toto respice Decembri,
————— *to pine,*
Look pale, and all December taste no wine. *Dryden.*

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits," said a lively Frenchman,

man, "and it might be called the Hospital of Incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, tho' without that hero's good fortune,

*Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arboris amas,
Ostendat nemore in tanto!*

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!

PITT.

The patronage of Lælius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after tedious wanderings of many years from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. "At last," says he in one of his epistles, "I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are excluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats."

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, entitled, "A poet hath bought a house." The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard-of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some

expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled, and without care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment; for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its particular professors; that it has no peculiar tendency to make them either rakes or spendthrifts; and that those who are indigent poets, would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymers has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder, to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. "If I should happen to look pale," says Horace, "all the hackney writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a witling, who uses a glass only because Pope was near-sighted.

Adventurer.

§. 69. *Operas ridiculed, in a Persian Letter.*

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles, I was carried last night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of music brought from Italy, and in every respect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio. They had no eunuchs among them; but there was one who sung upon the stage, and, by the luxurious tenderness of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton, than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures,

tures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for singing? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so represented, when I heard two ladies, who sat nigh me, cry out, as it were in ecstacy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the music and singing were detestable.

"You must not mind him," said my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a spy."

"How! said I, have you parties in music?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding, but to hear and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged."

"I hope," said I, "that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your music is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will soon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have most of us learnt it in our turns."

Lord Lyttelton.

§ 70. *Patience recommended.*

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life

with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us; for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who fights, and marches with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to sink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses,

Parent of nature! Master of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn;
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on,
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must
bear;

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

Bolingbroke.

§ 71. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône—when I was stopped at the gate—

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree; that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will

will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue——

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way——

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unflavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all

all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say as foot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—“Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may.”—If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andouillettes—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering ballinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's panier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Sterne.*

§ 72. *Players in a Country Town described.*

The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease the last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a presbyterian, refused to licence their exhibitions: however, when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayors, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quack doctor's zany, a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt

the doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I assure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a croud of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. 'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education at Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and messenger-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin; in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions which gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was obliged to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this single gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato: and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his ——— "Hail! charming maid!" ——— the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprized to hear an

eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "lug her thus, and thus, for ever;" though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms length. The entertainment was Lethe; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello raves about in a checked handkerchief; the ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in Venice Preserved: and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in Macbeth. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint-pot at the sight of Banquo's ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems there had been a great contest between two of those mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and, bawling out together, "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

Connoisseur.

§ 73. *Players often mistake one Effect for another.*

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the

the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may translate, "the juggle of the theatre." When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonry; though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

Ibid.

§ 74. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

Seed's Sermons.

§ 75. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the

bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner; wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him; 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Moscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding-ring. The same peo-

ple, in their own houses, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece.

Hume's Essays.

§ 76. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

“ Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“ I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

“ Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock, and the

pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth: and he, who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

“ All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.”

“ In so wide a survey,” said the prince, “ you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded.”

“ The business of a poet,” said Imlac, “ is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“ But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet: he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to
general

general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

“ His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony ”

Johnson's Raffles.

§ 77. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds,

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit; a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventurers without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and

and from Spenser to Fleveno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very fervidly, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a-piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Ro-

mans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.
Dryden.

§ 78. *Remarks on some of the best English dramatic Poets.*

Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter virburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakespeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: and the like is reported

ported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in since, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too fullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is

only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weav'd it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 79. *The Origin and Right of exclusive Property explained.*

There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in a total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the ton should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so be-

fore him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world, which of them should enjoy it after him. These enquiries, if must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons of making them. But, when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper or useless to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of these positive constitutions of society.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth*." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might perhaps still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primæval simplicity: as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein *erant omnia communia et indivisa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium esset* †. Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For,

by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer ‡: or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular: yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast. A doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own §.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion: and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession;—if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habita-

‡ Barbeyr. Puff. l. 4. c. 4.

§ Quemadmodum theatrum, cum commune, sit recte, tamen dici potest, ejus esse eum locum quem quisque occupavit: De Fin. l. 3. c. 20.

* Gen. i. 28.

† Justin. l. 43. c. 1.

tions, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant: which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments, incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in such places where the

ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security, "because he had digged that well *." And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace †.

All this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands (for the sake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East; where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty, which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire †. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot ‖. When their joint substance became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose; "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was

* Gen. xxi. 30. † Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.

† Colunt discreti et diversi; ut sons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit. De mor. Germ. 16.

‖ Gen. xiii.

well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was over-charged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connexion and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as moveables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Provi-

dence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, How this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain, in a permanent manner, that specific land which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before observed that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself; which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is indeed some difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invent one with this absolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf insisting, that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title. A dispute that favours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man seizing to his own continued use, such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 80. *Retirement of no Use to some.*

To lead the life I propose with satisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleasures and business of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not sufficient; the supine creature, whose understanding is superficially employed through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a close and steady pursuit of truth, may renounce the pleasures and business of the world, for even in the business of the world we see such creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay, he may retire and drone away life in solitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whose house, as if his house had been his tomb, somebody writ, "Here lies such an one:" but no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and easy if he had accustomed himself to it early, will be unpleasant and impracticable late: such men lose their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the necessity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind just as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as strong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; just as he who has the same elasticity in his muscles, the same suppleness in his joints, and all his nerves and sinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy sluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needless, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on trust, will be as little able as the other to improve his solitude to any good purpose: unless we call it a good purpose, for that sometimes happens, to confirm and exalt his prejudices, so that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life, are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others must labour on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 81. *Consequences of the Revolution of 1688.*

Few men at that time looked forward enough, to foresee the necessary consequences of the new constitution of the revenue that was soon afterwards formed,

nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, absurd as they are, have continued ever since, till it is become scarce possible to alter them. Few people, I say, foresaw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would encrease yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and necessary progression, into more real, though less apparent danger, than they were in before the Revolution. The excessive ill husbandry practised from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, mistake, or what we call chance, but of design and scheme in those who had the sway at that time. I am not so uncharitable, however, as to believe, that they intended to bring upon their country all the mischiefs that we, who came after them, experience and apprehend. No; they saw the measures they took singly, and unrelatively, or relatively, alone to some immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the same bottom, was a reason of state to some: the notion of creating a new, that is, a monied interest, in opposition to the landed interest, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a superior influence in the city of London, at least, by establishment of great corporations, was a reason of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amassing immense estates by the managements of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reason of private interest to those who supported and improved this scheme of iniquity, if not to those who devised it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long tasted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking such an alarm at our distress, and our danger, as they deserved; till the most remote and fatal effect of causes, laid by the last generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this. *Ibid.*

§ 82. *Defence of Riddles: In a Letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubted'y, of most necessary acquirement, and

and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such among it ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that "he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign:" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you

will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 83. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affection; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As well might a man distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged, that the passions can never be wholly deposed, and that by appealing to these, a good writer will always be able to force himself into the hearts of his readers; but even the strongest passions are weakened, nay sometimes totally extinguished and destroyed, by mutual opposition, dissipation, and acquired insensibility. How often at our theatre, has the tear of sympathy and burst of laughter been repressed by a malignant species of pride, refusing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing society with the audience! I have seen a young creature, possessed of the most delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate sensibility, sit without the least emotion, and behold the most tender and pathetic scenes of Otway represented with all the energy of action; so happy had she been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a sense of shame or sympathy; she seemed to think that a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that she herself ought to be the only object of approbation. But she did not consider that such approbation is seldom acquired by disdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own share, I never fail to take a survey of the female part of an audience, at every interesting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear stealing down a lady's cheek, and the sudden sigh escape from her breast, I am attracted toward her by an irresistible emotion of tenderness and esteem; her eyes shine with enchanting lustre, through the pearly moisture that surrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her snowy bosom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her discernment. On the contrary, when I see a fine woman's face unaltered by the distress of the scene, with which I myself am affected, I resent her indifference as an insult on my own understanding; I suppose her heart to be savage, her disposition unfocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, sed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this insensibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have stretched the string, though it has long ceased to vibrate. It may have been

displeased and distracted by the first violence offered to the native machine; it may have lost its tone through long disuse; or be so twisted and overstrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If so little regard is paid to nature when she knocks so powerfully at the breast, she must be altogether neglected and despised in her calmer mood of serene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but simplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove a homely and insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligee, striped and intersected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the masses of light, and distract the vision; and cut and pinked into the most fantastic forms; and flounced and furberlowed, patched and fringed with all the littleness of art, unknown to elegance. Those ears that are offended by the sweetly wild notes of the thrush, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the distant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the soft sighing of reeds and osiers, the magic murmur of lapsing streams; will be regaled and ravished by the extravagant and alarming notes of a squeaking fiddle, extracted by a musician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The sense of smelling that delights in the scent of excrementitious animal juices, such as musk, civet, and urinous salts, will loath the fragraney of new mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the sweet-briar, the honey-suckle, and the rose; and the organs that are gratified with the taste of sickly veal which has been bled into the palsy, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropsical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, 'sparagus gorged with the crude unwholesome juice of dung, pease without substance, peaches without taste, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauseate the native, genuine, and salutary taste of Welsh beef, Banstead mutton, Hampshire pork, and barn-door fowls; whose juices are concocted by a natural digestion, and whose flesh is consolidated by free air and exercise.

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unsound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have fauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inspirited by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legedermain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous bluntness of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition.

Smollett.

§ 84. *Simplicity a principal Beauty in Writing.*

If we examine the writers whose compositions have stood the test of ages, and obtained that highest honour, the concurrent approbation of distant times and nations, we shall find that the character of simplicity is the unvarying circumstance, which alone hath been able to gain this universal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whose writers in general are of the simple kind, the divinest poet, the most commanding orator, the finest historian, and deepest philosopher, are, above the rest, conspicuously eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers rise towards perfection, according to that measure of true simplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Te-

rence, Tully, are at once the simplest and best of Roman writers? unless we add the noble Annalist, who appeared in after-times; who, notwithstanding the political turn of his genius, which sometimes interferes, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far superior to his contemporaries. It is this one circumstance that hath raised the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the succeeding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours bestowed upon them; but have fallen under that just neglect, which time will ever decree to those who desert a just simplicity for the florid colourings of style, contracted phrases, affected conceits, the mere trappings of composition, and Gothic minutiae. It is this hath given to Boileau the most lasting wreath in France, and to Shakespeare and Milton in England; especially to the last, whose writings are more unmixed in this respect, and who had formed himself entirely on the simple model of the best Greek writers and the sacred scriptures. As it appears from these instances, that simplicity is the only universal characteristic of just writing; so the superior eminence of the sacred scriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greatest critics in antiquity, himself conspicuous in the sublime and simple manner, hath borne this testimony to the writings of Moses and St. Paul; and by parity of reason we must conclude, that had he been conversant with the other sacred writers, his taste and candour would have allowed them the same encomium.

Brown's Essay.

§ 85. *Simplicity conspicuous in the Scriptures.*

It hath been often observed, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "scriptures suffer in their credit by the disadvantage of a literal version, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embellished translation." But in reality these gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundless. For the truth is, "That most other writings are indeed impaired by a literal translation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the sacred writings, when literally translated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often lost in the transfusion from one language

to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular construction of tongues, no change of tongue can destroy. Hence the Bible composition preserves its native beauty and strength alike in every language. by the sole energy of unadorned phrase, natural images, weight of sentiment, and great simplicity.

It is in this respect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the severest trials of heat, cold, and moisture, retains its original weight and splendor, without either loss or alloy; while baser metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and assimilated to the various elements through which they pass.

This circumstance then may be justly regarded as sufficient to vindicate the composition of the sacred Scriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greatest security. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and useful to all; it is their security, as it prevents their being disguised by the false and capricious ornaments of vain and weak translators.

We may safely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of these remarks on the superior simplicity, utility, and excellence of the style of the holy Scripture. Is there any book in the world so perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains such sublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in such an artless and intelligible strain? that can be read with such pleasure and advantage by the lettered sage and the unlettered peasant?

Brown's Essay.

§ 86. *Simplicity should be preferred to Refinement in Writing.*

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster, and more concise definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleasantries of a waterman, the observations of a peasant, the ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all these are natural and disagreeable. What an insipid comedy should we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of taste, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low life, the strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a

lively image to the mind. The absurd naïveté of Sancho Pança is represented in such inimitable colours by Cervantes, that it entertains as much as the picture of the most magnanimous hero or softest lover.

The case is the same with orators, philosophers, critics, or any author, who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not elegant, his observations uncommon, his sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his nature and simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the unhappiness of such authors, that they are never blamed nor censured. The good fortune of a book, and that of a man, are not the same. The secret deceiving path of life, which Horace talks of, *fallentis semita vitæ*, may be the happiest lot of the one; but is the greatest misfortune that the other can possibly fall into.

On the other hand, productions which are merely surprising, without being natural, can never give any lasting entertainment to the mind. To draw chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The justness of the representation is lost, and the mind is displeas'd to find a picture, which bears no resemblance to any original. Nor are such excessive refinements more agreeable in the epistolary or philosophic style than in the epic or tragic. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similes, and epigrammatic turns, especially when laid too thick, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment or discourse. As the eye, in surveying a Gothic building, is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute attention to the parts; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour to shine and surprize. This is the case where a writer overabounds in wit, even though that wit should be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such writers, that they seek for their favourite ornaments, even where the subject affords them not; and by that means have twenty insipid conceits for one thought that is really beautiful.

There is no subject in critical learning, more copious than this of the just mixture of simplicity and refinement in writing; and, therefore, not to wander in too large a field

a field, I shall confine myself to a few general observations on that head.

First, I observe, 'That though excesses of both kinds are to be avoided, and though a proper medium ought to be studied in all productions; yet this medium lies not in a point, but admits of a very considerable latitude.' Consider the wide distance, in this respect, between Mr. Pope and Lucretius. These seem to lie in the two greatest extremes of refinement and simplicity, which a poet can indulge himself in, without being guilty of any blameable excess. All this interval may be filled with poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar style and manner. Corneille and Congreve, who carry their wit and refinement somewhat farther than Mr. Pope (if poets of so different a kind can be compared together) and Sophocles and Terence, who are more simple than Lucretius, seem to have gone out of that medium, wherein the most perfect productions are to be found, and are guilty of some excess in these opposite characters. Of all the great poets, Virgil and Racine, in my opinion, lie nearest the center, and are the farthest removed from both the extremities.

My second observation on this head is, 'That it is very difficult, if not impossible, to explain, by words, wherein the just medium betwixt the excesses of simplicity and refinement consists, or to give any rule, by which we can know precisely the bounds betwixt the fault and the beauty.' A critic may not only discourse very judiciously on this head, without instructing his readers, but even without understanding the matter perfectly himself. There is not in the world a finer piece of criticism than Fontenelle's Dissertation on Pastorals; wherein, by a number of reflections and philosophical reasonings, he endeavours to fix the just medium which is suitable to that species of writing. But let any one read the pastorals of that author, and he will be convinced, that this judicious critic, notwithstanding his fine reasonings, had a false taste, and fixed the point of perfection much nearer the extreme of refinement than pastoral poetry will admit of. The sentiments of his shepherds are better suited to the toilets of Paris, than to the forests of Arcadia. But this it is impossible to discover from his critical reasonings. He blames all excessive painting and ornament as much as Virgil could

have done, had he wrote a dissertation on this species of poetry. However different the tastes of men may be, their general discourses on these subjects are commonly the same. No criticism can be very instructive, which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples, and illustrations. 'Tis allowed on all hands, that beauty, as well as virtue, lies always in a medium; but where this medium is placed is the great question, and can never be sufficiently explained by general reasonings.

I shall deliver it as a third observation on this subject, 'That we ought to be more on our guard against the excess of refinement than that of simplicity; and that because the former excess is both less beautiful and more dangerous than the latter.'

It is a certain rule, that wit and passion are entirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible all its faculties can operate at once: and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason, a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions, where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity, above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the ofteneft, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprizing in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first: but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once: but Parnel, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of

manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant every thing; because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a durable, though not a violent impression upon us.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so it is the more dangerous extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for dulness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprizing in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as most excellent way of writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, says Quintilian, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I shall add, that the excess of refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever; because it is the extreme which men are the most apt to fall into, after learning has made great progress, and after eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition. The endeavour to please by novelty, leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus in taste and genius: and perhaps there are, at present, some symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France as well as in England.

Hume.

§ 87. *An Essay on Suicide.*

The last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run

at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in a vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post: but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remem-

ber to have heard of were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and gentlest method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A penniless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument, setting forth his virtues, in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado

never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by the exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The flaver of himself too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was dotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen soul
away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts

empt us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north-pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

Connoisseur.

§ 88. *An Enumeration of Superstitions observed in the Country.*

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to

an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high-wind), and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in since the death of an old washerwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic.

nostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcase. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost (who was gone to the West Indies) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the 'quire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shoot-

ing of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her face over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins: for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they knew whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The elder sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see
a stranger.

a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If you back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, If you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

Counsellor.

§ 89. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these, I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and prophaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad dem-me*, mixed and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body: nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they

both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surpris'd at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation*; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamblers repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapt into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are

still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be adviseable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "u, on my word, and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Connoisseur.

§ 90. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of

substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transfuse their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 91. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious?

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The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedonia, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affection. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 92. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes

are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Didone heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deploras the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm:

*Extemplo Eneæ solvuntur frigore membra :
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion.

passion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Moyal, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects.

Dryden.

§ 93. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain of death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventitious idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 94. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be

lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circulations, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristic virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choleric and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious: that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a-piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the case, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronical diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use, in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king infe-

rior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

Dryden.

§ 95. *History of Translations.*

Among the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed; and the multiplicity of languages becomes less inconvenient.

Of every other kind of writing, the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once; for distant nations had little commerce with each other, and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin Iliad, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of

the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention: those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epide-mical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the Destruction of Troye, a book which, in that infancy

infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberity was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshaws's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius, which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure

virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transfuse their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination: they therefore translated always with freedom; sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept sprightliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed, Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language. *Idler.*

§ 96. *What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator.*

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful,

ful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching-interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilby's have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his au-

thor's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of
Claudian

Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalaphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalaphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and grots hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Aeneid*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter

his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Dryden.

§ 97. *The Nature of Wit in Writing.*

The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imagination of persons, actions, passions, or things, 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, dressing or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it, proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expression. For the first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions,

or extremely difcomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid: for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

—————Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

—————lumenque juvenæ
Purpureum, & letos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempest, his funeral sports, his combats of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country,

the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materia superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification: and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregiè notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum———
Dryden.

§ 98. *Examples that Words may affect without raising Images.*

I find it very hard to persuade several, that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation, we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers, I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men, blessed with the most perfect sight, can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which

he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned, he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day*, and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other: nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their

course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 99. *The real Characteristics of the Whig and Tory Parties.*

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to those of Roundhead and Cavalier, the most obvious difference which appears betwixt them, consists in the principles of passive obedience and indefeasible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the universal doctrine, and were esteemed the true characteristic of a Tory. Were these principles pushed into their most obvious consequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of absolute monarchy; since nothing can be a greater absurdity, than a limited power which must be resisted, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as the most rational principles are often but a weak counterpoise to passion, 'tis no wonder that these absurd principles, sufficient, according to a celebrated author, to shock the

common sense of a Hottentot or Samoiede, were found too weak for that effect. The Tories, as men, were enemies to oppression; and also, as Englishmen, they were enemies to despotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, less fervent than that of their antagonists, but was sufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they saw themselves openly threatened with a subversion of the ancient government. From these sentiments arose the Revolution; an event of mighty consequence, and the firmest foundation of British liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true insight into the nature of that party.

In the first place, they appear to have had the sentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined resolution not to sacrifice it to any abstract principles whatsoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might justly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almost unbounded compliances with a court, which made little secret of its arbitrary designs. The Revolution shewed them to have been in this respect nothing but a genuine court party, such as might be expected in a British government; that is, lovers of liberty, but greater lovers of monarchy. It must, however, be confessed, that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more so in theory, than was, in any degree, consistent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the settlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has since taken place. This part of their character may seem contradictory to the former, since any other settlement, in those circumstances of the nation, must probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt passive obedience, and the resistance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, since the Revolution, may be defined in a few words to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without re-

nouncing monarchy; and a friend to the settlement in the protestant line.

Hume's Essays.

§ 100. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surpris'd at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair-one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeited; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a

black

black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crufted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 101. *Advantages of well-directed Satire pointed out.*

A satirist of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue. He may be considered as a sort of supplement to the legislative authority of his country; as assisting the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for regulating of manners, and striking terror even where the divine prohibitions themselves are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing else, dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no succeeding in the secret purposes of dishonesty, without preserving some sort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeit virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honest satirist is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse; but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive

to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has asserted) that his chastisements rather exasperate than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself; and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being *integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral stains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the same time a more contemptible character, than that of a vicious satirist:

*Quis cælum terris non misceat & mare cælo,
Si tur displiceat Verni, homicida Miloni?*
Juv.

The most favourable light in which a censor of this species could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 102. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is

the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis eminent*. He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and

fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vasa vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit*. This was the commendation that Perius gave him; where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court; as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes Crispinus openly as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perius are confined to noblemen; and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scalliger says, only shews his white teeth; he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good-manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid.

Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit: he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation: he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble, his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds more lively agitation to the spirits.

Dryden.

§ 103. *Delicate Satire not easily hit off.*

How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noses and cheek stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded; and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place.

A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Abfalom*; is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was out in his turn who began the frolic.

Ibid.

§ 104. *The Works of Art defective in entertaining the Imagination.*

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which affords so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never shew herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit
urbes. Hor.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.
Dives opum variarum; hic latæ otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Migitisque bonum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

Virg.

But

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental land-ships of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effects of design, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to those of Nature.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance to such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landkip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and

more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landkip of his own possessions. *Spectator.*

§ 105. *On the Progress of the Arts.*

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, 'till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which shew rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor.

Idler.

§ 106. *The Study of Astronomy, peculiarly delightful.*

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 comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the fable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the 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 our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to sit 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 scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprize.

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time 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 it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy 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 things 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.

Tatler.

§ 107. *The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star; as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which, with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distri-

bution

bution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immoveable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immence and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable

in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings. *Spectator.*

§ 108. *The Character of Toby Bumper.*

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well educated cherish this ill-placed pride, of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens, that a person of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother, and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys.

The

The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practised, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachman, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex and Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Conus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of sound Sense and Satisfaction*. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well-known to every street-walker from Cheap-side to Charing-cross. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch;

and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar. *Connoisseur.*

§ 109. *Causes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extremes; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this-kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes.

As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances, whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society; it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 110. *Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

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. *Spezzator.*

§ 111. *Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

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 is become very ridiculous: but in spite of all the railery 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 leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that 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 don't know 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 him, 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

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 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 therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency 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 petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breal's in upon the sobriety, I will not 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 portraits 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 on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

Guardian.

§ 112. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe

is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects:

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
"As asses are."
SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, where they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves

moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissimulation of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to

smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair: and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thickset's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smalberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

Connoisseur.

§ 113. *The TATTLER'S Advice to his Sister Jenny; a good Lesson for young Ladies.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me

me word she should come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company, I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord: "My husband," says she, "gives his humble service to you;" to which I only answered, "I hope he is well," and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know," said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She shewed a little dislike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with the change in her humour; and upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion, but I easily collect-

ed it from the representation she gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," says she, "that I can wish for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good husband) the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you content?" She answered smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life: To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shewn me in a flarry night." "Jenny," said I, "without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus;—Endeavour to please, and you must please, Be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you make take my word, you will never want it; an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible." *Tatler.*

§ 114. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and sit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or

his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, “if God permit,”—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place,—that company which is really good is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,—owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Stevne's Sermons.

§ 115. *Controversy seldom decently conducted.*

'Tis no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Browné's Essays.

§ 116. *How to please in Conversation.*

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those, who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the

hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by fallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of heart.

For this reason no stile of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often cooperates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

Rambler.

§ 117. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; intomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the veteraries

of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole-talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck: are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likenesses.

Next to those, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and

force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the founding brass, the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*; the Gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept

cept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatters and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs: Snarlors are curs, that continually shew their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire profanate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies

Connoisseur.

§ 118. *A Citizen's Country House described.*

Sir,

I remember to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to un-

dertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to see the people speak the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprized, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no prospect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may see two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap sitting at the door smoking: he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a disagreeable.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings

and

and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: close by the parlour-door there hung a pair of stag's horns; over which there was laid across a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a sauff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with this superscription: "To Mr.—, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosogay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he has pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if our taste for building encreases with our opulence, for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chand-

ler, or a Roman pastry-cook? Or could any of their shoe-makers or taylors boast a villa with his tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses! Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiswick, and an *ornithon* in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

Connoisseur.

§ 119 *Humorous Scene between DENNIS the Critic (satirically represented by SWIFT as mad) and the Doctor.*

Scene DENNIS's Garret.

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTOT
the Bookseller, and another Author.

DENNIS. [*Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.*]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as it did with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for, in this very manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapped up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! that's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! a distemper! it is no distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know that there's a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of

* He published remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again.

[*Almost crying.*]

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! a man may well have fits and swelled legs, that fits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctör. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggardly bookseller has advertised the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not advertise it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctör. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more. — I desire a word in private with this gentleman.—I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctör. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in Celsus, which says, "If the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night." Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

Doctör. What! an apothecary tell a physician he mistakes! you pretend to dispute my prescription! *Pharmacopola componant. Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctör. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? shall poetry fall to the ground? must our reputation in foreign countries be quite

lost? O destruction! perdition! cursed opera! confounded opera*! as poetry once raised critics, so, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctör. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be strait-waistcoated, that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death!

Doctör. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas! for the lost drama! the drama is no more!

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a *peripetia*! no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the sixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-shop next door.

Doctör. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increases. We must call for help. Mr. Lintot, a — hold him, pray. [*Doctör gets behind Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wish [*scratching his head*] he had been beth-t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

Doctör. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem desperate. Avicen says, "If learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted." We must endeavour to eradicate these indigested ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! [*The Doctör, the Nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret-stairs all together.*] Is the man, whose labours are calculated

* He wrote a treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian opera.

to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left! [*Calls after the Doctor, the Bookfeller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.*] I am the only man among the moderns, that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookfeller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*]

§ 120. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

§ 121. *Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.*

There came into a bookfeller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any

thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the feller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can't thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself.

Spectator.

§ 122. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The second property of your excellent sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes its course from the inwards

to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Shakespeare.

§ 123. *Hotspur reading a Letter.*

“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous.”—Why, that’s certain: ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unforted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good pot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this is! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next

month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

Ibid.

§ 124. *Falstaff’s Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe Heaven a death! ’Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, ’tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I’ll none of it: honour is a mere ’cutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

Ibid.

§ 125. *The perfect Speaker.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed: not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work: all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy,

the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

§ 126. *Disorders of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily disorders, they are generally baffled by disorders of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buskin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the gr et c

affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and at present, whichsoever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house: instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen. I am, &c.

Bonnel Thornton.

§ 127. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition

of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, *The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Mansion-House.*

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit of health, or a goblin damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twister himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.

"Mr. Twister will this evening take off
"a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto,
"making love in a gutter; the knife-
"grinder and his wheel; High-Dutch

"squabble; and a hog in a slaughter-
"house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if I chose a what? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material, from among them:

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankin waist-coat, bound with silver twist, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buckskin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner, a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twister; another of four lines, which he calls a distich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, *An Extempore Epigram.*

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 128. *A Citizen's Family sitting out for Brightleborough.*

Sir,

That there are many disorders peculiar to the present age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increase of their fees from them. For instance, in the language of the advertisement, "Never were nervous disorders more frequent:" we can hardly meet with a lady who is not *nauseous* to the last degree, though our mothers and grandmothers scarce ever heard the word *Nerves*: the gentlemen too are *affected* in the same manner; and even in the country, this disorder has spread like the small-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toss off a glass of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the same cor-

dial with her tea, because it otherwise would make her low-spirited. But there is an epidemical disorder (that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name) which seizes whole families here in town at this season of the year. As I cannot define it, I shall not pretend to describe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the same remedy is thought necessary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but spending the summer months in some dirty sitting town by the sea-shore; and the water is judged to be most efficacious, where there is the greatest resort of afflicted persons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about business, when I was surprized to see a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and band-boxes. The front-glass was screened by two round paper hat-cases hung up before it; against one door was placed a guitar-case; and a red fatten cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned against the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat rested upon each window. These preparations were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dressed in a joseph of scarlet duffel, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black silk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miss (about sixteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink fatten, with a narrow edging of silver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white shag, and cocked behind, with a silver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dress, as he wore his usual pompadour-coloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a scarlet cloth waistcoat, with a broad tarnished gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the same time assuring me, that she was sorry to take Mr. ——— from his business, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" says the old gentleman, "I don't understand your whim-whams,

"ROT

“not I; here has it cost me the lord knows what in doctors stuff already, without your being a pin the better for it; and now you must lug me and all the family to Brighthelmstone.” “Why, my dear,” said the lady, “you know Dr. ——— tells me, there is nothing will do my spirits so much good as bathing in the sea.” “The sea!” said the old gentleman; “why then could not you have taken lodgings at Gravesend, where I might have easily come in the evening, and gone back time enough for ‘Change in the morning?” The good lady told him that he had no taste, that people of the best fashion went to Brighthelmstone, and that it was high time their girl should see a little of the world. To this miss assented, by declaring, that indeed she had been no where but to the play, and the castle-concert, since she had left the boarding-school. Both the females then asked me an hundred questions, such as, whether the sea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly, I saw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, she declared, should go every morning into the sea, as she had been told it was good for the mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Gravesend would answer all the common purposes of a jaunt to Brighthelmstone; for though one pretence for visiting these places is, *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the same as here, and their amusements not very different. They suffer themselves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half so good a prospect, or so good an air, as in the high road at Islington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are drauled away, with perhaps a saunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen boys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-house, or the bookseller’s, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no less heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to swelter in a crowd, and be almost suffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing summer diver-

sion of jiggling it to the delightful music of country scrapers,—to say nothing of the calmer and less sudorific exercise of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to dress in these public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh: consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a milliner, and such an one, an hair-dresser, *from London*.

I am a sincere well-wisher to your paper, &c.

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.

B. Thornton.

§. 129. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his “Dear Sir,” though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with “Dear Sir,” and ends with, “I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant.” You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a “Yes,” or a “True, Sir,” or You observe very right, Sir,” for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with “What

“ you say is very just,” to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all: it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma’s esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a “ How do you do, my dear Sir!” though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of op-

posing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, “ Yes,” together, and “ Very true;” “ You are very right, my dear Sir;” and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quality in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor’s lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts, and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attornies supply

ply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 130. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of a woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil

without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever pitying one person, and sorry for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families: and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently

frequently tells the girl, " 'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendance of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are fluts, and good-for-nothing huffies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitfield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths; and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give fixpence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most

unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disoblged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies— but—she has done with them:—other people will find them out as well as herself:—that's all the harm she wishes them."—

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round

of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is—a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 131. *On the affected Strangeness of some Men of Quality.*

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man, and seem willing to let your press to any subject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of some part of our nobility towards their sometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no less common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who flares you full in the face, and seems quite a stranger to it; with whom you have spent the preceding summer at Harwich or Brighthelmstone; with whom you have often dined; who has often singled you out and taken you under his arm to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accosted you, all the summer, by your surname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I shall not attempt to describe the pain such right honourable behaviour, at first meeting, gives to a man of sensibility and sentiment, nor the contempt he must conceive for such ennobled beings. Another class of these right honourable intimates are indeed so far condescending, as to submit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the street; or even in the Park, if it be at a distance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houses, if my lord has no company; and they themselves will receive you very civilly,

but will shun you a few hours after, at court, as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good sense, good family, and good character) for having no other blemish than that your modesty or diffidence perhaps has occasioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many instances of this kind of polite high-breeding, that every man of little station, who has been a quality-broker, has often experienced; but I shall wave that, and conclude by shewing you, how certainly to avoid such contempt, and even decoy his lordship out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: suppose we see my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough garden-walk; instead of meeting him, approach so near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-sighted) that he sees you, and that he is certain you see and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other side of the Mall, and, my life for it, his lordship either trots over to you, or calls you, by your surname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reason, why one, he has all along considered would be proud of the least mark of his countenance, should avoid taking an even chance for so great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be understood, that his lordship is not much offended at you, though he make you a visit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, lest you should him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with success, if any success it is to be so noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do assure you, I had once the honour of being sometimes known to, and by, several lords, and lost all their friendship, because I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loss I do not at all find myself the worse.

