THE
RAMBLER.

VOLUME I.

Nullius addixus jurare in verba magistri,
me cunque rapit tempestas deperor hospes.

Hor.

The SECOND EDITION.

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MDCCCL.
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THE
RAMBLER.


Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

Juv.

THE difficulty of the first address, on any
new occasion, is felt by every man in
his transactions with the world, and con-
fessed by the settled and regular forms
of salutation, which necessity has introduced into
all languages. Judgment was wearied with the in-
extricable perplexity of being forced upon choice,
where there was often no motive to preference;
and it was found convenient, that some easy me-
thod of introduction should be established, which.
if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy, in its place, the security of prescription.

Perhaps few authors have presented themselves before the public, without wishing that such ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently established, as might have freed us from the dangers which the too ardent desire of pleasing is certain to produce; and precluded the vain expedients of softening censure by apologies, and of rousing attention by abruptness.

The epic writers indeed have found the proemial part of the poem such an addition to their laborious undertaking, that they have almost unanimously adopted the first lines of Homer; and the reader needs only be informed of the subject, to know in what manner the scene will open.

But this solemn repetition has been hitherto the peculiar distinction of heroic poetry, and has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature; and seems to be considered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who can claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which long observation of the injudicious use of this prerogative suggested to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; and it may be proper for all to remember,
remember, that they ought not to raise expectation
which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it
is more pleasing to see smoke gradually brighten-
ing into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

Yet though this precept has been long received,
both from regard to the authority of him that de-
ivered it, and its conformity to the general opi-
ion of the world; there have been some, as well
since as before his time, who have thought it no
deviation from modesty, to recommend their own
labours; and imagined themselves entitled, by in-
disputable merit, to an exemption from general re-
straints, and to elevations not allowed in common
life. They perhaps believed, that when, like Thu-
cydides, they bequeathed to mankind κακός εἰς ἄι, an estate for ever, it was an additional favour, to in-
form them of its value.

It may indeed be no less dangerous to claim, on
some occasions, too little than too much. There
is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity,
to which we often yield, as to a resistless power;
nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of o-
thers, who, too apparently, distrusts himself.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various oc-
casions on which a man may, without just offence,
proclaim his own excellences, has, I think, omit-
ted the case of an author entering the world; un-

less it may be comprehended under his general position, That a man may lawfully praise himself for those qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among strangers, and can probably have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the case of an author is parallel, will scarce be granted; because he necessarily discovers the degree of his merit to the judges, when he solicits their suffrages. But it should be remembered, that unless his judges be prejudiced in his favour, they will not be persuaded to hear the cause.

In love, the state which fills the heart with a degree of solicitude next that of an author, it has been held for a maxim, That success is more easily obtained by indirect and concealed approaches. He who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion till they believe that their mistress wishes for the discovery. The same method, if it were practicable to writers, would save many complaints of the partiality of the world, the severity of the age, and the caprices of criticism. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the public, and only proclaim his pretensions to literary honours, when he is sure of not being rejected; he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might escape contempt, even
though he should never attain excellence sufficient
to excite much regard.

But since the public supposes every man that
writes, ambitious of applause; as some ladies have
taught themselves to believe, that every man in-
tends love, who expresses civility; the miscarriage
of any new endeavour in learning raises an un-
bounded contempt, which is indulged by most
minds without scruple, as an honest triumph over
unjust claims, and exorbitant expectations. The
artifices of those who put themselves in this ha-
zardous state, have therefore been multiplied in
proportion to their fear as well as their ambition;
and are to be looked upon with more indulgence,
as they result from complicated passions, and are
incited at once by the two great movers of the hu-
man mind, the desire of good, and the fear of evil.
For who can wonder, that, thus allured on one
side, and frightened on the other, some men should
endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with
an appearance of respect which they do not feel, to
excite compassion by confessing weakness of which
they are not convinced, or to attract regard by a
shew of openness and magnanimity, by a daring
profession of their own deserts, and a public chal-
lenge of honours and rewards?

The ostentatious and haughty display of them-
selves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers.
in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence, is supplied by sincerity; and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

——Quid enim? Concurritur — Horæ

Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria leta.

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided; and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promise.

It is one among many reasons for which I purpose to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen, by a short essay on Tuesdays and Saturdays, that I hope not much to tire those whom I shall not happen to please; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at least pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are most fix’d on pardon or praise, I think it not necessary to discover; for having accurately weighed the reasons for arrogance and submission, I find them so nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my first performance will not suffer me to attend any longer the trepidation of the balance.

There are indeed many conveniencies almost peculia
peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the sprightliness of his imagination, has, in his own opinion, already secured the praises of the world, willingly takes that way of displaying his abilities, which will soonest give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of Fame; and it heightens his alacrity, to think in how many places he shall hear what he is now writing, read with ecstasies to-morrow. He will often please himself with reflecting, that the author of a large treatise must proceed with anxiety, left, before the completion of his work, the attention of the public may have changed its object; but that he who is confined to no single subject, may follow the national taste through all its variations, and catch the aura popularis, the gale of favour, from what point soever it shall blow.

Nor is the prospect less likely to ease the doubts of the cautious, and allay the terrors of the fearful; for to such the shortness of every single paper is a powerful encouragement. He that questions his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repositories of his memory, he finds his collection too small for a volume, he may yet have enough
to furnish out an essay. He that is afraid of laying out too much time upon an experiment of which he fears the event, persuades himself that a few days will shew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not sufficiently enlightened, he may, attending the remarks which every paper will produce, inform himself of his mistakes, rectify his opinions, and extend his views. If he suspects that he may with too little premeditation entangle himself in an unwieldy subject, he may quit it without confessing his ignorance, and pass to other topics, less dangerous, or more tractable. And he finds, with all his industry and all his artifice, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain, he may let the design fall at once, and, without injury to others or himself, retire to amusements of greater pleasure, or to studies of better prospects.
Hat the mind of man is never satisfied with the objects before it, but is always breaking away from the present moment, and losing itself in schemes of future felicity;—that we forget the proper use of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which perhaps may never be granted us,—has been frequently remarked: and as this practice is a very commodious subject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the serious, it has been ridiculed with all the pleasantery of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric. Every instance by which its absurdity might appear most strongly, has been studiously collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth against it.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. Men please themselves with imagining, that they have made -
er search, or wider survey, than others; and de-
tected faults and follies, which escaped vulgar ob-
servation: and the pleasure of wantoning in com-
mon topics, is so tempting to a writer, that he can-
ot easily resign it. A train of sentiments gen-
rally received, enables him to shine without la-
bour, and to conquer without a contest. It is
easy, to laugh at the folly of him who lives on
in idea, refuses immediate ease for distant ple-
sures, and, instead of enjoying the blessings of lit-
lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them.
it affords such opportunities of triumphant exul-
tations, to exemplify the uncertainty of the hum-
state; to rouse mortals from their dream, and
form them of the silent celerity of time, that
may reasonably believe most authors willing
ther to transmit than examine so advantageous
principle, and more inclined to pursue a track
smooth and so flowery, than attentively to con-
der whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into future
seems the unavoidable and necessary condition
being, whose motions are gradual, and whose
is progressive. As his powers are limited, he
use means for the attainment of his ends, and
intend first what he performs last; as, by co-
nual advances from his first stage of existence,
is perpetually varying the horizon of his prospe-
he must always discover new motives of act
new excitements of fear, and allurements of desire.

The end, therefore, which at present calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to some remoter end; and the natural flights of the human mind are not only from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his steps to a certain point, must frequently turn his eyes to that place which he strives to reach: he that undergoes the fatigue of an labour, must solace his weariness with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the most simple and necessary employments, no man turns up the ground, but because he thinks of the harvest; that harvest, which blights may intercept, which inundations may sweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet it is certain, that few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for some conformity with truth and nature; and it must be confessed, that this caution against keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages, is not without its propriety or usefulness, though it may have been inculcated with too much levity, or enforced with too little distinction. For, not to speak of that vehemence of desire which presses through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inqui-
tude which is justly chargeable with distrust of heaven, subjects too solemn for my present purpose; it very frequently happens, that, by indulging too early the raptures of success, we forget the measures necessary to secure it; and suffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of some possible good, till the time of obtaining it has slipped away.

There would yet perhaps be few enterprises, either of great labour or hazard, undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them: and when the Knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalize himself, in such a manner, that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy Squire; very few readers, amidst their mirth or their pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not perhaps expected events equally strange, nor by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us, that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells what we only thought.

The understanding of a man naturally sanguine may
may indeed be easily vitiated by too luxurious an indulgence of the pleasures of hope, however generally necessary to the production of every thing great or excellent; as some plants are destroyed by a too open exposure to that sun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no class of the human species requires more to be cautioned against this anticipation of happiness, than those that aspire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no sooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excursions to the press, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, pushes forward into future ages, and prognosticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct, and faction is forgotten; and those whom the partiality of the present generation suffers to obscure him, shall give way to other triflers of as short duration as themselves.

Those who have proceeded so far as to appeal to the tribunal of succeeding times, are indeed not likely to be cured of their infatuation. But all endeavours ought to be used for the prevention of a disease, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of Philosophy; however she may boast her physic of the mind, her cathartics of vice, or her antidotes to passion.
I shall therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the symptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myself against the infection; not without some weak hope, that my preservatives may extend their virtue to others, whose employment exposes them to the same danger.

Laudis amore tuncis? Sunt certa piscula, qua to
Ter purè leò poterunt recreare libello.

It is the sage advice of Epictetus, that a man should accustom himself often to think of what is most shocking and terrible, that by such reflections he may be preserved from too ardent wishes for seeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, and hatred, and opposition, are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every man who dares to write, has reason to fear.

I nunc, & versus teci meditare canores.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, so far to suspect his own powers, as to believe that he possibly may deserve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embellish knowledge, nor
sent him forth entitled by indisputable superiority to regulate the conduct of the rest of mankind; that though the world must be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not destined to dispel the cloud, nor to shine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this suspicion, every catalogue of authors will furnish sufficient reason; as he will find it crowded with names of men, who, though now forgotten, were once no less enterprising or confident than himself, equally pleased with their own productions, equally careless by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it should happen, that an author is capable of excelling in his province; yet his merit may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, solicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in pleasures, or immersed in business, without time for intellectual amusements. He appeals to judges prepossessed by passions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is established; others too envious to promote that fame, which gives them pain by its increase. What is new is opposed, because most are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, because it is not sufficiently considered, that men more frequently require to be reminded.
reminded than informed. The learned are apt to declare their opinion early, lest they should their reputation in hazard; the ignorant alway imagine themselves giving some proof of delicacy when they refuse to be pleased: and he therefor that finds his way to reputation, through all the obstructions, must acknowledge, that he is indebted to other causes besides his industry, his learning or his wit.
No 3. Tuesday, March 27. 1750.

Virtus, repulsae nevidia fœdæ,  
Intaminatis fulget hœnribus:  
Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis aure.

Hor.

The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths, by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the understanding, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, as to give them new grace, and more powerful actions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things too hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.

Neither of these labours is very difficult; because, they may not be fruitless, men must not only be persuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their use; they must not only confess their ignorance, what is still less pleasing, must allow, that
he from whom they are to learn, is more known than themselves.

It might be imagined, that such an employ was in itself sufficiently irksome and hazardous, and that none would be found so malevolent as to add weight to the stone of Sisyphus. It might be hoped, that few endeavours would be used to obstruct those advances to reputation, which must be made at such an expense of time, thought, and by such slow degrees; with so much hazard in the miscarriage, and with so little advantage from the success.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or of genius, who stand as sentinels in the army of fame, and value themselves upon giving balance and envy the first notice of a new project.

To these men, who distinguish themselves by the appellation of Critics, it is necessary for an author to find some means of recommendation. It is probable, that the most malignant of these persecutors might be somewhat softened, and proceed, for a short time, to remit their fury. I find in the records of ancient times, that Aeschylus was lulled by music, and Cerberus quieted.
a fop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe, that
modern critics, who, if they have not the eyes,
have the watchfulness of Argus, and can bark as
loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they may not
bite with equal force, might be subdued by me-
ths of the same kind. I have heard how some
have been pacified with claret and a supper, and
others laid asleep by the soft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me
sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this
virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto per-
suaded myself to take any measures for flight or
treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act
against me by lawful authority; whether they have
not presumed upon a forged commission, styled
themselves the ministers of Criticism, without
being able to produce any authentic evidence of
delegation, and uttered their own determinations
as the decrees of a higher judicature.

Criticism, from whom they derive their claim
to decide the fate of writers, was the eldest daugh-
ter of Labour and of Truth, by whom she
was, at her birth, committed to the care of Justice,
and brought up by her in the palace of Wisdom.
Being soon distinguished by the cele-
sials, for her uncommon qualities, she was ap-
pointed the governess of Fancy, and empowered
to beat time to the chorus of the Muses, as they sung before the throne of Jupiter.

When the Muses condescended to visit the lower world, they came accompanied by Criticism; to whom, upon her descent from her native regions, Justice gave a sceptre, to be reared aloft in her right hand; one end of which was tinctured with ambrosia, and enwreathed with golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypresses and poppies, dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand she bore an unextinguishable torch, the manufacture of Labour, and lighted by Truth, which it was the particular quality, to diffuse a radiance in such a manner as immediately to disclose everything in its true form, however it might be disguised to common eyes. Whatever Arts complicate, or Folly could confound, was on the first gleam of the torch of Truth, dissipated in its distinct parts and original simplicity; it darted through all the labyrinths of sophistry, and shewed at once all the absurdities to which they served for refuge; it pierced through the robes which rhetoric often fold to deformity, and detected the disproportion of parts which artful vails had been contrived to cover.

Thus furnished for the execution of her critical powers, Criticism came down to survey the performance.
of those who professed themselves the votaries of the Muses. Whatever was brought before her, she beheld by the steady light of the torch of Truth; and when her examination had convinced her, that the laws of just writing had been observed, she touched it with the amaranthine end of the sceptre, and consigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works which were laid before her, there was some posturage attempted; that false colours were laboriously laid upon particular parts; that some secret disproportion was found between the words and sentiments, or some diffimility of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together; or that some parts were of no use but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, its solidity, or its usefulness.

Where-ever such discoveries were made, and they were made whenever these faults were committed, Criticism refused the touch which conferred the sanction of immortality; and when the errors were frequent and gross, reversed the sceptre, and let the drops of Lethe distil, from the poppies and cypress, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waste the work away, till it was at last totally destroyed.

There
There were frequently some compositions brought to the test; in which, when the strongest light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared so equally mingled, that Criticism stood with her sceptre poised in her hand, in doubt whether to shed the drops of oblivion or ambrosia upon them. These at last increased to so great a number, that she was weary of attending such doubtful claims; and, for fear of using improperly the sceptre of Justice, referred the cause to be considered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, some few caprices excepted, conformable to Justice; and many, who thought themselves secure by a short forbearance, have sunk under his scythe, as they were posting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was observable, that some were destroyed by little and little, and others crushed for ever by a single blow.

Criticism, having long kept her eye fixed steadily upon Time, was at last so well satisfied with his conduct, that she withdrew from the earth with her patroness Astrea, and left Prejudice and False Taste to ravage at large with Fraud and Mischief, contenting herself then forth to shed her influence from afar upon so select minds, fitted for its reception by learn and by virtue.
Before her departure, she broke her sceptre; of which the shivers that formed the ambrosial end, were caught up by Flattery; and those that had been infected with the waters of Lethe, were, with equal haste, seized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, neither had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever power or interest happened to lay before them. The companions of Malevolence were supplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality of internal lustre, that its light fell only on faults.

No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

Thus equipped, the slaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their mistresses, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the sceptre had now lost its power; and Time passes his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations.
No. 4. Saturday, March 31. 1750.

Simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitae.

Hos

The works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in true state, diversified only by the accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by the passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry. Its province is, to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity without the height of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroic romance, as it can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder personages in deserts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.
I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus, that all his writings are filled with images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his satyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a shipwreck.

Why this wild strain of imagination found reception so long, in polite and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder, that, while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it: for when a man had, by practice, gained some fluency of language, he had no farther care than to retire to his closet, to let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; and a book was produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The task of our present writers is very different: it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse, and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresseth it, *plus oneris quantum venia minus*; little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every
one knows the original, and can therefore any deviation from exactness of resemblance their writings are safe, except from the man learning; but these are in danger from every reader; as the slipper ill executed was cut by a shoemaker, who happened to stop in at the Venus of Apelles.

But the danger of not being approved as piers of human manners, is not the most imp apprehension that an author of this sort or have before him. These books are written to the young, the ignorant, and the idle; to they serve as lectures of conduct, and introd into life. They are the entertainment of unfurnished with ideas, and therefore easily susceptible of impressions; not fixed by principle therefore easily following the current of fancy, informed by experience, and consequently every false suggestion and partial account.

That the highest degree of reverence shou paid to youth; and that nothing indecent seemly should be suffered to approach their ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue an ancient writer by no means eminent for degree of thought. The same kind, though not the degree of caution, is required in every thing is laid before them, to secure them from prej
prejudices, perverse opinions, and improper combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himself: the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his sphere of activity; and he amused himself with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and persecutors, as with beings of another species, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himself.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practice, when they shall be engaged in the like part.

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great, as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention.
intervention of the will; care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not bechievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantages which these fictions over real life is, that their authors are at liberty though not to invent, yet to select objects, as cull from the mass of mankind those individuals upon which the attention ought most to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be seen, may be polished by art, and placed in such situation, as to display that lustre which before was buried among common stones.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature which are proper for imitation: greater care is still requisite in representing life, which is so often discoloured by passion, or deformed by wickedness. In the world be promiscuously described, I cannot say what use it can be to read the account; or may be not as safe to turn the eye immediately on mankind, as upon a mirror which shows that presents itself without discrimination.

It is therefore not a sufficient vindication of character, that it is drawn as it appears; for
characters ought never to be drawn: nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience; for that observation which is called knowledge of the world, will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpose of these writings is, surely, not only to show mankind, but to provide that they may be seen hereafter with less hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the snares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infusing any wish for that superiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteraeting fraud without the temptation to practise it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of necessary defence, and to increase prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the sake of following nature, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our pleasure, or, perhaps, regard them with some kindness for being united with so much merit.