I am your humble servant,

B. Thornton.

§ 132. *On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.*

Sir,

Though it is commonly said, that pride and contempt for inferiors are strongly implanted in the breasts of our nobility, it must be allowed, that their politeness and good-

good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well say,

He that has pride, not shewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all,

one may also affirm, with truth, of the British nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot shew less than they do. They treat the meanest subject with the greatest affability, and take pains to make every person they converse with forget the distance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the same education and the same examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to see in them the same affable behaviour, the same politeness. But, strange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally see proud, insolent, and overbearing, as if he possessed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the estates in some boroughs, always descended to the younger brother. I have known one of these young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, because he would not disgrace himself with a plebeian alliance; and rather choose to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was so regardless of his birth, as to desire my lord his father to send him to a merchant's counting-house for his education; but, though he has now one of the best houses of business of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's estate, his brothers and sisters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not scruple to deny his being their brother, at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raises my mirth, to hear with what contempt these younger brothers of quality speak of persons in the three learned professions, even those at the top of each. The bench of bishops are never distinguished by them with any higher appellation, than—those parsons: and when they speak of the judges, and those who hold the first places in the courts of justice, to a gentleman at the bar, they say—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Addington, and Askew, are, in their genteel dialect, called—these physical people. Trade

is such a disgrace, that there is no difference with them between the highest and lowest that are concerned in it; they rank the greatest merchants among common tradesmen, as they can see no difference between a counting-house and a chandler's shop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen, a more genteel means of subsistence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatsoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deserving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but persons of the first rank and distinction.

As I live so far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a visit from one of these younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries; he praises the furniture of my house, and allows my equipage to be handsome: but declares he discovers more of expence than taste in either: he can discover that Hallet is not my upholsterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in short, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with the Mansion-house for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is so cloyed with made dishes, that a plain joint is a rarity; my claret too, though it comes from Mess. Brown and Whitefoord, and no otherwise differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and she is further mortified with seeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damask chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raising his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of fashion, he is his most obedient humble servant, without bending his body, or looking to see who does him this honour. If any person even under the degree of a knight, speaks to him, he will condescend to say Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to say the one when he should say the other. If I presume to talk about any change in the ministry before him, he discovers great surprize at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, should differ so much from the people

people about Grosvenor-square. We are absolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the same species; and I find, it is as much impossible for us to know what passes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the person obliged; while his lordship's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The insolence which is so much complained of among noblemen's servants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleness, high-living, and a consciousness of the dignity of the noble person they serve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no less dependent in the family than themselves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother must for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to solve this phenomenon to myself, ever since the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to settle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was strongly recommended to a noble peer, who promised to assist me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordship, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil person, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he said I might leave it; and immediately snatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great surprise, a somewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I saw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himself, especially as he did not rise from his chair, or so much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addressed myself to him with—"My lord"—but was instantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dressing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the situation I was in, that if I had been treated

with so much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what must I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and taking me cordially by the hand, said, he was heartily glad to see me. I was greatly distressed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordship who was so affable and courteous, and I could not suppose it was any body who meant to insult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and saying, "He was very happy that it was in his power to comply with the contents of it;" at the same time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother arose from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, said, "He should be proud of so valuable an acquaintance;" and, resuming his seat, proceeded to finish his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to observe the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before professed himself so proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been said, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of distinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 133. *Persons of Quality proved to be Traders.*

I always reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of imitating the French has been among people of fashion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boast of but his high birth, would scorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father should be as rich as the Buffs of the East Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodness of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but send their younger sons to a merchant's counting-house for education. But, I confess, I never considered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their esteem for trade; and I find, that the greatest part of our no-

bility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even shopkeepers.

In the first place, we may consider many of our nobility in the same light as Beaver or Henson, or any other keepers of repositories. The breeding of running-horses is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the horse for a prodigious sum. What advantages must accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever: and if his lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse-flesh. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he should make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose (strange as it may seem) he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to pastry-cooks and fishmongers.

What shall we say of those who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter, when they are in town?—Though these sports-

men do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers and hucksters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a sale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and are properly stiled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business: what immense sums are received by those electioneering merchants, whose fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a seat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nursing the estates of extravagant persons of distinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his shewing himself a true steward, but from the weight and interest he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? And, perhaps one should not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot, at this last place, insure your house from fire, or a ship from the danger of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwrite on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother for any sum whatsoever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and, indeed, the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy, where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice; but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon sells his own body to a surgeon to be anatomised.

After

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has earrings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing ^{PROV} and ^R virtue to part with to preserve her ^{OUR} if she lost. The markets, in which ^{BRAGG} multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be broken merchants: and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been raised in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's sister, nephew, or natural son on any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, surely, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Sussex; and I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, should suffer like a deserter,

or be keel-hauled to death under a first-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold posts and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 134. *On Pedantry.*

Sir,

To display the least symptom of learning, or to seem to know more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very sound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of mustiness that can only be contracted in a recluse and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college.

I know a woman of fashion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it spits, that it mists, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation

tation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and stouces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a newspaper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

B, Thornton.

§ 135. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many persons, to dullness and insipidity. You will easily conceive, that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impertinent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and weigh'd no more be restrained from their peral ces on this day, than they would keep man on a fast-day; but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of every amusement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets loose from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Islington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those who have no business to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the play-houses, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are shut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be who are immured in the old mansion-house in the country, and cloistered

cloistered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard case: my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire; nor shall I be released from my prison till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor. My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and are near enough Altrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the parish-church, not a stone's throw off the house, for grandeur-sake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the ignorant humkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-beef and plum-pudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whist, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myself, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know, that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herself in the damp church, for fear of increasing her rheu-

matism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present, by pretending an head-ach, and stole into my closet in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to stir out, and we shall sit moping and yawning at one another, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather, and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

B. Thornton.

§ 136. *On the Militia.*

Sir,

Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is unsettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge, from the appearance of the sky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a smile. An unexpected shower has obliged me to turn into the first inn; and I think I may e'en as well pass my time in writing for your paper, especially as I have nothing else to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Misses* and *Charming Misses* on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my shilling at the ordinary in this town with some of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to send you a few thoughts on that subject. With respect to the common men, it will be sufficient to observe, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can possibly exceed them. Their prowess in marauding is unquestionable; as they are sure to take prisoners whatever stragglers they meet with on their march, such as geese, turkies, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect desert of a farmer's yard. By the bye, it is possibly on this account, that a turkey bears so great an antipathy to the colour of red. These fellows are, indeed, so intrepid, that

they will attack any convoy of provisions that falls in their way; and my landlord assures me, that as soon as they come into a town, they immediately lay close siege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by storm, and never give any quarter; as also, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I should have met with my old university acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at least two hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at his first accosting me, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly familiar air, and a sliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am glad to see thee"—and an hearty *Damme* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain, is become a fine gentleman; so fine a one, indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me, if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my *Crack*.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I should say captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and polished into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which some of his brother officers were composed. Yet these, I found, had in some measure cast their slough, and put on the martial gentility with the dress: such are the surprizing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for instance, every private man in his majesty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-soldier.

To the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficient in them as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. First then, with respect to dress and politeness of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country squires into as arrant beaux as any on the parade.

The short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted sword, with a flaming sword-knot. They have reconciled themselves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With these accomplishments, our bumkins have been enabled to shine at country assemblies; though it must be confessed, that these grown gentlemen stand somewhat in need of Mr. Duke's instructions. Some of them have also carried their politeness so far as to decide a point of honour with their swords; and at the last town I passed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the surgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the sword-arm, his antagonist directly pulled out his salve-box, and kindly dressed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is, cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may swear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I suppose, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine

gine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; some they besiege by secret saps and undermining, and some they take by assault. It has been frequently a practice in the most civilized armies, whenever they storm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to ravish the women; and it is from this example, I suppose, that our officers think it an indispensable branch of their duty to debauch the wives and sisters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention, as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly possessed of this spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a peaceful summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader: and what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing serious, contrary to my usual humour. I have ordered my horse out—and have some miles to ride—so no more at present from

Your constant correspondent, &c.,
B. Thornton.

§ 137. *On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.*

Nunc est bibendum. Sādlers-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or by spirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myself, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. &c. do less harm to the constitutions of my fellow-creatures, than brandy, gin, or even British spirits. I own, nothing gives me more surprise in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almost unanimously concurring in ducking their patients in the sea, or drenching them with salt, steel, or sulphureous

water, be their distemper what it may. If a man has a dropsy, they will not hesitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not scruple to give the strongest cordials sometimes in the most violent fever.

Though the faculty seem to agree, one and all, that every patient should visit some watering place or other in the summer, I do not find they are settled in their opinions, what particular waters suit particular disorders. I have visited them all for my amusement; and upon conversing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great surprize, in Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, and Brighthelmstone, many persons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the same effects could be produced by steel, salt, and sulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent by different physicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island; for there is not an hole or bottom in any county, that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to perish in it as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determin'd in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have more than once known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons,

that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the groundwork of that cure, which the temperance and diffipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account they decline sending their patients to Salders-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Illington-Spa, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spas in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spa do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have seen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, asthmas, gouts, &c. as much as the visitors of the place: and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and a very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contracted a distemper that is best understood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice; the doctor (I suppose a quack; by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quartern, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like num-

ber of miles: to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine, and follow the same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

I should, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very lasting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge-waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good estate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was advised to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for so long a time; but such has been our amazing success, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

B. Thornton.

§ 138. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

Sir,

I do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady*: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted

to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthest corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my pre-

sence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.
B. Thornton.

§ 139. *A circumstantial Detail of every Particular that passed at the Coronation.*

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of stairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses, in all the streets that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly dressed) you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company, Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top and stripped off the covering,

which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot soldiers was placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret, that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horse-guards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave me much pain, to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, most unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-swords, bayonets, and mousquets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers slyly from time to time (some with halfpence, and some with silyer, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was day-break (for I chose to go to my place over-night) we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several persons, very richly dressed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be escorted by the soldiers through the mob to their respective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jenning, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majesties (to the shame of those be it spoken who were not so punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Westminster about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman-usher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the procession, were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requests, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Westminster-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loss to understand me. My pass-ticket would have been of no service, if I had not

prevailed on one of the guards, by the irresistible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance just as their majesties were seated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her majesty's chair was on the left hand of his majesty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high constable, earl marshal, and other great officers. Four swords, I observed, and as many spurs, were presented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it seems, somewhere, in not sending for the dean and prebendaries of Westminster, &c. who, not finding themselves summoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choristers, singers, &c. among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this lesser procession from the Abbey, when the bishop of Rochester (that is, the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of gold cloth, the orb with the cross, a sceptre with the dove on the top, another tip with a cross, and what they call St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, *viz.* her crown upon a cushion, a sceptre with a cross, and a rod of ivory with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties, and afterwards delivered to the respective officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there should be much confusion in marshalling the ranks. At last, however, every thing was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the west door of the Abbey was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there seemed to me a defect in not covering the upright posts that supported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or some other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I shall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the procession, and only observe that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hastened from the Hall, and by the assistance of a soldier made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridge-street, where the windows commanded

commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendor and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and, after they were seated, and the usual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion-service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unspeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy, of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands; after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and was then in-

vested with the coronation-ropes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cross was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the sceptre with the cross, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a signal; the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know I have often said, that if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-suit has made you too well acquainted

with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you; but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the inclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their majesties in their chairs of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, &c. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax-candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company for the most part elegantly and richly dressed: but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. To proceed in my narration—Their majesties table was served with three courses, at the first of which earl Talbot, as steward of his majesty's household, rode up from the Hall-gate to the steps leading to where their majesties sat; and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight, in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing consequently ensued from the people present. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its representation last winter; but I assure you it had a very serious effect on those ladies who were near him (though his horse was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by lord Easingham as earl-marshal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high-constable, likewise on horseback: it is needless to repeat what passed on this occasion. I am told, that the horse which the champion rode was the same that his late majesty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beast, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number

ber of dishes that were provided and sent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majesties desert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their expressive devices. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedency to their successors, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within, nearest to the walls. You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-house, with a *Pray, remember the poor*.

You will think it high time that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their majesties. After the nobility were departed, the illustrious *mobility* were (according to custom) admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all the moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c. and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers,

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as she sat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My wife desires her compliments to you: she was *hugously* pleased with the sight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse, as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and desire to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession closed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity.

B. Thornton.

§ 140. *A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all surpris'd when I tell you, that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tiding of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000*l*. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturb'd by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surpris'd to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleas'd) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harass'd the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, propos'd to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *new* to appear in. Her ward-

robe

robe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chafms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a looser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am

Your very humble servant,
JEOPFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 141. Characters of CAMILLA and FLORA.

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance.

The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases

pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and tho' she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

Greville.

§ 142. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnaeus, translated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be many suns, that had each

their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers

flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

B. Thornton.

§ 143. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him: my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the fish, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

* * * This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

Sterne.

§ 144. *The Starling.*

—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified

herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained “it could not get out.”—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage.—“I can't get out—I can't get out,” said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it with the same lamentations of its captivity.—“I can't get out,” said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—“No,” said the Starling.—“I can't get out, I can't get out,” said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter

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ter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent——Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Siene.

§ 145. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etch-

ing another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Ibid.

§ 146. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

——Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father,—What dost thou mean, by “honouring thy father and mother?”

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself. *Ibid.*

§ 147. *Health.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul.—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

Ibid.

§ 148. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

CHAP. I.

The author gives some account of himself and family: his first inducements to travel. He is ship-wrecked, and swims for his life: gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel college in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent

eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old-Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors: but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that

things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed by my computation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overfet by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life,

life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *bekinab degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *solgo pbenac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and

some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *lawgro debul fan*; (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the

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demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *burgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hog-heads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hog-head, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *bekinab degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hog-heads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach mevola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *bekinab degul*. I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now

considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people, who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew, that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *burgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately open-

ed to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me, But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hoghead of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which

it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently*: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cause, though it sometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true, only because courage is supposed to imply superiority: for this officer in the guards becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the most daring curiosity, which sets him in comparison with Gulliver; to whom he was so much inferior, that a blast of the Mountain's nostrils would have endangered his life; and if heroism itself is not proof against ridicule, those surely are Lilliputians in philosophy, who consider ridicule as the test of truth.

meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His

pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang**, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action: for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distresses I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrow by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who

* A *stang* is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and an half.

is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose *; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold en-

* The masculine strength of features, which Gulliver could not see till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful superiority of stature in a being whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin but their use from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.

riched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds † of the common measure were

† Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the object thus lessened. ORRERY.

brought

brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed, that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising

any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expence. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred taylors should make me a suit of cloaths after the fashion of the country: that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language: and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumo kelmin pessõ desinar lou empofo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two sobs, and another

secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries, that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *Quibus Flestrin*) after the strictest search we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palfisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *vanfulo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket

were two black pillars irregularly shaped we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a-piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets, which we could not enter: these he called his fobs: they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain with a wonderful engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life*. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which on the left side hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right a bag or pouch divided into two

* Perhaps the author intended to expose the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, by shewing how little truth need to be misunderstood to make falsehood specious.

cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Clestin Frelock, Marfè Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymeter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymeter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprize; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymeter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince *, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cau-

* He who does not find himself disposed to honour this magnanimity should reflect, that a right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is with great absurdity and injustice arrogated by him who admires, in a being six feet high, any qualities that he despises in one whose stature does not exceed six inches.

tioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymeter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he had stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner I had done my scymeter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeoman of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it; which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones: my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymeter, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAP. III.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gotten so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took

all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand: and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summer set several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them, who hath not received a fall, and some of them, two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would have infallibly broke

his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and eunuchs, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons, whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen upon a large courser took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner about two feet from the ground; then I fastened

my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchiefs, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting up on each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they

humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolglam,

golam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbei*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Uly Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrags* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

1st. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu *, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

* In his description of Lilliput he seems to have had England more immediately in view. In his description of Blefuscu, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of France.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact œconomy of so great a prince.

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to serve the emperor in his wars.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stept over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection to avoid treading on any straggler, who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run

cross and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult: for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eighty feet wide. I then stept over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions, as happened to the public or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary of state (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it: but however added, that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Frameck-san* and *Slameck-san**, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alledged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty is determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial

heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Frameck-san*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover, that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets we are threatened with an invasion from the island of *Blefuscu*, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of *Lilliput* and *Blefuscu*. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account: wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of *Blefuscu*; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the *Big-endians* have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accident. Difference between man and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so speculative differences are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance.

dered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these; "That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end." And which is the convenient end, should in my humble opinion be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing a great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready with the hazard of my life to defend his person and state against all invaders*.

CHAP. V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The emperor's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from

whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting on my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened, when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have

* Gulliver, without examining the subject of dispute, readily engaged to defend the emperor against invasion; because he knew that no such monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another, for the propagation of truth.

infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscuans, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stoop awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in an hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which

the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think on nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy: of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least by their silence to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been

their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprize, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefusudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and rich gentry to the other in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through

the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burghum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigrim* (the Blefusudians call it *fluvce*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so

well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

C H A P. VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I

mean some of these in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese: but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death: and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardships of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they alledge, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and deal-

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ing upon credit; where fraud is permitted, and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed*.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of Snilpall, or Legal, which is added to his name, but doth not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than punish.

In chusing persons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs to be a mystery, comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to

* An act of parliament hath been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.

be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avowed themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acteth.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow, that a child is

under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclination. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child,

upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner, only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness; neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by

the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing on my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred taylors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plum-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house

(for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkies I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over-against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord-high-treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine *per cent.* below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprags* (their greatest gold coin, about

about the bigness of a spangle) and upon the whole, that it would be adviseable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falshood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharneſſed four) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clutril and Drualo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own, though I then had the honour to be a *nerdac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*; a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded

me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer shew his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, maketh his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance: the chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand judiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you for treason, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; whercin I venture my head for your service.

Articles of Impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain.

ARTICLE I.

Whereas by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Dessar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason: notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traiterously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c. against the duty, &c.

ARTICLE II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the *big-indian exiles*, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the *big-indian* heresy: he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor

against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.*

ARTICLE III.

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth falsely and traiterously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty afore-said.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible,

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client, and a statesman if he promotes the interest of his country; but the dean here inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.

to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be justified, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam the admiral could not preserve his temper; but rising up in fury said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor: that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might at another time raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve upon the first discontent to carry them back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt-acts, so he

accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion: he shewed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law*.

But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might in two or three days cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus by the great friendship of the se-

* There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even those whom it does not subject to punishment endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity by shewing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispense with the strict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suffer the palace rather to be burnt than passed upon.

cretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress's, was perpetually infligated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that, the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts

alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stript myself, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended

by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hand. I told his majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapt up in my coverlet.

C H A P. VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide: and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a suffi-

cient strength. When the ships came up, I stript myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that

that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to

make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was however much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress, and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September 1701 at six in the morning: and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest.

I slept

I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east, I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening. September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant-man returning from Japan by the north and south-seas; the captain Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south, there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *strugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a

particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shewing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seaming foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year; and I had a long lease of the Black-Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child; My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas of Liverpool commander. But my account of this voyage must be deferred to the second part of my travels.

Swift,

§ 149. *A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the anchor goes with it to discever

discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Streights of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the second of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hawled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore-down-hawl; but the sail was split, and we hawled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We

hawled off upon the laniard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because the scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship.

I was

I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for, upon

some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep thorough, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians, that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections,

tions, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered me awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolv'd not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together, in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy*. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seem'd to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lap-pet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his

master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seem'd to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket; which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierc'd my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answer'd as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his

* Our inattention to the felicity of sensitive beings, merely because they are small, is here forcibly reprov'd: many have wantonly crush'd an insect, who would shudder at cutting the throat of a dog: but it should always be remembered, that the least of these

“ In mental suffering feels a pang as great
“ As when a giant dies.”

left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor, I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasat. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas to shew I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall

henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an-ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to shew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers houses; one of which was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her

arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London bridge to Chelsea, after the usual dratery of infants, to get me for a play-thing. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop; and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy, by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying-glass, where we find by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sun-burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me

one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed; for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep; which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-sail of a man of war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows, when I awoke, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down: I durst not presume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other seeing the fate of his comrade made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath, and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured.

C H A P. II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

voured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcase off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash cross the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to shew I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardsly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my cloaths before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sack-cloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homuncelino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glundalitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacknuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs,

theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to enquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser, and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to shew me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover

my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud* or crier to give notice through the town, of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacknuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the

art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would shew me again the next market-day, and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap in a box tied about her waist.

The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to shew me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journies of not above seven or eight score miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire to give me air, and shew me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrad*, or *Pride of the Universe*. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The author sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *gardal*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master, whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her majesty's most humble crea-

ture and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy: my late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made by me in shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she

grew fond of a *splacknuck*? for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutores, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice with some others too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to

evince that I could not possibly do*. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate they concluded unanimously, that I was only *velplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus nature*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdain the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I intreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson †. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town: having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of Providence in the creation and government of the world: whose cavils are specious, like those of the Brobdignagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.

† This satire is levelled against all, who reject those facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported.

the queen to order that particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table,

to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight*. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hog'shead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set strait upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, and the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were

* Among other dreadful and disgusting images which custom has rendered familiar, are those which arise from eating animal food: he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the skeleton of a beast which has been picked whole by birds or vermin, must confess that habit only could have enabled him to endure the sight of the mangled bones and flesh of a dead carcase which every day cover his table; and he who reflects on the number of lives that have been sacrificed to sustain his own, should enquire by what the account has been balanced, and whether his life is become proportionably of more value by the exercise of virtue and piety, by the superior happiness which he has communicated to reasonable beings, and by the glory which his intellect has ascribed to God.

placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from the bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grantees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which

both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antichamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me: for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour: for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again

in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my intreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do amongst us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my fishes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet

cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shewn them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAP. IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrad, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther, when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon their tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited

bited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching: whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rock, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious readers it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and above six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs*, (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops;

and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five wool-packs, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journies. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when

Glumdalclitch

Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs, and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan; and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish; and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and

carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain, that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAP. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shews his skill in navigation.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs shew my wit by silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching

his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt; and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess, and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried

me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lye, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell, whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length

length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight; or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging

from it thicker than pack-threads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hog-heads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeas'd, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevail'd on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something, that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fix'd in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by instruction in ten days finish'd a pleasure-

a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans: and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I shewed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting place climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the

length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being of that country's silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence

thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choaked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to enquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my

thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know, what I would have done upon such an occasion, in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe, we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those, who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a footing with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through

with

with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAP. VI*.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shews his skill in music. The king enquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the point, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political state of Europe. ORRERY.

This is a mistake of the noble commentator, for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a mistake to which any commentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the titles or contents of the chapters into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in some English, and all the Irish editions, been printed in the title of this chapter, instead of England.

him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered, in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for shew than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived

was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouse's skin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties: but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it, that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my

own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body called the house of peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies, I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature: to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons as part of that assembly under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the house of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence.

cence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether these holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own

landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know, whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury: and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had

taken

taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people by their dexterity in that art might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force

them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these are half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAP. VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country

country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to shew the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, in to an ounce, of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air

together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into an hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked by a chain together, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and groveling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof he said some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and
short

short views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a *nice unnecessary scruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in

words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind; but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms a kind of wooden machine five-and twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eye, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was very much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author

thors of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, shewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe, upon a strict enquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people*.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their ex-

* The author's zeal to justify Providence has before been remarked; and these quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly reproved than by shewing, that the complaints upon which they are founded would be equally specious among beings of such astonishing superiority of stature and strength.

ercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightening were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories: for in the course of many ages they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject: the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

C H A P. VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I failed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had

had given strict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbrel to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died, than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot, as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog, or young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling-box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board, that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea with a page whom I was

very fond of, and who had sometimes been truited with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, buriting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder

to my ears than the cataract of Niagara * ; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended him self against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overlet by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, though the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I cer-

tainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such trans-

* Niagara is a settlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues.

ports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue, If there be any body below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin*. Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes saw a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box too good to be lost; a fine hammock, an handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that if he would let

* There are several little incidents which shew the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature; and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered; and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture.

one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and shew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities concluded I was raving: however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havock they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fasten-

ing a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pullies, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added, that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this

honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I intreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet.) I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumbnail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp-stings, like joiners tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as found as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers: that my story could contain little

besides

besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him, I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted my eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and

afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was in his return to England driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New-Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Rotherhithe. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could on no wise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter

daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages *.

Swift.

§ 150. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

* From the whole of these two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them therefore to such beings was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable then is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author, can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and habit will render it the most delightful.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wife man, but retts only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wife man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his

life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

✓ It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every think that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles

of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forsaileth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slips, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended

from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

For sake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend: it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whose discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompense them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lye is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minute actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be

proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minute articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to take into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth—There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension; and the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 151. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS are allowed to contain a great deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of English, Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may also furnish Subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are so easily retained in the memory that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.
The grace of God is worth a fair.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

'Tis wit to pick a lock, and steal a horse; but 'tis wisdom to let him alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.

Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Chear up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger is the devil's martyr.

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God is the true wise man.

The hasty man never wants woe.

There

There is God in the almony.
 He who will thrive must rise at five.
 He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.
 Prayer brings down the first blessing,
 and praise the second.
 He plays best who wins.
 He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.
 Better half a loaf than no bread.
 Beware of *Had-I-wist*.
 Frost and fraud have always foul ends.
 Good words cost nought.
 A good word is as soon said as a bad one.
 Little said soon amended.
 Fair words butter no parsnips.
 That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.
 Penny in pocket is a good companion.
 For all your kindred make much of your friends.
 He who hath money in his purse, cannot want an head for his shoulders.
 Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he shear'd his hogs.
 'Tis ill gaping before an oven.
 Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.
 When sorrow is asleep wake it not.
 Up starts a churl that gathered good,
 From whence did spring his noble blood.
 Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.
 A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel,
 roasts meat for others to eat.
 Speak me fair, and think what you will.
 Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.
 A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.
 He who gives alms makes the very best use of his money.
 A wise man will neither speak, nor do,
 Whatever anger would provoke him to.
 Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.
 The patient man is always at home.
 Peace with heaven is the best friendship.
 The worst of crosses is never to have had any.
 Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven.
 Honour buys no beef in the market.
 Care-not would have.
 When it rains pottage you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.
 A wonder lasts but nine days.
 The second meal makes the glutton: and
 The second blow, or second ill word,
 makes the quarrel.
 A young serving man an old beggar.
 A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.
 As proud comes behind as goes before.
 Bachelor's wives and maid's children are well taught.
 Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.
 Rich men seem happy, great, and wise,
 All which the good man only is.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Love me little, and love me long.
 He that buys an house ready wrought,
 Hath many a pin and nail for nought.
 Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.
 Opportunity makes the thief.
 Out of debt, out of deadly sin.
 Pride goes before, and shame follows after.
 That groat is ill saved that shames its master.
 Quick believers need broad shoulders.
 Three may keep counsel, if two be away.
 He who weddeth ere he be wife, shall die ere he thrives.
 He who most studies his content, wants it most.
 God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.
 When prayers are done my lady is ready.
 He that is warm thinks all are so.
 If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.
 Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.
 None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
 Think of ease, but work on.
 He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.
 The child saith nothing but what it heard by the fire-side.
 A gentleman, a grey-hound, and a salt-box, look for a the fire-side.
 The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
 He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

Discontent is a man's worst evil.

He who lives well sees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My house, my house, though thou art small,

Thou art to me the Escorial.

He who seeks trouble never misseth it.

Never was strumpet fair in a wise man's eye.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

Good counsel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the house where there is no chiding.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purse.

The shortest answer is doing the thing:

He who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his bosom, needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is furthest off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better suffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

True praise takes root, and spreads.

Happy is the body which is blest with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either side grows warm in arguing, the wisest man gives over first.

Wise men with pity do behold

Fools worship mules that carry gold.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

A wise man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others but not thyself.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praise dies unless you feed it.

That which two will takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou wouldst seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown that goes most up and down the house.

Silks and sattins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of counsels.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter way.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Conversation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers

Lawyers houses are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two suffice.
The best bred have the best portion.
To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of souls transports them not in bundles.
Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.
When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, must knock in a nail every day.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A woman conceals what she knows not.
Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, lest it dash out your teeth.

Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your applé.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Every man's censure is usually first moulded in his own nature.

Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner.

Let us ride fair and softly that we may get home the sooner.

Debtors are lyars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.
Dearth's foreseen come not.

A penny spared is twice got.
Pension never enriched young men.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.

If the mother had never been in the oven, she would not have looked for her daughter there.

The body is sooner well dressed than the soul.

Every one is a master, and a servant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every sin brings its punishment along with it.

The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.

Good husbandry is good divinity.
Be reasonable and you will be happy.
It is better to please a fool than to anger him.

A fool, if he saith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not seek.

The highway is never about.
He lives long enough who hath lived well.
Metal is dangerous in a blind horse.
Winter never rots in the sky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.
He that speaks me fair, and loves me not, I will speak him fair, and trust him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The truest wealth is contentment with a little.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.
Sir John Barley-Corn is the strongest knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,
Make the happiest marriage.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horses.

A good beginning makes a good ending.
One ounce of discretion, or of wisdom, is worth two pounds of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleased.

A fair face is half a portion.
To forget a wrong is the best revenge.

Manners make the man.
Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleases.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.
No great loss but may bring some little profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.

That suit is best that best fits me.
If I had revenged every wrong,
I had not worn my skirts so long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye,
That which is well done is twice done.

Use soft words and hard arguments.
There is no coward to an ill conscience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

A wise man hath more ballast than sail.
Great mens' promises, courtiers' oaths, and dead mens' shoes, a man may look for, but not trust to.

Be wise on this side heaven.
The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.
He who will be his own master often
hath a fool for his scholar.

That man is well bought who costs you
but a compliment.

The greatest king must at last go to bed
with a shovel or spade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wise men never erred, it would go
hard with the fool.

Great virtue seldom descends.

One wife (in marriage) and two
happy.

Almsgiving never made any man poor,
nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a
christian.

For ill do well; then fear not hell.

The best thing in this world is to live
above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his
youth.

A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay,
Will be all one at Doomsday.

One pair of heels is sometimes worth
two pair of hands.

'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half-hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's
smile.

The easiest work and way is, To beware.

If the best man's faults were written in
his forehead, it would make him pull his
hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but
never wise, or good, without taking pains
for it.

Success makes a fool seem wise.

All worldly joys go less

To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

What fools say doth not much trouble
wise men.

Money is a good servant, but an ill
master.

Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the
wise.

He lives indeed who lives not to himself
alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it
were not ill taken.

Industry is fortune's right-hand, and
frugality is her left.

We shall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to
dinner.

'Tis a small family that hath neither
a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of
wit.

A man never surfeits of too much ho-
nesty.

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows.

Those husbands are in heaven whose
wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for
his friend.

Young mens' knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married,
shall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beasts, I hate fluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increase
a man's store.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's shop.

God send us somewhat of our own when
rich men go to dinner.

Let your purse still be your master.

Young men think old men fools; but
old men know that young men are fools.

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

A wise head makes a close mouth.

All foolish fancies are bought much too
dear.

Womens' and childrens' wishes are the
aim and happiness of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with great-
er knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the
door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not
considered or thought.

He who angers others is not himself at
ease.

He dies like a beast who hath done no
good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by mens' bare-
ly wishing for it.

Patch and long sit, build and soon sit.

One hour's sleep before midnight is
worth two hours sleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feast.

Idle lazy folks have most labour.

Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty
is best at the long-run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.
Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cause of woe.

Welcome is the best cheer.

I will keep no more cats than what will
catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.
It is more painful to do nothing than
something.

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have
it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.

God's Providence is the surest and best
inheritance.

That is not good language which all un-
derstand not.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Ill-will never said well.

He that hath some land must have some
labour.

Shew me a liar, and I will shew you a
thief.

We must wink at small faults.

Use legs and have legs.

Keep your shop and your shop will keep
you.

Every one should sweep before his own
door.

Much coin usually much care.

Good take heed doth always speed.

He who gets doth much, but he who
keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce
of honour.

We think lawyers to be wise men, and
they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

When you see your friend, trust to your-
self.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the house of one
whose father was hanged.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

God help the fool, quoth Pelly. (*An Idiot.*)

Lead, and lose my money; fo play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to
rise, makes men more holy, more healthy,
wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wise and good
man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be
helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wil-
ful obstinacy.

All vice infatuates and corrupts the
judgment.

He who converses with nobody, knows
nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool
than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence comest thou? Penny,

whither goest thou? and, Penny, when
wilt thou come again?

'Tis worse to be an ill man than to be
thought to be one.

A fool comes always short of his reckon-
ing.

A young faint an old faint; and a young
devil an old devil.

Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the
keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourselves is
the mother of true devotion, and the per-
fection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our
good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew but he
who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

All covet, all lose.

Plain dealing is a jewel; but he who
useth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very un-
certain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually les-
sens it.

He is the wise, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own
will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean
to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade
effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you do mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and
do make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the
pains: if well, the pains do fade, the joy
remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion
gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger
prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good phi-
losophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make
every virtue more easy and pleasant to you
than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of
a man's

a man's own reason over his passions and follies.

Religion hath true lasting joys; weigh all, and so

If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.

Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise;

Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 152. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world, Where God is there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a liar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away. 'Tis horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head aches while he comforts another. Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wife man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things cost dear; the caresses of a dog, the love of a miss, and the invitation of an host. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable. Three little

make a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wife man a hint, and he will do the business well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bewires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle saith, When you can have any good thing take it: and Plato saith, if you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an ass you can get nothing but kicks and stench. Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend. One man forewarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lye. A wife man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wise men have their mouth in their hearts, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lye, Lyes have very short legs. One lye draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow
bad

bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. 'Tis a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but slow with your purse. A burthen which one chuses is not felt. The dearer such a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleasure. 'Tis better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge. Skill and assurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the distaff. Knowing is worth nothing, unless we do the good we know. A man is half known when you see him, when you hear him speak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, tho' you like it not at present. Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service. Both anger and haste hinder good counsel. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house. A courtier is a slave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large house. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loss. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one-fourth part of what you hear men say. Money is his servant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not. 'Tis better to give one shilling than to lend twenty. Wise distrust is the parent of security. Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either use myself or give for God's sake. He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first well consider himself. Speak not of me unless you know me well; think of yourself ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give shines still, what you eat smells ill next day. Asking costs no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glass are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman. The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third herself. A doctor and a clown

know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is visible philosophy. One ill example spoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The first faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them. He who would be ill served, let him keep good store of servants. To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fast away. A little time will serve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ship or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high. The best of the game is, to do one's business and talk little of it. The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In prosperity we need moderation, in adversity patience. Prosperous men sacrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great prosperity and modesty seldom go together. Women, wine, and horses, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who spins hath one shirt, he who spins not hath two. He who considers the end, restrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longest sword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the decision of fortune. Lucky men need no counsel. Three things only are well done in haste; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas. 'Tis better it should be said, Here he ran away, than Here he was slain. The sword from Heaven above falls not down in haste. The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes shares in gaming. He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men strength, enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself. Learning is folly unless a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves

loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the last at the table, and the first at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it sing as he pleases. In the conclusion, even sorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are set open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, still desires more, and enjoys less. At a dangerous passage give the precedency. The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gunshot. The good woman doth not say, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician, but a lean monk. Make yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despises it; its slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who of thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is sunk every man knows how she might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a soaking. He who knows nothing is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a

fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obscures, or blemishes, a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none, hath sorrow. An Arcadian ass, who is laden with gold, and eats but straw. The hare caught the lion in a net of gold. Ostinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the step-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a bolster for the devil. Idleness buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other mens' business, gets peace and ease thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wish. He hears with others, and saith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The master is the eye of the house. The first service a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourself down in the middle. 'Tis good keeping his cloaths, who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most, commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

Speaking

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. He doth not lose his labour who counts every word he speaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purse-strings close. Fine words will not keep a cat from starving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wisdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself. There is no fool to a learned fool. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despise all counsel. If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one house is enough in all conscience. He is not a thorough wise man who cannot play the fool at a just occasion. A wise man doth that at the first which a fool must do at the last. Mens' years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Mens' sins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Punishment though lame, overtakes the sinner at the last. He considers ill, that considers not on both sides. Think much and often, speak little, and write less. Consider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourself, let your men be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it must fall of course. He that parts with what he ought, loses nothing by the shift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. 'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear easily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's self shews that he doth not know himself. That which a man likes well is half done. He who is used to do kindnesses, always finds them when he stands in need. A wise lawyer never goes to law himself. A sluggard takes an hundred steps because he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little less, that I may hold out the better. Trust some few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little presently with it. He that doth not mind small things will never get a great deal. John Dottle was the son of Good-wife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is

not a morsel for a fool's month. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who first finds the other out. The worst pig often gets the best pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door shut against him. The wiser man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do most, is most mistaken. The wise discourages of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to those preachers who listen not to themselves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself. He who knows most is the least presuming or confident. 'Tis more noble to make yourself great, than to be born so. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle sin, and the end sorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and costs dear. A fair promise catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow if he can. Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools. Give no great credit to a great promiser. Prosperity is the worst enemy men usually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an halpenny. Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reason of wise men. If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we suck in with our milk. Love, knavery, and necessity, make men good orators. There is no fence against what comes from Heaven. Good husbandry is the first step towards riches. A stock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a miss ever worth the money she costs. The fool's estate is the first spent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all.

all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by sitting still at home. Between robbing and restoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the less credulous he is. There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himself to be so. Bare wages never made a servant rich. Loving much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half sickness. When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand. He that unreasonably plays the wife man is a fool. He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool. A wife man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd batchelor makes a jealous husband. That crown well spent which saves you ten. Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or say, think well first what may be the consequence of it. They are always selling wit to others who have least of it for themselves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a servant him who you must entreat, nor a kinsman, nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loses by doing good offices to others. He that would be well served, must know when to change his servants. Ignorance and prosperity make them bold and confident. He who employs one servant in any businesses, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a servant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant, or a civil denial. When you have any business with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and lasts long. All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream. That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man a fool. The foldier is well paid for doing mischief. A foldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves. A considering, careful man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone even in paradise. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good

luck, and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing must have his sword always ready drawn. That house is in an ill case where the distaff commands the sword. One sword keeps another in the scabbard. He that speaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is most liberal where he should be so, is the best husband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wife at other men's. He is master of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who saith Woman, saith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great post, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live easily at last. He that takes no care of himself, must not expect it from others. Industry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a staff of cotton, beats without noise. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail-storm. If pride were a deadly disease, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never lie at ease. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In silence there is many a good morsel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall asleep. The table, a secret thief, sends its master to the hospital. Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliveration. As soon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle set up for himself. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise. Nothing is so hard to bear well as prosperity. Patience, time, and money, set every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little of it, Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wife man changes his mind when there is reason for it. From hearing, comes wisdom; and from speaking, repentance. Old age

is an evil desired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man understands. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpose. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good post, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which seems probable is the greatest enemy to the truth. A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth. 'Tis no great pains to speak the truth. That is most true which we least care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his house (*i. e.* is carefully avoided). A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lie. Long voyages occasion great lies. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. 'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue must be our trade and study, not our chance. We shall have a house without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you shall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this short life. Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilst they live. He is rich who desires nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue: Who are you for? I am for him whom I get most by. He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician. He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; speak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monster. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil custom. Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do. He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The sword kills many, but wine many more. 'Tis truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets. Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last. A probable story is the best weapon of calumny. He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. No-

thing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God sends us. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one size. He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it. Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for saying what was true. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man should learn to fail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himself as he ought. He that would live long, must sometimes change his course of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others. Use or practice of a thing is the best master. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's. He who understands most is other mens' matter. Have a care of—Had I known this before.——Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble. You may know the master by his man. He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master. He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others. 'Tis the only true liberty to serve our good God. The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great house is an huge great trouble. Never advise a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel. 'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor dish on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor sell to, your friend. Sickness or diseases are visits from God. Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say. A

great many words will not fill a purse. Make a slow answer to an hasty question. Self-praise is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man speaks you fair, look to your purse. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jest till you shame him. Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it so. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; who sends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no discretion in love, nor counsel in anger. Wishes never can fill a sack. The first step a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not so already. He who is bad to his relations is worst to himself. 'Tis good to know our friends' failings, but not to publish them. A man may see his own faults in those which others do. 'Tis the virtue of saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his share of brains. The first chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wise men. Discretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chastity is the chief and most charming beauty. Little conscience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourself ready for a foul one. A little too late is too late still. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly. Rich men are slaves condemned to the mines. Many mens' estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great saint interest ruins the world alone. Their power and their will are the measures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you must do what you can do, not all you would do. A wife man will pay for a convenient season, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other mens' charges. You must let your phlegm subdue your choler, if you would not spoil your business. Take not physic when you are well, lest you die to be better. Do not

do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleasure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools; or a fool in grain, Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story. Be as easy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be chearful. A man knows no more to any purpose than he practises. He that doth most at once, doth least. He is a wretch whose hopes are all below. Thank you, good puss, starved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the rose, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hang'd at six months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to shave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) passes for a wise man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wise man. He who reveals his secret makes himself a slave. Gaming shews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God supplies him with more who lays out his estate well. The printing-press is the mother of errors. Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourself a kindness, Sir. [The beggar's phrase for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took physic, and di'd. [On a monument.] All raw galley-walk; every man draws towards himself. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own house and other mens' too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pause a while. He who doth his own business doth not foul his fingers. 'Tis good feasting at other mens' houses. A wise man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you should do.

§ 153. *Old Spanish Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray.

bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wife man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wife delay which makes the road safe. Cure your fore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill-spent makes a sad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good-breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not: I shall keep myself. Keep out of an angry man's way for a while, out of a sullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for

God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still-water, from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimple. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat of them. June, July, August, and Carthage, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, must keep none. The wolves eat the poor asses that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street. Never trust a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as six men single. She spins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your son than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that so you may keep your neighbour honest. Civil obliging language costs but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou shalt have it." Prayers and provender

provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more, or better than another, deserves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. 'Tis better to be a wife than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing. Meddle not between two brothers. The dead and the absent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions make him so. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourself. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baseness, but some inconvenience. The hard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I suspect that ill in others which I know by myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom. He who resolves to amend hath God on his side. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourself, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himself one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broke my leg, who knows but 'tis best for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirst after it. If you would be pope, you must think of nothing else. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wise. He who eats most eats least. If you would live in health be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chuse your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No pottage is good without bacon, no sermon without St. Augustin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her husband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his dish. Away goes the devil when he finds the door shut against him. 'Tis great courage to suffer, and great wisdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought secures me against all censures. I wept when I was born, and every day shews why. Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers. The best soldier comes

from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wife man doth not hang his wisdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are seen by what he does. A covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes six-pence of it. In December keep yourself warm and sleep. He who will revenge every affront, means not to live long. Keep your money, niggard, live miserably that your heir may squander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thousand sorrows for every joy or pleasure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one sack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman do best by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance. A great deal is ill wasted, and a little would do as well. An estate well got is spent, and that which is ill got destroys its master too. That which is bought cheap is the dearest. 'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well. The husband must not see, and the wife must be blind. While the tall maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house. Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befall you than to have many children, and but a little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but sin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reason for it. Do not make me kiss, and you will not make me sin. Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The absent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew, for him who was highly praised, and I found reason to repent it. Do not say I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which stands upon his shoulders. He who spits against heaven, it falls upon his face. He who stumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is sick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own should not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper. A cheerful look, and forgiveness, is the best revenge of an affront. The request of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the strongest side. If folly were

were pain, we should have great crying out in every house. Serve a great man, and you will know what sorrow is. Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wisdom comes after a long course of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome for him who refuses any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go. So play fools—I must love you, and you love somebody else. He who thinks what he is to do, must think what he should say too. A mischief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread still, *i. e.* live on. Get but a good name and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap. A wise man never says, I did not think of that. Respect a good man that he may respect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you. A wise man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counsel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purse, one sings and the other weeps. I lost my reputation by speaking ill of others, and being worse spoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and he who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flourish when all other things are at an end. At the end of life *La Gloria* is sung. By yielding you make all your friends; but if you will tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one. The last year was ever better than the present. That wound that was never given is best cured of any other. Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better

who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great posts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it than a canonry. If all asses wore packfaddles, what a good trade would the packfaddlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of

company

company than they went into it. The most mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other mens', and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not and know not themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. 'Tis true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trusts nobody is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetousness breaks the sack; *i. e.* loses a great deal. That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing. The ass bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse so too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy. One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil must rise early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your sword between you and the strength of a clown. Be ye last to go over a deep

river. He who hath a handsome wife, or a castle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your physician, your confessor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. Never trust him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourself, expect not from another. Idleness in youth makes way for a painful and miserable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Consider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praise nor dispraise any before you know them. A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himself who will bray against another ass. Though old and wise, yet still advise. Happy is he that mends of himself, without the help of others. A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourself never gains you a friend. Great house-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wise men as well as fools. Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him speak who received, let the giver hold his peace. An house built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horse will die sooner than tire. No woman is ugly when she is dressed. The best remedy against an evil man is to keep at a good distance from him. A man's folly is seen by his singing, his playing, and riding full speed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and sell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witness nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his estate pays for it. Consider well of a business, and dispatch it quickly. He who hath children hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a dispute with a wise man, if with any. He who hath lost shame is lost to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor lessens no man's store. He who is idle is always wanting somewhat. Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whose house is tiled with glass must not throw stones at his neighbours. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look

forward,

Forward, finds himself behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himself and others, must know both himself and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great frost a nail is worth a horse. I went a fool to the court, and came back an ass. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. If you do evil, expect to suffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will sell as much as four others. An ill child is better sick than well. He who rises early in the morning hath somewhat in his head. The gallows will have its own at last. A lye hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any forger very wise. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth something who sets his house on fire; he scares away the rats, and warms himself. I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fiddler of the same town never plays well at their feast. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feast is over, but here is the fool still. To divide as brothers use to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by losing your time. He will soon be a lost man himself who keeps such men company. By courtesies done to the meanest men, you get much more than you can lose. Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will have it. That which is well said, is said soon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend business to get rid of him. Sell him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little. He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends. He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, spins gold. He who will venture nothing must never get on horseback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated. He who sows his land, trusts in God. He who leaves the great road

for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and he loses it. He who serves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his first innocency escapes a thousand sins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise. He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure. He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himself under God's protection. He who loves well sees things at a distance. He who hath servants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a flock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who said nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired. He who sleeps much gets but little learning. He who sins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your business well done, do it yourself. 'Tis the wise man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more sure. He is always safe who knows himself well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the present, are much the same. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loses the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. 'Tis the most dangerous vice which looks like virtue. 'Tis great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit. 'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to shew itself. To have done well obliges us to do so still. He hath a great opinion of himself who makes no comparison with others. He only is rich enough who hath all that he desires. The best way of instruction is to practise that which we teach others. 'Tis but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please. The reason why parents love the younger children best, is because they have so little hopes that the elder will do well. The dearest child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry should consider

how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content^{is} that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wife and good men instructs as well as their presence. 'Tis wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men when we are worst in health. Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The short and sure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is 'the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late.

§ 154. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly shown in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, entitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gra-

tified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?'—Father Abraham stood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wife is enough," as poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows *:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them: but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says.—"But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we

* Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all the sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is said to be improved.—Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And shall we, brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water?

spend

pend in sleep! forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, "at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair encreaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mit-

tens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones: and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

"Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful: this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. "But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

"And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

"And again, "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like,—serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse

the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and
knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more cost-ly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertain-ment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little ex-pences; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheap-ness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by frightening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in

a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; "Silks and fattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the ne-cessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through in-dustry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther ad-vises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a-piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however a folly soon punished: for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride break-fasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is

suffered?

suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

‘But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, “The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,” as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, “Lying rides upon Debt’s back:” whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. “It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.”—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress? Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, “Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.” The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it: or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. “Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.” At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can

bear a little extra ragance without injury; but

“For age and want save while you may,
No morning-sun lasts a whole day.”

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and “It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel,” as Poor Richard says: So, “Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.”

And when you have got the philosopher’s stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. ‘Th’s doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

‘And now to conclude, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,” as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, “We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.” However, remember this, “They that will not be counselled cannot be helped;” and farther, that “If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,” as Poor Richard says.’

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though

I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

§ 155. *In Praise of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we

practise it!—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost.

Price.

§ 156. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependant on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependant on the wills of those above us; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties insisted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses! no small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horseshoe; and plunges his knife into

the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create number-

less animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palate, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as demons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in execut-

ing the most exquisite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it: the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pleasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their persecution.

What name would we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted, in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? yet, if we impartially consider the case,

and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportman.
Jenyns.

§. 157. *On the Duties of School Boys, from the pious and judicious ROLLIN.*

Quintilian says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love those who teach them, as they love the sciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect, suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them.
Thus

Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quintilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to fullness." *Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor exciabit: in hoc desidiâ nunquam verbor.*

How great a value soever Quintilian sets upon the talents of the mind, he esteems those of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the same chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he should never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his study in occasioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others: and he presently gives an admirable reason for it: "A child," says he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous; otherwise, I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition." *Non dabit spem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi studio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingeniosus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi esse ingenii, quam mali.*

He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to insert here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find it a model which suits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to

shine through the veil of childhood; "I had still left me, says he, my son Quintilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment.—I have much experience; but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences, nor so much taste, as his masters know, but so much probity, sweetness, good-nature, gentleness, and inclination to please and oblige, as I discerned in him.

"Besides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleasing countenance, and a surprising facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain; for, how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a distemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongst us, of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage, as Quintilian says here of his son? What a shame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice, and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality; as also, patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues.—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the saving knowledge of a Mediator; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.

A P P E N D I X.

☞ To accustom young People to the innocent and agreeable Employment of observing Nature, it was judged proper to insert the following, as affording them an useful MODEL, and much valuable Information.

MARKS EXPLAINED.

b	signifies	- -	buds swelled.
B	- - - - -	- -	buds beginning to open.
f	- - - - -	- -	flowers beginning to open.
F	- - - - -	- -	flowers full blown.
l	- - - - -	- -	leaves beginning to open.
L	- - - - -	- -	leaves quite out.
r. p.	- - - - -	- -	fruit nearly ripe.
R. P.	- - - - -	- -	fruit quite ripe.
E	- - - - -	- -	emerging out of the ground.
D	- - - - -	- -	flowers decayed.

I. M O N T H.

January

5. **R**OSEMARY, 515. *H. Rosmarinus officinalis*, f.
 11. **H**oneyfuckle, 458. *Lonicera periclymenum*, l.
 23. **A**rchangel, red, 240.2. *Lamium purpureum*, F.
 Hasel-nut tree, 439. *Corylus avellana*, f.
 Honeyfuckle, 458. *Lonicera periclymenum*, L.
 Laurustinus, 1690. *H. Viburnum tinus*, F.
 Holly, 466. *Ilex aquifolium*, f.
 26. **S**now drops, 1144. *H. Galanthus nivalis*, F.
 Chickweed, 347.6. *Alfina media*, F.
 Spurry, 351.7. *Spergula arvensis*, F.
 Daily, 184. *Bellis perennis*, F.

II. M O N T H.

February

4. **W**OOD LARK, 69.2. *Alauda arborea*, sings.
 Elder tree, 461. *Sambucus nigra*, f.
 12. **R**OOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus*, begin to pair.
GEESE, 136.1. *Anas, anser*, begin to lay.
 * **W**AGTAIL WHITE, 75.1. *Motacilla alba*, appears.

* The wagtail is said by Willughby to remain with us all the year in the severest weather. It seems to me to shift its quarters at least, if it does not go out of England. However, it is certainly a bird of passage in some countries, if we can believe Aldrovandus, the author of the Swedish Calendar, and the author of the treatise *De Migrationibus Avium*. Linnaeus observes, *S. N. Art. Motacilla*, that most birds which live upon insects, and not grains, migrate.

16. **T**HURSH,

February

16. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, sings.
 * CHAFFINCH, 88. *Fringilla cælebs*, sings.
 20. Thermometer, 11. Highest this month.
 Thermometer, -2. Lowest this month.
 22. PARTRIDGES, 57. *Tetrao perdix*, begin to pair.
 Hazel tree, 439. *Corylus avellana*, F.
 25. Gooseberry bush, 1484. H. *Ribes grossularia*, l. } both young plants.
 Current, red, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, l. }
 Thermometer from the 19th to the 25th. between 0 and -1 with snow.
 Wind during the latter half of the month between E. and N.

III. MONTH.

March

2. ROOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus*, begin to build.
 Thermometer, 10.
 4. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, sings.
 Thermometer, 11.
 5. DOVE, RING, 62.9. *Columba palumbus*, cooes.
 7. Thermometer, 0. Lowest this Month.
 11. Sallow, Salix, F.
 Laurustinus, 1690. H. *Viburnum tinus*, l.
 † BEES, *Apis mellifera*, out of the hive.
 Laurel, 1549. H. *Prunus laurocerasus*, l.
 Bay, 1688. H. *Laurus nobilis*, l.
 20. Vernal equinox.
 21. Grafs, scurvy, 302.1. *Cochlearia officinalis*, F.
 Asp, 446.3. *Populus tremula*, F.
 26. Speedwell, germander, 270.4. *Veronica agrestis*, F.
 Alder, 422. *Alnus betula*, F.
 28. Violet, sweet, 364.2. *Viola odorata*, F.
 Parsnep, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondylium*, E.
 Pilewort, 296. *Ranunculus ficaria*, F.
 Thermometer, 25.50. Highest this month.
 29. Cherry tree, 463. *Prunus cerasus*, B.
 Current bush, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, B.
 Primrose, 284.1. *Primula veris*, F.
 Yew tree, 445. *Taxus baccata*, F.
 Elder, water, 460. *Viburnum opulus*, B.
 Thorn, haw, 453.3. *Cratægus oxyacantha*, B.
 Larch tree, 1405. H. *Pinus larix*, B.
 Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus ostrya*, B.
 Tanfy, 188. *Tanacetum vulgare*, E.

IV. MONTH.

April

1. Chestnut, horse, 1683. *Æsculus hippocastanum*, B.
 BIRCH, 443. *Betula alba*, L.
 Willow, weeping Salix *Babylonica*, L.
 ELM-TREE, 468. *Ulmus campestris*, F.
 Quicken tree, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, f.

* Linnæus says, that the female chaffinch goes to Italy alone, through Holland; and that the male in the spring, changing its note, foretels the summer: and Gesner, ornithol. p. 388. says, that the female chaffinch disappears in Switzerland in the winter, but not the male.

† Pliny, nat. hist. lib. 11. §. 5. says, that bees do not come out of their hives before May 11. and seems to blame Aristotle for saying that they come out in the beginning of spring, i. e. March 12.

1. Apricot,

April

1. Apricot, 1533. H. *Prunus Armeniaca*, F.
Narcissus, *pale*, 371.2. *Narcissus pseudonax*.
3. Holly, 466.1. *Ilex aquifolium*, f.
Bramble, 467.1. *Rubus fruticosus*, L.
Raspberry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, L.
Currants, *red*, 456. *Ribes rubrum*, F.
Dandelion, 170.1. *Leontodon taraxicum*, E.
Cleavers, 225. *Galium aparine*, E.
4. Laurustinus, 1690. H. *Viburnum tinus*, F.
APPLE TREE, 451.1,2. *Pyrus malus*, B.
Orpine, 269.1. *Sedum telephium*, B.
Briar, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, L.
6. Gooseberry, 1489. H. *Ribes grossularia*, f.
Maple, 470.2. *Acer campestre*, B.
Peach, 1515. H. *Amygdalus Persica*, L. et F.
Apricot, 1533. H. *Malus Armeniaca*, L.
Plum tree, 462. *Prunus præcox*, L.
Pear tree, 452. *Pyrus communis*, B.
* SWALLOW, 71.2. *Hirundo urbica*, returns.
7. Filberd, 439. *Corylus avellana*, L.
Sallow, *Salix*, L.
Alder, 442.1. *Betula alnus*, l.
Lilac, 1763. *Syringa vulgaris*, l.
Oak, 440.1. *Quercus robur*, f.
Willow, *weeping*, *Salix Babylonica*, b.
8. Juniper, 444. *Juniperus communis*, b.
9. Lilac, 1763. *Syringa vulgaris*, b.
Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudoplatanus*, L.
Wormwood, 181.1. *Artemisia absinthium*, E.
† NIGHTINGALE, 78. *Motacilla luscinia*, sings.
Auricula, 1082. H. *Primula auricula*, b.
10. Bay, 1688. H. *Laurus nobilis*, L.
Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, b.
Willow, *white*, 447.1. *Salix alba*, b.
BEES *about the male fallows*.
Feverfew, 187.1. *Matricaria Parthenium*, E.
Dandelion, 170.1. *Leontodon taraxicum*, E.
Hound's tongue, 226.1. *Cynoglossum officinale*, E.
Elm, 468. *Ulmus campestris*, l.
ANEMONE, *wood*, 259. *Anemone nemorosa*, F.
Jack in the hedge, 291. *Erysimum alliaria*, E.
Quince tree, 1452. H. *Pyrus cydonia*, L.
11. Elder, *water*, 460. *Viburnum opulus*, L.

† According to Ptolemy, swallows return to Ægypt about the latter end of January.

† From morn 'till eve, 'tis music all around;
Nor dost thou, Philomel, disdain to join,
Even in the mid-day glare, and mid the quire.
But thy sweet song calls for an hour apart,
When solemn Night beneath his canopy,
Enrich'd with stars, by Silence and by Sleep
Attended, sits and nods in awful state;
Or when the Moon in her resplendent car,
Triumphant rides amidst the silver clouds,
Tinging them as she passes, and with rays
Of mildest lustre gilds the scene below;
While zephyrs bland breathe thro' the thickening shade,
With breath so gentle, and so soft, that e'en
The poplar's trembling leaf forgets to move,
And mimic with its sound the vernal shower;
Then let me sit, and listen to thy strains, &c.

April

11. Alder, *berry bearing*, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, l.
 12. Acacia, 1719. *H. Robinia acacia*, l.
 Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, l.
 Lime tree, 473.1,2,3. *Tilia Europæa*, l.
 Mercury, *dogs*, 138.1. *Mercurialis perennis*, F.
 * Elm, *wych*, 469.4. L.
 Ragweed, 177. *Senecio jacobæa*, E.
 13. Laburnum, 1721. *Cytisus laburnum*, f.
 Strawberry, 254. *Fragaria vesca*, F.
 Quicken tree, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, L.
 Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudo-plat*, L.
 Laurel, 1549. *H. Prunus laurocerasus*, L.
 Gooseberry bush, 1484. *H. Ribes grossularia*, F.
 Currant bush, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, F.
 Mallow, 251.1. *Malva sylvestris*, E.
 Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, L.
 14. Flixweed, 298.3. *Sisymbrium Sophia*, E.
 Apple tree, 451. *Pyrus malus*, l.
 Hops, 137.1. *Humulus lupinus*, E.
 Plane tree, 1706. *H. Platanus orientalis*, b.
 Walnut tree, 438. *Juglans regia*, f.
 BITTERN, 100,11. *Ardea stellaris*, *makes a noise*.
 15. Vine, 1613. *Vitis vinifera*, B.
 Turneps, 204.1. *Brassica rapa*, F.
 16. Abele, 446.2. *Populus alba*, B.
 Chestnut, 138.2. *H. Fagus castanea*, B.
 Ivy, *ground*, 243. *Glechoma hederacea*, F.
 Fig tree, 143.1. *Ficus carica*, b.
Apricots and peaches out of blow.
 RED START, 78.5. *Motacilla Phœnicurus*, *returns*.
 Tul p tree, 1690. *H. Liriodendron tulipifera*, B.
 Plum tree, 462. *Prunus domestica*, F.
 Sorrel, *wood*. * 281.1,2. *Oxalis acetosilla*, F.
 Marygold, *marsh*, 272. *Caltha palustris*, F.
 Laurel, *spurge*, 465. *Daphne laureola*, F.
 17. Jack in the hedge, 291.2. *Erysimum alliaria*, F.
 Willow, *white*, 47.1. *Salix alba*, L. et F.
 Cedar, 1404. *H. Pinus cedrus*, l.
 Eider, *water*, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, f.
 Abele, 446.2. *Populus alba*, L.
 † CUCKOW, 23. *Cuculus canorus*, *sings*.
 18. Oak, 440.1. *Quercus robur*, l. F.
 Thorn, *black*, 462.1. *Prunus spinosus*, B.
 Pear tree, 452. *Pyrus communis*, f.
 Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, B.
 Violet, *dog*, 364.3. *Viola canina*, F.
 Lime tree, 413.1,2,3. *Tilia Europæa*, L.
 Nightshade, 265. *Atropa belladonna*, E.
 Cherry tree, 463.1. *Prunus cerasus*, F.
 Ash tree, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior*, f.
 Maple, 470. *Acer campestre*, L.
 Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, b.
 Chestnut, 138.2. *Fagus castanea*, L.
 Fir, *Scotch*, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, b.

* Linnæus does not seem to know this species of elm.

† Aristophanes says, that when the cuckow sung the Phœnicians reaped wheat and barley.

Vid. Aves.