There have been men indeed splendidly wicked, whose endowments throw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villainy made perfectly
foeibly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies: but such have been in all ages the great corruptors of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the consequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correspondent faults, and therefore to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are observed by Swift to be grateful in the same degree as they are resentful. This principle, with others of the same kind, supposes man to act from a brute impulse, and pursue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object: for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted; and unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim becomes an empty sound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion. For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will frequently obstruct gratitude, by an unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation necessarily implies; and it is surely very unlikely,
likely, that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will ever acknowledge it.

It is of the utmost importance to mankind, that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted: for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other; and in judging, if not of others, at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute, who confound the colours of right and wrong, and instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them.

In narratives where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability: for what we cannot credit, we shall never imitate: but of the highest and purest kind that humanity can reach; which, when exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shewn, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of
its practices; and contempt, by the meanness of its stratagems: for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be always inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of a superior understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.
N° 5. Tuesday, April 3. 1750.

Es nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.

Viro.

Every man is sufficiently discontented with some circumstances of his present state, to suffer his imagination to range more or less in quest of future happiness; and to fix upon some point of time, in which he shall, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or the acquisition of advantage which he at present wants, find his condition of life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at last arrives, it generally comes without the blessing for which it was desired: but we solace ourselves with some new prospect, and press forward again with equal eagerness.

It is some advantage to a man, in whom this temper prevails in any great degree, when he turns
his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; since he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the sake of the great event that is to complete his felicity; and waits for the blissful hour, without neglecting such measures as are necessary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a person of this temper, who indulged his dream of happiness with less hurt to himself than such chimerical wishes commonly produce; and adjusted his scheme with such address, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blasted. Many perhaps would be desirous of learning by what means he procured to himself such a cheap and lasting satisfaction. It was gained only by a constant practice of referring the removal of all his uneasiness to the coming of the next spring. If his affairs were disordered, he could regulate them in the spring; if a regimen was prescribed him, the spring was the proper time of pursuing it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall its value in the spring.

The spring indeed did often come without any of these effects: but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; and was never convinced, that the present spring would fail him until the middle of summer: for he always talked of the spring as coming till it was past; and whe
it was once past, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converse with this man, I am perhaps in some degree brought to feel the same immoderate pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season: but I have the satisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no shame to resemble, infected with the same enthusiasm; for there is, I believe, scarce any poet of eminence, who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring. Nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age, otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring, as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is indeed something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, makes us necessarily rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger, to inform us of the approach of more joyous days.

*The spring affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance...*
disturbance of cares or passions, as to be vacant to
calm amusements, almost every thing that our pre-
defrent state makes us capable of enjoying. The va-
riegated verdure of the fields and woods, the suc-
ecession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure-
pouring out its notes on every side, with the ob-
servation of the gladness apparently conceived by
every animal, from the growth of his food and the
clemency of the weather, throw over the whole
earth an air of gaiety, which is very significantly
expressed by the smile of nature.

There are men to whom these scenes are able to
give no delight; and who hurry away from all the
varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and
divert their thoughts, by cards or public assem-
blies, a tavern dinner or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a position which will sel-
dom deceive, That when a man cannot bear his
own company, there is something wrong. He
must fly from himself, either because he feels a te-
diousness in life from the equipoise of an empty
mind; which, having no tendency to one motion
more than another, but as it is impelled by some
external power, must always have recourse to fo-
reign objects: or he must be afraid of the intrusion
of some unpleasing ideas; and perhaps is always
struggling to escape from the remembrance of a
los, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Those who are incapacitated to enjoy the pleasures of contemplation by their griefs, may very properly apply to such diversions, provided they are innocent, as lay strong hold on the attention; and those whom fear of any future calamity chains down to misery, must endeavour to obviate the danger.

My considerations shall, on this occasion, be turned on such as are burthensome to themselves, merely because they want subjects for reflection; and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open without affording them pleasure or instruction, because they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this seeming paradox, That very few men know how to take a walk: and indeed it is very true, that few men know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure, than the same company would have afforded them in any other circumstances.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects above.
bout him; for it is to no purpose that he alters position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the cells of every new idea; and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts, as to be able to accommodate itself to emergent occasions and remark every thing that offers itself to prior examination.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials, upon which he can employ himself without any temptations to envy or malevolence. Faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by the whose judgment is much exercised upon the work of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use; to the knowledge of which there is required no great sagacity of penetration, or tigue of study, but only frequent experiments, close attention. What is said by the chymists their darling mercury, is perhaps true of everybody through the whole creation, that if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.
Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments; and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped nor desired. But it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health, and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted; and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burdened with every new day, that there are many shews which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness: and therefore the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year; and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.
Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic
Est Ulibris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

That man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances, one of the chief precepts of the Stoic philosophy; a precept indeed which that lofty school has extended beyond the condition of human society and in which some of them seem to have confounded an utter exclusion of all corporeal pain and pleasure, from the regard or attention of a man.

Such sapientia insaniens, as Horace calls the tory of another sect, such extravagance of philosophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: the experience of every age is sufficient to overthrow it, and the powers of future rise up against it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted state it is if power to approach? how far we can exempt ourselves from outward influences, and secure to
No. 6. The R A M B L E R.

minds a state of tranquillity? For as the boast of absolute independance is ridiculous and vain, so a mean flexibility to every impulse, and a patient submission to the tyranny of every casual trouble, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boasts its derivation from celestial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodness and unvariable felicity;

Ni vitiiis pejora foveum
Proprium deserat orbem.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and to preserve some source of pleasure, which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom Fortune is let loose to their own conduct; who, not being ained down by their condition to a regular and sted allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themselves business or diversion; and, having noing within that can either entertain or employ em, are compelled to try all the arts of destroy-
g time.

The numberless expedients practised by this class mortals to alleviate the burthen of life, is not shameful; nor perhaps much less pitiable than one to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy reduced. I have seen melancholy overspread a whole
whole family at the disappointment of a party of cards; and, after the proposal of a thousand different schemes to supply the loss, and the dispatch of the footmen upon a hundred messages, they have submitted, with a gloomy resignation, to the inevitable misfortune of passing one evening in conversation with each other. But, on a sudden, such are the revolutions of the world! an unexpected visitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a starving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of those who are uneasy without knowing the cause, is a change of place. They are always willing to imagine, that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from the shadows; always hoping for some more satisfactory delight from every new scene of diversion, and always returning home with disappointment at complaints.

I cannot look upon this kind of infatuation without reflecting on those that suffer under the dreadful symptom of canine madness, termed by physicians the hydrophobia, or dread of water. The miserable wretches, when they are unable to drink though burning with thirst, are sometimes known to try various contortions or inclinations of the body; flattering themselves, that they can swallow
in one posture that liquor, which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet such folly is not peculiar to the thoughtless or the ignorant; but sometimes seized those minds which seem most exempted from it, by the variety of their attainments, the quickness of their penetration, or the severity of their judgment. And indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified, by finding that they can confer no security against the common errors, which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind.

These reflections arose in my mind upon the recollection of a passage in Cowley's preface to his poems; in which, however exalted by his genius, and enlarged by his acquisitions, he informs us of a scheme of happiness, to which the imagination of a girl, upon the loss of her first lover, would have scarcely given way; but which he seems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its absurdity; and would have probably put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reason.

"My desire (says he) has been for some years past, though the execution has been accidentally diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations; not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end
of most men that travel thither; but to this world for ever, with all the vanities vexations of it; and to bury myself in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy."

Such was the chimerical provision which he had made, in his own mind, for the quiet remaining life; and which he seems to recede to posterity, since there is no other reason disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance of a persuasion, that content was tantamount of particular regions; and that a man may fail with a fair wind, and leave behind him cares, encumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose to bury himself in some obscure retreat, he might have gone, in his own country, innumerable, sufficiently obscure, to have concealed the name of Cowley: for, whatever might be his opinion of the importance with which he had summoned back into public life, a short experience would have convinced him, that private life was much easier than acquisition, and that it would require very little policy to free himself from intrusion of the world. There is pride en the human heart, to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man, by whom we are be treated with neglect, however his res...
for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem: so that the lover of retirement need not be much afraid, left the respect of strangers should overwhelm him with visits; and those to whom he has formerly been known, will very patiently support his absence, when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diversions for those moments, which his company contributed to exhilarate or relax.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of so much importance, as to cause by his retreat or death any chasm in the world. And Cowley had conversed to little purpose with mankind, if he had not remarked, how soon the useful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the sight, give way to the succession of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been safe enough from violation, though he had chosen it within the limits of his native island; and perhaps he might have found here preservatives against the vanities and vexations of the world, not less efficacious than those which the woods or fields of America could afford him. But, having once his mind embittered with disgust, he conceived it impossible to be far enough from the cause of
his uneasiness: he was posting away with all expedition of a coward, who, for want of ve
ring to look behind him, thinks the enemy purely at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or
riged with business, he so strongly imaged to him
self the happiness of leisure and retreat, that he
termined to enjoy them for the future without
erruption, and to exclude for ever all that could
deprive him of his darling satisfactions. He
but, in the vehemence of his desire, that solitude
and quiet owe their pleasures to those mis
which he was so studious to obviate: for such
the vicissitudes of the world, through all its p
that day and night, labour and rest, converse
retirement, endear each other: such are the cl
ges that keep the mind in action; we desire,
pursue; we obtain, we are satiated; we do
something else, and begin a new pursuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed
habitation in the most delightful part of the
world, it may be much doubted, whether his
stance from the vanities of life would have
abled him to have kept away the vexations.
common for a man who feels pain, to fancy
he could bear it better in any other part. For
having known the troubles and perplexities of
particular condition, very readily persuaded t
self, that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement. He never suspected, that the cause of his unhappiness was in himself; that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated; and that he was harrassed by his own impatience; which, as it could never be without something to awaken it, would torment him in any other country, accompany him over the sea, and find its way to his American Elysium. He would, upon the trial, have been soon convinced, that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and that he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.
THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered very closely to those minds who have been most enlarged by knowledge or elevated by genius. Those that have enjoyed everything that is generally supposed to contribute to happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they have possessed both power and riches, and been therefore surrounded by men who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them everything that might offend their ease, ruffle their tranquillity, or interrupt their pleasures, they have soon felt the languor of satiety, as found themselves unable to pursue the race of life except with frequent respirations of intermedia solitude.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum caeleque sator!
Disjice terraeæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, fìnis,
Principium, vectö, dux, semita, terminus, idem.

BOETHIU
To produce this disposition, nothing appears requisite but a quick sensibility and active imagination: for, without being devoted to the pursuit of virtue or the study of science, a man, whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such a constant recurrence of the same pleasures, the same troubles, the same expectations, and the same disappointments, that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness or abundance contribute to exempt him from the importunities of this desire: for if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason, and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder; for those who are most exalted above dependance or control, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, no man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner; he was answered, That there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased.
with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have the power to engage the hearts and actions of the crowd that supported them with flatteries, or inspired them with acclamations. But their efficacy seems confined to superior abilities, and to operate little on the common classes of mankind; to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But there is an universal reason for some short intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me, now especially, to mention a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, as the hopes of divine favour in a future state; as which ought to influence all ranks of life, and degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in its obligation, nor such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastic security of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of the man who conducts his li
by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present; to impress upon his own mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear may bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow; to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of adversity.

It is not without reason, that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of military life: for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts. All that excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tenacity to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are as lawful and faithful guides in most things that relate solely to this life; and therefore, by the quarly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission and habitual con
dence. Every act of compliance with their mo
tions
tions facilitates a second compliance; every next step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former; and thus the descent to licentiousness, merely sensual, is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt; and we were delighted with the sensations of pleasure, before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself: for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the necessity of dispossessing the sensual faculties of the influence which they must naturally gain by this preoccupation of the soul, arises the conflict between opposite desires in the first endowment of our after a religious life; which, however enthusiastically it may have been described, or however contemptuously ridiculed, will naturally be felt in some degree; though varied without end by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumstances.
circumstances of health or condition, greater or less fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapse.

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for the present life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight: for the objects of sense strike unsought; its motions are instantaneous; we are accustomed to follow their directions; and therefore often submit to the sentence, without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects falling more frequently into the scale would in time preponderate; and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands; and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite; not less than the favour or anger of omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct, as they gain our attention; which
which the business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of holiness, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is, the perpetual renovation of the motive to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our minds in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity; which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is necessary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain seasons from it; for its influence arising only from its presence, is much lessened when it becomes the object of solitary meditation. A constant residence amidst noise and pleasure, inevitably obliterates the impressions of piety; and a frequent abstraction of ourselves in a state where this life, like the next, operates upon the reason, will reinstate religion in its just authority, even without those irradiations from above; the hope of which I have yet no intention to withdraw from the sincere and the diligent.
s is that conquest of the world, and of our-
which has been always considered as the
ion of human nature; and this is only to be
ed by fervent prayer, steady resolutions, and
nt retirement from folly and vanity; from
es of avarice, and the joys of intemperance;
he lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and
upting sight of prosperous wickedness.
If the most active and industrious of mankind was able, at the close of life, to recollect distinctly his past moments, and distribute them in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been spent; it is scarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to be mind by any permanent or visible effects, in a small proportion his real action would bear to seeming possibilities of action, how many chains he would find of perfect vacuity, and how many interstitial spaces unfilled, even in the most tumultuous hurries of business, and the most eager hemine of pursuit.

It is observed by modern philosophers, that only the great globes of matter are thinly scattered through the universe, but the hardest bodies are porous, that, if all matter were compressed to perfect solidity, it might be contained in a cube of
few feet. In like manner, if all the employments of life were crouded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be sufficient for its accomplishment, so far as the mind was engaged in the performance. For such is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years; and the soul often stands an idle spectator of the labour of the hands, and expedition of the feet.

For this reason, the ancient generals often found themselves at leisure to pursue the study of philosophy in the camp: and Lucan, with historical veracity, makes Caesar relate of himself, that his wars never hindered celestial observations; and that he noted the revolutions of the stars in the midst of preparations for battle.

--- Media inter praedia semper
Sideribus, eratique plagis, superisque vacavi.

That the soul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or less force, is very probable, though he common occasions of our present condition require but a small part of that incessant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are unavoidably condemned to so frequent inactivity, that, as
through all our time we are thinking, for a great part of our time we can only think.

Left for restless, a power should be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the superfluity of intellect run to waste; it is no vain speculation to consider how we may govern our thoughts, strain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundless dissipation.

How the understanding is best conducted to knowledge of science, by what steps it is to be forwards in its pursuit, how it is to be cured of defects, and habituated to new studies, has been the enquiry of many acute and learned men; whose observations I shall not, on this occasion, either adopt or censure; my purpose being to consider moral discipline of the mind, and to promote increase of virtue rather than of learning.

This enquiry seems to have been neglected want of remembering, that all action has its origin in the mind; and that therefore to suffer thoughts to be vitiated, is to poison the fount of morality. Irregular desires will produce licentious practices. What men allow themselves wish, they will soon believe, and will be at last cited to execute what they please themselves contriving.
For this reason the casualts of the Romish church, who gain, by confession, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have, I think, generally determined, that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think; since by revolving, with pleasure, the facility, safety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man soon begins to find his constancy relax, and his detestation soften; the happiness of success glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the atrociousness of the guilt; and that is at last confidently perpetrated, of which the first conception only crept into the mind, disguised in pleasing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes, by love or jealousy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how easily he might at first have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his passion has been after some casual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the viper by too warm a fondness.

Such therefore is the importance of keeping our reason a constant guard over our imagination, that we have otherwise no security for our own virtue; but may corrupt our hearts in the most secluded solitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wishes, than the commerce of the world.

will
will generally produce: for we are easily shocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude, but the gradual growth of our own wickedness, endeared by interest, and palliated by all the artifices of self-deceit, gives us time to form distinctions in our own favour; and reason by degrees submits to absurdity, as the eye is accommodated to darkness.

In this disease of the soul, it is of the utmost importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I shall endeavour to shew, what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the past, present, or future; in hopes that some may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who perhaps indulge themselves in dangerous dreams; so much the more dangerous, because yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the past is only useful by way of provision for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all the occurrences that fall under a religious consideration, it is proper that a man stop at the first thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a stratagem of successful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleasure, let him summon off his imagination as from an unlawful pursuit, except those passages from his remembrance, of which,

Though
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The cannot seriously approve them, the pleas-
erpowers the guilt, and refer them to a
hour, when they may be considered with
safety. Such an hour will certainly come:
impressions of past pleasure are always lef-
but the sense of guilt, which respects su-
continues the same.

Serious and impartial retrospect of our con-
indisputably necessary to the confirmation
very of virtue; and is therefore recom-
under the name of self-examination, by
as the first act previous to repentance. It
of so great use, that without it we should
be to begin life, be seduced for ever by the
urements, and misled by the same fallacies.
order that we may not lose the advantage
experience, we must endeavour to see every
its proper form, and excite in ourselves
iments which the great Author of nature
ed the concomitants or followers of good
ctions,

νον μαλακίσθων ετ' ομολογία προσέξασθαι,
ν ἔμεριν ἐγγυν τρίς ἔκασθον ἐπελθειν
ἐκεῖν; τι ἐν ἔρειξα; τι μοι δένσαι οὐκ ἐπελέσθην;
νος δ' ἀκατί πρώτων, ἢ σεξάθι η' μετέχετα,
ἐν ἐκαρίζεσι, ἐπιτάθεσθο, χρεία δ' ε', τῷποινον.

"Let
"Let not sleep (says Pythagoras) fall upon eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I been fall undone which I ought to have done? If thus from the first act, and proceed to the at the ill thou hast done, be troubled; and joyce for the good."

Our thoughts on present things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under indulgences or excursions which I am now ordering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, caution pious and tender minds that are disturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, as too great dejection, and too anxious alarms: thoughts are only criminal, when they are chosen, and then voluntarily continued.

—Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave No spot or stain behind.