April

18. Cuckow flower, 299. *Cardamine pratensis*.
20. *Thermometer* 42. *the highest this month.*
21. Walnut tree, 438. *Juglans regia*, L.
 Plane tree, 1706. *H. Platanus orientalis*, L.
 Fir, *Weymouth*, 8. dend. *Pinus tæda*, B.
 Acacia, 1719. *H. Robinia pseudo-acacia*, L.
 Fig tree, 1431. *H. Ficus carica*, L.
 Wall flower, 291. *Cheiranthus cheiri*, F.
 Poplar, *black*, 446.1. *Populus nigra*, L.
 Beech tree, 439.1. *Fagus sylvatica*, L.
22. Fir, *balm of Gilead*. *Pinus balsamea*, l. et f.
Young Apricots.
 Fir, *Scotch*, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, f.
 Ash, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior*, F. et L.
 Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, L.
 Poplar, *Carolin.* L.
 Meadow sweet, 259. *Spiræa ulmaria*, E.
 Fig tree, 1431. *H. Ficus carica*, *fruit formed*.
 Tormentil, 257.1. *Tormentilla erecta*, E.
 Phyllerea, 1585. *H. Phyllerea latifolia*, F.
 Thorn, *evergreen*, 1459. *H. Mespilus pyracantha*, F.
 Rosemary, 515. *H. Rosmarinus officinalis*, F.
 Champion, *white*, 339.8. *Lychnis dioica*, F.
 Buckbean, 285.1. *Menyanthes trifol.* F.
 Furze, *needle*, 476.1. *Genista Anglica*, F.
 Stitchwort, 346.1. *Stellaria holostea*, F.
23. Crab tree, 451.2. *Pyrus malus sylv.* F.
 Apple tree, 451.1. *Pyrus malus*, f.
 Robert, *herb*, 358. *Geranium Robertian.* F.
Fieldfares, 64.3. *Turdus pilaris*, *still here*.
24. Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, F.
 Mercury, 156.15. *Chenopodium borus henr.* F.
 Yew tree, 445. *Taxus baccifera*, L.
 Holly, 466.1. *Ilex aquifolium*, B.
 Furze, 475. *Eulex Europæus*, l.
 Agrimony, 202. *Agrimonia eupator*, E.
25. Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudoplat.* F.
 Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, F.
 Asp, 446. *Populus tremula*, l.
 Spurge, *sur.* 313.8. *Euphorbia pepus*, F.
 Elder tree, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, f.
 Nettle, 139. *Urtica dioica*, F.
 Bindweed, *small*, 275.2. *Convolvulus arvens.* E.
 Fir, *balm of Gilead*. *Pinus balsamea*, L.
 Cicely, *wild*, 207.1. *Chærophyllum sylvestre*, F.
Young curvants and g oseberries.
26. Plantain *ribwort*, 314.5. *Plantago lanceol.* F.
 Germander, *wild*, 281.11. *Veronica chamaed.* F.
 Cuckoo pint. 266. *Arum maculatum*, *spatha out.*
 Holly, 466. *Ilex aquifolium*, F.
 Harebells, 373.3. *Hyacinthus nonscript.* F.
27. LILAC. 1763. *H. Syringa vulgaris*, F.
 Crane's bill, *field*, 357.2. *Geranium cicutar.* F.
 St. John's wort, 342.1. *Hypericum perforat.* E.
 Betony water, 283.1. *Scrophularia aquat.* E.
 Bryony, *white*, 261. *Bryonia alba*, E.
 Birch tree, 443.1. *Betula alba*, F.
28. Jessamine, 1599.1. *H. Jasminum officinale*, l.
 Thorn, *white*, 453.3. *Cratægus oxyacantha*, l.

April

28. * BLACK CAP, 79.12. *Motacilla atricapilla*, *sings*.
 † WHITE THROAT, 77. *Motacilla sylvia*.
 Juniper 444.1. *Juniperus communis*, f.
 Raspberry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, f.
 Quince tree, 1452. H. *Malus Cydon*. f.
 Crowfoot, *sweet wood*, 248.1. *Ranunculus auric*. F.
29. Bugle, 245. *Ajuga reptans*, F.
 Bay, 1688. H. *Laurus nobilis*, f.
Peas and beans, f.
 Snow.
 Chervil, *wild*, 207.1. *Chærophyllum temulent*. f.
 Parsnep, *cow*, 205.1. *Heracleum sphondyl*. f.
 Pine, *manured*, 1398.1. H. *Pinus picea*, f.
30. Snow.
 † *Thermom.* 5. *The lowest this month.*

V. MONTH.

May

1. Crosswort, 223.1. *Valantia cruciata*, F.
 Avens, 253.1. *Geum urbanum*, F.
 Mugwort, 191.1. *Artemisia campestris*, E.
 Bay, 1688. H. *Laurus nobilis*, L.
3. Lily of the valley, 264. *Convallaria Maialis*, f.
 Violet, *water*, 285. *Hottonia palustris*, F.
4. Lettuce *lamb*, 201. *Valeriana locustia*, F.
 Tulip tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, L.
 Hound's tongue, 226.1. *Cynoglossum officinale*.
 Cowslip, 284.3. *Primula veris*, F.
 Valerian, *great wild*, 206.1. *Valerian officinalis*, E.
 Rattle, *yellow*, 284.1. *Rhinanthus crista galli*, F.
Ice.
Thermom. 8. *The lowest this month.*
Fic, silver, buds hurt by the frost.
5. Twayblade, 385. *Ophrys ovata*, f.
 Tormentil, 257. *Tormentilla erecta*, F.
 Celandine, 309. *Chelidonium majus*, E.
 Betony, 238.1. *Betonica officinalis*, E.
6. Oak, 440. *Quercus, robur*, F. et L.
Time for sowing barley.
 Sagifrage, *white*, 354.6. *Saxifraga granulata*, F.
 Ash, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior*. f.
 Ramsons, 370.5. *Allium ursinum*, F.
 Nettle, *white*, 240.1. *Lamium album*, F.
 Quicken tree, 459.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, F.
7. Fir, *Scotch*, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, F.
8. Woodruffe, 224. *Asperula odorata*, F.
9. Chestnut tree, 1382. H. *Fagus castanea*, f.
10. Celandine, 309. *Chelidonium majus*, F.
 Solomon's seal, 564. *Convallaria polygonat*. F.
 Thorn, *white*, 453.3. *Cratægus oxyacantha*, F.

* The black cap is a very fine singing bird, and is by some in Norfolk called the mock nightingale.

Whether it be a bird of passage I cannot say.

† I have some doubt whether this bird be the *Sylvia* of the Linnæus, though the description seems to answer to Ray's, and to one of my own, which I find among my papers.

‡ Vernal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

11. Maple,

May

11. Maple, 470.2. *Acer campestre*, F.
Roses, garden, f.
12. Barberry bush, 465. *Berberis vulgaris*, F.
Chefnut, horse, 1683. *H. Æsculus hippocas*, F.
Bugloss, small wild, 227.1. *Lycopsis arvensis*, F.
13. Grass, water scorpion, 220.4. *Myofotis scorpoid*, F.
Quince tree, 1452. *H. Pyrus Cydonia*, F.
Cleavers, 225. *Galium aparine*, F.
14. Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, L.
Asp, 446.3. *Populus tremula*, l.
Crowfoot, bulbous, 247.2. *Ranunculus bulbos*, F.
Butter cups, 247. *Ranunculus repens*, F.
15. Young turkies.
Lime tree, 473. *Tilia Europæa*, f.
Milkwort, *287.1,2. *Polygala vulgaris*, F.
Crane's bill, 359.10. *Geranium molle*, F.
Walnut, 1376. *H. Juglans regia*, F.
16. Mustard, hedge, 298.4. *Erysimum officinale*, F.
20. Brvony; black, 262.1. *Tamus communis*, F.
Many oaks, and more alnus and beeches, still without leaf.
Violet, sweet, 364.1. *Viola odora*, D.
Sitchwort, 346. *Stellaria holostea*, D.
Anemone, wood, 259.1. *Anemone nemorosa*, D.
Cuckow flower, 299,20. *Cardamine pratensis*, D.
Earth nut, 209. *Bunium*, bulbocast. F.
Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, f.
21. Nightshade, 265. *Atropa belladonna*, f.
Rye, 288. *Secale hybernum*, in ear.
23. Pellitory of the wall, 158.1. *Parietaria officin*. F.
24. Bramble, 467. *Rubus fruticosus*, f.
25. Moneywort, 283.1. *Lysimachia nummul*. F.
Columbines, 173.1. *Aquilegia vulgar*. F. in the wood.
26. Tansy, wild, 256.5. *Potentilla anserina*, F.
Henbane, 274. *Hyoscyamus niger*, F.
27. Campion, white, 339.8. *Lychnis dioica*, F.
Clover, 228.6. *Trifolium pratense*, F.
28. A. ens, 262.1. *Geum urbanum*, F.
Chervil, wild, 207. *Cherophyllum sculent*, F.
30. Bryony, black, 262.1. *Tamus communis*, F.
Brooklime 280.3. *Veronica beccabunga*, F.
Cuckow flower, 358. *Lychnis flus cuculi*, F.
Cresset, water, 307.1. *Silybrium nasturt*. F.
Theriac, 32. *Büch* fl. this month.
31. Spurrey, 251.7. *Spergula arvensis*, F.
Alder, berry bearing, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, F.

VI. MONTH.

June

2. Elder, sweet, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, F.
Lily, slow water, 268.1. *Nymphaea lutea*, F.
Flower de bien, yellow water, 304. *Iris of sub-acor*. F.
Mayweed fl. King, 180.3. *Geranium catula*, F.
Pimpernel, 282.1. *Anagallis arvensis*, F.
3. Arnsart, 145.4. *Polygonum persicaria*, F.

June

3. * Thyme, 430.1. *Thymus serpyllum*, F.
 Parsnep, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondylium*, F.
 Quicken tree, 452. *Sorbus aucuparia*, D.
5. Radissi, horse, 301.1. *Cochlearia armorac.* F.
 Thorn, evergreen, 1459.3. *H. Mespilus pyracantha*, F.
 Bramble, 457. *Rubus fruticosus*, F.
 † GOAT SUCKER, or FERN OWL, 27. *Caprimulgus Europæus*, is heard in the evening.
6. Vine, 1613. *H. Vitis vinifera*, b.
 Flix weed, 208.3. *Silybrium sophia*, F.
 Raspberry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, F.
 Mallow, dwarf, 251.2. *Malva rotundifolia*, F.
 Elder, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, F.
 Stitchwort, lesser, 346. *Stellaria graminea*, F.
 Tare, everlasting, 320.3. *Lathyrus pratensis*, F.
 Gout weed, 208.3. *Ægopodium podagræ*, F.
 Bryony, white, 261.1,2. *Bryonia alba*, F.
 ROSE, DOG, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, F.
 Bugloss, vipers, 227.1. *Echium vulgare*, F.
7. Grass, vernal, 398.1. *Anthoxanthum odorat.* F.
 Darnel, red, 395. *Lolium perenne*, F.
 Poppy, wild, 308.1. *Papaver somnifer*, F.
 Buckwheat, 181. *H. Polygonum fagopyrum*, F.
8. Pondweed, narrow leaved, 145.9. *H. Polygonum amphib.* F.
 Sanicle, 221.1. *Sanicula Europæa*, F.
9. Eyebright, *284.1. *Euphrasia officinalis*, F.
 Heath, fine leaved, 471.3. *Erica cinerea*, F.
 Saxifrage, bugle, hyacinth, D.
 Broom, 474.1. *Spartium scoparium*, podded.
 Nettle, hedge, 237. *Stachys sylvatica*, F.
12. Wheat, 386.1. *Triticum hybernum*, in ear.
 Meadow sweet, 259.1. *Spiræa ulmaria*, f.
 SCABIOUS, FIELD, 191.1. *Scabiosa arvensis*, F.
 Valerian, great water, 200.1. *Valeriana officinal*, f.
 Cinquefoil, marsh, 256. 1, *Comarum palustre*, F.
 Orchis, lesser butterfly, 386. 18. *Orchis bifolia*, F.
13. Willow herb, great hairy, 311.2. *Epilobium hirsutum*, F.
 Parsnep, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondyl.* F.
 Betony, water, 283.1. *Scrophularia aquat.* F.
 Cockle, 338.3. *Agrostemma githago*, F.
 Sage, 510.7. *H. Salvia officinalis*, F.
15. Mallow, 251.1. *Malva sylvestris*, F.
 Nipplewort, 175.1. *Lapsana communis*, F.
 Woodbind, 458.1,2. *Lonicera periclymen.* f.
 NIGHTINGALE sings.
16. Fir, Weymouth, 8 dend. *Pinus tæda*, F.
 Hemlock, 215.1. *Conium maculatum*, F.
 Nightshade, woody, 265. *Solanum dulcamara*, F.
 Archangel, white, 240. *Lamium album*, F.
17. Vervain, 236. *Verbena officinalis*, F.
 Agrimony, 202. *Agrimonia eupator*, F.
 Hemlock, water, 215. *Phellandrium aquatic*, F.

* Pliny, lib. 11. §. 11. says, the chief time for bees to make honey is about the solstice, when the vine and thyme are in blow. According to his account then these plants are as forward in England as in Italy.

† This bird is said by Catesby, as quoted by the author of the treatise *De Migrationibus Avium*, to be a bird of passage.

June

17. Acacia, 1719. H. Robinia *pseudo-acacia*, F.
 18. Yarrow, 183. Achillea *millefolium*, F.
 19. *Thermom.* 44.25. *Highest this month.*
 20. Orache, *wild*, 154.1. Chenopodium *album*, F.
Solstice. About this time ROOKS come not to their nest trees at night.
 Wheat, 386.1. Triticum *hybernum*, F.
 RYE, 388.1. Secale *hybernum*, F.
 Self-heal, 238. Prunella *vulgaris*, f.
 Parsley, *hedge*, 219.4. Tordylium *anthriscus*, f.
Grasses of many kinds, as festuca, aira, agrostis, phleum cynosurus, in ear.
 22. Horehound, *base*, 239. Stachys *Germanica*, F.
 St. John's wort, 342. Hypericum *perforatum*, F.
 Parsnep, 206.1. Pastinaca *fativa*, F.
 Mullein, *white*, 287. Verbascum *thapsus*, F.
 Poppy, *wild*, 308. Papaver *sonchifer*, F.
 23 Larkspur, 708.3. H. Delphinium *Ajacis*, F.
 Marygold, *corn*, 182.1. Chrysanthemum *seget.* F.
 24. Rosemary, 515. H. Rosmarinus *officinalis*, D.
 25. Vine, 1613. H. Vitis *vinifera*, F.
 Bindweed, *great*, 275.2. Convolvulus *arvensis*, F.
 Feverfew, 187. Matricaria *parthenium*, F.
 Wood, *wild*, 366.2. Refeda *luteola*, F.
 Rocket, *base*, 366.1. Refeda *lutea*, F.
 Archangel, *yellow*, 240.5. Galeopsis *galeobdolon*, F.
 Wheat, 386.1. Triticum *hybernum*, f.
Thermom. 20. *The lowest this month.*
 27. Clover mowed.
 Pennywort, *marsh*, 222. Hydrocotyle *vulgaris*, F.
 Meadow, *sweet*, 259. Spiraea *ulmaria*, F.
 28. Oats *manured*, 389. Avena *fativa*, F.
 Barley, 388. Hordeum *vulgare*, F.
Midsommer sheets of apricot, oak, beech, elm.
 SUCCORY, WILD, 172.1. Cichorium *intybus*, F.
 Blue bottles, 198. Centaurea *cyanus*, F.
 Knapweed, *great*, 198. Centaurea *scabrisa*, F.
 30. Currants ripe.
According to Dr. Hales, May and June heat is, at a medium, 28.5.

* The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
 With melody resound. 'Tis silence all,
 As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm'd
 By bounteous nature's plenty, lay intract'd
 In drowsy lethargy.

VII. MONTH.

July

2. Beech, 439. Fagus *sylvatica*, F.
 Pearlwort, 345.2. Fagina *procumbens*, F.
 Carrot, *wild*, 218. Daucus *carrota*, F.
 Grass, *dog*, 390.1. Triticum *repens*, in ear.
 Violet, *Calathian*, 274. Gentiana *pneumonan.* F.

* I heard no birds after the end of this month, except the STONE CURLEW, 108.4. Charadrius Oedicnemus, whistling late at night; the YELLOW HAMMER, 93.2. Emberiza flava; the GOLD-FINCH, 89.1. and GOLDEN CRESTED WREN, 79.9. Motacilla regulus, now and then chirping. I omitted to note down when the cuckoo left off singing, but, as well as I remember, it was about this time. Aristotle says, that this bird disappears about the rising of the dog-star, i. e. towards the latter end of July.

+

4. Silver

July

4. Silver weed, 256.5. *Potentilla anserina*, F.
 Betony, 238.1. *Betonica officinalis*, F.
 Nightshade, *enchanters*, 289. *Circæa lutetiana*, f.
6. Lavender, 512. *Lavendula spica*, F.
 Parsley, *hedge*, *Tordyllum anthriscus*, F.
 Gronill, 228.1. *Lithospermum officinale*, F.
 Furze, 473. *Ulex genista*, D.
 Cow wheat, *eyebright*, 284.2. *Euphrasia odont.* F.
7. Pinks, maiden, 335.1. *Dianthus deltoideus*, F.
8. Tansey, 188.1. *Tanacetum vulgare*, f.
 Bed-straw, *lady's-yellow*, 224. *Galium verum*, F.
 Sage, *wood*, 245. *Teucrium scorodonia*, F.
 Spinach, 162. H. *Spinacia oleracea*, F.
Thermom. 22. *Lowest this month.*
9. Angelica, *wild*, 208.2. *Angelica sylvestris*, F.
Strawberries ripe.
 Fennel, 217. *Anethum fœniculum*, F.
10. Beans, *kidney*, 884. H. *Phaseolus vulgaris*, *podded*.
 Parsley, 884. H. *Apium petroselinum*, F.
 Sun dew, *round leaved*, 356.3. *Drosera rotundifolia*, F.
 Sun dew, *long leaved*, 356.4. *Drosera longifolia*, F.
 Lily, *white*, 1109. H. *Lilium candidum*, f.
11. Mullein, *hoary*, 288. *Verbascum phlomoid.* F.
 Plantain, *great*, 314.1.2. *Plantago major*, F.
 WILLOW, SPIKED, of Theophr. 1699. H. *Spiræa salicifolia*, F.
 Jessamine, 1599. H. *Jasminum officinale*, F.
 Rest harrow, 332. *Ononis spinosa*, F.
 Hyssop, 516. H. *Hyssopus officinalis*, F.
 Potatoes, 615.14. H. *Solanum tuberosum*, F.
Second shoots of the maple.
 Bell flower, *round leaved*, 277.5. *Campanula*, F.
 LILY, WHITE, 1109. H. *Lilium candidum*, F.
Raspberries ripe.
Figs yellow.
13. LIME TREE, 473. *Tilia Europæa*, F.
 Knapweed, 198.2. *Centaurea jacea*, F.
 Stonecrop, 269. *Sedum rupestre*, F.
 Grass, *knot*, 146. *Polygonum aviculare*, F.
 Grass, *bearded dog*. 390.2. *Triticum caninum*, F.
15. *Thermom.* 39. *Highest this month.*
16. Asparagus, 267.1. *Asparagus officinalis*, *berries*.
 Mugwort, 190.1. *Artemisia vulgaris*, F.
18. Willow herb, *purple spiked*, 367.1. *Lythrum salicaria*, F.
 YOUNG PARTRIDGES.
 Agrimony, *water hemp*, 187.1. *Bidens tripart.* F.
20. Flax, *purging*, 362.6. *Linum catharticum*, F.
 Arsmart, *spotted*, 145.4. *Polygonum persicaria*, F.
 Lily, *martagon*, 1112. H. *Lilium martagon*.
 HENS moult.
22. Orpine, 269. *Sedum telephium*, f.
 Hart's tongue, 116. *Asplenium scolopendra*, F.
 Pennyroyal, 235. *Mentha pulegium*, F.
 Bramble, 461.1. *Rubus fruticosus*. *Fruit red.*
 Laurustinus, 1690. H. *Viburnum tinus*, f.
24. Elecampane, 176. *Inula helenium*, F.
 Amaranth, 202. H. *Amaranthus caudatus*, F.
27. Bindweed, *great*, 275.1. *Convolvulus sepium*, F.
28. Plantain, *great water*, 257.1. *Alifina plantago*, F.

July

28. Mint, *water*, 233.6. *Mentha aquatica*, F.
 Willow herb, 311.6. *Epilobium palustre*, F.
 Thistle tree sow, 163.7. *Sonchus arvensis*, F.
 Burdock, 197.2. *Arctium lappa*, f.
 Saxifrage, *burnet*, 213.1,2. *Pimpinella saxifraga*, F.
 DEVIL'S BIT, 191.3. *Scabiosa succisa*, F.
 32. Nightshade, common, 288.4. *Solanum nigrum*, F.
 DOVE, RING, 62.9. *Columba palumbus, coes.*

VIII. MONTH.

August

1. Melilot, 331.1. *Trifolium officinale*, F.
 Rue, 874.1. *Ruta graveolens*, F.
 Soapwort, 339.6. *Saponaria officinalis*, F.
 Bedstraw, *white lady's*, 224.2. *Galium palustre*, F.
 Parsnep, *water*, 300. *Sisymbrium nasturt.* F.
Oats almost fit to cut.
 3. *Barley cut.*
 5. *Tansy*, 188.1. *Tanacetum vulgare*, F.
 Onion, 1115. H. *Allium cepa*, F.
 7. Horehound, 239. *Marrubium vulgare*, F.
 Mint, *water*, 233.6. *Mentha aquat.* F.
 Nettle, 139. *Urtica dioica*, F.
 Orpine, 269.1. *Sedum telephium*, F.
 NUTHATCH, 47. *Sitta Europaea*, chatters.
 8. *Thermom.* 20. *Lowest to the 27th of this month.*
 9. Mint, *red*, 232.5. *Mentha gentilis*, F.
 Wormwood, 188.1. *Artemisia absinthium*, F.
 12. Horehound, *water*, 236.1. *Lycopus Europæus*, F.
 Thistle, *lady's*, 195.12. *Carduus marianus*, F.
 Burdock, 196. *Arctium lappa*, F.
 ROOKS come to the nest trees in the evening, but do not roost there.
 14. Clary, *wild*, 237.1. *Salvia verbenaca*, F.
 STONE CURLEW, 103. *Charadrius ocellinemus*, whistles at night.
 15. Mallow, *vervain*, 252. *Malva alcea*, F.
 GOAT SUCKER, 26.1. *Caprimulgus Europæus*, makes a noise in the evening, and young crawls.
 16. * *Thermom.* 35. *The highest to the 27th of this month.*
 17. Orach, *wild*, 154.1. *Chenopodium album*.
 ROOKS roost on their nest trees.
 GOAT SUCKER, no longer heard.
 21. *Peas and wheat cut.*
 Devil's bit, *yellow*, 164.1. *Leontodon autumnal.* F.
 26. ROBIN RED BREAST, 78.3. *Motacilla rubecula*, sings.
 Goule, 443. *Myrica gale*, F. R.
 Golden rod, *marsh*, 176.2. *Senecio palustris*, F.
 29. Smallage, 214. *Apium graveolens*, F.
 Teasel, 192.2. *Dipsacus fullenium*, F.
Wipers come out of their holes still.

* From the 27th of this month to the 12th of September I was from home, and therefore cannot be sure that I saw the first blow of the plants during that interval.

IX. MONTH.

September

2. WILLOW HERB, yellow, 282.1. *Lyfimachia vulgaris*, F.
Traveller's joy, 258. *Clematis vitalba*, F.
5. Grass of Parnassus, 355. *Parnassia palustris*.
10. Catkins of the hazel formed.
Thermom. 17. The lowest from the 10th to the end of this month.
11. Catkins of the birch formed.
Leaves of the Scotch fir fall.
Bramble still in blow, though some of the fruit has been ripe some time; so that there are green, red, and black berries on the same individual plant at the same time.
Ivy, 459. *Hedera helix*, f.
14. Leaves of the sycamore, birch, lime, mountain ash, elm, begin to change.
16. Furze, 475. *Ulex Europæus*, F.
Catkins of the alder formed.
Thermom. 36.75. The highest from the 10th to the end of this month.
- CHAFFINCH, 88. *Fringilla cælebs*, chirps.
17. Herrings.
20. FERN, FEMALE, 124.1. *Pteris aquilina*, turned brown.
Ash, mountain, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, F. R.
Laurel 1549. H. *Prunus laurocerasus*, f. r.
Hops, *humulus lupulus*, 137.1. f. r.
21. SWALLOWS gone. Full moon.
23. Autumnal æquinox.
25. WOOD LARK, 69.2. *Alauda arborea*, sings.
FIELD FARE, 64.3. *Turdus pilaris*, appears.
Leaves of the plane tree, tawny—of the hazel, yellow—of the oak, yellowish green—of the sycamore, dirty brown—of the maple, pale yellow—of the ash, fine lemon—of the elm, orange—of the hawthorn, tawny yellow—of the cherry, red—of the hornbeam, bright yellow—of the willow, still hoary.
27. BLACK BIRD sings.
29. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, sings.
- 30.* Bramble, 467.1. *Rubus fruticosus*, F.

X. MONTH.

October

1. Bryony, black, 262. *Tamus communis*, F. R.
Elder, marsh, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, F. R.
Elder, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, F. R.
Briar, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, F. R.
Alder, black, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, F. R.
Holly, 466. *Ilex aquifolium*, F. R.
Barberry, 465. *Berberis vulgaris*, F. R.
Nightshade, woody, 265. *Solanum dulcamara*, F. R.
2. Thorn, black, 462.1. *Prunus spinosa*, F. R.
† CROW, ROYSTON, 39.4. *Corvus cornix*, returns.
5. Catkins of fallows formed.
6. Leaves of asp almost all off—of chestnut, yellow—of birch, gold-coloured.
Thermom. 26.50. Highest this month.
7. BLACK BIRD, 65.1. *Turdus merula*, sings.
Wind high; rooks sport and dash about as in play, and repair their nests.
- 9 Spindle tree, 468.1. *Euvonymus Europæus*, F. R.
Some ash trees quite stripped of their leaves.
Leaves of marsh elder of a beautiful red, or rather pink colour.

* Autumnal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

† Linnæus observes in the *Systema Naturæ*, and the *Fauna Suecica*, that this bird is useful to the husbandman, though ill treated by him.

October

10. WOOD LARK *sings.** RING DOVE *coos.*14. WOOD LARK *sings.*

Several plants still in flower, as pansy, white behn, black noneuch, hawkweed, bugbys, gentian, small stitchwort, &c. in grounds not broken up.

A great mist and perfect calm; not so much as a leaf falls. Spiders webs innumerable appear every where. Woodlark *sings.* Rooks do not stir, but sit quietly on their nest trees.

16. GEESE, WILD, 136.4. *Anas, anser, leave the fens and go to the rye lands.*22. WOODCOCK, 104. *Scolopax rusticola, returns.*

Some ash-trees still *green.*

24. LARK, SKY, 69.1. *Alauda arvensis, sings.*Privet, 465.1. *Ligustrum vulgare, F. R.*26. *Thermom. 7. Lowest this month.*

Honeyfuckle, 458.1,2. *Lonicera periclymen. still in flower in the hedges, and mallow and feverfew.*

WILD GEESE continue going to the rye lands.

Now from the north

Of Norumbega, and the Samoeid shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeons, arm'd with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thrafcias rend the woods, and seas up-turn.

MILTON.

Here ends the Calendar, being interrupted by my going to London. During the whole time it was kept, the barometer fluctuated between 29.1. and 29.9. except a few days, when it sunk to 28.6. and rose to 30½.

N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y.

Extracts from Mr. PENNANT'S *British Zoology.*

§ I. The HORSE.

THE breed of horses in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horses has given us a variety, that no single country can boast of: most other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the several species, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, may triumph over the rest of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the highest perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found instances of horses that have literally out-stripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately shewn in his remarks on those of Great Britain. Childers

is an amazing instance of rapidity, his speed having been more than once exerted equal to 82½ feet in a second, or near a mile in a minute: the same horse has also run the round course at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards less than 4 miles) in six minutes and forty seconds; in which case his fleetness is to that of the swiftest Barb, as four to three; the former according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a space of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horses of this kind, derive their origin from Arabia; the feat of the purest, and most generous breed.

The species used in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others superior in strength, but inferior in point of speed and lineage: an union of both is necessary; for the fatigues of the chace must

* Aristotle says, that this bird does not coo in the winter, unless the weather happens to be mild.

be supported by the spirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the strength and size of our horses destined for the draught; or to the activity and strength united of those that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are instances of single horses that are able to draw on a plain, for a small space, the weight of three tons; but could with ease, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horses of Yorkshire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the most remote parts of the kingdom, usually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the highest hills of the north, as well as the most level roads; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of our British horses, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horses: some of these will carry on one load thirteen measures, which at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight superior to that which the lesser sort of camels will bear: this will appear less surprising, as these horses are by degrees accustomed to the weight; and the distance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had opportunity) shewed over those of our allies, as well as of the French, a great superiority both of strength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our squadrons; while the German horses, from their great weight and inactive make, were unable to second our efforts; though those troops were actuated by the noblest ardour.

The present cavalry of this island only supports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earliest times: our scythed chariots, and the activity and good discipline of our horses, even struck terror into Cæsar's legions: and the Britains, as soon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to represent on their money the animal for which they were so celebrated. It is now impossible to trace out this species; for those which exist among the *indigenæ* of Great Britain, such as the little horses of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the shelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uses of those countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and stronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the island. Those we employ for that purpose,

or for the draught, are an offspring of the German or Flemish breed, meliorated by our soil, and a judicious culture.

The English were ever attentive to an exact culture of these animals; and in very early times set a high value on their breed. The esteem that our horses were held in by foreigners so long ago as the reign of Athelstan, may be collected from a law of that monarch prohibiting their exportation, except they were designed as presents. These must have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needless, for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourse with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we soon laid hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Belleme, Earl of Shrewsbury, is the first that is on record: he introduced the Spanish stallions into his estate in Powisland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a swift and generous race of horses. Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, cotemporary with Shakespeare, sings their excellence in the sixth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably destined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous contests of the tilt-yard. From these sprung, to speak the language of the times, the Flower of Coursers, whose elegant form added charms to the rider; and whose activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithstanding my former supposition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diversion. But by his words, it appears not to have been designed for the purposes of gaming, but merely to have sprung from a generous emulation of shewing a superior skill in horsemanship.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have wasted more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other

other expensive diversions. It is probable that the parsimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kenilworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign, were places allotted for the sport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the sports that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exercise (says he) I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth, before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals: their high reputation abroad, has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase: the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry: and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish amounted only to 3000; to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an undisciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps

well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected: but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of those, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may observe that this most noble and useful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it subservient to the uses of mankind; and those qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reasoning, is given to some, which fits them for military services. The spirit and emulation so apparent in others, furnish us with that species, which is admirably adapted for the course; or, the more noble and generous pleasure of the chase.

Patience and perseverance appear strongly in that most useful kind destined to bear the burdens we impose on them; or that employed in the slavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vast strength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their master's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain consciousness of the services we can render them. Most of the hooved quadrupeds are domestic, because necessity compels them to seek our protection: wild beasts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, destitute of these advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial shelter, and harvested provisions: as nature, in these climates, does not throughout the year supply them with necessary food.

But still, many of our tame animals must by accident endure the rigour of the season: to prevent which inconvenience their feet (for the extremities suffer first by cold) are protected by strong hoofs of a horny substance.

The tail too is guarded with long bushy hair, that protects it in both extremes of

weather; during the summer it ferves, by its pliancy and agility, to brush off the swarms of insects which are perpetually attempting either to sting them, or to deposit their eggs in the *rectum*; the same length of hair contributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the absurd and cruel custom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive these animals of both advantages: in the last war our cavalry suffered so much on that account, that we now seem sensible of the error, and if we may judge from some recent orders in respect to that branch of the service, it will for the future be corrected.

Thus is the horse provided against the two greatest evils he is subject to from the seasons: his natural diseases are few: but our ill usage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the distempers he is naturally subject to, are the worms, the bots, and the stone: the species of worms that infect him are the *lumbrici*, and *ascarides*; both these resemble those found in human bodies, only larger; the bots are the *erucæ*, or caterpillars of the *oestrus*, or gadfly: these are found both in the *rectum*, and in the stomach, and when in the latter bring on convulsions, that often terminate in death.

The stone is a disease the horse is not frequently subject to; yet we have seen two examples of it; the one in a horse near High Wycombe, that voided sixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a stone taken out of the bladder of a horse, and deposited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. These stones are formed of several crusts, each very smooth and glossy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by collision against each other.

The all-wise Creator hath finely limited the several services of domestic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of such, which in their lives have been the most useful, should after death contribute the least to our benefit. The chief use that the *exuvia* of the horse can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harness; and thus, even after death, he preserves some analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of use in making wigs; of the tail in

making the bottoms of chairs, floor-cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

§ 2. *The Ox.*

The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greatest variety and abundance of wholesome vegetables, which, to crown our happiness, are almost equally diffused through all its parts: this general fertility is owing to those clouded skies, which foreigners mistakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us cheerfully endure a temporary gloom, which cloaths not only our meadows but our hills with the richest verdure. To this we owe the number, variety, and excellence of our cattle, the richness of our dairies, and innumerable other advantages. Cæsar (the earliest writer who describes this island of Great Britain) speaks of the numbers of our cattle, and adds that we neglected tillage, but lived on milk and flesh. Strabo takes notice of our plenty of milk, but says we were ignorant of the art of making cheese. Mela informs us, that the wealth of the Britons consisted in cattle: and in his account of Ireland reports that such was the richness of the pastures in that kingdom, that the cattle would even burst if they were suffered to feed in them long at a time.