MILT

In futurity chiefly are the snares lodged by which the imagination is entangled. Futurity is the per abode of hope and fear, with all their train of subordinate apprehensions and delusions. In futurity, events and chances are yet floating large, without apparent connection with 1
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... and we therefore easily indulge the liberty of making ourselves with a pleasing choice. To number among possible advantages, is, as the law terms it, in vacuo vnumire, to take what things to no body; but it has this hazard in it, we shall be unwilling to quit what we have got, though an owner should be found. It is to think on that which may be gained, till at last we resolve to gain it; and to imagine the happiness of particular conditions, till we can be easy to another. We ought, at least, to let our desires stand on nothing in another's power, for the sake of his quiet; or in another's possession, for the sake of our innocence. When a man finds himself, though by a train of honest sentiments, to take for that to which he has no right, he should back as from a pit-fall covered with flowers. His fancies he should benefit the public more greatly than the man that fills it, will in imagination it an act of virtue to supplant him; as opposition readily kindles into hatred; his business to do that good to which he is not called will betray him to crimes which in his original he were never purposed.

... therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by the laws of reason. He must keep guilt from the rest of his heart; and remember, that the pleasures of fancy, and the emotions of desire, are more
more dangerous as they are more hidden; since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.
It is justly remarked by Horace, that, however every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level: for whether it be that he who follows an employment, made choice of it at first on account of its suitableness to his inclination; or that when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular station, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himself to it, gets the custom of viewing it only on the fairest side; or whether every man thinks that class to which he belongs the most illustrious, merely because he has honoured it with his name; it is certain, that, whatever be the reason, most men have a very strong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is sufficiently visible in every rank of the human species: but it exerts itself more...
more frequently, and with greater force, those who have never learned to conceal their sentiments for reasons of policy, or to modify expressions by the laws of politeness; therefore the chief contests of wit, among the labourers and handicraftsmen, arise from a mutual vour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the same principle are derived all folations to alleviate the inconveniences of every calling is peculiarly exposed. A blacksmith was lately pleasing himself at his anvil, serving, that, though his trade was hot, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had hope of living by his hammer; he got his bread by man; and if his son should rise in the world, keep his coach, no body could reproach his father was a tailor.

A man truly jealous for his fraternity, never so irresistibly flattered, as when something is mentioned with contempt. Upon a linen-draper boasted, that he had a customer, whom he could safely trust; for he had no doubt of his honesty, since it was from unquestionable authority, that he had filed a bill in chancery to delay payment; cloaths which he had worn the last year; and he himself had heard him declare, in a coffee-house, that he looked upon the world
ration of woollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them till the demand was doubled by law-charges.

It has been observed, that physicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to discover the reason of such a combination between men who agree in nothing else, and who seem less to be affected in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion: but they have all seen a parson, seen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war against him. A young student from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's parish with such arguments as his acquaintances could furnish, and returned to town without success, is now gone down with a resolution to destroy him: for he has learned at last how to manage a prig; and if he pretends to hold him again to syllogism, he has a catch in reserve, which neither logic nor metaphysics can resist.

_I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato_
_Will look aghast, when unforeseen destruction_
_Pours in upon him thus._

The malignity of soldiers and sailors against each other has been often experienced at the cost of
their country; and perhaps no orders have an enmity of more acrimony or long duration. When, upon our late successes, some new regulations were concerted for elevating the rank of the naval commanders, all the officers of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more absurd, than to give any honorary titles to seamen: "For honour (says he) ought to be won by bravery; and all the world knows that there is no danger, and therefore no durance of courage, in a fight at sea."

But as this general desire of aggrandizing themselves by raising their profession, betrays a thousand ridiculous and mischievous acts of plantation and detraction; so as almost professions have their good as well as bad effects, wise excites ingenuity, and sometimes real honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general, that no trade has reached the excellence to which it is now come, had its professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators: the advancement of the first rude essays, must have been made by those who valued themselves for performances, for scarce any other would be persuaded to them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacturing gradually from its first mean state, by t
effective labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which perhaps the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifyng nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a small intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline vitm, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this formless lump lay concealed so many conveniencies of use, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortunate liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent; which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and occur old age with subsidiary light. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without...
out his own knowledge or expectation. facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment enlarging the avenues of science, and of the highest and most lasting pleasures; enabling the student to contemplate nature, beauty to behold herself.

This passion for the honour of a profession that for the grandeur of our own country regulated, not extinguished. Every man, highest to the lowest station, ought to warm heart, and animate his endeavours with the of being useful to the world, by advancing art which it is his lot to exercise. And end he must necessarily consider the who of its application, and the whole weight importance. But let him not too readily that another is ill employed, because, for fuller knowledge of his business, he is not comprehend its consequences. Every man to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the sure of his own superiority; whether imag real, without interrupting others in the fac. The philosopher may very justly lighted with the extent of his views, and officer with the readiness of his hands; but one remember, that, without mechanical manaces, refined speculation is an empty and the other, that, without theoretical re. dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.
THE number of correspondents, which increases every day upon me, shows, that my paper is at least distinguished from the common productions of the press. It is no less a proof of eminence, to have many enemies than many friends; and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches, as an equal attestation of rising credit. The only pain which I can feel from my correspondence, is, the ear of disgusting those whose letters I shall seem to neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that in disapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Besides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himself, or his private friends; and it may be justly concluded, that not all letters which are postponed, are rejected; nor all that are rejected, critically condemned.

Having thus eased my heart of the only apprehension...
hension that fat heavy on it, I can please myself with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed; without sinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me for being old and ugly, and for wanting both activity of body, and sprightliness of mind; feeds her monkey with malLucubrations; and refuses any mitigation, till she have appeared in vindication of masquerade. That she may not however imagine me without support, and left to rest wholly upon my own fortune, I shall now publish some letters, which I have received from men as well dressed and as handsome as her favourite; and others from ladies, whom I sincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as fashionable, and as often toasted and treated as herself.

"A Set of candid readers send their respects to the Rambler, and acknowledge his merit in so well beginning a work, that may be a public benefit. But, superior as his genius is to the impertinences of a trifling age, they cannot help a wish, that he would condescend to the weakness of minds softened by perpetual amusements, and now and then throw in, like his predecessor, some papers of a gay and humorous turn. Too fair a field now lies open, with plentiful a harvest of follies! Let the Chear Thalia put in her sickle, and, singing at work, deck her hair with red and blue."
Lady sends her compliments to the Rambler, and desires to know by what other means she may direct to him; what are his set of friends, his amusements; what his way of thinking, with regard to the living world, and what he says; in short, whether he is a person now and in town? If he be, she will do her the honour to write to him pretty often; hopes, from time to time, to be the better informed by advice and animadversions, for his animadversions on her neighbours at least. But, if he is a mere essayist, and troubles not himself with the manners of the age, she is sorry to him, that even the genius and correctness of Addison will not secure him from neglect."

No man is so much abstracted from common as not to feel a particular pleasure from the of the female world; the candid writers of bill, will not be offended, that my haste for a lady has hurried their address too soon my mind: and that I refer them for a reply to a future paper, in order to tell this curious er after my other name, the answer of a phisher to a man, who, meeting him in the street, to see what he carried under his cloak: I there, (says he), that you may not see it. But she is never to know my name, she may of f me my face: for I am of her opinion, that a writer ought to see the world; and that he
who neglects his cotemporaries, may be with neglected by them.

"Lady Racket sends compliments to the here; and lets him know, she the cards at her house every Sunday the rest of the season, where he will be sure of all the good company in town. By this she hopes to see his papers interspersed wing characters. She longs to see the truth produced at an assembly, and to the charming lustre it will throw on the complexions, and behaviour of every person there."

It is a rule with me, to receive every one with the same civility as it is made; and therefore Lady Racket may have had some reason to think I seldom frequent card-tables on Sat shall not insist upon an exception, which rather appear of so little force. My business here is to view, as opportunity was offered, even in which mankind was to be seen: but tables, however brilliant, I have always my visit lost; for I could know nothing of company, but their cloaths and their faces; their faces clouded at the beginning of even with an uniform solicitude, now and their progress varied with a short triumph; at some wrinkled with cunning, at others deader
respondency; or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful or unlucky play of a partner. From such assemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire: they were too trifling for me, when I was grave; and too dull, when I was cheerful.

Yet I cannot but value myself upon this token of regard from a lady, who is not afraid to stand before the torch of truth. Let her not however insult her curiosity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if she could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty or terrestrial virtue, to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of truth shows much that we cannot, and all that we could not see. In a face dimpled with smiles, it is often discovered malevolence and envy; and studded, under jewels and brocade, the frightful terms of poverty and distress. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thousand spectres of sickness, misery, and vexation; and immense sums of money, while the winner counted them with transport, have at the first glimpse of this powerfult lustre vanished from before him. If her ladyship therefore designs to continue her assembly, I would advise her to shun such dangerous experiments, to satisfy herself with common appearances.
ances; and to light up her apartments rather
myrtle candles than the torch of truth.

"A modest young man sends his services
author of the Rambler, and will be
willing to assist him in his work; but
afraid of being discouraged by having
essay rejected; a disgrace he has woefully
sinned in every offer he has made of it to
new writer of every new paper: but he
forts himself by thinking, without vanity
this has been from a peculiar favour of the
who saved his performance from being
in trash, and reserved it to appear with
in the Rambler."

I am equally a friend to modesty and enter
and therefore shall think it an honour to
spond with a young man who possesses both
inent a degree. Youth is indeed the
which these qualities ought chiefly to be
Modesty suits well with inexperience, and
prise with health and vigour, and an ex-
prospect of life. One of my predecessors has
observed, that though modesty has an amia-
winning appearance, it ought not to hinder
ertion of the active powers; but that a man
show, under his blushes, a latent resolution.
point of perfection, nice as it is, my corre-
seems to have attained. That he is mod
own declaration may evince; and I think the latent resolution may be discovered in his letter by an acute observer. I will advise him, since he so well deserves my precepts, not to be discouraged, though the Rambler should prove equally envious or tasteless with the rest of his fraternity. If his paper is refused, the press of England is open; let him try the judgment of the public. If, as it has sometimes happened, by a general combination against superior merit, he cannot persuade the world to buy his works, he may present them to his friends; and if his friends are seized with the epidemical infatuation, and cannot find his genius, or will not confess it, let him then refer his cause to posterity, and reserve his other labours for a wiser age.

Thus have I dispatched some of my correspondents, in the usual manner, with fair words, and general civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what shall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her command, over land and seas, or to supply her from week to week with the fashions of Paris, or the politics of Madrid; I am yet not willing to incur her farther displeasure, and would save my papers from her monkey on any reasonable terms. By what propitiation therefore may I atone for my former gravity, and open, without trembling, the future letters of this sprightly persecutor? To write in defence of masquerades, is no easy task; yet something difficult and daring may well be requi-
red, as the price of so important an approbation, I therefore consulted, in this great emergency, man of high reputation in gay life; who, having added to his other accomplishments no mean proficiency in the minute philosophy, after the perusal of her letter, broke out with rapture in these words. "And can you, Mr Rambler, fix out against this charming creature? Let b know, at least, that from this moment Nigra devotes his life and his labours to her service. Is there any stubborn prejudice of education that stands between thee and the most amiable mankind? Behold! Flirtilla, at thy feet, a mind grown grey in the study of those noble arts, which right and wrong may be confounded, which reason may be blinded, when we have mind to escape from her inspection, and captiv and appetite instated in uncontrouled command and boundless dominion! Such a casuist must surely engage, with certainty of success, in indication of an entertainment, which in an instant gives confidence to the timorous; an kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been eluded, and the virgin is set free from the necessity of languishing in silence; where all the outworks of chastity are at once demolished where the heart is laid open without a blush where bashfulness may survive virtue, and wish is crushed under the frown of modesty.
"Far weaker influence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advocate for such amusements. It was declared by Pompey, that if the commonwealth was violated, he could stamp with his foot, and raise an army out of the ground. If the rights of pleasure are again invaded, let but Flirtilla crack her fan, no pens, nor swords, shall be wanting at the summons; the wit and the colonel shall march out at her command, and neither law nor reason shall stand before us."
THE maxim which Periander of Corcyra, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, χόλαν θετεί, Be master of thy choler. He considered anger as the great disturber of man life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity; and therefore thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger legacy to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

To what latitude Periander might extend his word, the brevity of his precept will scarce us to conjecture. From anger, in its full intensity, prolonged into malevolence, and exerted in vengeance, arise indeed many of the evils to which
of man is exposed. By anger, operating upon power, are produced the subversion of cities, the dissolution of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world; and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without the doubt of the veracity of the relation; did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour for want the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous species of anger is not properly under the animadversion of a writer, whose chief end is the regulation of common life, and whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay ended to expose the tragical or fatal effects even private malignity. The anger which I propose for my subject, is such as makes those who urge it more troublesome than formidable, and ks them rather with hornets and wasps, than h basilisks and lions. I have therefore prefixed motto, which characterises this passion, not so much by the mischief that it causes, as by the noise it makes.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, and contentedly known, by the appellationol. I. I
tion of passionate men; who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehemence and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage indeed for the most part fumes away in outcries of injury, as protestations of vengeance; and seldom proceed to actual violence, unless a drawer or link-boy fall in their way: but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their de mours, disturb the course of conversation, and interrupt the enjoyment of society.

Men of this kind are sometimes not without understanding or virtue sufficient to recommend them to love and regard, and are therefore not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly: and being considered by their companions under a predominant influence, that leaves them not masters of their conduct or their language, acting without thought, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than censured, and their fallies passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men are to be found of minds mea
enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience, and boasting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger: but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counter-acts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were born, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions: for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks fit to be enraged; and therefore the first reflection upon his violence must show him, that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident, that he is the mere slave of trivial chances, and that his reason and his virtues are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagances, which a man is generally careful to conceal from others, and perhaps does not always discover to himself.
himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, his arguments weak, and, by consequence, his frage not much regarded in questions accurata examined and seriously debated, is sometimes hope of gaining that attention by his voice, wi he cannot otherwise obtain; and is pleased v remembering, that at least he made himself he that he had the power to interrupt those whom could not confute, and suspend the decision wi he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men way among their servants and domestics, I feel their own ignorance, they see their own significance; and therefore they endeavour, their fury, to fright away contempt from be them, when they know it must follow them kind; and think themselves eminently mal when they see one folly tamely complied with, ly for fear lest refusal or delay should prove them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to l some force; and it is so little pleasing to any to see himself wholly overlooked in the m things, that he may be allowed to try a few ex dents for procuring some kind of supplemen dignity, and to endeavour to add weight, by ardour of his temper, to the lightness of his c powers. But this has now been long pralt
found, upon the most exact estimate, not to
duce advantages equal to its inconveniencies:
it has not appeared, that a man has, by up-
ar, and tumult, and bluster, altered any one's
opinion of his understanding, or been able to gain
any influence, except over those whom fortune or
ature has made his dependants. He may, by a
steady perseverance in his ferocity, fright his chil-
ren and harrass his servants; but all the rest of
the world will look on and laugh; and he will
give the comfort at last of thinking, that he lives
toly to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to
which wisdom and virtue would be always unwill-
g to give occasion. He will find, that he has
strived to make those fear him, whom every
asonical being is endeavouring to endear by
kindness; and must content himself with the plea-
re of a triumph obtained by trampling on those
ho could not resist him. He must perceive, that
the apprehension which his presence causes, is not
the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brut-
ty; and that he has given up the felicity of being
ved, without gaining the honour of being reve-
enced.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the
quent indulgence of this blustering passion;
hich a man, by often calling to his assistance,
ill teach, in a short time, to intrude before the
mons, to rush upon him with resolute violence.
and without any previous notice of its approach, he will find himself liable to be enflamed at the touch of provocation, and unable to retain his resentment, till he has a full conviction of the offence to proportion his anger to the cause, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once suffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the most hateful and unhappy beings: he can give no security to himself, that he shall not, at the next interview, alienate by some sudden transport his dearest friend; or break out, upon some slight contradiction, into such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whatever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man that plays with a tamer, always under a necessity of watching the moment in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on Lord Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man’s life: he contracts debts when he is furious; which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason: he spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who harden himself in oppression, and justify the wrong, be
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He has done it, his insensibility can make all part of his praise or his happiness; he only is deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance, contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks, by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, Homer expresses it, φθινοθαυ φιον κωρ, to drown his own heart in solitude and contempt.
No 12. Saturday, April 28. 1750.

—Miserum parva flibe sociat, ut pudibundus
Exercere saeas inter convivias possit.—
———Tu mitis, et acri.
Asperitate carens, posttoque per omnia fasus,
Inter ut aequales unus numeraris amicos,
Obsequiumque doce, et amorem quaeris amandus.

Lucanus ad Pisonem

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

As you seem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one species of cruelty, with which life of a man of letters perhaps does not so much produce him acquainted; and which, as it seems to produce no other advantage to those that practice it, than a short gratification of thoughtless vanity, may become less common, when it has been exposed in its various forms, and its full magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman.
whose family is numerous; and whose estate, not first sufficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so much impaired by an unsuccessful suit, that all the younger children are obliged to try such means as their education affords them, or procuring the necessaries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to London; where was received, with the coldness which misfortune generally finds, by a relation. A week, a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hope of place; in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days she was content to pity me, and only wished I had not been quite so well bred;—but people must comply with their circumstances.” This lenity however was soon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obstinacy of my father, and of people better born than myself that were common servants.

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with my visible satisfaction, that Mrs Bombazine, the reat silk-mercer’s lady, wanted a maid;—and a place it would be; for there would be nothing to do, but to clean my mistress’s room, gather her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea the morning, take care of a little Miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle: but
Madam was a woman of great spirit, and not be contradicted; and therefore I should care; for good places were not easily to be

With these cautions I waited on Madam bafine; of whom the first sight gave me no rising ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her brought to my mind the picture of the full: — "Are you the young woman (says she) are come to offer yourself? It is strange, people of substance want a servant, how is the town-talk. But they know they shall a bellyful that live with me. Not like at the other end of the town, we dine at clock. — But I never take any body with character. What friends do you come of? I then told her, that my father was a Gentle and that we had been unfortunate. — "A great fortune indeed, to come to me, and have meals a-day! — So your father was a Gentle and you are a Gentlewoman, I suppose. — Gentlewomen!" — "Madam, I did not to claim any exemptions; I only answered enquiry." — "Such Gentlewomen! People set their children to good trades, and keep off the parish. Pray go to the other end of town. There are Gentlewomen, if they pay their debts: I am sure we have lost ever by Gentlewomen." — Upon this her broad
new broader with triumph; and I was afraid she could have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult. But happily the next word was, Pray, Mrs Gentlewoman, troop down stairs." You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned, and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected: for, while I was out, he had heard that Mrs Standib, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to Commissioner of the Excise, had taken a fine wife, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs Standib I went; and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs; when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of inc. — "So, young woman, you want a place. Whence do you come?" — "From the country, Madam." — "Yes, they all come out of the country!—And what brought you to town? a bastard? Where do you lodge? at the Seven-Dials? What! you never heard of the foundling house?" — Upon this, they all laughed so irreverently, that I took the opportunity of taking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. e was at cards; but, in two hours, I was told, would speak to me. She asked me if I could keep
keep an account; and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She "wondered what people meant, to breed up "girls to write at that rate.—I suppose, Mrs "Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be "fine stuff!—You may walk. I will not have "love-letters written from my house to every "young fellow in the street."

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit. Lady Lofty; dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that shewed me in,—"Is this the lady that wants a place?—Pray what place would you have, Miss? A Maid of Honour? A place?—Servants, now-a-days!"—"Madam I heard you wanted—"—"Wanted what? some body finer than myself! A pretty servant indeed!—I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting.—A servant indeed!—Pray more off. —I am resolved to be the head person in this house:—You are ready dressed; the tavern will be open at night."

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the servant tell his lady "There was a young woman, but he saw she "would not do."—I was brought up, however.
you the trollop that has the impudence to
me for my place? What! you have hired that
my gown, and are come to steal a better.”—
adam, I have another; but being obliged to
k—” — “Then these are your manners,
your blushes and your courtesies, to come
me in your worst gown.”—“Madam, give
leave to wait upon you in my other.”—
it on me, you saucy slut! then you are sure
coming.—I could not let such a drab come
me.—Here, you girl that came up with
, have you touched her? If you have, wash
er hands before you dress me,—Such trol-
s! Get you down. What! whimpering!
y walk.”
ent away with tears; for my cousin had lost
tience. However, she told me, that she had
ft for my relations, was willing to keep me
the street, and would let me have another

e first day of this week I saw two places. At
was asked, where I had lived? and, upon
swer, was told by the lady, that “people
uld qualify themselves in ordinary places:
should never have done, if she was to
ow girls about.” At the other house, I was
mirking huffy, and that sweet face I might
ike money of.—For her part, it was a rule
“with
with her, never to take any creature that
herself handsome."

The three next days were spent in Lady entry; where I waited six hours every d
the pleasure of seeing the servants peep
and go away laughing.—"Madam will give
small thanks in the entry; she will kn
house again."—At sun-set the two first
was told, that my lady would see me to-m
and on the third, that her woman said.

My week was now near its end, and I
hopes of a place. My relation, who alwa
upon me the blame of every miscarriage,
that I must learn to humble myself, and th
great ladies had particular ways; that if
on in that manner, she could not tell who
keep me; she had known many that had
places, fell their cloaths, and beg in the fr

It was to no purpose that the refusal w
clared by me to be never on my side; I wa
soning against interest, and against stupidity
therefore I comforted myself with the hope:
ceeding better in my next attempt, and w
Mrs Courtly, a very fine lady, who had rout
house, and saw the best company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was
and found Mr Courtly and his lady at piquet, the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign; and stood at the lower end of the room, in expectation of the common question. At last Mr Courtly called out, after a whisper, and facing the light, that one may see you.” I changed my place, and blushed.—They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whispered, and laughed with the violent agitations of delight. At last Mr Courtly cried out, “Is that colour your own, child?” — “Yes, (says the lady), if she has not robbed the kitchen-hearth.” — This was so silly a conceit, that it renewed the storm of laughter; and they threw down their cards, in mirth of better sport.—The lady then called me over, and began, with an affected gravity, to inquire, “What I could do? — But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape. Well, what are you fit for, Mrs Mum? You would hang your tongue, I suppose, in the kitchen.”

No, no, (says Mr Courtly), the girl’s a good girl yet; but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulder — Come, child, hold up your head. What! you have stole nothing?” — “Not yet, (says the lady), but she hopes to steal your heart quickly.” — Here a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged the confusion which I could now no longer repress.
press. — At last the lady recollected herself.

"Stole? No—but if I had her, I should not be afraid of her; for that downcast eye.—Why can't you look people in the face?"—"Steal! (if you have a husband) she would steal nothing but peace of mind, a few ribbons before they were left off at your lady. — "Sir, (answered I), why should I by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury?"—"Insult the lady; are you come here to be a saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a general may not jest with a servant? Well, sir! Dr. Vants!—Pray be gone, and see when you have the honour to be so insulted again. Vants insulted!—a fine time!—Insulted down stairs, you slut; or the footman fl. sult you."

The last day of the last week was now over, and my kind cousin talked of sending me in the waggon, to preserve me from bad colds. But in the morning she came and told me, that she had one trial more for me. Euphemia was my maid; and perhaps I might do for her; for me, she must fall her crest, being forced down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities; and with her way of her money to everybody that pretended to it, could have little before-hand: therefore I
her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not
id to be nice.
ent immediately; and met at the door a young
woman, who told me she had herself been
that morning, but that she was ordered to
any that offered up stairs. I was according-
duced to Euphemia; who, when I came in,
own her book, and told me, that she sent
not to gratify an idle curiosity, but left my
ointment might be made still more grating by
lity; that she was in pain to deny any thing,
more what was no favour; that she saw no-
in my appearance which did not make her
for my company; but that another, whose
might perhaps be equal, had come before
The thought of being so near to such a place,
sissing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my
indered me from returning my acknowl-
. She rose up confused; and supposing, by
concern, that I was distressed, placed me by
nd made me tell her my story: which when
had heard, she put two guineas in my hand,
ing me to lodge near her, and make use of her
till she could provide for me. I am now un-
under protection; and know not how to shew
atitude better, than by giving this account to
AMBLER.

Zosima.
IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Persians always conceived a lasting and invincible contempt of a man who had violated the law of secrecy: for they thought, that, however might be deficient in the qualities requisite to act well, the negative virtues at least were ways in his power; and though he perhaps could not speak well, if he was to try, it was still for him not to speak.

In this opinion of the usefulness of secrecy, it seem to have considered it as opposed, not to treachery, but loquacity; and to have conceived the man whom they thus censured, not frightened menaces to reveal, or bribed by promises to betray; but incited by the mere pleasure of talking or some other motive equally trivial, to lay of his heart without reflection, and to let what he knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their settled and avowed scorn of thoughtless talkers, the Persians were a
diffuse to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity; we are hindered by the distance of those times in being able to discover; there being very few noirs remaining of the court of Persepolis, nor distinct accounts handed down to us of their ex-clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their learning, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In these latter ages, though the old animosity of a prattler is still retained, it appears wholly lost its effect upon the conduct of mankind: for secrets are so seldom kept, that it may in some reason be doubted, whether the ancients are not mistaken in their first postulate; whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed; whether a secret has not some subtil volatility, which it escapes almost imperceptibly at the least vent; or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that does not give it way.

Those that study either the body or the mind of a theory falling under the weight of contrary evidence; and instead of gratifying their vanity inferring effects from causes, they are always faced at last to conjecture causes from effects. As it is easy to be secret, the speculative can deliberate in his retreat; and therefore thinks him-justified in placing confidence: the man of the

N 2 world.
world knows, that, whether difficult or uncommon; and therefore finds himself inclined to search after the reason of this failure in one of the most important duties of society.

The vanity of being known to be true to a secret, is generally one of the chief motives which induce men to disclose it: for however absurd it may be to boast an honour, by an act which has been conferred without merit; yet most men are rather inclined to confess the want of virtue of importance; and more willingly shew their influence and their power, though at the expense of their probity, than glide through life with other pleasures than the private conscience of fidelity; which, while it is preserved, without praise, except from the single person who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a secret which a man exempts himself from the censure of his conscience, and gratifies his pride and vanity at the same time. He tells the private affairs of his friends, only to those from whom he conceals his own; he tells them to those who have no temptation to betray their trust, or whose pronouncement of a certain forfeiture of his life he discovers that they become public.
ets are very frequently told in the first ar-
kindness, or of love; for the sake of pro-
ry so important a sacrifice, the sincerity of
ons, or the warmth of tenderness. But
is motive, though it be sometimes strong in
vanity generally concurs; since every man
ly desires to be most esteemed by those
he loves, or with whom he converses, with
he passes his hours of pleasure, and to whom
es from business and from care.

in the discovery of secrets is under confide-
there is always a distinction carefully to be
between our own and those of another; those
ch we are fully masters, and which affect
our own interest; and those which are re-
th us only in trust, and involve the happe-
convenience of such as we have no right
e to hazard by experiments upon their
without their consent. To tell our own
is generally folly; but that folly is without
to communicate those with which we are
ed, is always treachery; and treachery for
part combined with folly.

we have indeed been some enthusiastic and
al zealots for friendship; who have main-
and perhaps believed, that one friend has a
all that is in possession of another; and,
fore it is a violation of friendship, to ex-
empt any secret from this boundless consider.
And accordingly a late female minister of state
been shameless enough to inform the world,
the used, when she wanted to extract any th
from her sovereign, to remind her of Montaig
reasoning, who has determined, That to tell a
cret to a friend, is no breach of fidelity; beca
the number of persons trusted is not multipl
man and his friend being virtually the same.

That such a fallacy could be imposed upon h
human understanding, or that an author could ha
been imagined to advance a position so remote f
truth and reason, any otherwise than as a decla
er, to shew to what extent he could stretch
imagination, and with what strength he could p
his principle, would scarcely have been credi
had not this lady kindly shewn us how far we
ness may be deluded, or indolence amused. S
since it appears, that even this sophistry has be
able, with the help of a strong desire to repos
quiet upon the understanding of another, to n
lead honest intentions, and an understanding
contemptible; it may not be superfluous to rema
that those things which are common among frien
are only such as either posses ses in his own rig
and can alienate or destroy without injury to a
other person. Without this limitation, confide
must run on without end: the second person m
tell the secret to the third, upon the same princi
received it from the first; and the third may
it forward to a fourth; till at last it is told,
the round of friendship, to them from whom it
the first intention chiefly to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithful-
ship of Titius, is nothing more than an opinion
which himself cannot know to be true, and which
Titius, who first tells his secret to Caius, may
now, at least may suspect to be false; and there-
fore the trust is transferred by Caius, if he reveal
it has been told him, to one from whom the
originally concerned would probably have
held it. And, whatever may be the event,
has hazarded the happiness of his friend,
without necessity, and without permission, and has
that trust in the hand of fortune which was
only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is
private affairs of another, may ground
confidence of security, he must, upon reflection,
be uncertain; because he finds them
not effect upon himself. When he is imagi-
that Titius will be cautious from a regard to
interest, his reputation, or his duty; he ought
effect, that he is himself at that instant acting
opposition to all these reasons, and revealing
interest, reputation, and duty direct him to
reveal.
Every one feels, that he should conclude deserving of his confidant, incapable of trust, who believed him berty to tell whatever he knew, to the false; he should conclude deserving of his confidence. Therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the imparted only to himself, violates his faith; he acts contrary to the intention of Caesar, whom that faith was given. For private friendship are, like all others, useless as unless they are made in some known sense, and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant, that many questions started relating to the duty of secrecy, where affairs are of public concern; where such reasons may arise to alter the appearance of the trust; that the manner in which the secret was told, may change the degree of caution; and that the principles upon which it is chosen for a confident, may not always constrain him. But these scruples, if not excessive, are of too extensive consideration for a given purpose; nor are they such as general and common in common life. And though casuistical knowledge be useful in proper hands, yet it ought means to be carelessly exposed; since most it rather to lull than awaken their own confidence and the threads of reasoning, on which suspended, are frequently drawn to such
that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine as well as practice of secrecy, is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be trusted: for he is often involved in scruples, without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendship and honesty; and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged, without his knowledge, in the same schemes: for he that has one confidant, has generally more; and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are,—Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept the trust when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth; and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.
Among the many inconsistencies which folly produces, or infirmity suffers in the human mind, there has often been observed a manifest and striking contrariety of the life of an author to his writings. And Milton, in a letter to a learned stranger, by whom he had been visited with great reason congratulates himself upon the consciousness of having been found equal to his own character; and having preserved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his performances had procured him.

Those whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whose works they may have found, have indeed had frequent reason to repeat their curiosity. The bubble that sparkled before them, has become common water at the touch and their phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom. The

in the pleasure of imagining how far human, may be exalted; and perhaps find themselves inclined to toil up the steeps of virtue, when observe those who seem best able to point the y, loitering below; as either afraid of the la- ur, or doubtful of the reward.

it has been long the custom of the oriental mo- chs, to hide themselves in their gardens and ir palaces, to avoid the conversation of man- d, and to be known to their subjects only by ir edicts. The same policy is as often necessary him that writes, as to him that governs: for men uld often not more patiently submit to be taught n commanded, by one who should be known to e the same follies and weaknesses with them- ses. And perhaps a sudden intruder into the fet of an author, would find the same causes of prise and indignation with the officer, who, ha- g long solicited admission into the presence of danapalus, saw him, not consulting upon laws, quiring into grievances, planning fortifications, modelling armies; but employed in feminine asements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for any reasons a man writes much better than he a. For, without entering into refined specula- is, it is many degrees easier to design than to form. A man proposes his schemes of life in a
state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear; and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind is always prosperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure science, which has to do only with ideas; and the application of its laws to the use of life, in which they are constrained to submit to the imperfection of matter, and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral considerations, it is to be remembered, that many impediments obstruct our practice, which very easily give way to theory. The speculatist is only in danger of error: but the man that is involved in life, has his own passions and those of others to encounter; and is embarrassed with a thousand inconveniences on every side; which confound him with variety of impulse, and either perplex or obstruct his way. He is often forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to choose before he can examine; he is often surprised by sudden alterations of the state of things, and changes his measures according to superficial appearances; he is often led by others, either because he is indolent, or because he is timorous; he is sometimes afraid to know what is right, and sometimes finds others diligent to deceive him.
are therefore not to wonder that most fail, tumult, and snares, and danger, in the ob-
ence of those precepts which they laid down in
le, safety, and tranquillity, with a mind un-
d, and with liberty unobstructed. It is the
ion of our present state, to see more than we
tain. The exactest vigilance and caution
ever maintain a single day of pure and un-
ed innocence; much less can the utmost ef-
of incorporated mind reach the summits of
ative virtue.

is however necessary for the idea of perfection
proposed, that we may have some object to
our endeavours are to be directed. And he
is most deficient in the duties of life, makes
atonement for his faults, by warning others
of his own failings; and endeavouring, by the
ity of his admonitions, to hinder the conta-
of his example.

nothing is more unreasonable, however com-
than to charge a man with hypocrisy that ex-
ese zeal for those virtues which he neglects to
ife; since he may be sincerely convinced of
dvantages of conquering his passions, without
g yet obtained the victory: as a man may be
tent of the advantages of a voyage or a jour-
without having courage or industry to under-
take
take it; and may honestly recommend to those attempts which he neglects himself.

The interest which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themselves against every attempt to amendment, has disposed them to give to apparent contradictions, when they can be produced, against the cause of virtue, that weight which will not allow them in any other case. The men act in opposition to their interest, we supposing, on other occasions, that they do know it: they see them give way to the violence of passion, and forfeit the most important pursuits for trivial pleasures; without improving that they have changed their sentiments, approve their own conduct. In moral or religious questions alone, they resolve to determine their sentiments by the actions, and charge every man endeavouring to impose upon the world, his writings are not confirmed by his life; we considering, that they themselves neglect, or tise something, every day, inconsistently with their own settled opinion; and without discovering the conduct of the advocates for virtue can increase, or lessen the obligation of their different argument is to be invalidated only by itself, and is in itself of the same force, whereas or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

Yet, since this prejudice, however unreason
always likely to have some prevalence, it is the of every man to take care left he should hin-
he efficacy of his own instructions. When he es to gain the belief of others, he should shew he believes himself; and when he teaches the is of virtue by his reasonings, he should, by xample, prove its possibility. Thus much at may be required of him, that he should not worse than others because he writes better; imagine, that, by the merit of his genius, he claim some indulgence beyond mortals of the r classes, for want of prudence, or neglect of ie.

acon, in his history of the winds, after having ed something to the imagination as desirable, oes something in its place to the reason as at-
able. The same method may be sometimes ued in moral endeavours, which this philoso-
has observed in natural enquiries: and, ha-
first set positive and absolute excellence before we may be pardoned though we sink down to nd of neutral state; trying however to keep point always in view, and struggling not to ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he, for ng time, concealed the consecration of himself he stricter duties of religion, left, by some flagi-
and shameful action, he should bring piety in-
to disgrace. For the same reason, it may be
dent for a writer, who apprehends that he sha:
enforce his own rules by his domestic charact:
conceal his name, that he may not injure the

There are indeed a far greater number, w
curiosity to gain a more familiar knowledge
successful writers, is not so much prompted by
opinion of their power to improve as to delight;
who expect from them, not arguments against
or dissertations on temperance or justice, but fi
of wit, strains of humour, and sallies of plea
or at least acute remarks, nice distinctions,
ness of sentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is indeed specious and prob
and yet such is the fate of all human hopes, t
it is very often frustrated; and those who raise
mination by their books, disgust by their comp
A man of letters, for the most part, spends, in
privacies of study, that season of life in which
manners are to be softened into ease, and poli
into elegance; and, when he has gained knowle
eough to be respected, has neglected the mim
arts by which he might have pleased: and, wh
he enters life, if of a weak and timorous temper,
is diffident and bashful, from the knowledge of
defects; or, if he was born with spirit and rela
tion, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the co
sciousness of his merit. He is either dissipated
of superior company, and unable to as-
his ideas, recollect his reading, and arrange
ument; or he is hot, and dogmatical, quick
position, and tenacious in defence, disabled
own violence, and confused by his haste to h.