This preference of pasturage to tillage was delivered down from our British ancestors to much later times; and continued equally prevalent during the whole period of our feudal government: the chieftain, whose power and safety depended on the promptness of his vassals to execute his commands, found it his interest to encourage those employments that favoured that disposition; that vassal, who made it his glory to fly at the first call to the standard of his chieftain, was sure to prefer that employ, which might be transacted by his family with equal success during his absence. Tillage would require an attendance incompatible with the services he owed the baron, while the former occupation not only gave leisure for those duties, but furnished the hospitable board of his lord with ample provision, of which the vassal was equal partaker. The reliques of the larder of the elder Spencer are evident proofs of the plenty of cattle in his days; for after his winter provisions may have been supposed to have been mostly consumed, there were found, so late as the

month of May, in salt, the carcases of not fewer than 80 beeves, 600 bacons, and 600 muttons. The accounts of the several great feasts in after times, afford amazing instances of the quantity of cattle that were consumed in them. This was owing partly to the continued attachment of the people to grazing; partly to the preference that the English at all times gave to animal food. The quantity of cattle that appear from the latest calculation to have been consumed in our metropolis, is a sufficient argument of the vast plenty of these times; particularly when we consider the great advancement of tillage, and the numberless variety of provisions, unknown to past ages, that are now introduced into these kingdoms from all parts of the world.

Our breed of horned cattle has in general been so much improved by a foreign mixture, that it is difficult to point out the original kind of these islands. Those which may be supposed to have been purely British, are far inferior in size to those on the northern part of the European continent: the cattle of the highlands of Scotland are exceeding small, and many of them, males as well as females, are hornless: the Welsh runs are much larger: the black cattle of Cornwall are of the same size with the last. The large species that is now cultivated through most parts of Great Britain are either entirely of foreign extraction, or our own improved by a cross with the foreign kind. The Lincolnshire kind derive their size from the Holstein breed; and the large hornless cattle that are bred in some parts of England come originally from Poland.

About two hundred and fifty years ago there was found in Scotland a wild race of cattle, which were of a pure white colour, and had (if we may credit Boethius) manes like lions. I cannot but give credit to the relation; having seen in the woods of Drumlanrig in North Britain, and in the park belonging to Chillingham castle in Northumberland, herds of cattle probably derived from the savage breed. They have lost their manes; but retain their colour and fierceness: they were of a middle size; long legged; and had black muzzles, and ears: their horns fine, and with a bold and elegant bend. The keeper of those at Chillingham said, that the weight of the ox was 38 stones: of the cow 28: that their hides were more esteemed by the tanners than those of the tame; and they

would give six-pence per stone more for them. These cattle were wild as any deer: on being approached would instantly take to flight and gallop away at full speed: never mix with the tame species; nor come near the house unless constrained by hunger in very severe weather. When it is necessary to kill any they are always shot: if the keeper only wounds the beast, he must take care to keep behind some tree, or his life would be in danger from the furious attacks of the animal; which will never desist till a period is put to his life.

Frequent mention is made of our savage cattle by historians. One relates that Robert Bruce was (in chasing these animals) preserved from the rage of a wild Bull by the intrepidity of one of his courtiers, from which he and his lineage acquired the name of Turn-Bull. Fitz-Stephen names these animals (*Ursi Sylvestres*) among those that harboured in the great forest that in his time lay adjacent to London. Another enumerates, among the provisions at the great feast of Nevil archbishop of York, six wild Bulls; and Sibbald assures us that in his days a wild and white species was found in the mountains of Scotland, but agreeing in form with the common sort. I believe these to have been the *Bifontes jubati* of Pliny, found then in Germany, and might have been common to the continent and our island: the loss of their savage vigour by confinement might occasion some change in the external appearance, as is frequent with wild animals deprived of liberty; and to that we may ascribe their loss of mane. The Ursus of the Hercynian forest, described by Cæsar, book VI. was of this kind, the same which is called by the modern Germans, *Luwchs*, i. e. *Bos sylvestris*.

The ox is the only horned animal in these islands that will apply his strength to the service of mankind. It is now generally allowed, that in many cases oxen are more profitable in the draught than horses; their food, harness, and shoes, being cheaper, and should they be lamed or grow old, an old working beast will be as good meat, and fatten as well as a young one.

There is scarce any part of this animal without its use. The blood, fat, marrow, hide, hair, horns, hoofs, milk, cream, butter, cheese, whey, urine, liver, gall, spleen, bones, and dung, have each their particular use in manufactures, commerce, and medicine.

The skin has been of great use in all ages. The ancient Britons, before they knew a better method, built their boats with osiers, and covered them with the hides of bulls, which served for short coasting voyages.

Primum cana salix madefacto vimine parvam
Texitur in Puppim, caesoque induta juvenco,
Vectoris patiens, tumidum super emicat amnem:
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat oceano. LUCAN, lib. iv. 131.

The bending willow into barks they twine;
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine.
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul, allured by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main.

ROWE.

Vessels of this kind are still in use on the Irish lakes; and on the Dee and Severn: in Ireland they are called *Curach*, in England *Coracles*, from the British *Cwraegl*, a word signifying a boat of that structure.

At present, the hide, when tanned and curried, serves for boots, shoes, and numberless other conveniences of life.

Vellum is made of calves skin, and gold-beaters skin is made of a thin vellum, or a finer part of the ox's guts. The hair mixed with lime is a necessary article in building. Of the horns are made combs, boxes, handles for knives, and drinking vessels; and when softened by water, obeying the manufacturer's hand, they are formed into pellucid laminæ for the sides of lanterns. These last conveniences we owe to our great king Alfred, who first invented them to preserve his candle time-measurers from the wind; or (as other writers will have it) the tapers that were set up before the reliques in the miserable tattered churches of that time.

In medicine, the horns were employed as alexipharmics or antidotes against poison, the plague, or the small-pox; they have been dignified with the title of English bezoar; and are said to have been found to answer the end of the oriental kind: the chips of the hoofs, and paring of the raw hides, serve to make carpenters glue.

The bones are used by mechanics, where ivory is too expensive; by which the common people are served with many neat conveniences at an easy rate. From the tibia and carpus bones is procured an oil much used by coach-makers and others

in dressing and cleaning harness, and all trappings belonging to a coach, and the bones calcined afford a fit matter for tests for the use of the refiner in the smelting trade.

The blood is used as an excellent manure for fruit-trees; and is the basis of that fine colour, the Prussian blue.

The fat, tallow, and suet, furnish us with light; and are also used to precipitate the salt that is drawn from briny springs. The gall, liver, spleen, and urine, have also their place in the *materia medica*.

The uses of butter, cheese, cream, and milk, in domestic œconomy; and the excellence of the latter, in furnishing a palatable nutriment for most people, whose organs of digestion are weakened, are too obvious to be insisted on.

§ 3. The SHEEP.

It does not appear from any of the early writers, that the breed of this animal was cultivated for the sake of the wool among the Britons; the inhabitants of the inland parts of this island either went entirely naked, or were only clothed with skins. Those who lived on the sea-coasts, and were the most civilized, affected the manners of the Gauls, and wore like them a sort of garments made of coarse wool, called *Brachæ*. These they probably had from Gaul, there not being the least traces of manufactures among the Britons, in the histories of those times.

On the coins or money of the Britons are seen impressed the figures of the horse, the bull, and the hog, the marks of the tributes exacted from them by the conquerors. The Reverend Mr. Pegge was so kind as to inform me, that he has seen on the coins of Cunobelin that of a sheep. Since that is the case, it is probable that our ancestors were possessed of the animal, but made no farther use of it than to strip off the skin, and wrap themselves in it, and with the wool inmost obtain a comfortable protection against the cold of the winter season.

This neglect of manufacture may be easily accounted for, in an uncivilized nation whose wants were few, and those easily satisfied; but what is more surprising, when after a long period we had cultivated a breed of sheep, whose fleeces were superior to those of other countries, we still neglected to promote a woollen manufacture

at home. That valuable branch of business lay for a considerable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth manufactured from our own materials. There seems indeed to have been many unavailing efforts made by our monarchs to preserve both the wool and the manufacture of it among ourselves: Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spanish wool, it should be burnt by the mayor: yet so little did the weaving business advance, that Edward the Third was obliged to permit the importation of foreign cloth in the beginning of his reign; but soon after, by encouraging foreign artificers to settle in England, and instruct the natives in their trade, the manufacture increased so greatly as to enable him to prohibit the wear of foreign cloth. Yet, to shew the uncommercial genius of the people, the effects of this prohibition were checked by another law, as prejudicial to trade as the former was salutary; this was an act of the same reign, against exporting woollen goods manufactured at home, under heavy penalties; while the exportation of wool was not only allowed but encouraged. This oversight was not soon rectified, for it appears that, on the alliance that Edward the Fourth made with the king of Arragon, he presented the latter with some ewes and rams of the Cotswold kind; which is a proof of their excellency, since they were thought acceptable to a monarch, whose dominions were so noted for the fineness of their fleeces.

In the first year of Richard the Third, and in the two succeeding reigns, our woollen manufactures received some improvements; but the grand rise of all its prosperity is to be dated from the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the tyranny of the duke of Alva in the Netherlands drove numbers of artificers for refuge into this country, who were the founders of that immense manufacture we carry on at present. We have strong inducements to be more particular on the modern state of our woollen manufactures; but we desist, from a fear of digressing too far; our enquiries must be limited to points that have a more immediate reference to the study of Zoology.

No country is better supplied with materials, and those adapted to every species of the clothing business, than Great Bri-

tain; and though the sheep of these islands afford fleeces of different degrees of goodness, yet there are not any but what may be used in some branch of it. Herefordshire, Devonshire, and Cotswold downs are noted for producing sheep with remarkably fine fleeces; the Lincolnshire and Warwickshire kind, which are very large, exceed any for the quantity and goodness of their wool. The former county yields the largest sheep in these islands, where it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a ram, and a guinea for the admission of a ewe to one of the valuable males; or twenty guineas for the use of it for a certain number of ewes during one season. Suffolk also breeds a very valuable kind. The fleeces of the northern parts of this kingdom are inferior in fineness to those of the south; but still are of great value in different branches of our manufactures. The Yorkshire hills furnish the looms of that county with large quantities of wool; and that which is taken from the neck and shoulders is used (mixed with Spanish wool) in some of their finest cloths.

Wales yields but a coarse wool; yet it is of more extensive use than the finest Segovian fleeces; for rich and poor, age and youth, health and infirmities, all confess the universal benefit of the flannel manufacture.

The sheep of Ireland vary like those of Great Britain. Those of the south and east being large, and their flesh rank. Those of the north, and the mountainous parts, small, and their flesh sweet. The fleeces in the same manner differ in degrees of value.

Scotland breeds a small kind, and their fleeces are coarse. Sibbald (after Boethius) speaks of a breed in the isle of Rona, covered with blue wool; of another kind in the isle of Hirta, larger than the biggest he-goat, with tails hanging almost to the ground, and horns as thick, and longer than those of an ox. He mentions another kind, which is clothed with a mixture of wool and hair; and a fourth species, whose flesh and fleeces are yellow, and their teeth of the colour of gold; but the truth of these relations ought to be enquired into, as no other writer has mentioned them, except the credulous Boethius. Yet the last particular is not to be rejected: for notwithstanding I cannot instance the teeth of sheep, yet I saw in the summer of 1772,

at Athol house, the jaws of an ox, with teeth thickly incrufted with a gold-coloured pyrites; and the fame might have happened to thofe of ſheep had they fed in the fame grounds, which were in the valley beneath the houfe.

Befides the fleece, there is ſcarce any part of this animal but what is ufeful to mankind. The fleſh is a delicate and wholeſome food. The ſkin dreſſed, forms different parts of our apparel; and is uſed for covers of books. The entrails, properly prepared and twiſted, ſerve for ſtrings for various muſical inſtruments. The bones calcined (like other bones in general) form materials for teſts for the refiner. The milk is thicker than that of cows, and conſequently yields a greater quantity of butter and cheeſe; and in ſome places is ſo rich, that it will not produce the cheeſe without a mixture of water to make it part from the whey. The dung is a remarkably rich manure; inſomuch that the folding of ſheep is become too uſeful a branch of huſbandry for the farmer to neglect. To conclude, whether we conſider the advantages that reſult from this animal to individuals in particular, or to theſe kingdoms in general, we may with Columella conſider this in one ſenſe, as the firſt of the domeſtic animals.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt; quæ prima ſit ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas. Nam id præcipue contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporiſque noſtris liberaliora præbet velamina; et etiam elegantium menſas jucundis et numerosis dapibus exornat.

The ſheep, as to its nature, is a moſt innocent, mild, and ſimple animal; and, conſcious of its own defenceleſs ſtate, remarkably timid: if attacked when attended by its lamb, it will make ſome ſhew of defence, by ſtamping with its feet, and puſhing with its head: it is a gregarious animal, is fond of any jingling noiſe, for which reaſon the leader of the flock has in many places a bell hung round its neck, which the others will conſtantly follow: it is ſubject to many diſeaſes: ſome ariſe from

inſects which depoſit their eggs in different parts of the animal; others are cauſed by their being kept in wet paſtures; for as the ſheep requires but little drink, it is naturally fond of a dry foil. The dropſy, vertigo (the *pendro* of the Welch) the pthiſic, jaundice, and worms in the liver, annually make great havoc among our flocks: for the firſt diſeaſe the ſhepherd finds a remedy by turning the infected into fields of broom; which plant has been alſo found to be very efficacious in the ſame diſorder among the human ſpecies.

The ſheep is alſo infeſted by different ſorts of inſects: like the horſe it has its peculiar *œſivus* or gadfly, which depoſits its eggs above the noſe in the frontal ſinufes; when thoſe turn into maggots they become exceſſive painful, and cauſe thoſe violent agitations that we ſo often ſee the animal in. The French ſhepherds make a common practice of eaſing the ſheep, by trepanning and taking out the maggot; this practice is ſometimes uſed by the Engliſh ſhepherds, but not always with the ſame ſucceſs: beſides theſe inſects, the ſheep is troubled with a kind of tick and louſe, which magpies and ſtarlings contribute to eaſe it of, by lighting on its back, and picking the inſects off.

§ 4. The Dog.

Dr. Caius, an Engliſh phyſician, who flouriſhed in the reign of queen Elizabeth, has left, among ſeveral other traſts relating to natural hiſtory, one written expreſly on the ſpecies of Britiſh dogs: they were wrote for the uſe of his learned friend Geſner; with whom he kept a ſtrict correſpondence; and whoſe death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Befides a brief account of the variety of dogs then exiſting in this country, he has added a ſyſtematic table of them: his method is ſo judicious, that we ſhall make uſe of the ſame; explain it by a brief account of each kind; and point out thoſe that are no longer in uſe among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

I. The most generous kinds.	} Dogs of Chase.	} Hounds.	} Terrier Harrier Blood-hound.		
				} Fowlers.	} Gaze-hound Grey-hound Leviner, or Lyemmer Tumbler.
II. Farm Dogs.	} Spaniel gentle, or comforter.				
		} Shepherd's dog Mastiff, or band dog.			
III. Mon- grels.	} Wappe Turnspit Dancer.				

The first variety is the Terrarius or Terrier, which takes its name from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbits out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare: but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a stronger and swifter variety, applied to a different chase.

The Sanguinarius, or Bloodhound, or the Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter; or been killed and stole out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt; from whence the name is derived: This species could, with the utmost certainty, discover the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great, and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would

it cease its pursuit, till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland; where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true bloodhound was large, strong, muscular, broad breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of this species of dogs, comprehends those that hunt by the eye; and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtilty.

The Agasæus, or Gazehound, was the first: it chased indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye: and if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty;

ty; and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

It must be observed that the Agasæus of Dr. Caius, is a very different species from the Agasæus of Oppian, for which it might be mistaken from the similitude of names: this he describes as a small kind of dog, peculiar to Great-Britain; and then goes on with these words;

Τυρόν, άσαρκότατον, λασιότριχον, ύμμασι
νωθές.

Curvum, macilentum, hispidum, oculis pigrum.

what he adds afterwards, still marks the difference more strongly;

Ρίνεσι δ' αύτε μάλιζα πανέξοκος εστιν
άγασσεύς.

Naribus autem longè præstantissimus est agasæus.

From Oppian's whole description, it is plain he meant our Beagle.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Greyhound. Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs: that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of king Canute; who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a gre-hound; and still more strongly from an old Welsh saying; *Wrth ei Walch, ei Farch, a'i Filgi, yr adwaenir Bonheddig*: which signifies, that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his gre-hound.

Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species: when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint castle, his favourite gre-hound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke; as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland gre-hound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as sagacious nostrils as the Blood-hound, and was as fierce. This seems to be the kind Boethius styles *genus venaticum cum e.levinum tum audacissimum: nec modo in feras, sed in hostes etiam latroneisque; præsertim si dominum ductoremve injuriam affici cernat aut in eos concitetur.*

The third species is the Levinarius or Lorarius; the Leviner or Lyemmer: the first name is derived from the lightness of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyem:ne*, a thong; this species being used to be led in a thong, and slipped at the game. Our author says, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by scent and sight; and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the gre-hound. This probably is the kind now known to us by the name of the Irish gre-hound, a dog now extremely scarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as possible. I have seen two or three in the whole island: they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon *Le grand Danis*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long possessed that kingdom. Their use seems originally to have been for the chase of wolves, with which Ireland swarmed till the latter end of the last century. As soon as those animals were extirpated, the numbers of the dogs decreased; for from that period they were kept only for state.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth species; which took its prey by mere subtilty, depending neither on the sagacity of its nose, nor its swiftness: if it came into a warren, it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbits; but by a seeming neglect of them, or attention to something else, deceived the object till it got within reach, so as to take it by a sudden spring. This dog was less than the hound; more scraggy, and had prickt-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's description seems to answer to the modern lurcher.

The third division of the more generous dogs, comprehends those which were used in fowling; first the Hispaniolus, or spaniel: from the name it may be supposed that we were indebted to Spain for this breed: there were two varieties of this kind, the first used in hawking, to spring the game, which are the same with our flatters.

The other variety was used only for the net, and was called Index, or the setter; a kind well known at present. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this sort, particular care having been taken to preserve the breed in the utmost purity. They are still distinguished by the name of English spaniels; so that notwithstanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great-Britain. We may strengthen our suspicion by saying that the first who broke a dog

to the net was an English nobleman of a most distinguished character, the great Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of a foreign extraction, was unknown to our ancestors.

The Aquaticus, or Fynder, was another species used in fowling; was the same as our water spaniel; and was used to find or recover the game that was shot.

The Melitæus, or Fotor; the spaniel gentle or comforter of Dr. Caius (the modern lap dog) was the last of this division. The Maltese little dogs were as much esteemed by the fine ladies of past times, as those of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingshead is ridiculously severe on the fair of his days, for their excessive passion for these little animals; which is sufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The second grand division of dogs comprehends the Rustici; or those that were used in the country.

The first species is the Pastoralis, or shepherd's dog; which is the same that is used at present, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is so well trained for those purposes, as to attend to every part of the herd be it ever so large; confine them to the road, and force in every straggler without doing it the least injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Catenarius; the mastiff or band dog; a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker. Manwood says, it derives its name from *mase thescse*, being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us that three of these were reckoned a match for a bear; and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the First, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were disabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to seek for safety by flight. The English bull-dog seems to belong to this species; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great-Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island with the title of *Procurator Cynegii*, whose sole business was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such as would prove equal to the combats of the place.

Magnaue taurorum fractum colla Britanni.

And British dogs subdue the stoutest bulls.

Gratius speaks in high terms of the excellency of the British dogs:

Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos?
O quanta est merces et quantum impendia supra!
Si non ad speciem mentiturque decores
Protinus: hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.
At magnum cum venis opus, promendaque virtus,
Et vocat extremo præceps discrimine Mavors,
Non tunc egregios tantum admirere Molossos.

If Britain's distant coast we dare explore,
How much beyond the coast the valued store;
If shape and beauty not alone we prize,
Which nature to the British hound denies:
But when the mighty toil the huntsman warms,
And all the soul is rous'd by fierce alarms,
When Mars calls furious to th' ensanguin'd field,
Even bold Molossians then to these must yield.

Strabo tells us, that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were used by the Gauls in their battles: and it is certain a well trained mastiff might be of considerable use in distressing such half-armed and irregular combatants as the adversaries of the Gauls seem generally to have been before the Romans conquered them.

The last division is that of the Degeneres, or Curs. The first of these was the Wappe, a name derived from its note: its only use was to alarm the family by barking, if any person approached the house. Of this class was the Versator, or turnspit; and lastly the Saltator, or dancing dog, or such as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a shew. Those Degeneres were of no certain shape, being mongrels or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

We should now, according to our plan, after enumerating the several varieties of British dogs, give its general natural history; but since Linnæus has already performed it to our hand, we shall adopt his sense, translating his very words (wherever we may) with literal exactness.

“ The dog eats flesh, and farinaceous
“ vegetables, but not greens: its stomach
“ digests bones: it uses the tops of grass
“ as a vomit. It voids its excrements on
“ a stone: the *album græcum* is one of the
“ greatest encouragers of putrefaction. It
“ laps up its drink with its tongue: it
“ voids its urine sideways, by lifting up
“ one of its hind legs; and is most diuretic
“ in the company of a strange dog. *Odo-*
“ *rat anum alterius*: its scent is most ex-
“ quisite, when its nose is moist: it treads
“ lightly on its toes; scarce ever sweats;
“ but when hot lolls out its tongue. It
“ generally walks frequently round the
“ place

“ place it intends to lie down on: its sense
 “ of hearing is very quick when asleep:
 “ it dreams. *Procis rixantibus crudelis*:
 “ *catulit cum variis*: mordet illa illis: cohæret
 “ *copula junctus*: it goes with young sixty-
 “ three days; and commonly brings from
 “ four to eight at a time: the male pup-
 “ pies resemble the dog, the female the
 “ bitch. It is the most faithful of all ani-
 “ mals; is very docible: hates strange
 “ dogs: will snap at a stone thrown at it:
 “ will howl at certain musical notes: all
 “ (except the South American kind) will
 “ bark at strangers: dogs are rejected by
 “ the Mahometans.”

§ 5. *The WILD CAT.*

This animal does not differ specifically from the tame cat; the latter being originally of the same kind, but altered in colour, and in some other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domesticated.

The cat in its savage state is three or four times as large as the house-cat; the head larger, and the face flatter. The teeth and claws tremendous: its muscles very strong, as being formed for rapine: the tail is of a moderate length, but very thick, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end always black: the hips and hind part of the lower joints of the leg, are always black: the fur is very soft and fine. The general colour of these animals is of a yellowish white, mixed with a deep grey: these colours, though they appear at first sight confusedly blended together, yet on a close inspection will be found to be disposed like the streaks on the skin of the tiger, pointing from the back downwards, rising from a black list that runs from the head along the middle of the back to the tail.

This animal may be called the British tiger; it is the fiercest, and most destructive beast we have; making dreadful havoc among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the most mountainous and woody parts of these islands, living mostly in trees, and feeding only by night. It multiplies as fast as our common cats; and often the females of the latter will quit their domestic mates, and return home pregnant by the former.

They are taken either in traps, or by shooting: in the latter case it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the person who injured them, and have strength enough to be no despicable

enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beasts of chase; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second, to the abbot of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The use of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was esteemed not of the most luxurious kind; for it was ordained ‘that no abbess or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made of lambs or cats skins.’ In much earlier times it was also the object of the sportsman’s diversion.

Feslemque minacem
 Arboris in trunco longis præfigere telis:
Nemesiani Cynegeticon, L. 55.

§ 6. *The DOMESTIC CAT.*

This animal is so well known as to make a description of it unnecessary. It is an useful, but deceitful domestic; active, neat, sedate, intent on its prey. When pleased purrs and moves its tail: when angry spits, hisses, and strikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws: it drinks little: is fond of fish: it washes its face with its fore-foot, (Linnæus says at the approach of a storm:) the female is remarkably falacious; a piteous, squalling, jarring lover. Its eyes shine in the night: its hair when rubbed in the dark emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life: always lights on its feet: is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our ancestors seem to have had a high sense of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince *Hoel dda*, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat; and to describe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitling before it could see, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse two-pence; when it commenced mouser four-pence. It was required besides, that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse: but if it failed in any of these qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince’s granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This last quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the simplicity

simplicity of ancient manners, but it almost proves to a demonstration that cats are not aborigines of these islands; or known to the earliest inhabitants. The large prices set on them, (if we consider the high value of specie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies so fast, are almost certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

§ 7. EXPLANATION of *some* TECHNICAL TERMS in ORNITHOLOGY.

- Fig.
1. *Cere. Cera* The naked skin that covers the base of the bill in the *Harok* kind.
 2. *Capistrum* A word used by *Linnaeus* to express the short feathers on the forehead just above the bill. In *Crows* these fall forwards over the nostrils.
 3. *Lorum* The space between the bill and the eye, generally covered with feathers, but in some birds naked, as in the black and white *Grebe*.
 4. *Orbits. Orbita* The skin that surrounds the eye, which is generally bare, particularly in the *Heron* and *Parrot*.
 5. *Emarginatum* A bill is called *rostrum emarginatum* when there is a small notch near the end: this is conspicuous in that of *Butcherbirds* and *Thrushes*.
 6. *Vibrissæ* *Vibrissæ pectinatæ*, stiff hairs that grow on each side the mouth, formed like a double comb, to be seen in the *Goatsucker*, *Flycatcher*, &c.
 7. *Bastard wing. Alula spuria* A small joint rising at the end of the middle part of the wing, or the *cubitus*; on which are three or five feathers.
 8. *Lesser coverts of the wings. Tectrices primæ* The small feathers that lie in several rows on the bones of the wings. The *under coverts* are those that line the inside of the wings.
 9. *Greater coverts. Tectrices secundæ* The feathers that lie immediately over the quill-feathers and secondary feathers.
 10. *Quill-feathers. Primores* The largest feathers of the wings, or those that rise from the first bone.
 11. *Secondary feathers. Secundariæ* Those that rise from the second.
 12. *Coverts of the tail. Uropygium* Those that cover the base of the tail.
 13. *Vent-feathers* Those that lie from the vent to the tail. *Cristum Linnæi*.
 14. *The tail. Rectrices*
 15. *Scapular feathers* That rise from the shoulders, and cover the sides of the back.
 16. *Nucha* The hind part of the head.
 17. *Rostrum subulatum* A term *Linnaeus* uses for a strait and slender bill.
 18. To shew the structure of the feet of the *Kingfisher*.
 19. *Pes scansorius* The foot of the *Woodpecker* formed for climbing. Climbing feet.
 20. *Finned foot. Pes lobatus, pinnatus* Such as those of the *Grebes*, &c. Such as are indented are called scalloped; such are those of *Coots* and scallop-toed *Sauvpipers*.
 22. *Pes tridactylus* Such as want the back toe.
 23. *Semi-palmated. Pes semi-palmatus* When the webs only reach half way of the toes.
 24. *Ungue postico sessili* When the hind claw adheres to the leg without any toe, as in the *Petrels*.
 25. *Digitis 4 omnibus palmatis.* All the four toes connected by webs, as in the *Corcorants*.

EXPLANATION of other LINNÆAN TERMS.

<i>Rostrum cultratum</i>	When the edges of the bill are very sharp, such as in that of the <i>Crow</i> .
<i>Unguiculatum</i>	A bill with a nail at the end, as in those of the <i>Goosanders</i> and <i>Ducks</i> .
<i>Lingua ciliata</i>	When the tongue is edged with fine bristles, as in <i>Ducks</i> .
<i>Integra</i>	When quite plain or even.
<i>Lumbriciformis</i>	When the tongue is long, round, and slender, like a worm, as that of the <i>Woodpecker</i> .
<i>Pedes compedes</i>	When the legs are placed so far behind as to make the bird walk with difficulty, or as if in <i>fetters</i> ; as is the case with the <i>Auks</i> , <i>Grebes</i> , and <i>Divers</i> .
<i>Nares Lineares</i>	When the nostrils are very narrow, as in <i>Sea Gulls</i> .
<i>Margiatae</i>	With a rim round the nostrils, as in the <i>Stare</i> .

§ 8. *The PIGEON.*

The tame pigeon, and all its beautiful varieties, derive their origin from one species, the Stock Dove: the English name implying its being the *stock* or *stem* from whence the other domestic kinds sprung. These birds, as Varro observes, take their (Latin) name, *Columba*, from their voice or cooing; and had he known it, he might have added the British, &c. for *Klommen*, *Kylobman*, *Kulm*, and *Kolm*, signify the same bird. They were and still are, in most parts of our island, in a state of nature; but probably the Romans taught us the method of making them domestic, and constructing pigeon-houses. Its characters in the state nearest that of its origin, is a deep bluish ash-colour; the breast dashed with a fine changeable green and purple; the sides of the neck with shining copper colour; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the coverts of the wings, the other on the quill-feathers. The back white, and the tail barred near the end with black. The weight fourteen ounces.

In the wild state it breeds in holes of rocks, and hollows of trees, for which reason some writers stile it *columba cavernalis*, in opposition to the Ring Dove, which makes its nest on the boughs of trees. Nature ever preserves some agreement in the manners, characters, and colours of birds reclaimed from their wild state. This species of pigeon soon takes to build in artificial cavities, and from the temptation of a ready provision becomes easily domesticated. The drakes of the tame duck, however they may vary in colour, ever retain the mark of their origin from our English mallard, by the curled feathers of the tail: and the tame goose betrays its descent from the wild kind, by the invariable whiteness of its rump, which they always retain in both states.

Multitudes of these birds are observed to migrate into the south of England; and while the beech woods were suffered to cover large tracts of ground, they used to haunt them in myriads, reaching in strings of a mile in length, as they went out in the morning to feed. They visit us the latest of any bird of passage, not appearing till November; and retire in the spring. I imagine that the summer haunts of these are in Sweden, for Mr. Eckmark makes their retreat thence coincide with their arrival here. But many breed here, as I have observed, on the cliffs of the coast of Wales, and of the Hebrides.

The varieties produced from the domestic pigeon are very numerous, and extremely elegant; these are distinguished by names expressive of their several properties, such as Tumblers, Carriers, Jacobines, Croppers, Powters, Runts, Turbits, Owls, Nuns, &c. The most celebrated of these is the Carrier, which, from the superior attachment that pigeon shews to its native place, is employed in many countries as the most expeditious courier: the letters are tied under its wing, it is let loose, and in a very short space returns to the home it was brought from, with its advices. This practice was much in vogue in the East; and at Scanderoon, till of late years, used on the arrival of a ship, to give the merchants at Aleppo a more expeditious notice than could be done by any other means. In our own country, these aerial messengers have been employed for a very singular purpose, being let loose at Tyburn at the moment the fatal cart is drawn away, to notify to distant friends the departure of the unhappy criminal.

In the East, the use of these birds seems to have been improved greatly, by having, if we may use the expression, relays of them ready to spread intelligence to all parts of

the country. Thus the governor of Damiatia circulated the news of the death of Orrilo :

Toſto che'l Caſtellan di Damiatia
Certificoſſi, ch'era morto Orrilo,
La Colomba laſciò, ch'avea legata
Sotto l'ala la lettera, col filo.
Quelle andò al Cairo, ed indi fu laſciata
Un'altra altrove, come quivi e ſtilo:
Sì, che in pochiffime ore andò l'avviſo
Per tutto Egipto, ch'era Orrilo ucciſo*.

But the ſimple uſe of them was known in very early times: Anacreon tells us, he conveyed his billet-doux to his beautiful Bathyllus by a dove.

Εγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
Διάκοῦ τ' ὀσάυτα
Καὶ τῶν νύκτας ἐπέμην
Ἐπιτελας κομίζω †.