Graces of writing and conversation are of
kinds; and though he who excels in one,
have been perhaps equally successful in the
with opportunity and application; yet as
please by extemporary talk, who are utterly
tainted with the more accurate method, and
boured beauties, which composition requires;
very possible, that men wholly accustomed
ks of study, may want that readiness, con-
and affluence of language, which is always
d in colloquial entertainment. They may
dress to watch the hints which conversation
for the display of their particular attain-
or they may be so much unfurnished with
on common subjects, that discourse not pro-
lerary, glides over them as heterogeneous
without admitting their conceptions to mix
circulation.

Transition from an author's books to his con-
on, is too often like an entrance into a large
fter a distant prospect. Remotely, we see
.I. 
P nothing.
nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of laces, and imagine it the residence of splendid grandeur, and magnificence; but when we passed the gates, we find it perplexed with passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, barricaded with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.
N° 15. Tuesday, May 8. 1750.

It quando uberior vitiorum copia? Quando
Major avaritiae patuit finus? Allea quando
Ilos animos? ———

Juv.

— Here is no grievance, public or private, of which, since I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received so y or so earnest complaints, as of the predomi
nee of play; of a fatal passion for cards and , which seems to have overturned, not only ambition of excellence, but the desire of plea-
; to have extinguished the flames of the lover, ell as of the patriot: and threatens, in its fur-

progess, to destroy all distinctions, both of and sex; to crush all emulation, but that of l; to corrupt all those classes of our people, se ancestors have, by their virtue, their industry, their parsimony, given them the power of living extravagance, idleness, and vice; and to leave n without knowledge but of the modish games, without wishes but for lucky hands.

have found by long experience, that there are enterprizes so hopeless as contests with the fa-
shion; in which the opponents are not only confident by their numbers, and strong by union; but are hardened by contempt of thei	agonist; whom they always look upon as a w of low notions, contracted views, mean congratulation, and narrow fortune; who envies the tions which he cannot reach; who would g embitter the happiness which his obscurity, h elegance, or his indigence deny him to part and who has no other end in his advice, th revenge his own mortifications; to hinder whom their birth and taste have set above from the enjoyment of their superiority, a bring them down to a level with himself.

Though I have never found myself much ed by this formidable censure, which I have curred often enough to be acquainted with it force; yet I shall, in some measure, obviate this occasion, by offering very little in my name, either of argument or entreaty; since who suffer by this general infatuation, may be posed best able to relate its effects.

S I R,

There seems to be so little knowledge the world, and so little of that rest practised by which knowledge is to be gained I am in doubt, whether I shall be under when I complain of want of opportunity for t
The R A M B L E R. 117

whether a condemnation, which at pret-
seems irreversible, to perpetual ignorance, will
be any compassion, either in you, or your readers:
I will venture to lay my state before you; be-
for I believe it is natural to most minds, to take
pleasure in complaining of evils of which
they have no reason to be ashamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune,
ose diffidence of mankind, and perhaps the plea-
se of continual accumulation, incline him to re-
se: upon his own estate, and to educate his chil-
ren in his own house; where I was bred, if not
the most brilliant examples of virtue before
eyes, at least remote enough from any incite-
nts to vice; and, wanting neither leisure, nor
oks, nor the acquaintance of some persons of
ning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to
quire such knowledge as might most recommend
to esteem, and thought myself able to support
onviction upon most of the subjects which my
, and my condition, made it proper for me to
lerstand.

I had besides my knowledge, as my mamma and
maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant
pe; and with all these advantages had been se-
teen months the reigning toast for twelve miles
and; and never came to the monthly assembly.
I heard the old ladies that sat by, wishing that
it
is might end well, and their daughters criticise my air, my features, or my dress.

You know, Mr Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curiosity to understanding; therefore will hear without wonder, that I was furious to extend my victories over those who give more honour to the conqueror; and I found in a country-life, a continual repetition of the same pleasures, which was not sufficient to satisfy the mind for the present, or raise any expectations of the future: and therefore I will confide in you, that I was impatient for a sight of the war, and filled my thoughts with the discoveries I should make, the triumphs that I should obtain, and the praises that I should receive.

At last the time came. My aunt, whose band has a seat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and sent for me to sit in the loss. The hope that I should so far influence myself into their favour, as to obtain a considerable augmentation of my fortune, procure every convenience for my departure, with expedition; and I could not, amidst all my reports, forbear some indignation, to see with readiness the natural guardians of my virtue, me to a state, which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as soon as a new access of fortune glittered in their eyes.
ee days I was upon the road, and on the morning my heart danced at the sight of. I was set down at my aunt's, and enter-
m on the scene of action. I expected now, the age and experience of my aunt, some lef-
prudential conduct; but, after the first civi-
ud first tears were over, was told, what pity to have kept so fine a girl so long in the
; for that people who did not begin
feldom dealt their cards handsomely, or them tolerably.

ng persons are commonly inclined to flight
marks and counsels of their elders. I smiled
with too much contempt; and was upon
nt of telling her, that my time had not been
such trivial attainments. But I soon found
ings are to be estimated, not by the im-
se of their effects, but the frequency of
fe.

ow days after, my aunt gave me notice, that
company, which she had been six weeks in
ing, was to meet that evening, and the ex-
a finer assembly than had been seen all the
. She expressed this in the jargon of a
er; and, when I asked an explication of her
art, wondered where I had lived. I had
found my aunt so incapable of any ration-
slution, and so ignorant of every thing,
whether
whether great or little, that I had lost all reg
to her opinion, and dressed myself with great
pectations of an opportunity to display my cha
among rivals, whose competition would not
honour me. The company came in; and, a
the cursory compliments of salutation, alike
to the lowest as the highest understanding, w
was the result? The cards were broke open,
parts were formed; the whole night passed i
game, upon which the young and old were equ
ly employed: nor was I able to attract an eye,
gain an ear; but, being compelled to play wi
out skill, I perpetually embarrassed my part
and soon perceived the contempt of the whole tu
gathering upon me.

I cannot but suspect, Sir, that this odious
fashion is produced by a conspiracy of the old,
ugly, and the ignorant, against the young:
beautiful, the witty and gay, as a contrivance
to level all distinctions of nature and of art; to
found the world in a chaos of folly; to take fr
those who could outshine them, all the advan
tage of mind and body; to withhold youth from
natural pleasures; to deprive wit of its influence,
beauty of its charms; to fix those hearts up
money, to which we have hitherto been entitle
to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to all
it no other hopes, or fears, but those of robber
and being robbed.
pleased, Sir, to inform those of my sex who
finds capable of nobler sentiments, that, if
will unite in vindication of their pleasures
air prerogatives, they may fix a time, at
ards shall cease to be in fashion, or be left
those who have neither beauty to be loved,
it to be feared; neither knowledge to
nor modesty to learn; and who, having
their youth in vice, are justly condemned to
their age in folly.

I am, S I R, &c.

C LEORA.

Sation will burst my heart, if I do not give
vent. As you publish a paper, I insist up-
at you insert this in your next, as ever
for the kindness and encouragement of
en of taste, spirit, and virtue. I would
published to the world, how deserving
used by imperious coxcombs, that hence-
woman may marry, who has not the pa-
Grizel. Nay, if even Grizel had been
to a gamester, her temper would never
out. A wretch that loses his good-hu-
ud humanity along with his money, and
allow enough from his own extravagances
rt a woman of fashion in the necessary a-
ts of life.—Why does not he employ his

wife head to make a figure in parliament, estate, and get a title? That would be fit master of a family, than rattling a noisy diet and then he might indulge his wife in a fair expences and elegant diversions.

What if I was unfortunate at Brag? - he not have staid to see how luck would other time? Instead of that, what does he picks a quarrel, upbraids me with loss of abuses my acquaintance, ridicules my pl instructs my understanding? says, forsooth, men have not heads enough to play with but dolls; and that they should be em things proportionable to their understanding at home, and mind family-affairs.

I do stay at home, Sir, and all the town I am at home every Sunday. I have had this winter, and sent out ten packs of invitations to private parties. As for money I am sure he cannot call me extravagant, do not mind my family. The children are nurse in villages, as cheap as any two little can be kept; nor have I ever seen them if he has no trouble about them. The servant all at board-wages. My own dinners cost the Thatch'd house; and I have never paid for any thing I have bought since I was
or play, I do think I may indeed indulge in
now I am my own mistress. Pappa made me
at Whist till I was tired of it; and, far
wanting a head, Mr Hooke, when he had not
me above forty lessons, said, I was one of
best scholars. I thought then with myself,
if once I was at liberty, I would leave play,
take to reading romances; things so forbid-
at our house, and so railed at, that it was
possible not to fancy them very charming.
Fortunately, to save me from absolute un-
kindness, just as I was married, came dear
into fashion; and ever since it has been the
of my life; so easy, so cheerful and careless,
and oft of thought, and so genteel! Who can
loving it? Yet the pernicious thing has used
very ill of late, and to-morrow I should have
ged it for Faro. But, oh! this detestable to-
bow; a thing always expected, and never
Within these few hours must I be dragged
the country. The wretch, Sir, left me in a
which his threatenings had occasioned, and
earcfully ordered a post-chaise. Stay I can-
for money I have none, and credit I cannot
But I will make the monkey play with me
quet upon the road for all I want. I am al-
sure to beat him; and his debts of honour
will he will pay. Then who can tell but I
ill come back, and conquer Lady Packer?
Sir, you need not print this last scheme; and upon second thoughts you may.—Oh distraction! the post-chaise is at the door. Sir, publish what you will; only let it be printed without a name.

—Multis dicendi copia torrente,
sua mortisera est facundia.—

Ju v.

To the R A M B L E R.

I R,

I am the modest young man whom you favoured with your advice in a late paper: and, as I am very far from suspecting that you forethe numberless inconveniences which I have, following it, brought upon myself, I will lay my position open before you; for you seem bound to cate me from the perplexities in which your fel, however innocent in the intention, has indeed me.

You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, a writer might easily find means of introducing his genius to the world, for the press of Engwas open. This I have now fatally experi-

The press is indeed open:

—Facilit
—Faciliis descensus Averni;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

The means of doing hurt to ourselves are at hand. I immediately sent to a printer contracted with him for an impression of thousands of my book. While it was at th I was seldom absent from the printing-hou continually urged the workmen to hasten, by tations, promises, and rewards. From the other pleasures were excluded, by the delight ployment of correcting the sheets; and fr night sleep was generally banished, by antici of the happiness which every hour was b nearer.

At last the time of publication approach an my heart beat with the raptures of an auth was above all little precautions; and, in d of envy, or of criticism, set my name up title; without sufficiently considering, tha has once passed the press, is irrevocable; as though the printing-house may properly be pared to the infernal regions, for the facility entrance; and the difficulty with which auth turn from it; yet there is this difference, great genius can never return to his formes by a happy draught of the waters of oblivio

I am now, Mr Rambler, known to be
or; and am condemned, irreversibly condemned, all the miseries of high reputation. The first morning after publication, my friends assembled about me. I presented each, as is usual, with a copy of my book. They looked into the first pages; it were hindered, by their admiration, from reading farther. The first pages are indeed very elaborate. Some passages they particularly dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than the rest; and some more delicate strokes, and secret elegances, I pointed out to them, which had escaped their perusal. I then begged of them to forbear their compliments; and invited them, as I could not do less, to dine with me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was resumed: but their praises were often so much overpowered my modesty, that I was forced to put about the glass; and had other means of repressing the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer former bottle.

Next morning another set of my acquaintance met me upon my performance, with such unity of praise, that I was again forced to return their civilities by a treat. On the third had yet a greater number of applauders to silence in the same manner. And, on the those whom I had entertained the first day, again, having, in the perusal of the remain- of the book, discovered so many forcible sentences
sentences and masterly touches, that it was possible for me to bear the repetition of their recommendations. I therefore persuaded them more to adjourn to the tavern, and choose other subject, on which I might share in the conversation. But it was not in their power to hold their attention from my performance, we had so entirely taken possession of their minds that no intreaties of mine could change their topic; and I was obliged to stifle, with claret, praise which neither my modesty could hinder my uneasiness repress.

The whole week was thus spent in a literary revel; and I have now found, that not only is so expensive as great abilities, unless they have been joined with them an insatiable eagerness of profit, to escape from the pain of hearing myself exaggerated above the greatest names, dead and living, the learned world, it has already cost me hogsheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, a dozen of claret, and five and forty bottles of champagne.

I was resolved to stay at home no longer; therefore rose early, and went to the coffee-house, but found, that I had now made myself too eminent for happiness, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleasure of mixing, upon equal terms, with the rest of the world. As soon as I enter the room,
I see part of the company raging with envy; which they endeavour to conceal, sometimes with the appearance of laughter, and sometimes with that of contempt: but the disguise is such, that I can discover the secret rancour of their hearts; and, as envy is deservedly its own punishment, I frequently indulge myself in tormenting them with my presence.

But though there may be some slight satisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not suffer me to take any pleasure in the terroirs of my friends. I have been cautious, since the appearance of my work, not to give myself more premeditated airs of superiority, than the most rigid humility might allow. It is indeed not impossible that I may sometimes have laid down my opinion; in a manner that shewed a consciousness of my ability to maintain it, or interrupted the conversation, when I saw its tendency; without suffering the speaker to waste his time in explaining his sentiments; and indeed I did indulge myself for two days in a custom of drumming with my fingers, when the company began to lose themselves in absurdities, or to encroach upon subjects which I knew them unqualified to discuss. But I generally acted with great appearance of respect, even to those whose stupidity I pitied in my heart. Yet, notwithstanding this exemplary moderation, so universal is the dread of uncommon powers,
and such the unwillingness of mankind to wiser, that I have now for some days found shunned by all my acquaintance. If I knock at the door, no body is at home; if I enter a coffee house, I have the box to myself. I live in the temple of a lion in his desert, or an eagle on his rock, with a great regard for friendship or society; and condescend to solitude, by unhappy elevation and dread of dancy.

Nor is my character only formidable to others, but burdensome to myself. I naturally love life without much thinking, to scatter my mental musings in random moods, and to relax my thoughts with musing upon my own reflections, and the importance of my opinion, that I am after it, left, by being established too hastily. It should be the occasion of error, for in the nation; and such is the expectation with me, that I am attended with. I am going to speak frequently pause, reflect, whether what I am about to utter, is worthy of myself.

This, Sir, is sufficiently miserable: but still greater calamities behind. You must know how men of parts have had their closets, and their cabinets broke open, at the instigation of the most radical booksellers, for the profit of the nation, and it is apparent, that there are many fold in the shops, of men whom you cannot
6. The R A M B L E R. 131

ring for that purpose, and whose likenesses have been certainly stolen, when their names: their faces vendible. These considerations put me on my guard: and I have indeed sufficient reason for my caution; for I have vered many people examining my countenance, a curiosity that shewed their intention to draw I immediately left the house, but find the same viour in another.

thers may be persecuted, but I am haunted. I good reason to believe, that eleven painters ow dogging me; for they know, that he who get my face first, will make his fortune. I often ge my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, which I hope somewhat to confound them; for know it is not fair to sell my face, without ad- ng me to share the profit.

um however not so much pain for my face, : my papers; which I dare neither carry with nor leave behind. I have indeed taken someures for their preservation, having put them in on chest, and fixed a padlock upon my closet. nge my lodgings five times a week, and al- remove at the dead of night,

us I live, in consequence of having given too proofs of a predominant genius, in the foli- of a hermit, the anxiety of a miser, and the

caution
caution of an outlaw; afraid to shew my face, it should be copied; afraid to speak, lest I injure my character; and to write, lest my respondents should publish my letters; always easy lest my servants should steal my papers for sake of money, or my friends for that of the lic. This it is to soar above the rest of mankind and this representation I lay before you, that may be informed how to divest myself of the relics, which are so cumbersome to the wearer; descend to the enjoyment of that quiet, which I find a writer of the first class so fatally barred.

Misq.
Me non oracula certum.
Sed more certa fact.

Lucan.

It is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment was, to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour, Remember, Prince, that thou shalt dye. And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state, appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages, Keep thine eye fixed on the end of life.

A frequent and attentive prospect of that hour which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational disposition of our affairs, and the wise and happy regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection, that he is born to die.
The great disturbers of our happiness in this world, are, our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the frequent consideration of death is a certain and adequate remedy. Think (say Epictetus) frequently on poverty, banishment, and death; and thou wilt then never indulge any violent desire, or give up thy heart to any mean sentiment; ἔλθε ἔνεπολε ταπεινὸν ἐνθύμησι, ἐπὶ ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation, will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer ourselves to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed our imagination, and permits us not to conceive any other happiness than its attainment, or any other misery than its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life, is neglected as inconsiderable in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, thrown from us as encumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has remitted, when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, are
rises of admirers, and the attendance of suppli-
ners, have appeared vain and empty things, when
the last hour has seemed to be approaching. And
the same appearance they would always have, if
the same thought was always predominant. We
would then find the absurdity of stretching out our
arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot
reach; and wearing out our lives in endeavours to
build new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when
the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on
which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire. We are un-
satisfied at the attainments of another, according as we
envy our own happiness would be advanced by the
accumulation of that which he witholds from us;
and therefore, whatever depresses immoderate
desires, will, at the same time, set the heart free
from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from
that vice which is above most of our tormenting to-
urselves, hateful to the world, and productive of
cruel artifices and fordid projects. He that con-
ders how soon he must close his life, will find no-thing of so much importance as to close it well;
and will therefore look with indifference upon what-
er is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects
sequently upon the uncertainty of his own dura-

nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so
much
much improve the condition of a rival, as him in any great degree superior to the whom he has carried a prize too mean to very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the and tender mind is more particularly subje be obviated or alleviated by the same re. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of dition are enjoyed with a constant sense of certain tenure by which they are held. If member, that whatever we possesse is to be hands but a very little time; and consider, little which our most lively hopes can pro may be made less by ten thousand acciden shall not much repine at a loss, of which we estimate the value; but of which, though we not tell the least amount, we know, with cer certainty, the greatest, and are convinced th greatest is not among to be regretted.