I am now Anacreon's ſlave,
And to me entrusted have
All the o'erflowings of his heart
To Bathyllus to impart;
Each ſoft line, with nimbly wing,
To the lovely boy I bring.

Tauroſthenes alſo, by means of a pigeon he had decked with purple, ſent advice to his father, who lived in the iſle of Ægina, of his victory in the Olympic games, on the very day he had obtained it. And, at the ſiege of Modena, Hirtius without, and Brutus within the walls, kept, by the help of pigeons, a conſtant correſpondence; baffling every ſtratagem of the beſieger Antony to intercept their couriers. In the times of the cruſades there are many more inſtances of theſe birds of peace being employed in the ſervice of war: Joinville relates one during the cruſade of Saint Louis; and Taſſo another, during the ſiege of Jeruſalem.

The nature of pigeons is to be gregarious; to lay only two eggs; to breed many times in the year; to bill in their courtſhip; for the male and female to fit by turns, and alſo to feed their young; to caſt their proviſion out of their craw into the young one's mouths; to drink, not like other birds by ſipping, but by continual draughts like quadrupeds; and to have notes mournful or plaintive.

* As ſoon as the commandant of Damiatia heard that Orrilo was dead, he let looſe a pigeon, under whoſe wing he had tied a letter; this fled to Cairo, from whence a ſecond was diſpatched to another place, as is uſual; ſo that in a very few hours all Egypt was acquainted with the death of Orrilo. ARTIUS TO, canto 15.

† Anacreon, ode 9. εἰς περὶ τε, 49.

§ 9. The BLACKBIRD.

This bird is of a very retired and ſolitary nature; frequents hedges and thickets, in which it builds earlier than any other bird: the neſt is formed of moſs, dead graſs, fibres, &c. lined or plaſtered with clay, and that again covered with hay or ſmall ſtraw. It lays four or five eggs of a bluifh green colour, marked with irregular duſky ſpots. The note of the male is extremely fine, but too loud for any place except the woods: it begins to ſing early in the ſpring, continues its muſic part of the ſummer, deſiſts in the moulting ſeaſon; but reſumes it for ſome time in September, and the firſt winter months.

The colour of the male, when it has attained its full age, is of a fine deep black, and the bill of a bright yellow; the edges of the eye-lids yellow. When young the bill is duſky, and the plumage of a ruſty black, ſo that they are not to be diſtinguiſhed from the females; but at the age of one year they attain their proper colour.

§ 10. The BULLFINCH.

The wild note of this bird is not in the leaſt muſical; but when tamed it becomes remarkably docile, and may be taught any tune after a pipe, or to whiſtle any notes in the juſteſt manner: it ſeldom forgets what it has learned; and will become ſo tame as to come at call, perch on its maſter's ſhoulders, and (at command) go through a difficult muſical leſſon. They may be taught to ſpeak, and ſome thus intruſted are annually brought to London from Germany.

The male is diſtinguiſhed from the female by the ſuperior blackneſs of its crown, and by the rich crimſon that adorns the cheeks, breaſt, belly, and throat of the male; thoſe of the female being of a dirty colour: the bill is black, ſhort, and very thick: the head large: the hind part of the neck and the back are grey: the coverts of the wings are black; the lower croſſed with a white line: the quill-feathers duſky, but part of their inner webs white: the coverts of the tail and vent-feathers white: the tail black.

In the ſpring theſe birds frequent our gardens, and are very deſtructive to our fruit-trees, by eating the tender buds. They breed about the latter end of May, or beginning of June, and are ſeldom ſeen at that time near houſes, as they chuſe ſome very retired place to breed in. Theſe birds

birds are sometimes wholly black; I have heard of a male bullfinch which had changed its colours after it had been taken in full feather, and with all its fine tints. The first year it began to assume a dull hue, blackening every year, till in the fourth it attained the deepest degree of that colour. This was communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. White of Selborne. Mr. Morton, in his History of Northamptonshire, gives another instance of such a change, with this addition, that the year following, after moulting, the bird recovered its native colours. Bullfinches fed entirely on hemp-seed are aptest to undergo this change.

§ II. *The GOLDFINCH.*

This is the most beautiful of our hard-billed small birds; whether we consider its colours, the elegance of its form, or the music of its note. The bill is white, tipped with black; the base is surrounded with a ring of rich scarlet feathers: from the corners of the mouth to the eyes is a black line: the cheeks are white: the top of the head is black; and the white on the cheeks is bounded almost to the fore part of the neck with black: the hind part of the head is white: the back, rump, and breast are of a fine pale tawny brown, lightest on the two last: the belly is white: the covert feathers of the wings, in the male, are black: the quill-feathers black, marked in their middle with a beautiful yellow; the tips white: the tail is black, but most of the feathers marked near their ends with a white spot: the legs are white.

The female is distinguished from the male by these notes; the feathers at the end of the bill in the former are brown; in the male black: the lesser coverts of the wings are brown: and the black and yellow in the wings of the female are less brilliant. The young bird, before it moults, is grey on the head; and hence it is termed by the bird-catchers a *grey-pate*.

There is another variety of goldfinch, which is, perhaps, not taken above once in two or three years, which is called by the London bird-catchers a *chequerel*, from the manner in which it concludes its jerk: when this sort is taken, it sells at a very high price, it is distinguished from the common sort by a white streak, or by two, and sometimes three white spots under the throat.

Their note is very sweet, and they are much esteemed on that account, as well as

for their great docility. Toward winter they assemble in flocks, and feed on seeds of different kinds, particularly those of the thistle. It is fond of orchards, and frequently builds in an apple or pear-tree: its nest is very elegantly formed of fine moss, liver-worts, and bents on the outside; lined first with wool and hair, and then with the gossin or cotton of the fallow. It lays five white eggs, marked with deep purple spots on the upper end.

This bird seems to have been the *χρυσομίτρις** of Aristotle; being the only one that we know of, that could be distinguished by a golden fillet round its head, feeding on the seeds of prickly plants. The very ingenious translator (Dr. Martyn) of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, gives the name of this bird to the *acanthis* or *acanthis*:

Littoraque alcyon resonant, acanthida dum.

In our account of the *Halcyon* of the ancients, we followed his opinion; but having since met with a passage in Aristotle, that clearly proves that *acanthis* could not be used in that sense; we beg, that, till we can discover what it really is, the word may be rendered *linnet*; since it is impossible the philosopher could distinguish a bird of such striking and brilliant colours as the *goldfinch*, by the epithet *καροχρως*, or bad coloured; and as he celebrates his *acanthis* for a fine note, *φωνη μέν τοι λιγυράν ἔχουσι*, both characters will suit the linnet, being a bird as remarkable for the sweetness of its note, as for the plainness of its plumage.

§ 12. *The LINNET.*

The bill of this species is dusky, but in the spring assumes a bluish cast: the feathers on the head are black, edged with ash-colour; the sides of the neck deep ash-colour: the throat marked in the middle with a brown line, bounded on each side with a white one: the back black, bordered with reddish brown: the bottom of the breast is of a fine blood red, which heightens in colour as the spring advances: the belly white: the vent-feathers yellowish: the sides under the wings spotted with brown: the quill-feathers are dusky; the lower part of the nine first white: the co-

* Which he places among the *λευκοδαίμα*. Scaliger reads the word *χρυσομίτρις*, which has no meaning; neither does the critic support his alteration with any reasons. *Hist. an.* 887.

verts incumbent on them black; the others of a reddish brown; the lowest order tipped with a paler colour: the tail is a little forked, of a brown colour, edged with white; the two middle feathers excepted, which are bordered with dull red. The females and young birds want the red spot on the breast; in lieu of that, their breasts are marked with short streaks of brown pointing downwards; the females have also less white in their wings.

These birds are much esteemed for their song: they feed on seeds of different kinds, which they peel before they eat: the seed of the *linum* or *flax* is their favourite food; from whence the name of the linnet tribe.

They breed among furze and white thorn: the outside of their nest is made with moss and bents; and lined with wool and hair. They lay five whitish eggs, spotted like those of the goldfinch.

§ 13. *The CANARY BIRD.*

This bird is of the finch tribe. It was originally peculiar to those isles, to which it owes its name; the same that were known to the ancients by the addition of the *fortunate*. The happy temperament of the air; the spontaneous productions of the ground in the varieties of fruits; the sprightly and cheerful disposition of the inhabitants; and the harmony arising from the number of the birds found there, procured them that romantic distinction. Though the ancients celebrate the isle of *Canaria* for the multitude of birds, they have not mentioned any in particular. It is probable then, that our species was not introduced into Europe till after the second discovery of these isles, which was between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We are uncertain when it first made its appearance in this quarter of the globe. Belon, who wrote in 1555, is silent in respect to these birds: Gesner is the first who mentions them; and Aldrovand speaks of them as rarities; that they were very dear on account of the difficulty attending the bringing them from so distant a country, and that they were purchased by people of rank alone. Olinia says, that in his time there was a degenerate sort found on the isle of Elba, off the coast of Italy, which came there originally by means of a ship bound from the Canaries to Leghorn, and was wrecked on that island. We once saw some small birds brought directly from the Canary Islands, that we suspect to be the genuine sort: they were of a dull green

colour; but as they did not sing, we supposed them to be hens. These birds will produce with the goldfinch and linnet, and the offspring is called a mule-bird, because, like that animal, it proves barren.

They are still found on the same spot to which we were first indebted for the production of such charming songsters; but they are now become so numerous in our country, that we are under no necessity of crossing the ocean for them.

§ 14. *The SKY LARK.*

The length of this species is seven inches one-fourth: the breadth twelve and a half: the weight one ounce and a half: the tongue broad and cloven: the bill slender: the upper mandible dusky, the lower yellow: above the eyes is a yellow spot: the crown of the head a reddish brown spotted with deep black: the hind part of the head ashy-colour: chin white. It has the faculty of erecting the feathers of the head. The feathers on the back, and coverts of the wings, dusky edged with reddish brown, which is paler on the latter: the quill-feathers dusky: the exterior web edged with white, that of the others with reddish brown: the upper part of the breast yellow spotted with black: the lower part of the body of a pale yellow: the exterior web, and half of the interior web next to the shaft of the first feather of the tail, are white; of the second only the exterior web; the rest of those feathers dusky; the others are dusky edged with red; those in the middle deeply so, the rest very slightly: the legs dusky: soles of the feet yellow: the hind claw very long and strait.

This and the wood-lark are the only birds that sing as they fly; this raising its note as it soars, and lowering it till it quite dies away as it descends. It will often soar to such a height, that we are charmed with the music when we loose sight of the songster; it also begins its song before the earliest dawn. Milton, in his *Allegro*, most beautifully expresses these circumstances: and Bishop Newton observes, that the beautiful scene that Milton exhibits of rural cheerfulness, at the same time gives us a fine picture of the regularity of his life, and the innocency of his own mind; thus he describes himself as in a situation

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

It continues its harmony several months,
beginning

beginning early in the spring, on pairing. In the winter they assemble in vast flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for our tables. They build their nest on the ground, beneath some clod; forming it of hay, dry fibres, &c. and lay four or five eggs.

The place these birds are taken in the greatest quantity, is the neighbourhood of Dunstable: the season begins about the fourteenth of September, and ends the twenty-fifth of February; and during that space about 4000 dozen are caught, which supply the markets of the metropolis. Those caught in the day are taken in clapnets of fifteen yards length, and two and a half in breadth; and are enticed within their reach by means of bits of looking-glass, fixed in a piece of wood, and placed in the middle of the nets, which are put in a quick whirling motion, by a string the larker commands; he also makes use of a decoy lark. These nets are used only till the fourteenth of November, for the larks will not *dare*, or frolic in the air except in fine sunny weather; and of course cannot be inveigled into the snare. When the weather grows gloomy, the larker changes his engine, and makes use of a trammel-net twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet long, and five broad; which is put on two poles eighteen feet long, and carried by men under each arm, who pass over the fields and quarter the ground as a setting dog; when they hear or feel a lark hit the net, they drop it down, and so the birds are taken.

§ 15. *The NIGHTINGALE.*

The nightingale takes its name from *night*, and the Saxon word *galan*, to sing; expressive of the time of its melody. In size it is equal to the redstart; but longer bodied, and more elegantly made. The colours are very plain. The head and back are of a pale tawny, dashed with olive: the tail is of a deep tawny red: the throat, breast, and upper part of the belly, of a light glossy ash-colour: the lower belly almost white: the exterior webs of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddish brown; the interior of brownish ash-colour: the irides are hazel, and the eyes remarkably large and piercing: the legs and feet a deep ash-colour.

This bird, the most famed of the feathered tribe, for the variety, length, and sweetness of its notes, visits England the

beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is a species that does not spread itself over the island. It is not found in North Wales; or in any of the English counties north of it, except Yorkshire, where they are met with in great plenty about Doncaster. They have been also heard, but rarely, near Shrewsbury. It is also remarkable, that this bird does not migrate so far west as Devonshire and Cornwall; counties where the seasons are so very mild, that myrtles flourish in the open air during the whole year; neither are they found in Ireland. Sibbald places them in his list of Scotch birds; but they certainly are unknown in that part of Great Britain, probably from the scarcity and the recent introduction of hedges there. Yet they visit Sweden, a much more severe climate. With us they frequent thick hedges, and low coppices; and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are very rarely seen. They form their nest of oak-leaves, a few bents, and reeds. The eggs are of a deep brown. When the young first come abroad, and are helpless, the old birds make a plaintive and jarring noise with a sort of snapping as if in menace, pursuing along the hedge the passengers.

They begin their song in the evening, and continue it the whole night. These their vigils did not pass unnoticed by the ancients: the slumbers of these birds were proverbial; and not to rest as much as the nightingale, expressed a very bad sleeper*. This was the favourite bird of the British poet, who omits no opportunity of introducing it, and almost constantly noting its love of solitude and night. How finely does it serve to compose part of the solemn scenery of his *Penferoso*: when he describes it

In her saddest sweetest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that tunest the noise of folly;
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song.

In another place he styles it the *solemn bird*; and again speaks of it,

As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shade'st covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

* Ælian var. hist. 577. both in the text and note. It must be remarked, that nightingales sing also in the day.

The reader must excuse a few more quotations from the same poet, on the same subject: the first describes the approach of evening, and the retiring of all animals to their repose.

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their graffy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

When Eve passed the irksome night preceding her fall, she, in a dream, imagines herself thus reproached with losing the beauties of the night by indulging too long a repose:

Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song.

The same birds sing their nuptial song, and lull them to rest. How rapturous are the following lines! how expressive of the delicate sensibility of our Milton's tender ideas!

The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept;
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd.

These quotations from the best judge of melody, we thought due to the sweetest of our feathered choristers; and we believe no reader of taste will think them tedious.

Virgil seems to be the only poet among the ancients, who hath attended to the circumstance of this bird's singing in the night time.

Qualis populæa mærens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur factus, quis durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mæstis late loca questibus implet.

GEORG. IV. l. 511.

As Philomel in poplar shades, alone,
For her lost offspring pours a mother's moan,
Which some rough ploughman marking for his
prey,
From the warm nest, unstedg'd hath dragg'd away;
Perch'd on a bow, she all night long complains,
And fills the grove with sad repeated strains.

F. WARTON.

Pliny has described the warbling notes

of this bird, with an elegance that bespeaks an exquisite sensibility of taste: notwithstanding that his words have been cited by most other writers on natural history, yet such is the beauty, and in general the truth of his expressions, that they cannot be too much studied by lovers of natural history. We must observe notwithstanding, that a few of his thoughts are more to be admired for their vivacity than for strict philosophical reasoning; but these few are easily distinguishable.

§ 16. *The RED BREAST.*

This bird, though so very petulant as to be at constant war with its own tribe, yet is remarkably sociable with mankind: in the winter it frequently makes one of the family; and takes refuge from the inclemency of the season even by our fire-sides. Thomson* has prettily described the annual visits of his guest.

THE RED-BREAST, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet.

The great beauty of that celebrated poet consists in his elegant and just descriptions of the œconomy of animals; and the happy use he hath made of natural knowledge, in descriptive poetry, shines through almost every page of his Seasons. The affection this bird has for mankind, is also recorded in that antient ballad, *The babes in the wood*; a composition of a most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. It is the first trial of our humanity: the child that refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad presage of the tenderness of his future sensations.

In the spring this bird retires to breed in the thickest covers, or the most concealed holes of walls and other buildings. The eggs are of a dull white, sprinkled with reddish spots. Its song is remarkably fine and soft; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter, and early in the spring, and even through great part of the summer, but its notes are part

* In his Seasons, vide Winter, line 246.

of that time drowned in the general warble of the season. Many of the autumnal songsters seem to be the young cock red-breasts of that year.

The bill is dusky: the forehead, chin, throat and breast are of a deep orange-colour: the head, hind part of the neck, the back and tail are of a deep ash-colour, tinged with green: the wings rather darker; the edges inclining to yellow: the legs and feet dusky.

§ 17. *The WREN.*

The wren may be placed among the finest of our singing birds. It continues its song throughout the winter, excepting during the frosts. It makes its nest in a very curious manner; of an oval shape, very deep; with a small hole in the middle for egress and regress; the external material is moss, within it is lined with hair and feathers. It lays from ten to eighteen eggs; and as often brings up as many young; which, as Mr. Ray observes, may be ranked among those daily miracles that we take no notice of; that it should feed such a number without passing over one, and that too in utter darkness.

The head and upper part of the body of the wren are of a deep reddish brown: above each eye is a stroke of white: the back, and coverts of the wings, and tail, are marked with slender transverse black lines; the quill-feathers with bars of black and red. The throat is of a yellowish white. The belly and sides crossed with narrow dusky and pale reddish brown lines. The tail is crossed with dusky bars.

§ 18. *The SWIFT.*

This species is the largest of our swallows; but the weight is most disproportionately small to its extent of wing of any bird; the former being scarce one ounce, the latter eighteen inches. The length near eight. The feet of this bird are so small, that the action of walking and of rising from the ground is extremely difficult; so that nature hath made it full amends, by furnishing it with ample means for an easy and continual flight. It is more on the wing than any other swallows; its flight is more rapid, and that attended with a shrill scream. It rests by clinging against some wall, or other apt body; from whence Klein styles this species *Hirundo muraria*. It breeds under the eaves of houses, in steeples, and other lofty buildings; makes

its nest of grasses and feathers; and lays only two eggs, of a white colour. It is entirely of a glossy dark sooty colour, only the chin is marked with a white spot: but by being so constantly exposed to all weathers, the gloss of the plumage is lost before it retires. I cannot trace them to their winter quarters, unless in one instance of a pair found adhering by their claws and in a torpid state, in February 1766, under the roof of Longnor chapel, Shropshire: on being brought to a fire, they revived and moved about the room. The feet are of a particular structure, all the toes standing forward; the least consists of only one bone; the others of an equal number, viz. two each; in which they differ from those of all other birds.

This appears in our country about fourteen days later than the sand martin; but differs greatly in the time of its departure, retiring invariably about the tenth of August, being the first of the genus that leaves us.

The fabulous history of the Manucodiatæ, or bird of Paradise, is in the history of this species in great measure verified. It was believed to have no feet, to live upon the celestial dew, to float perpetually on the Indian air, and to perform all its functions in that element.

The Swift actually performs what has been in these enlightened times disproved of the former; except the small time it takes in sleeping, and what it devotes to incubation, every other action is done on wing. The materials of its nest it collects either as they are carried about by the winds, or picks them up from the surface in its sweeping flight. Its food is undeniable the insects that fill the air. Its drink is taken in transient sips from the water's surface. Even its amorous rites are performed on high. Few persons who have attended to them in a fine summer's morning, but must have seen them make their aerial courses at a great height, encircling a certain space with an easy steady motion. On a sudden they fall into each other's embraces, then drop precipitate with a loud shriek for numbers of yards. This is the critical conjuncture, and to be no more wondered at, than that insects (a familiar instance) should discharge the same duty in the same element.

These birds and swallows are inveterate enemies to hawks. The moment one appears, they attack him immediately: the swifts soon desist; but the swallows pursue

and persecute those rapacious birds, till they have entirely driven them away.

Swifts delight in sultry thundry weather, and seem thence to receive fresh spirits. They fly in those times in small parties with particular violence; and as they pass near steeples, towers, or any edifices where their mates perform the office of incubation, emit a loud scream, a sort of serenade, as Mr. White supposes, to their respective females.

To the curious monographies on the swallow tribe, of that worthy correspondent, I must acknowledge myself indebted for numbers of the remarks above-mentioned.

§ 19. *Of the Disappearance of Swallows.*

There are three opinions among naturalists concerning the manner the swallow tribe dispose of themselves after their disappearance from the countries in which they make their summer residence. Herodotus mentions one species that resides in Egypt the whole year: Prosper Alpinus asserts the same; and Mr. Loten, late governor of Ceylon, assured us, that those of Java never remove. These excepted, every other known kind observe a periodical migration, or retreat. The swallows of the cold Norway, and of North America, of the distant Kamtschatka, of the temperate parts of Europe, of Aleppo, and of the hot Jamaica, all agree in this one point.

In cold countries, a defect of insect food on the approach of winter, is a sufficient reason for these birds to quit them: but since the same cause probably does not subsist in the warm climates, recourse should be had to some other reason for their vanishing.

Of the three opinions, the first has the utmost appearance of probability; which is, that they remove nearer the sun, where they can find a continuance of their natural diet, and a temperature of air suiting their constitutions. That this is the case with some species of European swallows, has been proved beyond contradiction (as above cited) by M. Adanson. We often observe them collected in flocks innumerable on churches, on rocks, and on trees, previous to their departure hence; and Mr. Collinson proves their return here in perhaps equal numbers, by two curious relations of undoubted credit: the one communicated to him by Mr. Wright, master of a ship; the other by the late Sir Charles Wager; who both described (to the same purpose) what happened to each in their voyages.

“ Returning home (says Sir Charles) in the spring of the year, as I came into founding in our channel, a great flock of swallows came and settled on all my rigging; every rope was covered; they hung on one another like a swarm of bees; the decks and carving were filled with them. They seem'd almost famished and spent, and were only feathers and bones; but being recruited with a night's rest, took their flight in the morning.” This vast fatigue, proves that their journey must have been very great, considering the amazing swiftness of these birds, in all probability they had crossed the Atlantic ocean, and were returning from the shores of Senegal, or other parts of Africa; so that this account from that most able and honest seaman, confirms the later information of M. Adanson.

Mr. White, on Michaelmas-day 1768, had the good fortune to have ocular proof of what may reasonably be supposed an actual migration of swallows. Travelling that morning very early between his house and the coast, at the beginning of his journey he was environed with a thick fog, but on a large wild heath the mist began to break, and discovered to him numberless swallows, clustered on the standing bushes, as if they had roosted there: as soon as the sun burst out, they were instantly on wing, and with an easy and placid flight proceeded towards the sea. After this he saw no more flocks, only now and then a straggler*.

This rendezvous of swallows about the same of year is very common on the willows, in the little isles in the Thames. They seem to assemble for the same purpose as those in Hampshire, notwithstanding no one yet has been eye-witness of their departure. On the 26th of September last, two gentlemen who happened to lie at Maidenhead bridge, furnished at least a proof of the multitudes there assembled: they went by torch-light to an adjacent isle, and in less than half an hour brought ashore fifty dozen: for they had nothing more to do than to draw the willow twigs through their hands, the birds never stirring they were taken.

* In Kalm's Voyage to America, is a remarkable instance of the distant flight of swallows; for one lighted on the ship he was in, September 2d, when he had passed only over two-thirds of the Atlantic ocean. His passage was uncommonly quick, being performed from Deal to Philadelphia in less than six weeks; and when this accident happened, he was fourteen days sail from Cape Hinlopen.

The northern naturalists will perhaps say, that this assembly met for the purpose of plunging into their subaqueous winter quarters; but was that the case, they would never escape discovery in a river perpetually fished as the Thames, some of them must inevitably be brought up in the nets that harass that water.

The second notion has great antiquity on its side. Aristotle and Pliny give, as their belief, that swallows do not remove very far from their summer habitation, but winter in the hollows of rocks, and during that time lose their feathers. The former part of their opinion has been adopted by several ingenious men; and of late, several proofs have been brought of some species, at least, having been discovered in a torpid state. Mr. Collinson favoured us with the evidence of three gentlemen, eye-witnesses to numbers of sand martins being drawn out of a cliff on the Rhine, in the month of March 1762. And the honourable Daines Barrington communicated to us the following fact, on the authority of the late Lord Belhaven, that numbers of swallows have been found in old dry walls, and in sandhills near his lordship's seat in East Lothian; not once only, but from year to year; and that when they were exposed to the warmth of a fire, they revived. We have also heard of the same annual discoveries near Morpeth in Northumberland, but cannot speak of them with the same assurance as the two former: neither in the two last instances are we certain of the particular species.

Other witnesses crowd on us, to prove the residence of those birds in a torpid state during the severe season.

First, In the chalky cliffs of Sussex; as was seen on the fall of a great fragment some years ago.

Secondly, In a decayed hollow tree that was cut down, near Dalgelli, in Merionethshire.

Thirdly, In a cliff near Whitby, Yorkshire; where, on digging out a fox, whole bushels of swallows were found in a torpid condition. And,

Lastly, The Reverend Mr. Conway, of Sychton, Flintshire, was so obliging as to communicate the following fact: A few years ago, on looking down an old lead-mine in that county, he observed numbers of swallows clinging to the timbers of the shaft, seemingly asleep; and on flinging some gravel on them, they just moved, but never attempted to fly or change their

place; this was between All Saints and Christmas.

These are doubtless the lurking-places of the latter hatches, or of those young birds, who are incapable of distant migrations. There they continue insensible and rigid; but like flies, may sometimes be reanimated by an unseasonable hot day in the midst of winter: for very near Christmas a few appeared on the moulding of a window of Merton College, Oxford, in a remarkably warm nook, which prematurely set their blood in motion, having the same effect as laying them before the fire at the same time of year. Others have been known to make this premature appearance; but as soon as the cold natural to the season returns, they withdraw again to their former retreats.

I shall conclude with one argument drawn from the very late hatches of two species.

On the twenty-third of October 1767, a martin was seen in Southwark, flying in and out of its nest: and on the twenty-ninth of the same month, four or five swallows were observed hovering round and settling on the county hospital at Oxford. As these birds must have been of a late hatch, it is highly improbable that at so late a season of the year they would attempt, from one of our midland counties, a voyage almost as far as the equator to Senegal or Goree: we are therefore confirmed in our notion, that there is only a partial migration of these birds; and that the feeble late hatches conceal themselves in this country.

The above are circumstances we cannot but assent to, though seemingly contradictory to the common course of nature in regard to other birds. We must, therefore, divide our belief relating to these two so different opinions, and conclude, that one part of the swallow tribe migrate, and that others have their winter quarters near home. If it should be demanded, why swallows alone are found in a torpid state, and not the other many species of soft billed birds, which likewise disappear about the same time? The following reason may be assigned:

No birds are so much on the wing as swallows, none fly with such swiftness and rapidity, none are obliged to such sudden and various evolutions in their flight, none are at such pains to take their prey, and we may add, none exert their voice more incessantly,

cessantly; all these occasion a vast expence of strength, and of spirits, and may give such a texture to the blood, that other animals cannot experience; and so dispose, or we may say, necessitate, this tribe of birds, or part of them, at least, to a repose more lasting than that of any others.

The third notion is, even at first sight, too amazing and unnatural to merit mention, if it was not that some of the learned have been credulous enough to deliver, for fact, what has the strongest appearance of impossibility; we mean, the relation of swallows passing the winter immersed under ice, at the bottom of lakes, or lodged beneath the water of the sea at the foot of rocks. The first who broached this opinion, was Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, who very gravely informs us, that these birds are often found in clustered masses, at the bottom of the northern lakes, mouth to mouth, wing to wing, foot to foot; and that they creep down the reeds in autumn to their subaqueous retreats. That when old fishermen discover such a mass, they throw it into the water again; but when young inexperienced ones take it, they will, by thawing the birds at a fire, bring them indeed to the use of their wings, which will continue but a very short time, being owing to a premature and forced revival.

That the good Archbishop did not want credulity, in other instances, appears from this, that after having stocked the bottoms of the lakes with birds, he stores the clouds with mice, which sometimes fall in plentiful showers on Norway and the neighbouring countries.

Some of our own countrymen have given credit to the submersion of swallows; and Klein patronises the doctrine strongly, giving the following history of their manner of retiring, which he received from some countrymen and others. They asserted, that sometimes the swallows assembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and sunk with them to the bottom; and their immersion was preluded by a dirge of a quarter of an hour's length. That others would unite in laying hold of a straw with their bills, and so plunge down in society. Others again would form a large mass, by clinging together with their feet, and so commit themselves to the deep.

Such are the relations given by those that are fond of this opinion, and though delivered without exaggeration, must provoke a smile. They assign not the smallest rea-

son to account for these birds being able to endure so long a submersion without being suffocated, or without decaying, in an element so unnatural to so delicate a bird; when we know that the otter*, the corvoraunt, and the grebes, soon perish, if caught under ice, or entangled in nets: and it is well known, that those animals will continue much longer under water than any others, to whom nature hath denied that particular structure of heart, necessary for a long residence beneath that element.

§ 20. *Of the SMALL BIRDS of FLIGHT.*

In the suburbs of London (and particularly about Shoreditch) are several weavers and other tradesmen, who, during the months of October and March, get their livelihood by an ingenious, and we may say, a scientific method of bird-catching, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain.

The reason of this trade being confined to so small a compass, arises from there being no considerable sale for singing-birds except in the metropolis: as the apparatus for this purpose is also heavy, and at the same time must be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird-catchers going to above three or four miles distance.

This method of bird-catching must have been long practised, as it is brought to a most systematical perfection, and is attended with a very considerable expence.

The nets are a most ingenious piece of mechanism, are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one on bare inspection would imagine that a bird (who is so very quick in all its motions) could be caught by the nets flapping over each other, till he be-

* Though entirely satisfied in our own mind of the impossibility of these relations; yet, desirous of strengthening our opinion with some better authority, we applied to that able anatomist, Mr. John Hunter; who was so obliging to inform us, that he had dissected many swallows, but found nothing in them different from other birds as to the organs of respiration. That all those animals which he had dissected of the class that sleep during winter, such as lizards, frogs, &c. had a very different conformation as to those organs. That all these animals, he believes, do breathe in their torpid state; and as far as his experience reaches, he knows they do; and that therefore he esteems it a very wild opinion, that terrestrial animals can remain any long time under water without drowning.

comes eye-witness of the pullers seldom falling*.

The wild birds fly (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much less considerable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted also, that the several species of birds of flight do not make their appearance precisely at the same time, during the months of September, October, and November. The Pipit †, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the Woodlark, Linnet, Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and other birds of flight succeed; all of which are not easily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the Pipit and the Woodlark.

These birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day break to noon, though there is afterwards a small flight from two till night; but this however is so inconsiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deserve the attention of the naturalist whence these periodical flights of certain birds can arise. As the ground however is ploughed during the months of October and March for sowing the winter and lent corn, it should seem that they are thus supplied with a great profusion both of seeds and insects, which they cannot so easily procure at any other season.

It may not be improper to mention another circumstance, to be observed during their flitting, viz. that they fly always against the wind; hence, there is great contention amongst the bird-catchers who shall gain that point; if (for example) it is westerly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets most to the east, is sure almost of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the south-west generally produces the best sport.

The bird-catcher who is a substantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpose, generally carries with him five or six linnets (of which more are caught than any singing bird) two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpoll,

* These nets are known in most parts of England by the name of day-nets or clap-nets; but all we have seen are far inferior in their mechanism to those used near London.

† A small species of Lark, but which is inferior to other birds of that genus in point of song.

a yellow hammer, titlark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; these are placed at small distances from the nets in little cages. He hath, besides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raised upon the flur*, and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. These generally consist of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are secured to the flur by what is called a brace†; a contrivance that secures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a superiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in song than the other; the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds should moult before the usual time. They therefore, in June or July, put them into a close box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raise a greater heat; in which state they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have fresh water. As for food, the air is so putrid, that they eat little during the whole state of confinement, which lasts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation ‡; and hence the value of a stopped bird rises greatly.