But if any passion has so much usurped o derstanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy ad vantages with that moderation which is pret by reason and by virtue, it is not too late to this remedy, when we find ourselves sinking sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which recoverably vanished. We may then useful solve the uncertainty of our own condition the folly of lamenting what from which, if
a little longer, we should ourselves have been away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting woe, that which arises from the loss of those in whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be said, that friendship between mortals can be rooted on no other terms, than that one must at times mourn for the other's death; and that grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, ever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has ped.

or is fear, the most overbearing and resolute of all our passions, less to be tempered by this salutary medicine of the mind. The frequent emplation of death, as it shows the vanity of human good, discovers likewise the lightness of terrestrial evil; which certainly can last no er than the subject upon which it acts, and th, according to the old observation, must be ever, as it is more violent. The most cruel category which misfortune can produce, must, by necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. They cannot long be held in prison; but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice;

——Ridetque sui ludibria trunci.
The utmost that we can threaten to one
ther, is that death, which indeed we may prate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefor, it cannot become a wise man to buy prieve at the expense of his virtue; since he is not how small a portion of time he can purport, which, whether short or long, will be made valuable by the remembrance of the price by which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his

The known shortness of life, as it ought to
derate our passions, may likewise, with equa
priety, contract our designs. There is not
for the most forcible genius and most active ind
project the conquest of the world, seems to be
madness of some mighty princes; to hope for
vellence in every science, has been the folly of
men of uncommon genius: and both have,
at last, that they have panted for a height of
ence denied to humanity; and have lost
opportunities of making themselves useful and
py, by a vain ambition of obtaining a spec
honour, which the eternal laws of Providence
placed beyond the reach of man.

The miscarriages of the great designs of p
are recorded in the histories of the world
when they are read, are of little use to th
of mankind, who seem very little interested in admonitions against errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of literary ambition is a proper subject for every scholar to consider, who has had occasion to regret the dissipation of great abilities in a boundless multiplicity of pursuits; to lament the sudden desertion of many excellent designs, upon the offer of some other subject, made more inviting by its novelty; and to observe the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfinished by so great an extension of the plan.

It is always pleasing to observe, how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitements to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the father of physic, that *art is long, and life is short.*

S 2

No 18.
No 18. Saturday, May 19.

Illic mater carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens;
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjur, nec nitido fidit adultero.
Dox est magna parentium
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fædere castitas.

There is no observation more made by such as employ the surveying the conduct of man that marriage, though the dictate of n the institution of Providence, is yet ver cause of misery; and that those who that state, can seldom forbear to express pentance of the folly, and their envy of the either chance or caution has withheld.

This general unhappiness has given many sage maxims among the serious, smart remarks among the gay. The writer of epigrams have equally shown lities upon it. Some have lamented,
have ridiculed it. But, as the faculty of writing has been, in all ages, chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miserable has been almost always thrown upon the women; and the grave and the merry have equally thought themselves at liberty to conclude, either with declamatory complaints or satirical censures of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.

Led by such a number of examples, and incited by my share in the common interest, I have sometimes ventured to consider this universal grievance, having endeavoured to divest my heart of all partiality, and place myself as a kind of neutral being between the sexes; whose clamours, if we attend only to the world passing before us, being equally loud, and vented on both sides with all the vehemence of distress, all the apparent confidence of justice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, seem therefore entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their superiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raise prejudices in their favour by the venerable testimonies of philosophers, historians, and poets. But the pleas of the ladies appeal to passions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not so great names on their side, they have stronger arguments. It is to little purpose, that Socrates or Euripides are produced against the
sighs of softness, and the tears of beauty. The
most frigid and inexorable judge would, at least,
stand suspended between equal powers; as Lucan
was perplexed in the determination of the cause,
where the deities were on one side, and Cato on the
other.

But I, who have long studied the severest and
most abstracted philosophy, have now, in the cool
maturity of life, arrived to such command over my
passions, that I can hear the vociferations of either
sex, without catching any of the fire from those
that utter them. For I have found, by long expe-
rience, that a man will sometimes rage at his wife,
when in reality his mistress has offended him; and
a lady complain of the cruelty of her husband,
when she has no other enemy than bad cards. I
do not suffer myself now to be any longer imposed
upon by oaths on one side, or fits on the other;
nor, when the husband retires to punch, and the
lady to citron-water, am I always confident that
they are driven to it by their miseries; since I have
sometimes reason to believe, that they purpose not
so much to soothe their sorrows, as to animate their
fury. But how little credit soever may be given to
particular accusations, the general accumulation of
the charge shews, with too much evidence, that
married persons are not very often advanced in fel-
licity; and therefore it may be no improper enquiry

examine, at what avenues so many evils have
made
side their way into the world. With this purpose, I have reviewed the lives of many of my friends, to have been least successful in connubial concerns; and attentively considered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the first of my acquaintances that resolved to quit the unsettled thoughtless condition of a bachelor, was Prudentius; a man of slow parts, but not without knowledge, or judgment, things which he had leisure to consider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province, to settle the scheme of our entertainment, contract with the keep, and inform us when we had called for a dram to the sum originally proposed. This grave considerer found, by deep meditation, that a man is no loser by marrying early, even though he entailed himself with a less fortune: for estimating the exact worth of annuities, he found, that, considering the constant diminution of the value of money, was not worse to have ten thousand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty; for many opportunities, as he, occur of improving money, which if a man misses, he may not afterwards recover.

Full of these reflections, he threw his eyes about
him; not in search of beauty, or elegance, dignify, or understanding; but of a woman ten thousand pounds. Such a woman, in a thry part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her, whose ambition was to make his daughter a Gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he brought her to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a settlement of seventy three pounds a-year more than her fortune might have claimed, and less he would himself have given, if the fools had but wise enough to conduct their bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the superior qualities of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own house; in which he never afterwards enjoyed one hour of happiness. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, with a strong voice, and low education; but without any sense of happiness, but that which was satisfied in eating, and counting money. Frick, a scold. They agreed in the desire of wealth; but with this difference, that Prudentius was growing rich by gain, Furia by parsimony. Prudentius would venture his money with the chance of losing very much in his favour; but Furia very wisely served, that what they had was, while they had it in their own, thought all traffic too great a hazard, and was for putting it out at low interest, with good security. Prudentius ventured, however
a ship, at a very unreasonable price; but ning to lose his money, was so tormented he clamours of his wife, that he never durst econd experiment: He has now grovelled and forty years under Furia's direction; who ver mentioned him, since his bad luck, by her name than that of the ensurer.

next that married from our society, was tius. He happened to see Zephyretta at a horse-race; danced with her at night, as confirmed in his first ardour; waited on xt morning, and declared himself her lover. tius had not knowledge enough of the world, anguish between the flutter of coquetry, and sightliness of wit; or between the smile of al- nt, and that of cheerfulness: He was soon from his rapture, by conviction that his e was but the pleasure of a day. Zephyretta four and twenty hours spent her stock of e, gone round the circle of her airs, and thing remaining for him, but childish insi- or for herself; but the practice of the same upon new men; by which she is every day ng contempt upon them both.

Tlus was a man of parts, capable of enjoy- of improving life. He had pass'd through rious scenes of gaiety, with that indifference, ession of himself, natural to men who have i.
something higher and nobler in their prospect. He retired to spend the summer in a village little frequented; where happening to lodge in the same house with Lanthe, he was unavoidably drawn to some acquaintance, which her wit and politeness soon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleasures to each other, they began to forget that any pleasure was enjoyed before their meeting. Melissus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneasy in her absence; and being sufficiently convinced of the merit of her understanding, and finding, as he imagined, such a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, he addressed her as a lover, after no very long courtship obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Melissus had only seen her in one scene, where there was no variety of objects to produce the proper excitement to contrary desires. They had both loved solitude and reflection, where there was nothing but solitude and reflection to be loved. But when they came into public life, Lanthe discovered those passions which accident, rather than hypocrisy, had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking; for that he would have detected; but was wholly without the exertion of
that power, when either gaiety or splendour played
on her imagination. She was expensive in her
diversions, vehement in her passions, infatiate of
pleasure however dangerous to her reputation, and
eager of applause by whomsoever it could be given.
This was the wife which Melissus the philosopher
found in his retirement, and from whom he ex-
pected an associate in his studies, and an assistant to
his virtues.

Prosapius, upon the death of his younger bro-
ther, that the family might not be extinct, married
his housekeeper; and has ever since been com-
plaining to his friends, that mean notions are in-
stilled into his children, that he is ashamed to sit at
his own table, and that his house is uneasy to him
for want of suitable companions.

Avaro, master of a very large estate, took a
woman of bad reputation, recommended to him
by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the
condition on which he should be his heir. Avaro
now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his
wife’s, and his uncle’s, insufficient to give him
that happiness, which is to be found only with a
woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this import-
ant article of life; to recount the reasons which
influenced, not only others among my friends,
but likewise some ladies whom I have known, in
the choice of an inseparable companion; and give
account of other causes which have disappointed
the hope of lovers. I shall therefore make no re-
flexion upon these histories, except that all whom
I have mentioned, failed to obtain happiness, for
want of considering, that marriage is the strictest
tye of perpetual friendship; that there can be no
friendship without confidence, and no confidence
without integrity; and that he therefore must ex-
pect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches,
or politeness, that regard which only virtue and
piety can justly claim.
It is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can observe the misconduct or miscarriage of those men, who seem, by the force of understanding or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with scenes of calamity, we look for the most part upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard; and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude: as, in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of slaughter; but follow the hero, with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune.
without a thought of the thousands that
round him.

With the same kind of anxious
have, for many years, been making
on the life of *Polyphilus*; a man whose
quaintances have, from his first apper
world, feared for the quickness of his
and admired for the multiplicity of his
but whose progress in life, and whose
mankind, has perhaps been hindered
perfluity of his knowledge, and the c
mind.

*Polyphilus* was remarkable at the for
passing all his companions, without ap
lication; and at the university was
equally for his successful progress, as
the rough and thorny mazes of sci
smooth and flowing paths of polite
without any strict confinement to ho
or any remarkable forbearance of
amusements of young men.

When *Polyphilus* was at the age it
usually chuse their profession, and pre
ter into a public character, every ac
was fixed upon him; and all were cu
quire, what this universal genius wor
for the employment of his life; and r
but that he would leave all his contempo-

bilibus, though by no means insolent or af-

could he help (for whom does not constant

turning philosophy to profit, and so highly

natural for a man, to catch advantageous

in against all the advocates for the ancien
ty.
system, that he resolved to apply himself to anatomy, botany, and chemistry; and to leave part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, constructed systems and tried experiments. But unhappily, as he was going to see a new plant in flower at Chelsea, he met, in crossing Westminster to take water, the Chancellor’s coach. He had the curiosity to follow him into the hall; where a remarkable case happened to be tried; and found himself able to produce so many arguments; which the lawyers had omitted on both sides, that he determined to quiver for a profession, in which he found it would be so easy to excel; and which promised high honours and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon misery, mean submission to peevishness, and continual interruption of rest and pleasure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple bought a common-place book; and confined himself for some months to the perusal of the statutes, year-books, pleadings; and reports. He was a constant hearer of the proceedings in the courts, and began to put cases with reasonable accuracy. But he soon discovered, by considering the fortunes of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteness, learning, and eloquence. He was a
by the absurdities of attorneys, and misrepresentations made by his clients of their own; by the useless anxiety of one, and the instant importance of another. He began to reflect on having devoted himself to a study, which was narrow in its comprehension, which could not carry his name to any other country; and felt it unworthy of a man of parts, to sell his only for money. The barrenness of his fel-lows forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment; and, among varieties of conversation through which his curiosity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at tavern with some intelligent officers of the A man of letters was easily dazzled with the variety of their appearance, and softened into softness by the politeness of their address. He had cultivated this new acquaintance and he saw how readily they found, in every admission and regard, and how familiarly mingled with every rank and order of men, began to feel his heart beat for military hon-ors; and wondered how the prejudices of the fity should make him so long insensible of ambition, which has fired so many hearts in age; and negligent of that calling which is, all others, universally and invariably illusory, and which gives even to the exterior appa-rance of its professors, a dignity and freedom own to the rest of mankind.

I. U

These
These favourable impressions were made still deeper by his conversation with ladies; whose regard for soldiers he could not observe, wishing himself one of that happy fraternity to which the female world seemed to have devoted all their charms and their kindness. The love of knowledge, which was still his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventure and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he thought there was no way of life in which all his views could so completely concenter, as in that of a soldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new friends not very much versed in the principles of tactics or fortification: and therefore he studied all the military writers, both ancient and modern; and, in a short time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been lost from the beginning of the world. He often shewed, at table, how Alexander should have been checked in his conquests, what was the fatal error at Pharsalia, how Charles of Sweden might have escaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper, so that no superiority of numbers could force them; and modelled in clay many impregnable fortresses, on which all the present arts of attack would be exhausted without effect.
Polyphilus in a short time obtained a commission, but before he could rub off the solemnity of war, and gain the true air of military vivacity, war was declared, and forces sent to the contest. Here Polyphilus unhappily found, that someone would not make a soldier: for, being accustomed to think, the sense of danger into his mind, and he felt at the approach of situation that terror which a sentence of death have brought upon him. He saw, that, instead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his friends was only to escape them: but his study chained his mind to its object; and raked him with shackles, than furnished him arms. He however suppressed his misery in silence, and passed through the campaign with horror, but found himself utterly unable to support it.

Then had recourse again to his books, and feared to range from one study to another. As I daily visit him once a month, and am admitted without previous notice, I have found him in this last half-year decyphering the Chinese language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of obsolete terms of the English law, writing an enclosing the ancient Corinthian brass, and forging a new scheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended...
extended the sphere of any science, or benefit
world in any profession, dissipated in a bound-
variety, without any profit to others or himself;
makes sudden irruptions into the regions of
ledge, and sees all obstacles give way before
but he never stays long enough to complete
conquest, to establish laws, or bring away the

Such is often the folly of those men whom
ture has enabled to obtain skill and knowled
terms so easy, that they have no sense of the
t of the acquisition; who are qualified to make
 speedy progress in learning, that they think
 selves at liberty to loiter in the way; and
by turning aside after every new object, like
lanta, lose the race to flower competitors,
press diligently forward, and whose force is di
ed to a single point.

I have often thought them happy that have
fixed, from the first dawn of thought, in a
mination to some state of life, by the choi
one whose authority may preclude caprice
whose influence may prejudice them in favor
his opinion. The general precept of conf
the genius, is of little use, unless we are tol
the genius can be known. If it is to be diff
ed only by experiment, life will be lost befo
resolution can be fixed; if any other indic
are to be found, they may perhaps be very
discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently deceived with regard to themselves than to others: and therefore no one has much reason to complain, that his life was planned out by his friends; or to be confident, that he should have had either more honour or happiness by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was said of the learned Sanderson, that when he was preparing his lectures, he hesitated so much, and rejected so often, that at the time of reading he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the state of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every side. The complication is so intricate, the motives and objections so numerous; there is so much play for the imagination, and so much remains in the power of others, that reason is forced at last to rest in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands of chance; and after a great part of life spent in enquiries which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary delay; and can be useful to few other purposes, than to warn others against the same folly; and to show, that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who choses earliest, choses best.
Among the numerous stratagems by which Pride endeavours to recommend Folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances: whether it be, that every man hates falsehood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reason; or that every man is jealous of the honour of his understanding, and thinks his discernment consequentially called in question whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This aversion from every kind of disguise, whenever be its cause, is universally diffused, and sanguinely in action. Nor is it necessary, that, asperate detestation, or excite contempt, any pretence should be invaded, or any competition asserted: it is sufficient, that there is an intention perceived, an intention which every heart swells poise, and every tongue is busy to detect.
This reflection was awakened in my mind by a common practice among my correspondents, writing under characters which they cannot suppose, which are of no use to the explanation of that which they describe, or the enforcement of that which they recommend; and which, therefore, it is they can be supposed to assume them only for sake of displaying their abilities, I will advise in, for the future, to forbear, as laborious with-advantage.

It is almost a general ambition of those who fail me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the assistance of understanding, to affect the style and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withstand some expression of anger, like Hugh's in the comedy, then I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I must therefore warn the gentle Phillis, that she withdrew no more letters from the Horse-guards; and require of Belinda, that she be content to restrain her pretensions to female elegance, till she has lived three weeks without hearing the politics of Batson's coffee-house. I must indulge myself in liberty of observing, that there were some allusions in Chloris's production sufficient to show that Axton and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at me, to wear out all the traces of the phraeo-
gy which she learned in the expedition.

Among all my female friends, there who gave me more trouble, to decypher character, than Penthesilea; whose letters my desk three days, before I could fix real writer. There was a confusion of and medley of barbarity, which held me suspense; till I, by perseverance, dif the perplexity, and found, that Pent the son of a wealthy stockjobber, who morning under his father’s eye in Change ned at a tavern in Covent-garden, pass the gaming-table; and having learned the these various regions, had mingled their studied composition.

When Lee was once told by a critic, it very easy to write like a madman, he that it was difficult to write like a mad easy enough to write like a fool. And I be excused by my kind contributors, if, tu tion of this great author, I presume to them, that it is much easier not to write man, than to write like a woman.

I have indeed some ingenious well-wishers without departing from their sex, have f
rerior distinctions. A very smart letter has been sent me from a puny ensign, signed *Ajax* *Te-
monius*; another, in recommendation of a new coatise upon cards, from a gamester, who calls himself *Seafaris*; and another, upon the improve-
ments of the fishery, from *Diocletian*. But as these seem only to have picked up their appellations by hance, without endeavouring at any particular imposture, their improprieties are rather instances of blunder than of affectation; and are therefore not equally fitted to enslave the hostile passions; nor is it not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to persecute, when it raifes the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which dissimulation always draws upon itself is so great, that if I did not know how such cunning differs from wisdom, I should wonder that any men have so little knowledge of their own interest, as to aspire to wear a mask for life, to try to impose upon the world a character to which they feel themselves void of any just claim, and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by exposing themselves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which such a discovery as they have always to fear, will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleasure of repu-
tation should consist in the satisfaction of having
our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the suffrage of the public; and that to be extolled for a quality, which a man knows himself to want, should give him no other happiness, than to be mistaken for the owner of an estate, over which he chances to be travelling. But he who subsists upon affectation, knows nothing of this delicacy; like a desperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon trust, mortgages possessions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thousand terrors and anxieties, the unnecessary splendour of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities, which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus the man, who to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the end for which he puts on the false appearance is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward address and unpleasing countenance, boast of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed, if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.
nly; the one completes a villain, the other only
ishes a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment
f affectation, and detestation the just consequence
f hypocrisy.

With the hypocrite, it is not at present my in-
tention to expostulate; though even he might be
ught the excellency of virtue, by the necessity of
eming to be virtuous: but the man of affectation
ay perhaps be reclaimed, by finding how little
is likely to gain by perpetual constraint, and in-
stant vigilance; and how much more securely
might make his way to esteem, by cultivating
al, than displaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be estimated by a wise
an, with regard to the probability of attaining
, and its value when attained: and neither of
ese considerations will much contribute to the
encouragement of affectation. For if the pinn-
dles of fame be at best slippery, how unsteady mu-
t is footing be, who stands upon pinnacles without
oundation! If praise be made, by the inconstancy
nd malice of those who must confer it, a blessing
hich no man can promise himself from the most
spicuous merit and vigorous industry; how
int must be the hope of gaining it, when the un-
certainty is multiplied by the weakness of the pre-
sions! He that pursues fame with just claims,
fts his happiness to the winds; but he that en-

X 2 deavour.
deavors after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel. Though he should happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a soft breeze and a calm sea; at the first gust he must inevitably founder; with this melancholy reflection, that if he would have been content with his natural station, he might have escaped his calamity. Affection may possibly succeed for a time; and a man may, by great attention, persuade others, that he really has the qualities which he presumes to boast: but the hour will come, when he must exert them; and then whatever he enjoyed in praise, he must suffer in reproach.

Applause and admiration are by no means to be counted among the necessaries of life; and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them, have very little claim to pardon or compassion. There is scarcely any man without some valuable or improvable qualities, by which he might always secure himself from contempt: and perhaps exemption from ignominy is the most eligible reputation; as freedom from pain is, among some philosophers, the definition of happiness.

If we therefore compare the value of the praise obtained by fictitious excellence, even while the cheat is yet undiscovered, with that kindness which every man may win by his virtue, and that esteem
which most men may gain by common understanding, steadily and honestly applied; we shall find, that when from the fictitious happiness all the deductions are made by fear and accident, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the security of truth. The state of the possessor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellencies, is that of a small well-built cottage of stone, to the palace raised with ice by the Empress of Russia: it was for a time splendid and luminous, but the first sunshine melted it to nothing.
E

Very man is prompted by the love of his to imagine, that he possesses some peculiar qualities superior, either in kind or in degree, to those which he sees allotted to the rest of the world; and whatever apparent disadvantage he may suffer in the comparison with others has some invisible distinctions, some latent relics of excellence, which he throws into the balance and by which he generally fancies that it is true in his favour.

The studious and speculative part of man have always seemed to consider their fraternity placed in a state of opposition to those who are engaged in the tumult of public business; and pleased themselves, from age to age, with reckoning the felicity of their own condition, and recounting the perplexity of politics, the danger of greatness, the anxieties of ambition, and miseries of riches.
Among the numerous topics of declamation that their industry has discovered on this subject, there none which they press with greater efforts, or which they have more copiously laid out their reason and their imagination, than the instability of high stations, and the uncertainty with which those profits and honours are possessed, that must acquired with so much hazard, vigilance, and toil.

This they appear to consider as an irrefragable argument against the choice of the statesman and warrior; to this weapon they have always recourse in their rhetorical attacks; and swell with all the confidence of victory, thus furnished by the uses with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or strength of their adversaries can elude or resist.

It was well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though, by the terror of their bulk, and the violence of their pression, they often threw the enemy into disorder, yet there was always danger in the use of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage: if their first charge could be supported, they were easily driven back upon their confederates; by broke through the troops behind them; and made no less havock in the precipitation of their retreat, than in the fury of their onset.
I know not whether those who have so vehemently urged the inconveniences and dangers of active life, have not made use of arguments may be retorted with equal force upon themselves and whether the happiness of a candidate for ordinary fame be not subject to the same uncertainty with that of him who governs provinces or commands armies, presides in the senate or sits in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at least equal to that which other kind of greatness can require, will not be denied by those who mean to elevate the character of a scholar; since they cannot but know, every human acquisition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty implied in its attainment. And that those who have gained the esteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the solicitude which any other kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices with which they make use of to degrade a superior, to repel a rival, or obstruct a follower; artifices so sly and so mean, as to be an evident proof, how easy a man may excel in many kinds of learning, without being either more wise or more virtuous than he whose ignorance he pitied or despises.

Nothing therefore remains by which the stud
can gratify his desire of appearing to have built his happiness on a more firm basis than his antagonist, except the security with which literary honours may be enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature, must be gathered from summits equally difficult to climb with those that bear the civic or triumphal wreaths; they must be worn with equal envy, and guarded with equal care from those hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away. The only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more lasting, and that they are less likely to fade by time, or less obnoxious to the blasts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of literary history, or observation of the fate of scholars in the present age. If we look back into past times, we find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, sung perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once existed. If we consider the distribution of literary fame in our own time, we shall find it a possession of very uncertain tenure; sometimes bestowed by a sudden caprice of the public, and again transferred to a new favourite, for no other reason than that he is new; sometimes refused to long labour and eminent desert, and sometimes granted to very slight pretensions; lost sometimes by security and negligence,
and sometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A successful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceases to write. The regard of the public is not to be kept but by tribute; and the remembrance of past service will quickly languish, unless some new performance sometimes revives it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not, at some unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

There are many possible causes of the inequality which we may so frequently observe in the performances of the same man, from the influence of which no ability or industry is sufficiently secured; and which have so often nullied the splendour of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his estimate of happiness.

———Ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

Among the motives which urge an author to undertakings that injure his reputation, one of the most frequent is scarcely to be mentioned; because
it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miseries. It very often happens, that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of those by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer therefore has not always the choice of his subject, but is compelled to accept any task which is thrown before him, without much consideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himself for the execution by previous studies.

But miscarriages of this kind are likewise frequently the consequences of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally considered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man, who has once learned to think himself exalted, by familiarity with those, whom nothing but their birth, or their fortunes, or such stations as are seldom gained by moral excellence, set above him; will not be long without submitting his understanding to their conduct, and suffering them to prescribe the course of his studies, and employ him for their own purposes either of diversion or interest. His desire of pleasing those whose favour he has weakly made necessary to himself, will not suffer him always to consider how little he is qualified for the work imposed; his vanity will not allow him to confess his deficiencies; or that cowardice which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher
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than themselves, leaves them not resolution to assert the liberty of choice.

But though we suppose, that a man has fortune to avoid the necessity of dependance, and spirit to repel the usurpations of patronage; yet he may easily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general succession of effects, in which contrary are produced by periodical vicissitudes; labour and care are rewarded with success, success produce confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which diligence has raised.

He that happens not to be lulled by praise into supineness, may be animated by it to undertaking above his strength, or incited to fancy himself alike qualified for every kind of composition, and able to comply with the public taste through all its variations. From some opinion like this, many men have engaged, at an advanced age, in attempt which they had not time to complete; and, after few weak efforts, sunk into the grave with vexation to see the rising generation gain ground upon them. That judgment which appears often so penetrating when it is employed upon the works of others very often fails when it is applied to performance where interest or passion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours, by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile composition
please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement: what flows easily from the pen, charms us, because we read with pleasure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was composed with great struggles of the mind, we are unwilling to reject, because we cannot bear that so much labour should be fruitless. But the reader has none of these prepossessions; and only wonders, that the author is so unlike himself, without considering that the same soil will, with different culture, afford different products,
No 22. Saturday, June 2. 1750.

—Ego nec studium sine divite venæ,
Nec rude quid profite video ingenium; alterius fo
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicis.

WIT and LEARNING were the child
of Apollo, by different mothers. W
was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and
sembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; LEA
ING was born of Sophia, and retained her seri
ness and caution. As their mothers were riv
they were bred up by them, from their birth, ha
bital opposition; and all means were so int
stantly employed to impress upon them a hatred:
contempt of each other, that though Apollo, w
foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavou
to soften them, by dividing his regard equally be
tween them, yet his impartiality and kindness w
without effect. The maternal animosity was de
ly rooted, having been intermingled with their h
ideas; and was confirmed every hour, as fresh op
portunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner w
they of age to be received into the apartments
the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning; and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronize and support them; and each longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding the other from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which each believed the other obtained, by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came, when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauds of the other powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and
and that, at the first fancies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor, with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence; and, by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or, by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose at last with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation, but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advance.
tage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered; and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought: Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being entangled in consequences which she could not foresee; and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages, and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new, was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient, was venerable. Wit however seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince; and to convince was not often his ambition: Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common on either side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered by the experiment, and betrayed themselves.
into confusion or contempt. The serious
Wit was without dignity, and the merriment
Learning without vivacity.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew
last important, and the divinities broke into p
Wit was taken into the protection of the laugh-
loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Sc
and Jests, and was often permitted to dar
among the Graces. Learning still con
the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went
her palace, without a train of the severer v
Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and L
Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had a so
med Satyr; who followed him, carrying a
filled with poisoned arrows, which, when
once drew blood, could by no skill ever be e
ed. These arrows he frequently shot at L
ing, when she was most earnestly or usefu
ployed, engaged in abstruse enquiries, or gi
structions to her followers. Minerva, the
deputed Criticism to her aid; who ge
broke the point of Satyr’s arrows, turned t
side, or retorted them on himself.

Jupiter was at last angry, that the pe
the heavenly regions should be in perpetual
of violation; and resolved to dismiss these t
some antagonists to the lower world. Hithe
fore they came, and carried on their ancien
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ral among mortals; nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects: theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvye the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity, who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a class of mortals, by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded. These were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches. Among these it seldom happened, that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt, they agreed to incite their followers against them. But the forces that were sent on those expeditions, frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, very frequently affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.
Disgusted with these desertions, the two at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re- 
sition to their native habitations. Jupiter thus on the right hand; and they prepared to ob 
happy summons. Wit readily spread his and soared aloft; but, not being able to see f 
bewildered in the pathless immensity of the c 
spaces: Learning, who knew the way, her pinions; but, for want of natural vigour, only take short flights: so, after many effort both sunk again to the ground, and learned their mutual distress, the necessity of union. therefore joined their hands, and renewed flight. Learning was born up by the vi 
Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacious 
Learning. They soon reached the dwell 
Jupiter; and were so endeared to each oth 
they lived afterwards in perpetual concord, persuaded Learning to converse with the 
ces, and Learning engaged Wit in the vice of the Virtues. They were now 
ourites of all the powers of heaven, and gl 
ed every banquet by their presence. Th 
after married, at the command of Jupiter, a 
numerous progeny of Arts and Science.
Tres mibi convivæ prope dissentire videntur;
Poscentur vario multum diversa palato. Hor.

That every man should regulate his actions by his own conscience, without any regard to the opinions of the rest of the world, is one of the first precepts of moral prudence; and is not only justified by the suffrage of Reason, which tells that none of the gifts of Heaven are to lie useless; but by the voice likewise of Experience, which will soon inform us, that if we make the praise or blame of others the rule or motive of our conduct, we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcilable judgments; be held in perpetual suspense between contrary impulses, and consult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the same reason, it is not necessary for an author to place some confidence in his own skill, and to satisfy himself in the knowledge, that he has not deviated from the established rules of composition; without submitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them.
them to the public, or endeavouring to secure success by a solicitous conformity to advice and criticism.

It is indeed quickly discoverable, that consultation and compliance can conduce very little to the perfection of any literary performance: for whoever is so doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the advice and remarks of others, will find himself every day embarrassed with new difficulties; and will harass his mind, to no purpose, with the hopeless labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digesting independant hints, and collecting into one point the several rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, those who retail their labours in periodical sheets, would be most unhappy, if they were much to regard the censures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not sent into the world at once, but by small parts in gradual succession, it is always imagined by those who think themselves qualified to instruct them, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to information, supply by new improvements the deficiencies of their plan, and make every day advances towards perfection, by the help of the criticisms which are so liberally afforded.

I have had occasion to observe, sometimes with vexation,
nation, and sometimes with merriment, the dif-
ferent temper with which the same man reads a
mented and manuscript performance. When a
book is once in the hands of the public, it is con-
tended as permanent and unalterable; and the
reader, if he be free from personal prejudices,
puts it up with no other intention than of pleas
ing instructing himself: he therefore accommodates
mind to the author's design; and, having no
test in refusing the amusement that is offered
never interrupts his own tranquillity by stu-
d cavils, or destroys his satisfaction in that
ich is not well, by an anxious enquiry how it
ght be better; but is often contented without
tasure, and pleased without perfection.

But if the same man be called to consider the
crit of a production yet unpublished, he brings
imagination heated with objections to passages
which he has yet never heard: he invokes all the
wers of criticism, and stores his memory with
le, and grace, and purity, and delicacy, and man-
ers, and unities; sounds which, having been once
ered by those who understood them, have been
ce re-echoed without meaning, and kept up, to
aismance of the world, by a constant reper-
fion from one coxcomb to another. He con-
siders himself as obliged to shew, by some proof of
abilities, that he is not consulted to no pur-
ose; and therefore watches every opening for ob-
diction.
jection, and looks round for every opportunity to propose some specious alteration. Such opportunities a very small degree of sagacity will enable him to find: for, in every work of imagination, the disposition of parts, the insertion of incidents, and use of decorations, may be varied a thousand ways with equal propriety: and as, in things nearly equal, that will always seem best to every man which he himself produces, the critic, whose business is only to propose, without the care of execution, can never want the satisfaction of believing that he has suggested very important improvements; nor the power of enforcing his advice by arguments, which, as they appear convincing to himself, either his kindness, or his vanity, will press with obstinacy, and without suspicion that he may possibly judge too hastily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry, whether the advantage of the new scheme be proportionate to the labour.

'Tis observed, by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not so much to select the best and strongest arguments which his cause admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford: for, in pleading, those reasons are of most value, which will most affect the judges; and the judges, say he, will be always most touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man, who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the same principle. He first suffers himself
to form expectations, and then is angry at his dis-
appointment. He lets his imagination rove at
large, and wonders that another, equally uncon-
fined in the boundless ocean of possibility, takes a
different course.

But though the rule of Pliny be judiciously laid
down, it is not applicable to the writer's case; be-
cause there always lyes an appeal from domestic
criticism to a higher judicature; and the public,
which can never be corrupted, nor often deceived,
is to pass the last sentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I
had many proofs, when I first entered upon this
weekly labour. All my readers having, from the
performances of my predecessors, established an idea
of unconnected essays, to which they believed all
future authors under a necessity of conforming,
were impatient of the least deviation from their
system; and numerous remonstrances were accord-
dingly made by each, as he found his favourite to-
pics omitted or delayed. Some were angry, that
the Rambler did not, like the Spectator, in-
roduce himself to the acquaintance of the public,
by an account of his own birth and studies, an
enumeration of his adventures, and a description
of his physiognomy. Others soon began to re-
mark, that he was a solemn, serious, dictatorial
writer, without sprightliness or gaiety, and called
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out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admonished him to have a special eye upon the various clubs of this great city; and informed him, that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon such accounts. He has been likewise cen-
red, for not imitating the politeness of other writ-
ers of the same kind; and for having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the just opposition of col-
lours, and the proper dimensions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by another to fix a particular censure upon those ladies who play cards with spectacles. And another is very much offended, whenever he meets with a speculation, in which naked precepts are comprised, without being enlivened by examples and characters.

I make not the least question that all these mo-
itors intend the promotion of my design, and the pleasurable instruction of my readers: but they do not know, or do not consider, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself; and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat, by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life; that many topics of amusement are exhausted, and are now improper, because they have been already used with too much art to in-
vite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers, must try many arts of invita-
tion.
tion, essay every avenue of pleasure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but consider myself amidst this tumult of criticism, like a ship in a poetical tempest impelled at the same time by opposite winds, and dashed by the waves from every quarter; but held upright by the contrariety of the assailants, and secured, in some measure, by the multiplicity of distress. Had the opinion of my censurers been unanimous, it might perhaps have overthrown my resolution; but, since I find them at variance with each other, I can, without scruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the public, by following the direction of my own reason, and indulging the fallacies of my own imagination.
Among all the precepts, or aphorisms, admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the masters of ancient wisdom, than that compendious lesson, \textit{Γνῶθι σεαυτόν}, \textit{Be acquainted with thyself}, which is ascribed by some to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is indeed a dictate which, in the whole extent of its meaning, may be said to comprise all the speculation requisite to a moral agent. For what more can be necessary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is, however, very improbable, that the first author, whoever he was, intended to be understood in this unlimited and complicated sense: for of the enquiries which, in so large an acceptation, it would seem to recommend, some are too extensive for the powers of man; and some require light from above.
above, which was not yet indulged to the Heathen world.

We might have had more satisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated sentence, if history had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private enquirer; whether it was applied to some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the slightest consideration, many possible circumstances, in which this monition might very properly be enforced: for every error in human conduct must arise from ignorance in ourselves, either perpetual or temporary; either because we do not know what is best and fittest, or because knowledge is at the time of action not present to the mind.

When a man employs himself upon remote and unnecessary subjects, and wastes his life upon questions which cannot be resolved, and of which the solution would conduce very little to the advancement of happiness; when he bewilders his understanding in uncertain hypotheses, and harrasses his faculties with needless subtleties; when he spends his life in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjusting successive systems of worlds beyond the reach of the telescope; he may be very properly
properly recalled from his excursions by this precept; and reminded, that there is a being with whom it is his duty and his interest to be more acquainted; from which, though he cannot neglect it without the utmost danger, his attention has hitherto been withheld, by his regard to studies, which has no other motive to follow, than such as either vanity or curiosity produce.