When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in song, whilst the wild birds are out of song, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of the goldfinch, for example, become deeper and more vivid, together with a most beautiful gloss, which is not to be seen in the wild bird. The bill, which in the latter is likewise black at the end, in the stopped bird becomes white and more taper, as do its legs: in short, there is as much difference between a wild and a stopped bird, as there is between a horse which is kept in body clothes, or at grafs.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his

* A moveable perch to which the bird is tied, and which the bird-catcher can raise at pleasure, by means of a long string fastened to it.

† A sort of bandage, formed of a slender silken string that is fastened round the bird's body, and under the wings, in so artful a manner as to hinder the bird from being hurt, let it flutter ever so much in the raising.

‡ We have been lately informed by an experienced bird-catcher, that he pursues a cooler regimen in stopping his birds, and that he therefore seldom loses one; but we suspect that there is not the same certainty of making them moult.

nets,

nets, he disposes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It must be owned, that there is a most malicious joy in these call-birds of bringing the wild ones into the same state of captivity; which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks.

Their sight and hearing infinitely excels that of the bird-catcher. The instant that the * wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds (as it is by the first hound that hits on the scent to the rest of the pack) after which follows the same sort of tumultuous ecstasy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call short jerks, which when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The ascendancy by this call or invitation is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets †, lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which otherwise it would not have taken the least notice of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at till it is caught, such a fascinating power have the call-birds.

While we are on this subject of the jerking of birds, we cannot omit mentioning, that the bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose call-bird can jerk the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other, by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the longest, before the candle is burnt out, wins the wager. We have been informed, that there have been instances of a bird's giving a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet, in such a trial, persevere in its emulation till it swooned from the perch: thus, as Pliny says of the nightingale, *victa morte suum saepe vitam, spiritu prius deficiente quàm cantu.* Lib. x. c. 29.

It may be here observed, that birds when

near each other, and in sight, seldom jerk or sing. They either fight, or use short and wheedling calls: the jerking of these call-birds, therefore, face to face, is a most extraordinary instance of contention for superiority in song.

It may be also worthy of observation, that the female of no species of birds ever sings: with birds, it is the reverse of what occurs in human kind: among the feathered tribe, all the cares of life fall to the lot of the tender sex: theirs is the fatigue of incubation; and the principal share in nursing the helpless brood: to alleviate these fatigues, and to support her under them, nature hath given to the male the song, with all the little blandishments and soothing arts; these he fondly exerts (even after courtship) on some spray contiguous to the nest, during the time his mate is performing her parental duties. But that she should be silent, is also another wise provision of nature, for her song would discover her nest; as would a gaudiness of plumage, which, for the same reason, seems to have been denied her.

To these we may add a few particulars that fell within our notice during our enquiries among the bird-catchers, such as, that they immediately kill the hens of every species of birds they take, being incapable of singing, as also being inferior in plumage; the pippets likewise are indiscriminately destroyed, as the cock does not sing well: they sell the dead birds for three-pence or four-pence a dozen.

These small birds are so good, that we are surprised the luxury of the age neglects so delicate an acquisition to the table. The modern Italians are fond of small birds, which they eat under the common name of Beccaficos: and the dear rate a Roman tragedian paid for one dish of singing birds* is well known.

Another particular we learned, in conversation with a London bird-catcher, was the vast price that is sometimes given for a single song-bird, which had not learned to whistle tunes. The greatest sum we heard of, was five guineas for a chaffinch, that had a particular and uncommon note,

* It may be also observed, that the moment they see a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call though the wild birds are near.

† A bird, acquainted with the nets, is by the bird-catchers termed a sharper, which they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no sport whilst it continues near them.

* *Maximè tamen insignis est in hac memoria, Clodii Æsopi tragici histionis patina sexcentis H. S. taxata; in quo posuit aves cantu aliquo, aut humano sermone, vocalis.* Plin. lib. x. c. 51. The price of this expensive dish was about 634*l.* 10*s.* according to Arbuthnot's Tables. This seems to have been a wanton caprice, rather than a tribute to epicurism,

under which it was intended to train others: and we also heard of five pounds ten shillings being given for a call-bird linnet.

A third singular circumstance, which confirms an observation of Linnæus, is, that the male chaffinches fly by themselves, and in the flight precede the females; but this is not peculiar to the chaffinches. When the titlarks are caught in the beginning of the season, it frequently happens, that forty are taken and not one female among them; and probably the same would be observed with regard to other birds (as has been done with relation to the wheat-ear) if they were attended to.

An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher informed us, that such birds as breed twice a year, generally have in their first brood a majority of males, and in their second, of females, which may in part account for the above observation.

We must not omit mention of the bullfinch, though it does not properly come under the title of a singing-bird, or a bird of flight, as it does not often move farther than from hedge to hedge; yet, as the bird sells well on account of its learning to whistle tunes, and sometimes flies over the fields where the nets are laid; the bird-catchers have often a call-bird to ensnare it, though most of them can imitate the call with their mouths. It is remarkable with regard to this bird, that the female answers the purpose of a call-bird as well as the male, which is not experienced in any other bird taken by the London bird-catchers.

It may perhaps surprize, that under this article of singing birds, we have not mentioned the nightingale, which is not a bird of flight, in the sense the bird-catchers use this term. The nightingale, like the robin, wren, and many other singing birds, only moves from hedge to hedge, and does not take the periodical flights in October and March. The persons who catch these birds, make use of small trap-nets, without call-birds, and are considered as inferior in dignity to other bird-catchers, who will not rank with them.

The nightingale being the first of singing-birds, we shall here insert a few particulars relating to it.

Its arrival is expected by the trappers in the neighbourhood of London, the first week in April; at the beginning none but cocks are taken, but in a few days the hens make their appearance, generally by them-

selves, though sometimes a few males come along with them.

The latter are distinguished from the females not only by their superior size, but by a great swelling of their vent, which commences on the first arrival of the hens.

They do not build till the middle of May, and generally chuse a quickset to make their nest in.

If the nightingale is kept in a cage, it often begins to sing about the latter end of November, and continues its song more or less till June.

A young canary bird, linnet, skylark, or robin (who have never heard any other bird) are said best to learn the note of a nightingale.

They are caught in a net-trap; the bottom of which is surrounded with an iron ring; the net itself is rather larger than a cabbage-net.

When the trappers hear or see them, they strew some fresh mould under the place, and bait the trap with a meal-worm from the baker's shop.

Ten or a dozen nightingales have been thus caught in a day. *Barrington.*

§ 21. *Experiments and Observations on the SINGING of BIRDS.*

From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. lxxiii.

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the Royal Society relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated of*, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To *chirp*, is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very

* Kircher, indeed, in his *Musurgia*, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckoo, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances, however, only prove that some birds have in their song, notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.

weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The *call* of a bird, is that sound which it is able to make when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect) a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen *.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, *recording*, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument, formerly used in England, called a recorder †.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again, when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows than he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I have never happened to meet with a passage, in any writer, which seems to re-

* For want of terms to distinguish the notes of birds, Belon applies the verb *chant* it, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Plusieurs oiseaux *chantent* la nuit, comme est l'oye, la grue, & le rossignol." Belon's Hist. of Birds, p. 50.

† It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes.

Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been strait, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a *sipple*, or stopper. See his second Century of Experiments.

late to this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

— "Nunc volucrum novi
" *Questus, inexpertumque carmen,*
" *Quod tacitâ statuere brumâ.*"
Stat. Sylv. L. IV, Ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered *.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to sing his song round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

I would therefore define a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crotchets in an *adagio* movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By the first requisite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen †, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing birds, contending with each other (called *jerks* by the bird-catchers) are equally distinguished from what I term song, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its song, I will, for this reason, take the liberty of terming such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the *varied call*.

Having thus settled the meaning of certain words, which I shall be obliged to make use of, I shall now proceed to state some general principles with regard to the singing of birds, which seem to result from the experiments I have been making for several years, and under a great variety of circumstances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the master under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

* The bird called a Twite by the bird-catchers, commonly flies in company with linnets, yet these two species of birds never learn each other's notes, which always continue totally different.

† The common hen, when she lays, repeats the same note, very often, and concludes with the sixth above, which she holds for a longer time.

Most of the experiments I have made on this subject have been tried with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their nest, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great powers of imitation, but because the cock is easily distinguished from the hen at that early period, by the superior whiteness in the wing*.

In many other sorts of singing birds the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from the female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

—“ibi omnis
“Effusus labor.”

The Greek poets made a songster of the τειλιξ, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds:

ΕΙΤ' ΕΙΣΤΙ ΟΙ ΤΕΙΛΙΥΣ ΕΚ ΕΥΔΑΙΜΟΝΕΣ,
ΣΗ ΤΑΙΣ ΠΥΡΑΙΞΙΝ Η Δ' ΟΥΝ ΦΩΝΗΣ ΕΝΙ;
Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ,
p. 452. Ed. Steph.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those kinds.

I have educated nestling linnets under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet † was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered stedfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengo-

lina*, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old, when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth indeed of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which,

* This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our aberdavine (or fishkin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock hath a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird. An instance hath lately happened, in an aviary at Hampstead, of a vengolina's breeding with a Canary bird.

from

* The white reaches almost to the shaft of the quill feathers, and in the hen does not exceed more than half of that space: it is also of a brighter hue.

† I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robins, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet died last year, before which many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought indeed that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

The people of the house, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I staid a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren without the least mixture of goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts, which I have stated, seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, inasmuch, that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young Cuckoo birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet I have been informed, that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others; but because he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe, from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbishy, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestlings will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I before stated of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note which it first heard when taken from the nest: I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which, the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was, that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments,

experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing: though perhaps the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even, who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical) that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than of all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language; and therefore those even, who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense (as it hath been called by some) require, however, the best instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fiddler and ballad-singer in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country is therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the same may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London housemaid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only, that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird sing distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song whilst in a cage, than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour hereafter to explain.

They who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary birds, do not know that they sing chiefly either the titlark, or nightingale notes*.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced, that, if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information †.

Birds in a wild state do not commonly

* I once saw two of these birds which came from the Canary Islands, neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed, that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sung as little.

Most of those Canary birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was instructed by a nightingale; our English Canary birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The traffic in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England sixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay 20*l.* duty for such a number, yet, upon the whole, it answers to sell these birds at 5*s.* a piece.

The chief place for breeding Canary birds is Inspruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

† As it will not answer to catch birds with clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhood of London, most of the birds which may be heard in a country town are nestlings, and consequently cannot sing the supposed natural song in any perfection.

sing above ten weeks in the year; which is then also confined to the cocks of a few species; I conceive that this last circumstance arise from the superior strength of the muscles of the larynx.

I procure a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as also a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomist, Mr. Hunter; F. R. S. was so obliging as to dissect for me, and begged, that he would particularly attend to the state of the organs in the different birds, which might be supposed to contribute to singing.

Mr. Hunter found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

I sent the cock and hen rook, in order to see whether there would be the same difference in the cock and hen of a species which did not sing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended so much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the best of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in these muscles, seems not to be the only requisite; the birds must have also great plenty of food, which seems to be proved sufficiently by birds in a cage singing the greatest part of the year*, when the wild ones do not (as I observed before) continue in song above ten weeks.

The food of singing birds consists of plants, insects, or seeds, and of the two first of these there is infinitely the greatest profusion in the spring.

As for seeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country so cultivated as England is; for the seeds in meadows are destroyed by mowing; in pastures, by the bite of the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when most of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them†.

* Fish also which are supplied with a constant accession of palatable food, continue in season throughout the greatest part of the year; trouts, therefore, when confined in a stew and fed with minnows, are almost at all seasons of a good flavour, and are red when dressed.

† The plough indeed may turn up some few seeds, which may still be in an eatable state.

I know well that the singing of the cock-bird in the spring is attributed by many to the motive only of pleasing its mate during incubation.

They, however, who suppose this, should recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not sing at all, why should their mate therefore be deprived of this solace and amusement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, sings nine or ten months in a year, cannot do so from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it arises chiefly from contending with another bird, or indeed against almost any sort of continued noise.

Superiority in song gives to birds a most amazing ascendancy over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the fascinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive should moult prematurely for this purpose.

But, to shew decisively that the singing of a bird in the spring does not arise from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that some of these birds have jerked the instant they were caught. He hath also brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burst forth in a roar of song.

At the same time this bird is so sulky on its first confinement, that he must be crammed for seven or eight days, as he will otherwise not feed himself; it is also necessary to tie his wings, to prevent his killing himself against the top or sides of the cage.

I believe there is no instance of any bird's singing which exceeds our black-bird in size: and possibly this may arise from the difficulty of its concealing itself, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudness of its notes*.

I should rather conceive, it is for the same reason that no hen-bird sings, because this talent would be still more dangerous during incubation; which may possibly also account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

Barrington.

F I S H E S.

§ 22. *The EEL.*

The eel is a very singular fish in several things that relate to its natural history,

* For the same reason, most large birds are wilder than the smaller ones.

and

and in some respects borders on the nature of the reptile tribe.

It is known to quit its element, and during night to wander along the meadows, not only for change of habitation, but also for the sake of prey, feeding on the snails it finds in its passage.

During winter it beds itself deep in the mud, and continues in a state of rest like the serpent kind. It is very impatient of cold, and will eagerly take shelter in a whisp of straw flung into a pond in severe weather, which has sometimes been practised as a method of taking them. Albertus goes so far as to say, that he has known eels to shelter in a hay-rick, yet all perished through excess of cold.

It has been observed, that in the river Nyne there is a variety of small eel, with a lesser head and narrower mouth than the common kind; that it is found in clusters in the bottom of the river, and is called the bed-eel; these are sometimes roused up by violent floods, and are never found at that time with meat in their stomachs. This bears such an analogy with the clustering of blindworms in their quiescent state, that we cannot but consider it as a further proof of a partial agreement in the nature of the two genera.

The ancients adopted a most wild opinion about the generation of these fish, believing them to be either created from the mud, or that the scrapings of their bodies which they left on the stones were animated and became young eels. Some moderns gave into these opinions, and into others that were equally extravagant. They could not account for the appearance of these fish in ponds that never were stocked with them, and that were even so remote as to make their being met with in such places a phenomenon that they could not solve. But there is much reason to believe, that many waters are supplied with these fish by the aquatic fowl of prey, in the same manner as vegetation is spread by many of the land birds, either by being dropped as they carry them to feed their young, or by passing quick through their bodies, as is the case with herons; and such may be the occasion of the appearance of these fish in places where they were never seen before. As to their immediate generation, it has been sufficiently proved to be effected in the ordinary course of nature, and that they are viviparous.

They are extremely voracious, and very destructive to the fry of fish.

No fish lives so long out of water as the eel: it is extremely tenacious of life, as its parts will move a considerable time after they are slayed and cut into pieces.

The eel is placed by Linnæus in the genus of *muræna*, his first of the apodal fish, or such which want the ventral fins.

The eyes are placed not remote from the end of the nose: the irides are tinged with red: the under jaw is longer than the upper: the teeth are small, sharp, and numerous: beneath each eye is a minute orifice: at the end of the nose two others, small and tubular.

The fish is furnished with a pair of pectoral fins, rounded at their ends. A very narrow fin on the back, uniting with that of the tail: and the anal fin joins it in the same manner beneath.

Behind the pectoral fins is the orifice to the gills, which are concealed in the skin.

Eels vary much in their colours, from a sooty hue to a light olive green; and those which are called silver eels, have their bellies white, and a remarkable clearness throughout.

Besides these, there is another variety of this fish, known in the Thames by the name of grigs, and about Oxford by that of grigs or giuts. These are scarce ever seen near Oxford in the winter, but appear in spring, and bite readily at the hook, which common eels in that neighbourhood will not. They have a larger head, a blunter nose, thicker skin, and less fat than the common sort; neither are they so much esteemed, nor do they often exceed three or four pounds in weight.

Common eels grow to a large size, sometimes so great as to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but that is extremely rare. As to instances brought by Dale and others, of these fish increasing to a superior magnitude, we have much reason to suspect them to have been congers, since the enormous fish they describe have all been taken at the mouths of the Thames or Medway.

The eel is the most universal of fish, yet is scarce ever found in the Danube, though it is very common in the lakes and rivers of Upper Austria.

The Romans held this fish very cheap, probably from its likeness to a snake.

Vos anguilla manet longa: cogata colubra,
Vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloaca.

Juvenal, Sat. v

For you is kept a sink-fed snake-like eel.

On the contrary, the luxurious Sybarites were so fond of these fish, as to exempt from every kind of tribute the persons who sold them.

§ 23. *The PERCH.*

The perch of Aristotle and Ausonius is the same with that of the moderns. That mentioned by Oppian, Pliny, and Athenæus, is a sea-fish, probably of the *Labrus* or *Sparus* kind, being enumerated by them among some congenerous species. Our perch was much esteemed by the Romans:

Nec te delicias mensarum PERCA, silebo
Amnigenos inter pisces dignande marinis.
AUSONIUS.

It is not less admired at present as a firm and delicate fish; and the Dutch are particularly fond of it when made into a dish called water fouchy.

It is a gregarious fish, and loves deep holes and gentle streams. It is a most voracious fish, and eager biter: if the angler meets with a shoal of them, he is sure of taking every one.

It is a common notion that the pike will not attack this fish, being fearful of the spiny fins which the perch erects on the approach of the former. This may be true in respect to large fish; but it is well known the small ones are the most tempting bait that can be laid for the pike.

The perch is a fish very tenacious of life: we have known them carried near sixty miles in dry straw, and yet survive the journey.

These fish seldom grow to a large size: we once heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds; but that is very uncommon.

The body is deep: the scales very rough: the back much arched: side-line near the back.

The irides golden: the teeth small, disposed on the jaws and on the roof of the mouth: the edges of the covers of the gills serrated: on the lower end of the largest is a sharp spine.

The first dorsal fin consists of fourteen strong spiny rays: the second of sixteen soft ones: the pectoral fins are transparent, and consist of fourteen rays; the ventral of six; the anal of eleven.

The tail is a little forked.

The colours are beautiful: the back and part of the sides being of a deep green, marked with five broad black bars point-

ing downwards: the belly is white, tinged with red: the ventral fins of a rich scarlet; the anal fins and tail of the same colour, but rather paler.

In a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, is a very singular variety of perch: the back is quite hunched, and the lower part of the back-bone, next the tail, strangely distorted: in colour, and in other respects, it resembles the common kind, which are as numerous in the lake as these deformed fish. They are not peculiar to this water; for Linnæus takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames near Marlow.

§ 24. *The TROUT.*

It is a matter of surprise that this common fish has escaped the notice of all the ancients, except Ausonius: it is also singular, that so delicate a species should be neglected at a time when the folly of the table was at its height; and that the epicures should overlook a fish that is found in such quantities in the lakes of their neighbourhood, when they ransacked the universe for dainties. The milts of *muræna* were brought from one place; the livers of *scari* from another*; and oysters even from so remote a spot as our Sandwich †: but there was, and is a fashion in the article of good living. The Romans seem to have despised the trout, the piper, and the doree; and we believe Mr. Quin himself would have resigned the rich paps of a pregnant sow ‡, the heels of camels §, and the tongues of *flamingos* ||, though dressed by Heliogabalus's cooks, for a good jowl of salmon with lobster-sauce.

When Ausonius speaks of this fish, he makes no eulogy on its goodness, but celebrates it only for its beauty.

Purpureisque SALAR stellatus teigore guttis.

With purple spots the SALAR's back is stain'd.

These marks point out the species he intended: what he meant by his *faris* is not so easy to determine: whether any species of trout, of a size between the *salar* and the salmon; or whether the salmon itself, at a certain age, is not very evident.

* Suetonius, vita Vitellii.

† Juvenal, Sat. IV. 141.

‡ Martial, Lib. XIII. Epig. 44.

§ Lamprid. vit. Heliogab.

|| Martial, Lib. XII. Epig. 71.

Teque inter geminos species, neutrumque et utrumque,

Qui nec dum SALMO, nec SALAR ambiguusque. Amborum medio FARIO intercepte sub xvo.

SALMON or SALAR, I'll pronounce thee neither;

A doubtful kind, that may be none, or either. FARIO, when stopt in middle growth.

In fact, the colours of the trout, and its spots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different seasons: yet each may be reduced to one species. In Llyndivi, a lake in South Wales, are trouts called *coch y dail*, marked with red and black spots as big as six-pences; others unspotted, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh near ten pounds, but are bad tasted.

In Lough Neagh, in Ireland, are trouts called there *buddaghs*, which I was told sometimes weighed thirty pounds; but it was not my fortune to see any during my stay in the neighbourhood of that vast water.

Trouts (probably of the same species) are also taken in Hulse-water, a lake in Cumberland, of a much superior size to those of Lough Neagh. These are supposed to be the same with the trout of the lake of Geneva, a fish I have eaten more than once, and think but a very indifferent one.

In the river Eynion, not far from Machynlleth, in Merionethshire, and in one of the Snowdon lakes, are found a variety of trout, which are naturally deformed, having a strange crookedness near the tail, resembling that of the perch before described. We dwell the less on these monstrous productions, as our friend, the Hon. Daines Barrington, has already given an account of them in an ingenious dissertation on some of the Cambrian fish, published in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1767.

The stomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muscular. They feed on the shell-fish of lakes and rivers, as well, as on small fish. They likewise take into their stomachs gravel, or small stones, to assist in comminuting the testaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, such as those of the province of Galway, and some others, are remarkable for the great thickness of their stomachs, which, from some slight resemblance to the organs of digestion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Irish name of the species that has them, *Gillaroo* trouts.

These stomachs are sometimes served up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me, that the extraordinary strength of stomach in the Irish fish, should give any suspicion that it is a distinct species: the nature of the waters might increase the thickness; or the superior quantity of shell-fish, which may more frequently call for the use of its comminuting powers than those of our trouts, might occasion this difference. I had opportunity of comparing the stomach of a great *Gillaroo* trout, with a large one from the Uxbridge river. The last, if I recollect, was smaller, and out of season; and its stomach (notwithstanding it was very thick) was much inferior in strength to that of the former: but on the whole, there was not the least specific difference between the two subjects.

Trouts are most voracious fish, and afford excellent diversion to the angler: the passion for the sport of angling is so great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fishing in some of the streams in the adjacent counties, is purchased at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

These fish shift their quarters to spawn, and, like salmon, make up towards the heads of rivers to deposit their roes. The under jaw of the trout is subject, at certain times, to the same curvature as that of the salmon.

A trout taken in Llynallet, in Denbighshire, which is famous for an excellent head, measured seventeen inches, its depth three and three quarters, its weight of ten pounds ten ounces: the head thick; the snout rather sharp: the upper jaw a little longer than the lower; both jaws, as well as the head, were of a purplish brown, blotched with black: the teeth sharp and strong, disposed in the jaws, roof of the mouth, and tongue, as is the case with the whole genus, except the gwyniad, which is toothless, and the grayling, which has none on its tongue.

The back was ashy; the sides tinged with a purplish bloom, marked with deep purple spots, mixed with black, above and below the side line which was straight: the belly white.

The first dorsal fin was spotted; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, of a pale brown, the edges of the anal fin white: the tail very little forked when extended.

§ 25. *The PIKE or JACK.*

The pike is common in most of the lakes of Europe, but the largest are those taken in Lapland, which, according to Schæffer, are sometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried, and exported for sale. The largest fish of this kind which we ever heard of in England, weighed thirty-five pounds.

According to the common saying, these fish were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII. in 1537. They were so rare, that a pike was sold for double the price of a house-lamb in February, and a pickerel for more than a fat capon.

All writers who treat of this species bring instances of its vast voraciousness. We have known one that was choaked by attempting to swallow one of its own species that proved too large a morsel. Yet its jaws are very loosely connected; and have on each side an additional bone like the jaw of a viper, which renders them capable of greater distension when it swallows its prey. It does not confine itself to feed on fish and frogs; it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are swimming about. In a manuscript note which we found, p. 244, of our copy of Plott's History of Staffordshire, is the following extraordinary fact: "At Lord Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants perceiving a swan with its head under water for a longer time than usual, took the boat, and found both swan and pike dead *."

But there are instances of its fierceness still more surprising, and which indeed border a little on the marvellous. Gesner † relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the hind of a mule that was brought to water, and that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. That people have been killed by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs, and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavour to force it out of its mouth.

Small fish shew the same uneasiness and detestation at the presence of his tyrant, as the little birds do at the sight of the hawk or owl. When the pike lies dormant near

the surface (as is frequently the case) the lesser fish are often observed to swim around it in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Pike are often haltered in a noose, and taken while they lie thus asleep, as they are often found in the ditches near the Thames, in the month of May.

In the shallow water of the Lincolnshire fens they are frequently taken in a manner peculiar, we believe, to that county, and the isle of Ceylon. The fishermen make use of what is called a crown-net, which is no more than a hemispherical basket, open at top and bottom. He stands at the end of one of the little fenboats, and frequently puts his basket down to the bottom of the water, then poking a stick into it, discovers whether he has any booty by the striking of the fish: and vast numbers of pike are taken in this manner.

The longevity of this fish is very remarkable, if we may credit the accounts given of it. Rzaczynski tells us of one that was ninety years old; but Gesner relates that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: *I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick, the second, the 5th of October, 1230:* so that the former must have been an infant to this Methusalem of a fish.

Pikes spawn in March or April, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. When they are in high season their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with bright yellow; and the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of season, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots turn pale.

The head is very flat; the upper jaw broad, and is shorter than the lower; the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures.

The teeth are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth, and often the tongue. The slit of the mouth, or the gape, is very wide; the eyes small.

The dorsal fin is placed very low on the back, and consists of twenty-one rays; the pectoral of fifteen; the ventral of eleven; the anal of eighteen.

The tail is bifurcated.

§ 26. *The CARP.*

This is one of the naturalized fish of our country, having been introduced here by Leonard

* This note we afterwards discovered was wrote by Mr. Plott, of Oxford, who assured me he inserted it on good authority.

† Gesner pike, 503

Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514*, to whom we were also indebted for that excellent apple the pepin. The many good things that our island wanted before that period, are enumerated in this old distich:

Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

As to the two last articles we have some doubts, the others we believe to be true. Russia wants these fish at this day; Sweden has them only in the ponds of the people of fashion: Polish Prussia is the chief seat of the carp: they abound in the rivers and lakes of that country, particularly in the Frisch and Curisch-haff, where they are taken of a vast size. They are there a great article of commerce, and sent in well-boats to Sweden and Russia. The merchants purchase them out of the waters of the noblest of the country, who draw a good revenue from this article. Neither are there wanting among our gentry, instances of some who make good profit of their ponds.

The ancients do not separate the carp from the sea fish. We are credibly informed that they are sometimes found in the harbour of Dantzick, between the town and a small place called Hela.

Carp are very long lived. Gesner brings an instance of one that was an hundred years old. They also grow to a very great size. On our own knowledge we can speak of none that exceeded twenty pounds in weight; but Jovius says, that they were sometimes taken in the Lacus Larius (the Lago di Como) of two hundred pounds weight; and Rzaczynski mentions others taken in the Dniefter that were five feet in length.

They are also extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a most remarkable time out of water. An experiment has been made by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, the mouth only remaining out, and then hung up in a cellar, or some cool place: the fish is frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is besides often plunged into water. Carp thus managed have been known, not only to have lived above a fortnight, but to grow exceedingly fat, and far superior in taste to those that are immediately killed from the pond †.

* Fuller's British Worthies, Suffex. 113.

† This was told me by a gentleman of the utmost veracity, who had twice made the experiment. The same fact is related by that pious philosopher Doctor Derham, in his Physico-Theology; edit. 9th. 1737. ch. 1. p. 7. n. 2.

The carp is a prodigious breeder: its quantity of roe has been sometimes found so great, that when taken out and weighed against the fish itself, the former has been found to preponderate. From the spawn of this fish caviare is made for the Jews, who hold this sturgeon in abhorrence.

These fish are extremely cunning, and on that account are by some styled the *vi-cer fix*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way; at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very shy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple, as to suffer themselves to be tickled, handled, and caught by any body that will attempt it.

This fish is apt to mixt its milt with the roe of other fish, from which is produced a spurious breed: we have seen the offspring of the carp and tench, which bore the greatest resemblance to the first: have also heard of the same mixture between the carp and bream.

The carp is of a thick shape: the scales very large and when in best season of a fine gilded hue.

The jaws are of equal length; there are two teeth in the jaws, or on the tongue; but at the entrance of the gullet, above and below, are certain bones that act on each other, and comminute the food before it passes down.

On each side of the mouth is a single beard; above those on each side another, but shorter: the dorsal fin extends far towards the tail, which is a little bifurcated; the third ray of the dorsal fin is very strong, and armed with sharp teeth, pointing downwards; the third ray of the anal fin is constructed in the same manner.

§ 27. *The BARBEL.*

This fish was so extremely coarse, as to be overlooked by the ancients till the time of Ausonius, and what he says is no panegyric on it; for he lets us know it loves deep waters, and that when it grows old it was not absolutely bad.

LACUS exerceo BARBE natatus,
Tu melior pejore ævo, tibi contigit uni
Spirantum ex numero non inlaudata senectus.

It frequents the still and deep parts of rivers, and lives in society, rooting like swine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to

take

take numbers by diving for them. In summer they move about during night in search of food, but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes.

They are the worst and coarsest of fresh water fish, and seldom eat but by the poorer sort of people, who sometimes boil them with a bit of bacon to give them a relish. The roe is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nausea, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling.

It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight: it is of a long and rounded form: the scales not large.

Its head is smooth: the nostrils placed near the eyes: the mouth is placed below: on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose.

The dorsal fin is armed with a remarkable strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets.

The pectoral fins are of a pale brown colour; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow: the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple: the side line is strait.

The scales are of a pale gold colour, edged with black: the belly is white.

§ 28. *The TENCH.*

The tench underwent the same fate with the barbel, in respect to the notice taken of it by the early writers, and even Ausonius, who first mentions it, treats it with such disrespect as evinces the great capriciousness of taste; for that fish, which at present is held in such good repute, was in his days the repast only of the canaille.

Quis non et virides vulgi solatia Tincas
Norit?

It has been by some called the Physician of the fish, and that the slime is so healing, that the wounded apply it as a styptic. The ingenious Mr. Diaper, in his piscatory eclogues, says, that even the voracious pike will spare the tench on account of its healing powers:

The Tench he spares a medicinal kind;
For when by wounds distressed, or sore disease,
He courts the salutary fish for ease;
Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
And tweats a healing balsam from his sides.

Ecl. II.

Whatever virtue its slime may have to the inhabitants of the water, we will not

vouch for, but its flesh is a wholesome and delicious food to those of the earth. The Germans are of a different opinion. By way of contempt, they call it Shoemaker. Gesner even says, that it is insipid and unwholesome.

It does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight, but we have heard of one that weighed ten pounds; Salvianus speaks of some that arrived at twenty pounds.

They love still waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are very foolish, and easily caught.

The tench is thick and short in proportion to its length: the scales are very small, and covered with slime.

The irides are red: there is sometimes, but not always, a small beard at each corner of the mouth.

The colour of the back is dusky; the dorsal and ventral fins of the same colour: the head, sides, and belly, of a greenish cast, most beautifully mixed with gold, which is in its greatest splendor when the fish is in the highest season.

The tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

§ 29. *The GUDGEON.*

Aristotle mentions the gudgeon in two places; once as a river fish, and again as a species that was gregarious; in a third place he describes it as a sea fish: we must therefore consider the *Kαῖος*, he mentions, lib. ix. c. 2. and lib. viii. c. 19. as the same with our species.

This fish is generally found in gentle streams, and is of a small size: those few, however, that are caught in the Kennet, and Cole, are three times the weight of those taken elsewhere. The largest we ever heard of was taken near Uxbridge, and weighed half a pound.