The great praise of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his instruction and example, from the vain pursuit of natural philosophy to moral enquiries; and turned their thoughts from the stars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. His lectures were commentaries upon this saying, we suppose that the knowledge of ourselves was commended by Chilo, in opposition to any other enquiries less suitable to the state of man.

The great fault of men of learning is still, that they offend against this rule, and appear willing to study any thing rather than themselves: for which reason they are too often despised by those with whom they imagine themselves above comparison despised, as useless to all the common purposes of life, as unable to conduct the most trivial affairs and unqualified to perform those offices by which the concatenation of society is preserved, and mutual tenderness excited and maintained.
Gelidus is a man of great penetration and deep researches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abstruser sciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations without confusion; and, being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is seldom interrupted by his passions in the pursuit of the longest chain of unexpected consequences. He has therefore a long time indulged hopes, that the solution of some problems, by which the professors of science have been hitherto baffled, is reserved for his genius and industry; and spends his time in the highest room of his house, into which none of his family are suffered to enter. When he comes down to his dinner or his rest, he walks about the house like a stranger that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderness. He has totally divested himself of all human sensations: he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of his nearest friend, nor mourns for any public or private calamity. He once received a letter which appeared to have been sent by sea; and, having given it his servant to read, was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being shipwrecked, and having swam naked to land, was destitute of necessaries in a foreign country. Naked and destitute! says Gelidus; reach down the last volume of meteorological observations; extract from the letter an exact account of the wind, and note it carefully in the diary of the weather.
The family of Gelidus once broke into his study, to shew him that a town at a small distance was on fire; and in a few moments a servant came up to tell him, that the flame had caught so many houses on both sides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and began to think rather of escaping with their lives, than saving their dwellings. Yes, said Gelidus, what you tell me, is very probable; for fire naturally acts in a circle.

Thus lives this great philosopher, insensible to every spectacle of distress, and unmoved by every call of humanity, for want of considering, that men are designed for the succour and comfort of each other; and that, though there are hours which may be laudably spent upon knowledge not immediately useful, yet the first attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be justly driven out from the commerce of mankind, who has so far abstracted himself from the species, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others; and who neglects the endearments of his wife, and the caresses of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter.

I shall refer to some future paper the most solemn and important meanings of this epitome of wisdom; and only remark at present, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as well as the
more
more grave and solemn parts of life; and that not only the philosopher may neglect this necessary study, but that the wit and the beauty may miscarry in their schemes, for want of this universal requisite, the knowledge of themselves.

It is surely for no other reason, that we see such numbers, in every order of mankind, resolutely struggling against nature, and contending for that which they never can attain; endeavouring to unite contradictions, and determined to excel in characters inconsistent with each other; that stockjobbers affect gaiety, dress, and elegance, and that mathematicians labour to be wits; that the soldier troubles his acquaintance with questions in theology, and the academic hopes to divert the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. It was certainly from no other cause, than ignorance of themselves, that Garth attempted criticism; and that Congreve waved his title to dramatic reputation, and desired to be considered only as a gentleman.

Euphues, with great parts and extensive knowledge, has a clouded aspect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his first entrance into life, to distinguish himself by particularities in his dress, to outvie beaus in embroidery, to import new modes, and to be foremost in a new fashion. Thus Euphues has turned on his exterior appearance that attention, which it was his interest.
to have fixed upon his mind: and if his virtues and acknowledged abilities have procured him from that contempt which he has so long solicited, he has at least raised one impediment to his reputation; since all can judge of his few of his understanding, and many who concern that he is a sop, are unwilling to believe he can be wise or learned.

There is one instance in which the ladies particularly unwilling to be deceived, having the rule of Cbilo. They are always to hide from themselves the advances of their hand in order to supply the ness and bloom of youth by artificial means, forced vivacity. They hope still to en heart by glances which have lost their fire it by that languor which is no longer they play over the airs which pleased at when they were expected only to please, and that airs ought now to give place to virtues, continue to trifle, because they could not agreeably, when those who shared their efforts, are withdrawn to more serious engage and are scarcely awakened from their dream perpetual youth, but by frequent experience scorn of those whom they endeavour to ri
Nº 25. Tuesday, June 12. 1750.

—Possum, quia posse videntur.  
VIRGIL

Here are some vices and errors, which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect; or have at least been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality, will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice: two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any public or private interest; yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topic of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.
The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice, and perhaps between many other opposite vices. And I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in most cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches; I am inclined to believe, that this distribution of respect, however unequal it may appear at first view, is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue, which may by degrees break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an acknowledged axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities, than to supply defects: and therefore he that is faulty, because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more; but the excess may be easily retrenched: the other wants the qualities requisite to excellence; and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is, that he leaves them behind. We know that
that a few strokes of the ax will lop a cedar; but
what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub?

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in
the right path, at an equal distance between the
extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeav-
our of every reasonable being. Nor can I think
those teachers of moral wisdom much to be hon-
oured as benefactors to mankind; who are always
enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and pro-
viding rather excuses for vice than incentives to
virtue.

But, since to most it will happen often, and to
all sometimes, that there will be some deviation to-
wards one side or the other, we ought always to
employ our vigilance with most attention on that
enemy from which there is greatest danger; and to
stray, if we must stray, towards those parts from
whence it is most probable that we shall quickly
and easily return.

Among other opposite qualities of the mind,
which may become dangerous, though in different
degrees, I have often had occasion to consider the
contrary effects of presumption and despondency;
of heady confidence, which promises victory with-
out contest; and heartless pusillanimity, which
shrinks back from the thoughts of great underta-
kings, confounds difficulty with impossibility, and
consider...
considers all advancement towards any new attainment as irreversibly prohibited.

Presumption will be easily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution; and miscarriages will hourly shew, that attempts are not always rewarded with success. The most precipitate ardor will, in time, be taught the necessity of methodical gradation and preparatory measures; and the most daring confidence be convinced, that neither merit nor abilities can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always hastening to their own reformation; because they always incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occasion. But timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal: for he who is once persuaded, that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before. He can scarcely strive with vigour and perseverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and, since he never will try his strength, can never discover the unreasonableness of his fears.

There is a kind of intellectual cowardice, often to be found among men devoted to literature, which whoever converses much among them, may observe
observe frequently to depress the alacrity of enterprise, and, by consequence, to retard the improvement of science. They have annexed to every species of knowledge some chimerical character of terror and inhibition; which they transmit, without much reflection, from one to another; and with which they first fright themselves, and then propagate the panic to their scholars and acquaintance. One study is inconsistent with a lively imagination, another with a solid judgment: one is improper in the early parts of life; another requires so much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age: one is dry, and contracts the sentiments; another is diffuse, and overburdens the memory: one is insufferable to taste and delicacy; and another wears out life in the study of words, and is useless to a wise man, who desires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *infantibus barbatis*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frightened from digressing into new tracks of learning, none has been more mischievously efficacious, than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius or mental constitution, framed for the reception of some ideas, and the exclusion of others; and that to him whose genius is not adapted to the study which he attempts, all labour shall be vain and fruitless; vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or, in

*The Rambler*
the language of chemistry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reasonably suspect to have been propagated by vanity beyond the truth. It is natural for those who have raised a reputation by any science, to exalt themselves as endowed by Heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary designation for their profession; and to fright competitors away, by representing the difficulties with which they must contend, and the necessity of qualities which are supposed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this discouragement it may be reasonably answered, that since a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by collision with a proper subject, it is the business of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his desires; and since those whose proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the same undertaking with equal spirit, and may reasonably hope for equal success.

There is another species of false intelligence given by those who profess to shew the way to the summit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depress the mind with false distrust of itself, and weaken
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Weaken it by needless solicitude and dejection: When one whom they desire to animate, consents them at his entrance on some new study, it is common to give flattering representations of its pleasantness and facility. By which they generally attain one of two ends almost equally desirable: they either incite his industry, by elevating his hopes; or they produce a high opinion of their own abilities, since they are supposed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with the same ease which they promise to their followers.

The student, ensnared by this encouragement, sets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few steps with great alacrity; but soon finds asperities and intricacies which he did not expect; and, imagining that none have ever been so entangled or fatigued before him, sinks suddenly into despair, and desists as from an expedition in which Fate opposes him. Thus his terroirs are multiplied by his hopes; and he is defeated without resisting, because he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of these treacherous instructors, the one destroys industry, by declaring that industry is vain; the other, by representing it as needless: the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raises it only to be blasted. The one confines his pupil to the shore, by telling him, that his wreck is cer-

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tain.
tain; the other sends him to sea, without ringing him for tempests.

False hopes and false terrors are equally avoided. Every man, who proposes to grapple by learning, should carry in his mind once, the difficulty of excellence; and the industry; and remember, that fame is not red but as the recompense of labour; and labour, vigorously continued, has not often of its reward.
Mr Rambler,

It is usual for men engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and therefore I suppose it will not be unpleasing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative indeed will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may perhaps be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I was born heir to a very small fortune; and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle, who, having no children, always treated me as his son; and, finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in...

Cc2
sprightly children, when they happen to lost for want of cultivation. He therefore me, for the usual time, at a great school then sent me to the university, with a for allowed, that I might not keep mean but learn to become my dignity when I made Chancellor; which he often lamented the increase of his infirmities was very prevent him from seeing.

This exuberance of money naturally itself in gaiety of appearance, and wants expence; and introduced me to the acquaintance of those whom the same superfluity of forayed to the same licence and ostentation heirs, who pleased themselves with a remark frequent in their mouths, That though sent by their fathers to the university, they not under the necessity of living by their:

Among men of this class I easily obtained reputation of a great genius; and was perfectioned, with such liveliness of imagination, licency of sentiment, I should never be able to resist the drudgery of the law. I therefore myself wholly to the more airy and elegant of learning; and was often so much to my superiority to the youths with whom I
fed, that I began to listen, with great attention, to those that recommended to me a wider and more conspicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an observation made by one of my friends, That it was not by lingering in the university, that Prior became Ambassador, or Addison Secretary of State.

This desire was hourly encreased by the solicitation of my companions; who, removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or as their legal dismission from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to send an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonstrate how much was lost by every hour’s continuance in a place of retirement and constraint.

My uncle, in the mean time, frequently harrassed me with monitory letters, which I sometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them; and generally read in a tavern, with such comments as might shew how much I was superior to instruction or advice. I could not but wonder, indeed, how a man, confined to the country, and unacquainted with the present system of things, should imagine himself qualified to instruct a rising genius, born to give laws to the age, refine its taste, and multiply its pleasures.
The post-man, however, still continued to bring me new remonstrances: for my uncle was very little depressed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick resentments. It was impossible to bear his usurpations for ever; and I resolved, once for all, to make him an example to those who imagine themselves wise because they are old; and to teach young men, who are too tame under representation, in what manner grey-bearded insolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand; and, after having animated myself with a catch, wrote a general answer to all his precepts, with such vivacity of turn, such elegance of irony, and such asperity of sarcasm, that I convulsed a large company with universal laughter, disturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applause; and five days afterwards was answered, that I must be content to live upon my own estate.

This contruction of my income gave me no disturbance; for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purses at my call, and prospects of such advancement as would soon reconcile my uncle; whom, upon mature deliberation, I resolved to receive into favour, without insisting on any acknowledgment of his offence, when the splendour of my condition should induce him to wish for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, be-
fore I had shewn the alteration of my condition by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of spirit; and, in a short time, had divested myself of all my scholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will easily believe, that I had no great knowledge of the world: yet I had been hindered, by the general disinclination every man feels to confess poverty, from telling to any one the resolution of my uncle; and for some time subsisted upon the stock of money which I had brought with me; and contributed my share as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was soon emptied, and I was obliged to ask my friends for a small sum. This was a favour which we had often reciprocally received from one another. They supposed my wants only accidental, and therefore willingly supplied them. In a short time I found a necessity of asking again, and was again treated with the same civility. But the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by sending a gentleman to town without money; and, when they gave me what I asked for, advised me to stipulate for more regular remittances.
This somewhat disturbed my dream of constant affluence. But I was three days after completely awaked: for, entering the tavern where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaisance; and, instead of contending to light me up stairs, suffered me to wait for some minutes by the bar. When I came to my company, I found them unusually grave and formal: and one of them took a hint to turn the conversation upon the misconduct of young men; and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to support the expense; an observation which the rest contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illustrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the discourse, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote questions and common topics.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. I went however next morning to breakfast with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the conversation; and, by a series of enquiries, drawing still nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps much against his will, to inform me, that Mr D——, whose father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had the morning before received an account of my uncle's resentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmost industry of avarice and insolence.
It was now no longer practicable to comfort with my former friends, unless I would be content to be used as an inferior guest, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character, which, if I could not escape it, I resolved to endure only among those who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I therefore changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houses in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly distinguished by several young gentlemen of high birth and large estates; and began again to amuse my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite so confidently as when I had less experience.

The first great conquest which this new scene enabled me to gain over myself, was, when I submitted to confess to a party who invited me to an expensive diversion, that my revenues were not equal to such golden pleasures. They would not suffer me, however, to stay behind; and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated; and took that opportunity of recommending myself to some office or employment, which they unanimously promised to procure me by their joint interest.

I had now entered into a state of dependance, and had hopes or fears from almost every man whom I saw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thousand caprices, to...
concur in a thousand follies, to countenance thousand errors, and to endure a thousand misconceptions; if not from cruelty, at least from negligence; which will creep in upon the kindest most delicate minds, when they converse with the mutual awe of equal circumstances. I felt the spirit and vigour of liberty every moment rising in me; and a servile fear of displeasing, tending by degrees upon all my behaviour, till a word, or look, or action, was my own. A solicitude to please encreased, the power of pleasing grew less; and I was always clouded diffidence where it was most my interest and to shine.

My patrons, considering me as belonging to the community, and therefore not the charge of any particular person, made no scruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, since every thought it more properly the business of another. An account of my expectations and disappointments, and the succeeding vicissitudes of my life, I shall give you in my following letter; which I hope of use, to shew how ill he forms his schemes, who expects happiness without freedom.
Version of the MOTTOES.

Title.

Sworn to no master's arbitrary sway,
I range where'er occasion points the way.

No.

1. Why to expatiate in this beaten field,
   Why arms oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
   If leisure let, and candour will attend,
   Some satisfaction this essay may lend.

   For but a moment, in this doubtful strife,
   Or gives the laurels, or deprives of life.  p. 6.

2. Fond fleeting Hope, with prospects ne'er destroy'd,
   Roams ere she flies, defeated while enjoy'd.

   Does lust of praise enflame thy swelling mind?

   Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.  p. 14.

3. Undisappointed in designs,
   With native honours VIRTUE shines;
   Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
   As giddy critics smile or frown.

   Dd 2
212 **Version of the MOTTRES.**

No.

4. **Who pencil life in works of wit,**  
   Must mix the pleasant and the fit.

5. **Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green,**  
   Now genial Nature's fairest face is seen.

6. **Active in indolence, abroad we roam,**  
   In quest of happiness, which dwells at home.  
   With vain pursuits fatigued, at length you'll find,  
   No place excludes it from an equal mind.

   **Unless through vice on worse intent,**  
   **It base desert its own descent.**  

   **3. 41.**

7. **O thou who govern'st with unerring sway,**  
   **Great Sir of Heaven and Earth!**  
   Dispel the clouds that clog this earthly frame;  
   With native splendour shine. **Thou, still the same,**  
   **With peace and joy seren'lt the pious soul,**  
   **Beginning, end, guide, pilot, path, and goal.**

8. **The very will of sinning meets its doom,**  
   **For he who cherishes a wicked thought,**  
   **Is guilty of the crime.**

9. **Chuse what you are: no other state prefer.**

10. **Now I remit my serious strain,**  
    **T'indulge my reader's merry vein.**

11. **Not Cybele in all her feasts,**  
    **Not thus the Pythian moves his priests;**
No.
Or Bacchus thus; no Cerybas
E'er doubled to the sounding brass,
As baleful ire.

12. The purse-proud thus ne'er scruple to engage
A wretch invited by a scanty wage:
The butt of spleen, or of more shameful wit,
Whenever Sir or Madam shall think fit.
How different thou, so humble, and so mild!
Who treat'st thy servant, as thou treat'st thy child?
'Mongst friends and equals thou preservest thy awe,
And duteous love prevents imperious law.

13. Nor wine thy secret shall extort,
Nor wrath with violent effort.

14. ————Nought was e'er
So different from itself.

15. Can ought so rich a crop of vices yield;
Can ought to Av'rice ope so fair a field;
As baneful lust of play?

16. A flow of words into a torrent runs,
And Eloquence oft-times o'erwhelms her foes.

How smooth, how easy, is th'infernal road!
Wide stands the gate of Pluto's dire abode.  p. 126.

17. ————For me not oracles,
But certain death assures.

And laughs at the derided trunk it leaves.  p. 137.
214. **Vision of the MOTTOS.**

No.

18. The stepmother wields' d'impowers,
   The pledges of the farmer's love,
   And kind supplies their loss:
   Nor dowry'd wife commands her spouse,
   Nor gay gallant prevails with bawd,
   Bless'd Hymen's joys to crown.

   What first to children parents owe,
   The richest portion they must know,
   In youth's pure design;
   And truth to whomsoever they wed,
   With hatred of another bed,
   Which chastity requires.

19. While now the casefles, now the speaker's guest,
   Thou play'st, and know'st not, Taurus, what thou art;
   A PIami's age, or Nepher's will be past,
   Before thy judgment fix too late at last.
   Come then, how long such wav'ring shall we see?
   Thou may'lt doubt on: thou now canst nothing be.

20. Though she may dazzle vulgar eyes,
    I well know what within these lies.

21. An healthful plant, and oft an hurtful grow,
    Nurs'd in one soil; a nettle next a rose.

    No happiness till death can be compleat,
    No lasting laurels till the last retreat.  p. 179.

22. Without a genius learning soars in vain,
    And without learning genius sinks again:
    Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign.
No.

23. So various guests I have to entertain,
To please each palate, were to strive in vain.

24. None into self is willing to descend.

25. We have the pow'rs, if we'll the pow'rs employ.

26. Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high house of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly: contract thy ample sails,
And near the shore improve the gentle gales.