They bite eagerly, and are assembled by raking the bed of the river; to this spot they immediately crowd in shoals, expecting food from this disturbance.

The shape of the body is thick and round: the irides tinged with red: the gill covers with green and silver: the lower jaw is shorter than the upper: at each corner of the mouth is a single beard: the back olive, spotted with black: the side line strait; the sides beneath that silvery: the belly white.

The tail is forked; that, as well as the dorsal fin, is spotted with black.

§ 30. *The BREAM.*

The bream is an inhabitant of lakes, or the deep parts of still rivers. It is a fish that is very little esteemed, being extremely insipid.

It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length. The back rises very much, and is very sharp at the top. The head and mouth are small: on some we examined in the spring, were abundance of minute whitish tubercles; an accident which Pliny seems to have observed befalls the fish of the Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como. The scales are very large: the sides flat and thin.

The dorsal fin has eleven rays, the second of which is the longest: that fin, as well as all the rest, are of a dusky colour; the back of the same hue: the sides yellowish.

The tail is very large, and of the form of a crescent.

§ 31. *The CRUCIAN.*

This species is common in many of the fish-ponds about London, and other parts of the south of England; but I believe is not a native fish.

It is very deep and thick: the back is much arched: the dorsal fin consists of nineteen rays; the two first strong and serrated. The pectoral fins have (each) thirteen rays; the ventral nine; the anal seven or eight: the lateral line parallel with the belly: the tail almost even at the end.

The colour of the fish in general is a deep yellow: the meat is coarse, and little esteemed.

§ 32. *The ROACH.*

'Sound as a roach,' is a proverb that appears to be but indifferently founded, that fish being not more distinguished for its vivacity than many others; yet it is used by the French as well as us, who compare people of strong health to their *gardon*, our roach.

It is a common fish, found in many of our deep still rivers, affecting, like the others of this genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, keeping in large shoals. We have never seen them very large. Old Walton speaks of some that weighed two pounds. In a list of fish sold in the London markets, with the greatest weight of each, communicated to us by an intelligent fishmonger, is mention of one whose weight was five pounds.

The roach is deep but thin, and the

back is much elevated, and sharply ridged: the scales large, and fall off very easily. Side line bends much in the middle towards the belly.

§ 33. *The DACE.*

This, like the roach, is gregarious, haunts the same places, is a great breeder, very lively, and during summer is very fond of frolicking near the surface of the water. This fish and the roach are coarse and insipid meat.

Its head is small: the irides of a pale yellow: the body long and slender: its length seldom above ten inches, though in the above-mentioned list is an account of one that weighed a pound and an half: the scales smaller than those of the roach.

The back is varied with dusky, with a cast of a yellowish green: the sides and belly silvery: the dorsal fin dusky: the ventral, anal, and caudal fins red, but less so than those of the former: the tail is very much forked.

§ 34. *The CHUB.*

Salvianus imagines this fish to have been the *squalus* of the ancients, and grounds his opinion on a supposed error in a certain passage in Columella and Varro, where he would substitute the word *squalus* instead of *scarus*: Columella says no more than that the old Romans paid much attention to their stews, and kept even the sea-fish in fresh water, paying as much respect to the *mullet* and *scarus*, as those of his days did to the *muræna* and *bass*.

That the *scarus* was not our *chub*, is very evident; not only because the chub is entirely an inhabitant of fresh waters, but likewise it seems improbable that the Romans would give themselves any trouble about the worst of river fish, when they neglected the most delicious kinds; all their attention was directed towards those of the sea: the difficulty of procuring them seems to have been the criterion of their value, as is ever the case with effete luxury.

The chub is a very coarse fish, and full of bones; it frequents the deep holes of rivers, and during summer commonly lies on the surface, beneath the shade of some tree or bush. It is a very timid fish, sinking to the bottom on the least alarm, even at the passing of a shadow, but they will soon resume their situation. It feeds on worms, caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles, and other coleopterous insects that happen to fall into the water; and it will even feed on cray-fish. This fish will rise to a fly.

This

This fish takes its name from its head, not only in our own, but in other languages: we call it *chub*, according to Skinner, from the old English, *cop*, a head; the French, *testard*; the Italians, *capitone*.

It does not grow to a large size; we have known some that weighed above five pounds, but Salvianus speaks of others that were eight or nine pounds in weight.

The body is oblong, rather round, and of a pretty equal thickness the greatest part of the way: the scales are large.

The irides silvery; the cheeks of the same colour: the head and back of a deep dusky green; the sides silvery, but in the summer yellow: the belly white: the pectoral fins of a pale yellow: the ventral and anal fins red: the tail a little forked, of a brownish hue, but tinged with blue at the end.

§ 35. *The BLEAK.*

The taking of these, Aufonius lets us know, was the sport of children,

ALBURNOS prædam puerilibus hamis.

They are very common in many of our rivers, and keep together in large shoals. These fish seem at certain seasons to be in great agonies; they tumble about near the surface of the water, and are incapable of swimming far from the place, but in about two hours recover, and disappear. Fish thus affected the Thames fishermen call *mad bleaks*. They seem to be troubled with a species of *gordius* or hair-worm, of the same kind with those which Aristotle * says that the *ballerus* and *tillo* are infested with, which torments them so that they rise to the surface of the water and then die.

Artificial pearls are made with the scales of this fish, and we think of the dace. They are beat into a fine powder, then diluted with water, and introduced into a rain glass bubble, which is afterwards filled with wax. The French were the inventors of this art. Doctor Lister † tells us, that when he was at Paris, a certain artist used in one winter thirty lampers full of fish in this manufacture.

The Bleak seldom exceeds five or six inches in length: their body is slender, greatly compressed sideways, not unlike that of the sprat.

The eyes are large: the irides of a pale yellow: the under jaw the longest: the lateral line crooked: the gills silvery: the back green: the sides and belly silvery: the

fins pellucid: the scales fall off very easily: the tail much forked.

§ 36. *The WHITE BAIT.*

During the month of July there appear in the Thames, near Blackwall and Greenwich, innumerable multitudes of small fish, which are known to the Londoners by the name of White Bait. They are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion, during the season, a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places they are taken at.

There are various conjectures about this species, but all terminate in a supposition that they are the fry of some fish, but few agree to which kind they owe their origin. Some attribute it to the shad, others to the sprat, the smelt, and the bleak. That they neither belong to the shad, nor the sprat, is evident from the number of branchiostegous rays, which in those are eight, in this only three. That they are not the young of smelts is as clear, because they want the *pinna adiposa*, or rayless fin; and that they are not the offspring of the bleak is extremely probable, since we never heard of the white bait being found in any other river, notwithstanding the bleak is very common in several of the British streams: but as the white bait bears a greater similarity to this fish than to any other we have mentioned, we give it a place here as an appendage to the bleak, rather than form a distinct article of a fish which it is impossible to class with certainty.

It is evident that it is of the carp or *cyprinus* genus; it has only three branchiostegous rays, and only one dorsal fin; and in respect to the form of the body, is compressed like that of the bleak.

Its usual length is two inches: the under jaw is the longest: the irides silvery, the pupil black: the dorsal fin is placed nearer to the head than to the tail, and consists of about fourteen rays: the side line is straight: the tail forked, the tips black.

The head, sides, and belly, are silvery; the back tinged with green.

§ 37. *The MINOW.*

This beautiful fish is frequent in many of our small gravelly streams, where they keep in shoals.

The body is slender and smooth, the scales being extremely small. It seldom exceeds three inches in length.

* Hist. an. lib. ciii. c. 22.

† Journey to Paris, 142.

The lateral line is of a golden colour: the back flat, and of a deep olive: the sides and belly vary greatly in different fish; in a few are of a rich crimson, in others bluish, in others white. The tail is forked, and marked near the base with a dusky spot.

§ 38. *The GOLD FISH.*

These fish are now quite naturalized in this country, and breed as freely in the open waters as the common carp.

They were first introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number were brought over, and presented first to Sir Mathew Dekker, and by him circulated round the neighbourhood of London, from whence they have been distributed to most parts of the country.

In China the most beautiful kinds are taken in a small lake in the province of Che-Kyang. Every person of fashion keeps them for amusement, either in porcelain vessels, or in the small basins that decorate the courts of the Chinese houses. The beauty of their colours and their lively motions give great entertainment, especially to the ladies, whose pleasures, by

reason of the cruel policy of that country, are extremely limited.

In form of the body they bear a great resemblance to a carp. They have been known in this island to arrive at the length of eight inches; in their native place they are said * to grow to the size of our largest herring.

The nostrils are tubular, and form a sort of appendage above the nose: the dorsal fin and the tail vary greatly in shape: the tail is naturally bifid, but in many is trifid, and in some even quadrisid: the anal fins are the strongest characters of this species, being placed not behind one another like those of other fish, but opposite each other like the ventral fins.

The colours vary greatly; some are marked with a fine blue, with brown, with bright silver; but the general predominant colour is gold, of a most amazing splendor; but their colours and form need not be dwelt on, since those who want opportunity of seeing the living fish, may survey them expressed in the most animated manner, in the works of our ingenious and honest friend Mr. George Edwards.

Pennant.

* Du Halde, 316.

A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

Also, the Æra, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehending, in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before
Christ.

- 4004 **T**HE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.
 4003 THE birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.
 3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.
 2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.
 2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.

About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

- 2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.
- 2188 Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyfes, in 525 before Christ.
- 2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
- 1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.
- 1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.
- 1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
- 1822 Menmon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
- 1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.
- 1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.
- 1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God first high-priest of the Israelites.
- 1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
- 1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saïtes from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
- 1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
- 1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
- 1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the tabernacle, and in it the Ark of the covenant.
- 1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
- 1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
- 1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
- 1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.
- 1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
- 1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
- 1048 David is sole king of Israel.
- 1004 The Temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.
- 896 Elijah, the prophet, is translated to Heaven.
- 894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.
- 869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
- 814 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
- 755 Era of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, first king of the Romans.
- 720 Samaria taken, after three years siege, and the kingdom of Israel finished, by Salmannasar, king of Assyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
The first eclipse of the moon on record.
- 658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
- 604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, some Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
- 600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.

- 600 Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.
- 597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
- 587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.
- 562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.
- 559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.
- 533 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.
- 534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Thespis.
- 526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.
- 515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.
- 509 Tarquin the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.
- 504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.
- 486 Æschylus, the Greek poet first gains the prize of tragedy.
- 481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.
- 458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
- 454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.
- 451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
- 430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.
Malachi the last of the prophets.
- 400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.
- 331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
- 285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical æra on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
- 284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
- 269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
- 264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
- 260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
- 237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
- 218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but, being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
- 190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
- 168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
- 167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
- 163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
- 146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
- 135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
- 52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.

- 47 The battle of Pharſalia between Cæſar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, conſiſting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
- 45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himſelf.
The ſolar year introduced by Cæſar.
- 44 Cæſar, the greateſt of the Roman conquerors; after having fought fifty pitched battles, and ſlain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the ſenate-houſe.
- 35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæſar.
- 30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themſelves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
- 27 Octavius, by a decree of the ſenate, obtains the title of Auguſtus Cæſar, and an abſolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the firſt Roman emperor.
- 8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.
The temple of Janus is ſhut by Auguſtus as an emblem of univerſal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.

- 12 ———— diſputes with the doctors in the Temple;
- 27 ———— is baptized in the Wilderneſs by John;
- 33 ———— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Reſurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Aſcenſion, Thursday, May 14.
- 36 St. Paul converted.
- 39 St. Matthew writes his Goſpel.
Pontius Pilate kills himſelf.
- 40 The name of Chriſtians firſt given at Antioch to the followers of Chriſt.
- 43 Claudius Cæſar's expedition into Britain.
- 44 St. Mark writes his Goſpel.
- 49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, ſurrounded by ditto with a wall, ſome parts of which are ſtill obſervable.
- 51 Caratacus, the Britiſh king, is carried in chains to Rome.
- 52 The council of the Apoſtles at Jeruſalem.
- 55 St. Luke writes his Goſpel.
- 59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
—————perſecutes the Druids in Britain.
- 61 Boadicea, the Britiſh queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered ſoon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
- 62 St. Paul is ſent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epiſtles between 51 and 66.
- 63 The Acts of the Apoſtles written.
Chriſtianity is ſuppoſed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or ſome of his diſciples, about this time.
- 64 Rome ſet on fire, and burned for ſix days; upon which began (under Nero) the firſt perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
- 67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
- 70 Whiſt the ſarſious Jews are deſtroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jeruſalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to paſs over it.
- 83 The philoſophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
- 85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incurſions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and firſt ſails round Britain which he diſcovers to be an iſland.
- 96 St. John the Evangeliſt wrote his Revelation—his Goſpel in 97.
- 121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the ſouthern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle; but this alſo proving ineffectual, Petoſ Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
- 135 The ſecond Jewiſh war ends, when they were all baniſhed Judæa.

- 139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
- 141 A number of heresies appear about this time.
- 152 The emperor Antoninus Pius stops the persecution against the Christians.
- 217 The Septuagint said to be found in a cask.
- 222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
- 260 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and slayed alive.
- 274 Silk first brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by some monks, 551: first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
- 291 Two emperors, and two Cæsars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
- 306 Constantine the Great begins his reign.
- 308 Cardinals first began.
- 313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
- 314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.
- 325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, against Arius, where was composed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
- 328 Constantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thence-forwards called Constantinople.
- 331 ——— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.
- 363 The Roman emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.
- 364 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Constantinople the Capital) and western (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
- 400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus, of Campagna.
- 404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
- 406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of Honorius, emperor of the West.
- 410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Visi-Goths.
- 412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
- 420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
- 426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to their own valour.
- 446 The Britons, now left to themselves, are greatly harassed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no assistance from that quarter.
- 447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.
- 449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Scots and Picts.
- 455 The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.
- 476 The western empire is finished, 503 years after the battle of Pharsalia; upon the ruins of which several new states arise in Italy and other parts, consisting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguished, and the works of the learned are destroyed.
- 496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Christianity begins in that kingdom.
- 508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
- 513 Constantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burned by a speculum of brass.
- 516 The computing of time by the Christian æra is introduced by Dionysius the monk.
- 529 The code of Justinian, the eastern emperor, is published.
- 557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, which continues near 50 years.
- 581 Latin ceased to be spoken about this time in Italy.
- 596 Augustine the monk comes into England with forty monks.

- 606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.
- 622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
- 637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
- 640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar their caliph or prince.
- 653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.
- 664 Glass invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
- 685 The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years; are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
- 713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
- 726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.
- 748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.
- 749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
- 762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.
- 800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to restore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprizes.
- 826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.
- 828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
- 836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
- 838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.
- 867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
- 896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford, about this time.
- 915 The university of Cambridge founded.
- 935 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
- 975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
- 979 Coronation oaths said to be first used in England.
- 991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the Alphabet were hitherto used.
- 996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
- 999 Boleslaus, the first king of Poland.
- 1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
- 1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
- 1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.
- 1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.
- 1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
- 1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
- 1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
- 1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
- 1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunfinane, and marries the princess Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.
- 1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.

- 1066 The battle of Hastings fought, between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.
- 1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.
- 1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.
- 1076 Justices of peace first appointed in England.
- 1080 Doomſday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086.
The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his English subjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
- 1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
- 1096 The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun, under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.
- 1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.
- 1118 The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to protect Christian strangers.
- 1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
- 1163 London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.
- 1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
- 1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, lord-lieutenant.
- 1176 England is divided, by Henry, into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.
- 1180 Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England.
- 1181 The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.
- 1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
- 1186 The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
- 1192 The battle of Ascalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladin's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
- 1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
- 1200 Chimnies were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be used; first among the nobility.
- 1208 London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magistrates, from king John.
- 1215 Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas established.
- 1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingsis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
- 1233 The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.
The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.
- 1253 The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.
- 1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
- 1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
- 1264 According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.

- 1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
- 1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.
- 1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
- 1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
- 1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.
- 1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
- 1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.
- 1302 The mariner's compass invented, or improved, by Givias, of Naples.
- 1307 The beginning of the Swiss cantons.
- 1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
- 1310 Lincoln's Inn society established.
- 1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
- 1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344, ditto in England.
- 1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, which, says Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our subjects.
- 1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
- 1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting first made use of by John Vaneck.
Heralds college instituted in England.
- 1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
- 1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
- 1349 The order of the Garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
- 1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
- 1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
- 1356 The battle of Poitiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
- 1357 Coals first brought to London.
- 1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
- 1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.
- 1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
Windfor castle built by Edward III.
- 1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the earl of Douglas.
- 1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
- 1399 Westminster abbey built and enlarged—Westminster hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
- 1410 Guildhall, London, built.
- 1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.
- 1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
- 1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
- 2430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practised

practised with separate wooden types. Guttenburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corfellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fusile types, in 1474.

- 1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
- 1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Constantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
- 1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
- 1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
- 1477 The university of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
- 1483 Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years, and the loss of 100,000 men.
- 1486 Henry establishes fifty yeoman of the guards, the first standing army.
- 1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
- 1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.
- 1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
- 1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
- 1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America discovered by Americus Vesputius, from whom it has its name.
- 1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
- 1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.
- 1505 Shillings first coined in England.
- 1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
- 1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
- 1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
- 1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
- 1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holiness.
- 1529 The name of Protestant takes its rise from the Reformed protesting against the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
- 1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
- 1537 Religious houses dissolved by ditto.
- 1539 The first English edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished 1611.
About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
- 1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the steel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins first used in England, before which time the ladies used skewers.
- 1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
- 1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
- 1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten *per cent.*
- 1549 Lords lieutenants of counties instituted in England;

- 1550 Horse guards instituted in England.
- 1555 The Russian company established in England.
- 1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
- 1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
- 1563 Knives first made in England.
- 1569 Royal Exchange first built.
- 1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
- 1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
English East India company incorporated—established 1600.
—— Turkey company incorporated.
- 1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator.
- Parochial register first appointed in England.
- 1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
- 1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
- 1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years imprisonment.
- 1588 The Spanish Armada destroyed by Drake and other English admirals.
Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Protestants.
- 1589 Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.
- 1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
- 1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
- 1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
- 1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
- 1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
- 1605 The gunpowder-plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
- 1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
- 1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.
- 1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravallac, a priest.
- 1611 Baronets first created in England, by James I.
- 1614 Napier, of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
- 1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
- 1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
- 1620 The broad silk manufactory from raw silk introduced into England.
- 1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
- 1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
- 1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.
- 1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
- 1640 King Charles disobliges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malecontents in England.
The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English Protestants were killed.
- 1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
- 1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
- 1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
- 1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
- 1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.

- 1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
- 1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
- 1662 The Royal Society established at London, by Charles II.
- 1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
- 1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
- 1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
- 1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2. and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
- 1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
- 1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
- 1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.
- 1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
- 1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
- 1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
- 1683 India stock sold from 300 to 500 per cent.
- 1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother, James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
- 1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
- 1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
- 1689 The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in Ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
- 1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William against James in Ireland.
- 1691 The war in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
- 1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
- 1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
- 1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England,

- 1696 The peace of Ryfwick.
- 1699 The Scots fettled a colony at the ifthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
- 1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's in the 68th year of his age.
- 1701 Pruffia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Gofpel in foreign parts eftablifhed.
- 1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is fucceeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war againft France and Spain.
- 1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and Allies, againft the French.
The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
- 1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, figned July 22.
The battle of Ramilies won by Marlborough and the Allies.
- 1707 The firft British parliament.
- 1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the Allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
- 1709 Peter the Great, czar of Mufcovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the Allies.
- 1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Miniftry for others more favourable to the intereft of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The Englifh South-Sea company began.
- 1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
- 1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudfon's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were alfo confirmed to the faid crown by this treaty.
- 1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is fucceeded by George I.
Intereft reduced to five *per cent*.
- 1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is fucceeded by his great-grandfon, Lewis XV.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the furrender of Prefton, both in November, when the rebels difperfe.
- 1716 The Pretender married to the princefs Sobiefki, grand-daughter of John Sobiefki, late king of Poland.
An act paffed for feptennial parliaments.
- 1719 The Miffiffipi fcheme at its height in France.
Lombe's filk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the reft; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine filk thread.
The South-Sea fcheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite funk about September 29.
- 1727 King George I. dies, in the 63th year of his age; and is fucceeded by his only fon, George II.
Inoculation firft tried on criminals with fuccefs.
Ruffia, formerly a dukedom, is now eftablifhed as an empire.
- 1732 Kouli Khan ufurps the Perfian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty one millions fterling.
Several public-fpirited gentlemen begin the fettlement of Georgia, in North America.
- 1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his foldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a fmggler, is himfelf hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.

- 1738 Westminster-Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750 at the expence of 389,000 l. defrayed by parliament.
- 1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
- 1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and Allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
- 1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
- 1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
- 1746 British Linen Company erected.
- 1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
- 1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent*.
British herring fishery incorporated.
- 1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.
Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
- 1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
- 1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
- 1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
- 1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine society established at London.
- 1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
- 1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
- 1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770, at the expence of 52,840 l. to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
- 1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, born August 12.
- 1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
- 1764 The parliament granted 10,000 l. to Mr. Harrison, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
- 1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists.
An act passed annexing the sovereignty of the island of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
- 1766 April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.
- 1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
- 1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world; having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
- 1772 The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.

- 1772 The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.
- 1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.
- The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
- The English East India company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
- The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.
- 1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.
- The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three-pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
- Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
- First petition of Congress to the King, November.
- 1775 April 19. The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.
- May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.
- June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.
- 1776 March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops.
- An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.
- The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.
- The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.
- December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.
- Torture abolished in Poland.
- 1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.
- Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.
- 1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.
- The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.
- The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq; and George Johnstone, Esq; arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.
- Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.
- The Congress refuse to treat with the British commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.
- An engagement fought off Brest between the English fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.
- Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.
- Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.
- St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

- 1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.
Grenada taken by the French, July 3.
- 1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.
The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.
The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.
Three actions between admiral Rodney, and the count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000 go up to the House of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.
That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.
Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.
General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.
Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Islands, Oct. 3 and 10.
A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.
- 1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.
Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.
- 1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The house of commons address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, Mar. 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

- 1782 Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.
Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve Ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.
The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, Esq, and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded May 3.
The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.
The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, Aug. 24.
The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannick majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.
- 1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannick majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicilly, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.
- 1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.
Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.
Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.
- 1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.
- 1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.
Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
Sept. 26. Commercial treaty signed between England and France.
Nov. 21. £. 471,000 3 per cent. stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £. 30 a man.
Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost, of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4. 1787.
- 1787 May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.
Aug. 11. The king by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's-see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop.
- 1788 In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted our gracious Sovereign. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.

- 1789 Feb. 17. His Majesty was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.
 April 23. A general thanksgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.
 July 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Bastille, execution of the governor, &c.
 1790 July 14. Grand French confederation in the Champ de Mars.

MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

Bef. Ch.

- 907 **H**OMER, the first prophane writer and Greek poet, flourished. *Pope.*
 Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke.*
 884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
 600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. *Fawkes.*
 558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
 556 Æsop, the first Greek fabulist. *Croxal.*
 548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.
 497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
 474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addison.*
 456 Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
 435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *West.*
 413 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of prophane history. *Littlebury.*
 407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
 Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
 406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
 Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
 400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
 391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
 361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
 Democritus, the Greek philosopher.
 359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashly, Fielding.*
 348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
 336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimsdale.*
 332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
 313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
 288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budgel.*
 285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
 277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
 270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
 264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.
 244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
 208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
 184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
 159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
 155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
 124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
 54. Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
 44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
 Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
 Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
 43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
 Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
 34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
 30 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*

- 19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton.*
 11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Crainger, Dart.*
 8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satyric poet. *Francis.*
 A. C.
 17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
 19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
 20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Crieve.*
 25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
 33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
 45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcomb.*
 62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
 64 Quintius Curtius, a Roman, historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
 Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Esfrange.*
 65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
 79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
 93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
 94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. *Mrs. Carter.*
 95 Quintilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
 96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
 Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
 99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon.*
 104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
 Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
 116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
 117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
 119 Plutarch of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
 128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden.*
 140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian, geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
 150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
 161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
 167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
 180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimsdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
 Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinstone.*
 193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
 200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
 229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
 254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
 Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
 258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshal.*
 273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
 320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
 336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
 342 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hammer.*
 379 Basil, bishop of Cæsaria.
 389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
 397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
 415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
 428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
 524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philosopher, *Bellamy, Freston.*
 529 Procopius of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Hiccroft.*

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory; but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement,

succeeded

succeeded worse than Gothic ignorance—the superstition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have sprung up in a new soil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at least equal, the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these our own countrymen have the reputation of the first rank, with whose names we shall finish our list.

A. C.

- 735 Bede, a priest of Northumberland; History of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
 901 King Alfred; history, philosophy, and poetry.
 1250 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; History of England.
 1292 Roger Bacon, Somersetshire; natural philosophy.
 1308 John Fordun, a priest of Mearns-shire; History of Scotland.
 1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of English poetry.
 1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
 1535 Sir Thomas More, London; history, politics, divinity.
 1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
 1568 Roger Ascham, Yorkshire; philology and polite literature.
 1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; history of the church of Scotland.
 1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonshire; History of Scotland, Psalms of David, politics, &c.
 1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
 1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
 1616 William Shakespeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
 1622 John Napier, of Marcheston, Scotland; discoverer of logarithms.
 1623 William Camden, London; history and antiquities.
 1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philosophy, literature in general.
 1634 Lord Chief Justice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
 1638 Ben Jonson, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
 1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
 1654 John Selden, Suffex: antiquities and laws.
 1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent, discovered the circulation of the blood.
 1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miscellaneous poetry.
 1674 John Milton, London; Paradise Lost, Regained, and various other pieces in verse and prose.
 Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltshire; History of the Civil Wars in England.
 1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
 1677 Reverend Dr. Isaac Barrow, London; natural philosophy, mathematics and sermons.
 1680 Samuel Butler, Worcestershire; Hudibras, a burlesque poem.
 1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
 1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
 1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somersetshire; Intellectual System.
 1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorsetshire; History of Physic.
 1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
 Robert Barclay, Urie; Apology for the Quakers.
 1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
 Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
 1694 John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 sermons.
 1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics and polite literature.
 1701 John Dryden, Northamptonshire; 27 tragedies and comedies, satiric poems, Virgil.
 1704 John Locke, Somersetshire; philosophy, government, and theology.
 1705 John Ray, Essex; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
 1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
 1713 Ant. Afb. Cowper, earl of Shaftesbury; Characteristics.
 1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, bishop of Salisbury; history, biography, divinity, &c.
 1718 Nicholas

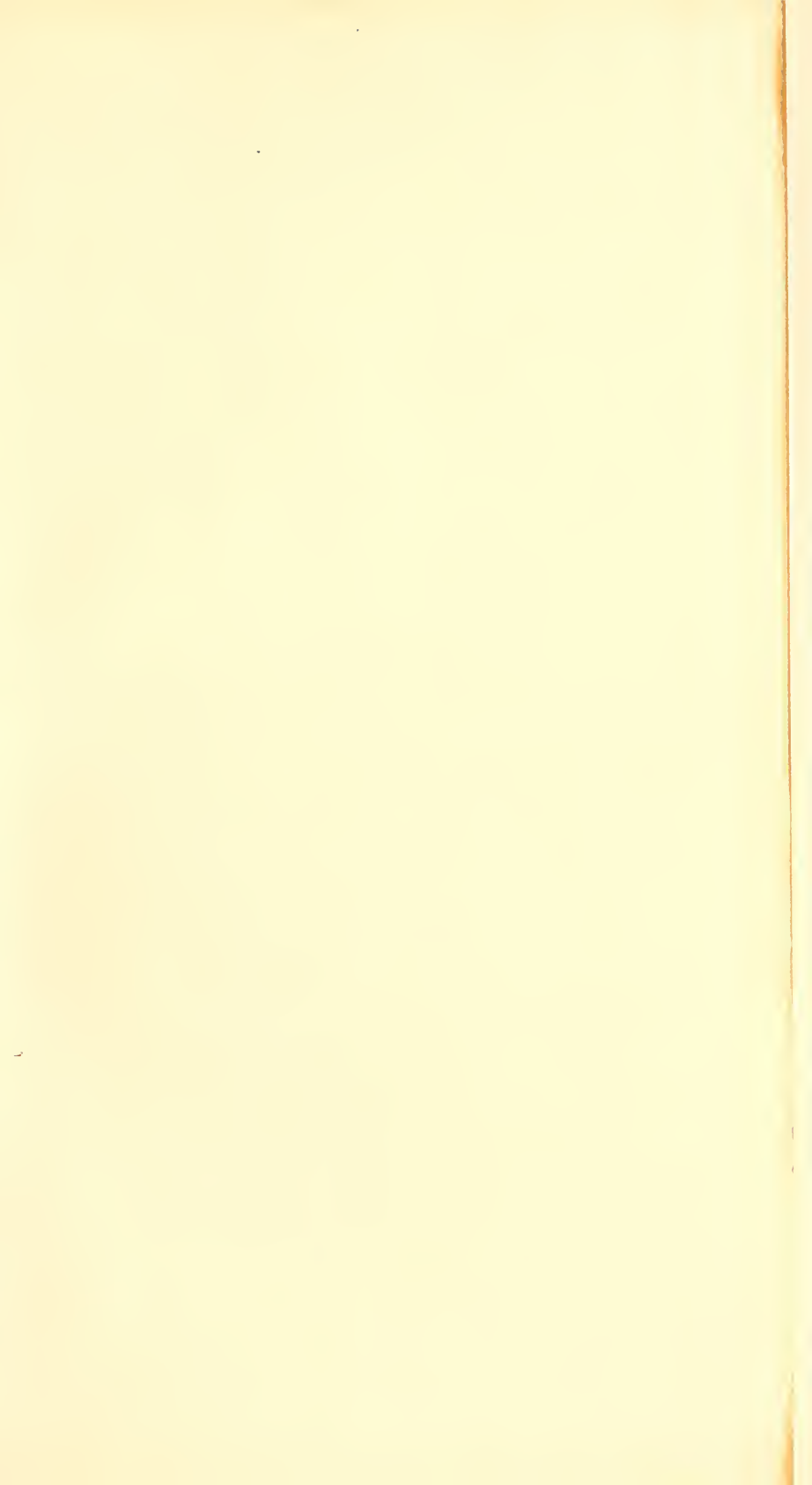
- 1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonshire; 7 tragedies, translation of Lucan's *Pharfalia*.
- 1719 Reverend John Flamsteed, Derbyshire; mathematics and astronomy.
Joseph Addison, Wiltshire; *Spectator*, *Guardian*, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and astronomy.
- 1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
- 1724 William Wollaston, Staffordshire; *Religion of Nature delineated*.
- 1727 Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.
- 1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in *Tatler*, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordshire; seven dramatic pieces.
- 1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
- 1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-shire; medicine, coins, politics.
- 1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkshire; classical learning, criticism.
- 1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, translation of Homer.
- 1745 Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
- 1746 Colin MacLaurin, Argyleshire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philosophy.
- 1748 James Thomson, Roxburghshire; Seasons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Isaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Airshire; *System of Moral Philosophy*.
- 1750 Reverend Dr. Convers, Middleton, Yorkshire; life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphysics, and natural philosophy.
- 1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.
Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; *Anatomy of the Human Body*.
- 1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London, on poisons, plague, small-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somersetshire; *Tom Jones*, Joseph Andrews, &c.
- 1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
- 1761 Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London; 69 sermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; sermons and controversy.
Samuel Richardson, London; *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, *Pamela*.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancashire; Answer to Deistical Writers.
- 1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; *Night Thoughts*, and other poems, three tragedies.
Robert Simson, Glasgow; *Conic Sections*, Euclid, Apollonius.
- 1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; 45 sermons, *Sentimental Journey*, *Tristram Shandy*.
- 1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnshire; harmonics and optics.
- 1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; *Life of Erasmus*, *Ecclesiastical History*, and sermons.
Dr. Mark Akenfide, Newcastle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonshire; *History of England*, novels, translations.
- 1771 Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; poems.
- 1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttelton, Worcestershire; *History of England*.
- 1774 Oliver Goldsmith; poems, essays, and other pieces.
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